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**Banner Contents.**  
FIRST PAGE.—Views of Our Heavenly Home—Chapter XI.—The Element of Tyranny in Spiritual Organization.  
SECOND PAGE.—The Cosmos.—Thoughts for Spirit-ualists.—Children's Department.—Tales of the Sun-ways.—Where are the Dead?—Dislocation of the Great World.—Spiritism in a Nutshell.—Banner Correspondence.—Letters from Wisconsin, Utah Territory.  
THIRD PAGE.—Letters from Illinois, New Hampshire, New York, Vermont and Washington Territory. The Advancement of Women. The Resister.—A Valuable New Book.—Poetry.—The Ship of Two Worlds. In Memoriam, etc.  
FOURTH PAGE.—Editorial Articles.—Rev. Dr. Thomas on Spiritualism. Robert Dale Owen. Madame Blavatsky. Great Writ. Verification of Spirit Messages. Miss Lettie Fowler, etc.  
FIFTH PAGE.—Brief Editorials, New Advertisements, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department.—Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie B. Hild and Mrs. Sarah A. Danekin. A column of Verifications.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—The Children's Lyceum.—Boston, Ms.; Cleveland, O. The Cap-His-tings. Letter from E. V. Wilson. New Publications. Brief Paragraphs. Current Events, etc.

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## VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME. A SEQUEL TO A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

### CHAPTER XI.

"One morning my dear father came to me, and said: 'Daughter, arise! go out upon the hills with me. We prepared. We went out upon the hills. The Seven Lakes of Cylosimar, disposed at regular distances, forming a crescent-shaped curve amid the over-arching mountains, and beneath the far-off lofty heavens, appeared like the setting of brilliant diamonds.'"  
—Extract from Kette's communication in the *Penetrator*, New Ed., p. 27.

After many days we return to contemplate the manifold glory and harmony of our Heavenly Home.

I have in the meantime enjoyed four very interior experiences; to detail which would require a large volume. I have observed a glory that surpasses the brightness of twenty suns like ours. It was the enchanting supercelestial effulgence that emanates from still higher and more interior Spheres.

In 1854, twenty-three years ago, I received what is recorded in the *Penetrator*, an extract from which is quoted at the head of this chapter; at which time "she could not exactly tell when she, with the large party of friends, would return from the northern section."

Many times since I have wondered why she did not bring to me something further relative to her life in the Spheres. But by acquired knowledge concerning the inconceivable magnitudes and the immeasurable distances of the regions or worlds in space, to which the celestial people make prolonged pilgrimages, all surprise at her continued absence, as well as all anxiety about the utterance of scores of others I would be very glad to meet, have perfectly gone out of my thoughts. And in all this I hope the reader's mind is also enlarged and at rest.

Brighter than the brightest crystal is the scene (indicated by the diagram) embracing the Seven Lakes of Cylosimar. Lovelier localities cannot be imagined. (See some references to and descriptions of them in "Death and the After-Life.") Beautiful aromal emanations surround and pervade three of those lakes; while the remaining four seem to inhale the fragrance and to absorb the very light of the heavens; impressing upon the mind a picture of Paradise which only the pure and the noble would be qualified thoroughly to enjoy. Naturalness, spontaneity, beauty, perfection—these are the only words that enter my thoughts. I would remain here and contemplate forever; for here I could forever adore and worship. Hither, amid the glories and superabounding goodness of Divinity, I would attract all whom I tenderly love. Beneath these bright skies, and beside these soft-flowing golden streams, listening to the voices of angel-people, blending with the sacred songs of beautiful birds, I would dwell and dream away all the ages of eternity.

Looking far away eastward you behold a hill-belted country where live the after-death inhabitants of planets like Venus and Mercury and several of the satellites. Drawing closer, you seem to feel that the people are steeped in sunbeams. Dreamingly, sleepily they look out upon the sky and over the distant sparkling fields. An indescribable beauty floats among them, and a drowsy and delightful fragrance fills the atmosphere, to which these remarkable people seem to be blind, and unattracted, and insensible. Ah! I behold what all this means. They are a materialistic, a heavy-minded, and a half-developed population. And while I look there arrive many death-embodied from our earth—from all countries, especially from the far South Sea Islands and Africa—who float along like inanimate bodies carried, idly and helplessly and indifferently, by the sovereign law of that attraction which determines destination. But behold! the Paternal Divinity never forsakes such dependent children. In every shady sequestered nook you observe a man or a woman, embodying a matchless union of parent, friend and guardian—who, with warm hand and white arms, outstretched, stands ready to receive all those who are willing to begin the unfolding work upon the new continent. What a contrast! Amid the gloom of death and darkness and dreamy and insensible passivity, such warm hospitality and such beneficent aid!—mentally manifested by those who are themselves in the process of becoming

like melting, unresponsive snow upon the warm bosom of self-sacrificing affection. The scene is lovely with unconscious goodness and unstrained love.

Hither come half developed children, who, owing to some prenatal accident or maternal weakness, were born imbecile, or idiotic, or deaf and dumb and blind. Little chaotic minds that never evolved a rational thought; feeble, embryonic hearts, unfinished in form and structure, which never felt or responded to the sympathetic touch of love; sealed ears that never heard "the sweet music of speech"; blind eyes that never opened upon the light and beauty of nature; mute lips that never uttered an intelligible sound; with the senses all closed, and with the whole being more than half unborn—behold! how they float into the hospitals of this heavenly world. Beautiful charitableness, unrestrained benevolence, sympathy and all-healing tenderness—how these spiritual virtues glow and blossom with fadeless bloom in this happy land "beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb."

Self-luminous, independent of all star-shine and solar-light, is the Summer Land. Its shores are inherently radiant; its streams and rivers and fountains glow and glitter with their own immortal light; its unalterable mountains and undulating landscapes are ever green, beautiful with diamond effulgence, and more "delectable" than the purest pilgrim ever dreamed; while the firmament above is forever glowing with suns and planets, with clusters within clusters, and constellations within universes, far beyond the power of mind to conceive or the resources of language to describe.

Looking eastward of the land of charity and hospitals, you observe a great multitude beneath the feathery-foliated trees listening to an orator. He is deep-minded, witty, cultivated; without sentiment, speaking in a foreign language, sounding like ancient Hebrew; and his theme, treated philosophically, is "The Echo!" Let us listen, also; let us catch, if possible, a few of his sentences:

"Reaching beyond the horizon in history," he eloquently says, "we enter the temples of stumorous sounds; responsive to voice, the haunting cradle of Aomides. Search the air, scale the mountains, sound the sea, explore the heavens, penetrate the forests; it is yet *deus*—as empty as the word of *Elaka*. Lo! it is all belief! Doubt is Echo; the restlessness of faith, questioning itself." \* \* \* (He is still speaking, but we must away.)

Here is a man of powerful talent, not long since a citizen of this earth, debating like an aged philosopher the questions of faith and knowledge. An impression comes that he has been approached by a missionary Passionist; one to whom even the picture of the "cross" is a light set in the sky by the Almighty Hand.

The cross, to this Passionist, is the central figure—the symbol of trial, suffering, sacrifice, contest, death, conquest, and the resurrection. Between heaven and earth, between God and his creatures, it signifies the certain end of the world and the inauguration of eternal life. All this was said by the Passionist to the Hebrew orator. The latter replies that it is "Echo." Pictures, signs, symbols, language (he replies) are younger and less sacred than human existence, which is very, very ancient. The origin of the cross (he says) will soon be seen and known of all men; it is a part of earliest hieroglyphic language derived from the human body; and out of it, or from what it signifies, have in truth arisen most of human woes and sorrows, trials and suffering, contests and triumphs. This, in substance, is what the Oriental orator is proclaiming. But what it all means time alone will fully bring to light.

Surprisingly delightful is the scene to the southward—a great harmonious temple of wisdom. It is denominated a *logosai* country of beautiful gardens and groves, abounding in graceful luxuriance of plains and valleys and streams—the Empire of celestial love and supreme mental illumination. Into the sacred circles of this most noble brotherhood come the wisdom and love of higher and more interior spiritual universes. Here the seekers for true wisdom find perfect repose of soul. As the sun imparts warmth and illumination, life and development to the forms of earth, so does each higher Summer-Land impart its love and knowledge and aspirations into the souls composing this innumerable host of expanded and expanding minds. What a privilege only to behold them!

By the divine impulse of attraction you find, drawn into a single group, such minds as Humboldt, Herschel, Columbus, Galileo, Newton, Franklin, and scores of like mentalities of whom you have never heard. Behold the imperishable furniture of such minds! Only the natural, the cohesive, the harmonious, the useful. They deal not at all with subjects involving the "infinite," and ignore all thoughts of the "Eternal." They do not touch or think of either "doubts" or "beliefs." Instead of dreaming sentiment, instead of intellectual idleness from a sense of sufficiency and repetition, they know practically but few words: Truth, Industry, Exploration, Discovery, Accomplishment. They are as youthful and enthusiastic as are boys and girls at a picnic! In their lives they do not luxuriate in; it is spontaneously breathed forth from their faces and lips and beautiful lives. But it is a fact that they do not look into mirrors; consequently, never admiring themselves, they map out, future contentment, truth, and another, for future exultation and investigations; not counting as of any lasting value, their own present presence alone.

This great heavenly empire of wise souls renders bright and glorious the very sky above it, and seems to enlarge the infinite world that boundlessly expands around it. And oh, such sweet lessons! Wordsworth says: "'Tis Nature's law that none—the meanest of created things, of forms created the most vile and brute, the dullest or most noxious—should exist divorced from good."

Actuated by this principle, behold how the

member, were and are recorded and published in the book "Present Age and Inner Life." But it is humiliating and a great sorrow to be compelled to record the fact that, during the past fifteen years (owing to causes which you can read in "The Fountain," chapters XIII and XIV), the most distinguished members of this Brotherhood have been frequently constrained to suspend their personal intercourse with those who should be their most loyal and trusty earthly friends.



THE SEVEN LAKES OF CYLOSIMAR.

angel-ambassadors, empowered by this society, speed to earth; to aid those who design and commit crime through a bad organization, and to impress hope upon those who continually do evil from the faults of association or circumstances. They attempt the overthrow of hypocrisy; they meet face to face with fraud and dissimulation; they instill despair into the consciousness of the insistent transgressor; and they aid in awakening a consciousness of those punishments which necessarily follow "deeds done in the body." Under the administrative jurisdiction of this Brotherhood, the middlemost *Diakia* (but frequently *unknown* to them) are necessitated to perform many important missions of downright good among the most needy of mankind.

"The temptation of the devil" means, in human life, promptings from evils inherited and suggestions from evils attracted. Of these promptings and suggestions some persons know almost nothing. A healthy, harmonious nature, for example, flows through life like a peaceful river through groves and green fields. But a nervous, irritable, discordant temperament is a daily vexation to itself, whilst it is both a demon and a hell to all about it; and it is to meet and master such that the best angels descend and labor, and it is for such that the noblest of earth are often stoned and sacrificed and nailed to the cross. But prevention, the day of deliverance, will yet dawn.

Oh! altogether glorious is the country devoted to the local uses and fixed habitations of this most noble Brotherhood. It covers as much space as both France and Italy; and thus it seems to be a perfect world, a miniature paradise, within itself. The geographical glories of this beaming region cannot be portrayed in words; and it would consume years and fill large volumes to travel over it and relate its diversified possessions; and it would require the eloquent pen of a true poet to give a history of the musical groupings and rhythmical distributions of its population.

Naxos is the great river flowing nearly east and west. And upon its northern borders you meet the residences of the most gifted of females and men ever known in human history; while on the southern margin congregate in harmonious families all those inter-affiliated inhabitants born upon Mars and Jupiter and Saturn. A glorious stream of living water called *Lustrada*, with its four beautiful tributaries named (1) *Gedor* (meaning a mountain city), (2) *Paisto* (meaning a country of the east), (3) *Eusa* (meaning the goddess), and (4) *Al-namon* (meaning unrestricted communion)—giving the impression that this country, which holds in its very heart this "river Jordan" and these streaming fountains of "Eden," is in very truth the holy land of the most happy immortals.

From this wise Brotherhood—whose numerous associations and consociations are distributed over such an expanse of celestial country, the Earth's inhabitants have received the greatest benefits and most bountiful blessings. These have been showered upon mankind continuously, from their very earliest beginnings. Delegates and members of this Brotherhood were constituents of "The Spiritual Congress"—the most illustrious friends of one universal human race—whose names and "records" you will re-

But now we must turn our eyes and thoughts in other directions.

Continuing our observations very far east of all we have yet seen, you behold the mountain-enclosed valley called *Ara Elm-Haroun*. Haroun is the original of the name "Aaron"; and the prefixes signify "the land of," or "the Valley of the Stranger." And how appropriate is this singular name! For do you not observe the remarkable personal appearance of the inhabitants? Let us meditate:

Oh, home of the doubting heart! oh, vale of the silence of despair! Here come angels of tenderness and mercy to meet and minister to the constantly arriving suicides, and also to many who have been insane. They breathe and smile upon these unhappy human flowers. But these flowers seem heedless, for are they not enveloped in mental darkness? Angel-voices call the wretched and wrecked wanderers. But, alas! they do not hear the saving music of those voices. Lifelong beggars on earth! oh, ye careless slumberers for years on life's bleak and stormy shores! you do not, because you will not, hear the voice of your Redeemer! You have arrived in this Vale during your profound sleep; and you are in your own proper station in one of the many mansions of the Parental Home in Heaven. Tranquillity broods over the Vale of Haroun. The gently rising mountains all around yield only music and floods of pure light and love and happiness. A rich summer gladness fills the bosoms of the birds, and it thrills through all the landscape about you; but you see it not, neither do you hear anything; therefore you cannot accept and enjoy the goodness and beauty that wait upon you.

Oh, what know ye, unhappy suicides, what know ye of the sweetness that is strained from acts of self-denial? Your irrevocable past is your own; and its multifarious effects are your only personal property. You suffered tortures, and you continually lived in misery. But did you not know that there are hundreds like yourselves, living daily in like circumstances, whose ill-conditions and unhappiness you might have alleviated? Giving, you would have received; befriending, you would have found friends. It is now too late! With violence, by self-destruction, you have forced yourself into the Vale of Aaron. Here you find virtue, service, happiness, beauty, angels of purity and mercy, and yet you would hide yourself! with shoulders bent and downcast eyes you would flee to yonder mountains! Why would you, oh, suicide! why would you conceal yourself from the contemplation of the fair-eyed and sweet-faced angels who lovingly bend over you? I will answer the question. Because only the pure in heart shall "see God!" The violent, the impatient, the impure are blind and dumb and ashamed; although they may stand in His very presence, they behold and enjoy nothing.

And you, oh unhappily insane! why do you, too, enter the Vale of Aaron? Ah, you did not know whither you drifted with your guardians when you left the earth. You came hither to gather a foretaste of the secrets of harmony, did you not? Disordered, operating upon a law of their own, have driven you into a heavily shadowed experience. All thoughts of ill, all evil deeds, which you of necessity now have in memory,

must be displaced and eradicated. By slow degrees you may be able to lift your eyes to see the soft light of the summery mountains; and, after a period, you lift them toward the starry skies above you; and thus begin to learn the pathways of purity, and finally to obtain a conception of the gloriousness of a divine existence. Eternity is nothing to you now or hereafter; your internal state is the all in all.

But oh, suicide! and oh, ye insane! answer me: Why do you not rest in the beautiful land beyond the tomb? Why are you not "at home" in the very lovely Home of the Angels? Why are you so chilly where eternal summer boundlessly reigns? Why do you not dwell with profound contentment in the balmy fields of God's Elysian? Why do you seek to retire from the habitations of the beautiful maidens? And why shrink from the touch of the youthful men of the material heavens? Ah, you do not answer. But, instead, you break through the barriers of good manners, and hasten away back to earth. To your old earthly haunts, to the friends you left behind, you eagerly desire to manifest yourself. With burning eyes, with quivering lips, with the trembling hand of friendship—thus you present yourself. Now, why did you wander impatiently back to earth? For you I will answer: Because your work was not finished! Because your life had not truly blossomed with the fullness of such terrestrial experiences as were in your own natural pathway. Remember! only the full-grown human life is happy after death. Here we behold the secret of your burning unrest. Let this lesson never forsake you. Be ye forever faithful.

Our observations for to-day must here be terminated.

In the next and concluding chapter other scenes will be recorded. But from what we have seen thus far, while in the superior condition, we can extract a great practical principle to govern our life and actions on earth. It seems that ordinary philosophy may calm the passionate temperament, that truth may exalt the purposes of life, that personal excellence may glorify and dignify our daily existence; but behind all this, and as a foundation for it all to rest upon, it seems, that we must sweeten and purify life at its fountain-springs, by habitually letting the spiritual in us dominate the natural, and by permitting the highest in us to govern the lowest, for it is only thus that the divine light, which is above, can effectively penetrate and shine into our darkness. [Concluded in our next.]

### THE ELEMENT OF TYRANNY IN SPIRITUAL ORGANIZATION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Individuality and enthusiasm are admirable in the leaders of new spiritual societies; but unless those leaders possess mental breadth, silent patience, and a thorough subservience to parliamentary usages, the societies over which they preside will be of few days and full of trouble. There need be no difficulty in organizing a new spiritual society. The task is simple. And there needs to be no straining to get an ethereal platform of principles that shall express world-wide charity and sunshine, for all the tyrants in the world, or nearly all of them, would readily endorse those pleasing generalities. Generally, men who are tyrants are so by reason of ignorance—of a lack of mental development. Spiritualists are sailing too high, and ignoring those stern, square elementary principles that must lie in the base of deliberative organization, for deliberative organization is all the kind that is in harmony with Spiritualism. It is a fatal mistake to organize a new spiritual society at this day of time, after the manner of church organizations, tacitly leaving the leaders in possession of vast and indefinable power. The liberty of each member of a new spiritual society should end where the rights of another member begin. If a few fundamental principles, such as the following, were embodied in the constitution of each new spiritual society and impartially adhered to, the difficulty of "organization" would at once vanish: First, a complete adherence to parliamentary usage, as defined in Congress and in deliberative bodies and societies generally, including a strict accountability from each officer of the society for every act of such official. Second, an acknowledgment that man is a religious being, and that no religious society can long exist which relies on intellectual culture alone. Third, that a deliberative meeting should be held about once a week, in which each person that is present, especially including the most modest and sensitive ones, shall be given encouragement to express some thoughts; in which all the official actions of officers and other leaders shall be examined, and criticism upon the same invited. J. M. HOLADAY.

Council Bluffs, Iowa.

To those who urge the sacred duty of believing the Bible implicitly and the sinfulness of disbelieving it, these words of Prof. Clifford will be startling: "If a man, holding a belief which he was taught in childhood, or persuaded of afterwards, keeps down and pushes away any doubts which arise about it in his mind, purposely avoids the reading of books and the company of men that call in question or discuss it, and regards as impious those questions which cannot easily be asked without disturbing it, the life of that man is one long sin against mankind."—*The Index*.

The greatest statesmen were absolutely free thinkers, like Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine and General Jackson; or Unitarians, like Daniel Webster, Sumner, Governor Marcy and Calhoun of South Carolina; or Old Testamentarian religionists, like Ben Franklin and Abraham Lincoln; or plain infidels like Madison, James K. Polk, and William H. Seward. Where Christianity did come in, in shaping the destiny and character of this people, no thinking man will be able to see.—*American Israelite*.



## Banner Correspondence.

## Wisconsin.

My Mother Oak had much to tell, first of her own history, then that of her mother and great-grandmother. She told of a time when men had adored the Dryads. There were holm-forests and trees then; they adored the Soul in Nature instead of the Creator. They lived in block-houses, rising from the swamps; they were surrounded by thick reeds, and wild beasts had their lairs in the oak woods. Those men could read in the stars; they understood the voices of Nature, and their pretenses conversed with the Dryads, the Flower Elves and Water-Spirits of the swamps. Their tales have been preserved to this very day.







## TO BOOK-BUYERS.

The attention of the reading public is respectfully called to the large supply of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we have on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, ground floor of building No. 9 West-Corner, Place, corner of Province street, Boston, Mass. We are also prepared to fill orders for such books, pamphlets, etc., as have appeared by name in the catalogue of works formerly offered by Andrew Jackson Davis, and hope to hear from the friends in all parts of the world. We will also forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates.

We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of books on commission, and send for a free Catalogue of our Publications. COLBY & RICH.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notices of meetings, lectures, appointments, etc., should be forwarded to this office as early as Monday of each week, in order to insure publication in the same week's edition of the Banner.

In quiting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.

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MODERN SPIRITUALISM—The key which unlocks the mysteries of the Past, explains the Present, and demonstrates the Future existence of man.

We have had reported verbatim expressly for the Banner a lecture given by Spirit THEODORE PARKER through the instrumentality of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, in Chicago, Ill., Nov. 19th, 1876, the subject having been selected by the audience while the medium stood on the platform. It is entitled "OUR NATIONAL GOVERNMENT: What will be its Condition, Morally and Politically, for the next ten or fifteen years, as seen from a Spiritual Standpoint?" This interesting lecture will appear in our next issue. Those who desire extra copies should send in their orders at once.

## Rev. Dr. Thomas on Spiritualism.

The Rev. Dr. Thomas of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a preacher of some eminence, recently delivered a discourse in Chicago in which he admitted substantially all the facts, phenomenal and mental, of Modern Spiritualism, and fully justified the spiritual explanation. He read extracts from Herodotus, Plato and other ancient writers, showing that in their time, and long before it, spirit intercourse was not merely held as a theory but accepted as a fact, proved by manifestations of supersensuous power and by actual appearances of the departed. He showed that the records of witchcraft are full of the most irrefragable evidences of spirit power. He showed incontestably that all who accept the Bible must accept the fact of communion between mortals and departed spirits; also the fact that spirits or angels came to the world in bodily form, spoke, and gave evidence of their power over material things. "The New Testament," says Dr. Thomas, "is radiant with the light of angel life. An angel appeared and spoke to Zacharias and Elizabeth; we know that the angel of the Lord came to Joseph by dream; that the angels sang in chorus in the skies over the birth of Christ; and the whole life of Christ seems to have been largely a life cast into the upper realm, where in some way he was attended by spirit forces, and was ever combating with evil forces of a spiritual nature."

To the objection that there is much evil in Spiritualism, Dr. Thomas replies:

"So far from that disproving the theory, it is an argument in its favor. Do we not know that evil forces are ever passing over into the other state? And believing that no change is wrought in character by the mere fact of death, we might reasonably suppose that such lives do not at once rise to a higher order of being. We might well, therefore, expect to see falsehood taught, to see evil taught, and destructive agencies set in force. You ask, what then are we to do? Take the words of the text: 'Believe, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God.' I would not trust the guidance of my life to a spirit that came to me with evil promptings, any more than I would to a man who came to me with curses on his lips and lust in his heart. We must discriminate between the good and the bad."

"To me this doctrine of the spirit-life, the immortality and presence of helping and guiding spirits, is a comforting thought. It brings me into the presence of the innumerable host that people the spirit land. It gives me somehow a consciousness of the great fact of immortality. It gives me a sweet consciousness that my friends live on the other shore, and that to me they will come as ministering angels in the dying hour to receive the spirit, tired by work, weakened by sickness, wearied with years, pale from death, and bear it to the love and life above."

Dr. Thomas is the pastor of the first Methodist Episcopal Church in Aurora, Ill.; and his able discourse in favor of Spiritualism has awakened no little commotion among those "evangelicals" who, like the Rev. Dr. Bellows (Unitarian), look upon our scientific inferences from facts as a "pestilent superstition."

The Rev. David Swing, of Chicago, who edits a weekly paper called the "Alliance," comments on the course of Dr. Thomas, but not in a very edifying manner. Indeed, the tone is a trifle flippant. We give his remarks entire:

"Dr. Thomas, of our city, (if this city includes Aurora, which it will do willingly that it may include Dr. Thomas) has just preached on Spiritualism, and to the amazement of some, no doubt, he finds much reason for supposing that the spirits of the departed make calls upon friends who linger on this side. The doctor approaches his theme from two ways, the Bible and reason, and finds that both these paths bring him up to the one conclusion."

"To say the least, Dr. Thomas is a brave man, and will follow what light he can find, no matter to what region of country it may bring him."

"In this late sermon he may be right. Inside of the coarse Spiritualism of the day there may be a finer article that is truer. If the spirit of Jones does not come back to edit the Philosophical Journal, that is no reason why there may not be good angels ever near."

"It may and may not be so. While the most noble Dr. Thomas quite believes in such presence of angels, souls we follow our darker path and confess that we do not know anything about the matter. It must be real, comforting to have visions from the upper deep, but so far as we know, it is all nonsense."

no one has ever made a call at our room. Would there were a door-bell which none but an angelic caller could ring, and which that kind of being would use before entering! As things now are, no one knows what calls he may or may not have from the upper country."

"Inside of the coarse Spiritualism of the day," says Bro. Swing, "there may be a finer article that is truer." But surely truth does not admit of comparison. If the finer is "truer," then must the coarse at least be true; and let that admission be enough for us and for Dr. Thomas."

The manly, independent course of Dr. Thomas is worthy of all praise. His discourse shows that he has thoroughly studied the subject of the modern phenomena in connection with the ancient facts bearing on the important topic. Like all patient investigators, he has come to the only rational conclusion deducible from the facts. He sees what madness it is to reject as idle superstitions a body of facts, without belief in which there can be no sincere belief in the historical or narrative portions of the Old and New Testaments; indeed no vital belief in the great fact of immortality.

We have been surprised at the superficial and inconsistent character of the Rev. Mr. Swing's objections to Spiritualism. He objects (elsewhere) to the facts of clairvoyance and trance, because the mind, in that state, is "eloquent without labor, wise without study, clairvoyant without eyes," &c. But if he is really serious in these objections, he, an evangelical preacher, saws off at the wrong side the bough of the tree on which he is sitting—knocks from under him the whole foundation of faith in the inspirational character of those Scriptures which he professes to accept as divine or at least angelical. We would be obliged if he would tell us, when he finds the leisure, how he explains away the obvious inconsistency of his course. Will he say that human nature is different now from what it was in apostolic times? and that, of old, clairvoyance was especially permitted by the grace of God? But in this assumption he would violate all scientific analogies, and ignore what is obvious to all students, including Dr. Thomas—the wonderful family likeness between the phenomena of our own day and those recorded in the Bible. Before Mr. Swing undertakes to treat with superciliousness the arguments and facts given in the discourse on which he comments, he should qualify himself to answer it squarely and fairly—and this he will find it very difficult to do. Indeed the objections he has raised to Spiritualism show that he has a very superficial acquaintance with the subject. We believe, however, in his sincerity, his courage, and his ability, and we hope that he may yet find the truth, and the truth may make him free.

## Robert Dale Owen.

The noble old man, Robert Dale Owen, as our readers have already learnt, passed from this mundane sphere into the spiritual on the 24th of last June, at the ripe age of seventy-six. In a letter we got from Dr. Crowell, bearing date the 20th of the same month, the writer says: "I have serious fears that Mr. Owen will not recover. The disease is a slow inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels, and is dangerous in any case, but in a man of his age is almost hopelessly so. You and I, in common with thousands of others, will miss him greatly; but when I cautiously hinted to him the possibility of a fatal termination of his complaint, his reply showed that he was fully prepared to meet the change, and quite indifferent as to the result."

A son of the once celebrated Robert Owen, who was a socialist, a philanthropist, and in his latter years a confirmed Spiritualist, Robert Dale was born in Glasgow, Scotland, Nov. 1, 1801. He came to this country in 1826, and was for a time associated with the well-known Fanny Wright, afterwards Madame Darumont, in the editorial management of the Free Enquirer, a weekly radical newspaper, published in New York. He assisted in the socialistic experiment at New Harmony, Ind. He served three successive years in the Indiana Legislature, and was active in passing measures for popular education and the giving of property rights to women. He was elected to Congress in 1843 and again in 1845. He introduced the bill organizing the Smithsonian Institute, and was one of its first regents. In 1849 he was President of the Indiana Constitutional Convention, and in 1853 he was sent by President Pierce as Minister to Naples. He was a warm advocate of emancipation in the early years of the rebellion. He published a number of books, including a novel, an autobiography, a drama, and several volumes of discussion and controversy. His writings on Spiritualism—of which he was an ardent advocate—are the best known of his writings. They include "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," and "The Debatable Land," both marked by rare candor, great temperance of style, and a sweetly sincere, truth-seeking spirit.

Indeed Mr. Owen's marked trait was an almost feminine sweetness of temper; but in him it was united with the courage of a Bayard whenever human rights were in question, or oppression was to be trodden down, or what he looked on as a truth was to be spoken. At the time when he made his onslaught on the ruling religions of the day in his "Free Enquirer," it was a very different thing from what it is now to question whether everything in the prevailing Christianity was altogether lovely and moral. By more than nineteen years of the influential part of the community he was hated as an infidel and shunned as a disturber of social order. But the man was thoroughly sincere. He recognized evils and wrongs which he saw entrenched behind religious pretensions, and he made war accordingly. In our present less illiberal times he would be thought mild and forbearing; but in those days it required no little courage to brave the opinions of the day as he did. Throughout his life Mr. Owen has manifested this same chivalrous loyalty to his own convictions, this reverence for the truth in defiance of public opinion or conventional prejudice. When his mental growth caused him to cast off some of the extreme opinions of his early manhood, he showed the same intrepidity in repudiating that he had shown in adopting views which at the time commended themselves to his reason.

The Philadelphia Ledger, while eulogizing the moral worth and high intellectual abilities of Mr. Owen, gives expression to its dislike of Spiritualism in the following somewhat inconsistent remarks:

"It was not strongly impressed at first (in regard to Spiritualism), but his pursuit of the subject ultimately made him a believer; and it is difficult to abstain from an expression of wonder at the slightness of the proof, the paucity of anything in the nature of demonstration, that sufficed to convince such a man. The reasoning power, the logical investigation and thought he brought to bear on other and more difficult sub-

jects, utterly failed him here. It is marvelous that the author of the great letter—the well-reasoned, dispassionate, perfectly poised, logical, conclusive communication, which induced Abraham Lincoln to hasten the Emancipation Proclamation—could ever have subjected his reason and intellect to belief in the poor impostures called spiritualistic phenomena to which he gave credence. He could reason logically upon the profoundest questions in social economy, in government, in intellectual philosophy, but yet his intellect, his reason, and his logical power, when the subject of Spiritualism was involved, did not prevent his becoming the dupe of the coarse, vulgar, illiterate impostors who invented the 'Katie King' materialization fraud. What a picture of the multifarious nature—the splendid power and the abject weakness of the same human intellect we have here!"

The Ledger here merely gives expression to the hastily formed judgment of popular prejudice and ignorance. Mr. Owen, according to these interpreters, was wise and clear-headed on all subjects but Spiritualism. But how does it happen that every wise, clear-headed, and sincere man, who patiently and thoroughly investigates the phenomena of Spiritualism, is compelled to admit them? And how does it happen that, having admitted them, he no more thinks of repudiating them than he would of repudiating the fact of gravitation or of the electric telegraph? It was precisely because Mr. Owen was thoroughly sincere and brave, wise and clear-headed, undeterred by fears of what the vulgar and shallow might look upon as apostasy or insincerity, that he gave in his adhesion to the fundamental fact of Spiritualism, and maintained it without shadow of turning to his dying hour.

As to the "Katie King imposture," of which so much in the way of misrepresentation has been published, the simple facts are, that Mr. Owen, believing that he had been tricked by the Holmeses in some particulars, at once, and without counting the cost, withdrew his confidence and issued a Card retracting his testimony in their behalf. Such was this man's veneration for the truth, that no thought of injury to himself or to any cause which he might have at heart could, for a moment, induce him to lend himself to what might be a fraud or a delusion. It is utterly untrue that his subsequent brief insanity was accelerated or caused by this affair.

Further consideration and study convinced him that while what he had repudiated as spurious might have been genuine, so long as the shadow of a doubt rested on it, it ought to be eliminated from his testimony. Of the great fact of form-manifestations or "spirit materializations," he did not entertain a doubt; and his sense of justice led him to write to that effect to Col. Olcott in regard to the investigations of that gentleman and Gen. Lippitt in the Holmes case. Mr. Owen wrote: "One thing is settled, and that is, the Holmes case, instead of disproving or casting doubt upon the phenomenon of materialization, does prove it conclusively."

In a sensational notice of his death in the New York Herald, some irresponsible scribbler is quoted as saying:

"'Katie King' brought him to ruin. As a recent writer explained it, when the heartless imposture of the Holmes mediums, the Philadelphia impostors with 'Katie King' was exposed, the shock to Mr. Owen was tremendous. He had accepted the pretended 'manifestations' of these rascals with implicit faith. He lived some time in Philadelphia in order to miss none of the séances. The repeated apparitions of 'Katie' were to him conclusive proof of immortality. He planned his faith in the life hereafter, in reunion with his father and his wife, on what Spiritualism, and especially upon what this pretended spirit, showed him."

All this is a gross misrepresentation of the facts—as all the intimate friends of Mr. Owen are well aware. His faith in immortality was not shaken in the least by any doubt he may have taken up as to the genuineness of some of the Holmes phenomena. His convictions were wholly independent of them. He knew that form-manifestations—that the phenomenon of the spirit-hand, as well as of the full materialized person—were placed beyond a doubt by proofs that could not be shaken. This knowledge may have made him less cautious in exacting conditions, and suspecting imposture; but it was never impaired or shaken by any disappointment he may have experienced as to the good faith of the Holmeses.

## The Evansville (Ind.) Daily Courier says:

"From his father Mr. Owen derived many of his early religious opinions, which had an influence upon his after-life. Like the members of his father's socialistic community, he was a believer in no system of theology, but with the leading free-thinkers of the first half of the present century, opposed modern Christianity. So thoroughly did the elder Owen and his more illustrious son imbue this opposition in the community of which they were the lights, that until only a few years ago there was not a church building nor a church member in New Harmony, although it is a town of more than three thousand inhabitants. About the year 1850 Robert Dale Owen and his father began jointly to investigate Spiritualism, and soon were led to accept that philosophy and phenomenon, and through it became convinced of the immortality of the soul. The elder Owen died in that belief in 1858, and since then Robert Dale Owen has been one of the most active Spiritualists in the United States, joining that throng of illustrious writers and thinkers who twenty years ago gave such stimulus to its investigation."

"Mr. Owen was never idle. Brain and pen were always at work, and like many of the world's greatest authors he died leaving the unfinished chronicles of bright thoughts. At the time of his death he was engaged in a work which he intended as the culminating result of a busy life, and of which he had already prepared considerable manuscript. This last work he entitled 'Within the Crystal Gazer.'"

"Although Mr. Owen ever claimed New Harmony as his home, he made frequent long absences from it, in pursuit of his literary labors and in search of health. Old age found Mr. Owen remarkably hearty, but still he was not free from the ailments which characterize the evening of life."

"In 1875 he was in New York, at Batavia, under treatment at the water cure. He was then very weak, and, contrary to the advice of his physicians, persisted in writing a work on theology, from which he became deranged. He was brought home in a sad state of mind, but a few months' rest in the Indiana Asylum for the insane at Indianapolis restored him to his faculties. It is generally believed he never fully recovered, but his most intimate friends are positive that after his release from the asylum he was in a very sound condition of mind. Since then he has spent considerable time with his son, Ernest Dale Owen, at Marquette, Mich. Last State, and returned to New Harmony, where he continued to fall in health."

"Five weeks ago he passed through this city on his way to Lake George, N. Y., where he had spent a considerable portion of the past seven years. He grew gradually worse, and last week his daughter went on to be with him, however, only a few days, for on Sunday his spirit passed away into that realm which has been for years the burden of his thoughts."

"Mr. Owen was married about his thirtieth year to Miss Jane Robinson, who died some years ago, and whose funeral sermon he preached himself. He is the father of five children,

two of whom are dead. His children are Julian Dale Owen, a merchant of New Harmony; Ernest Dale Owen, lawyer of Marquette, Mich.; and his daughter, Miss Rosalind Dale Owen. His eldest daughter married Dr. Cooper of Posey County, and died in 1860 or thereabouts. Another child died when an infant. He left but one brother living, Prof. Richard Owen, of the Chair of Natural Science in the State University of Indiana."

Like his father, Mr. Owen named all his children Dale, in memory of an ancestor. His daughter acted as the amanuensis of his greatest works, and was by his side all the time until recently. In June, 1876, he was married to Miss Lottie Walton Kellogg, a lady some forty years his junior. She had a place at Lake George, where he died. The union seems to have been a happy and congenial one.

"Mr. Owen was the kindest and gentlest of men, and his writings partook of his character in that respect. As a conversationalist, he was unequalled, possessing a charm of manner and a magnetism of speech that were absolutely fascinating. As an orator he never made pretensions, but his public addresses were grand pieces of eloquence and erudition. As an author, his books are his judges. Although bordering on the controversial, they are characterized by the sweetness of temper in expression which was a part of him."

It is stated that Mr. Owen left very little property, having lost the bulk of it a few years ago through the advice of a friend (?) who induced him to invest in a life insurance company which failed a few months later. He was prepared for his change from the natural to the spiritual, and expected it; but a desire to finish a work on which he has lately been engaged has not been gratified.

In the literature of Spiritualism the works of Mr. Owen will deservedly hold a high rank, not merely on account of their intrinsic merits, but because of the pure, sincere, courageous character of the writer. He maintained to the last, with mental faculties clear and bright, his profound interest in psychological questions. From this world of phenomena he has passed to the world of causes—of spiritual expansion, enlightenment and power. For him the great curtain is lifted, and what he saw as through a glass darkly is now made clear and intelligible. That it will be the supreme desire of his soul to help those he has left behind in the pursuit of truth, and to advance God's kingdom on earth, we cannot for a single moment entertain a doubt.

## Madame Blavatsky's Great Work.

The work on which Madame Blavatsky has been engaged for some three years will be published in the autumn by J. W. Bouton, 706 Broadway, New York. Its title is: "Isis Unveiled; a Master Key to the Mysteries of Ancient and Modern Science and Theology." It will be issued in two large octavo volumes of about 650 pages each, printed upon laid paper manufactured expressly for the purpose, and bound in a unique style appropriate to the character of the work. Price for the two volumes, \$7.50. The publisher is now ready to receive orders for the work, as the printing of it is completed, and it will soon be in the binder's hands.

Madame Blavatsky, a native of Asia, and the daughter of a man who held a high position under the Russian government, passed her childhood among the Calmucks, Tartars, Persians, and other Eastern peoples; her maturity among Hindus, Cingalese, Tibetans, and Egyptians. Oriental traditions, languages, literature and mythology have long been her chief study and occupation. In the esoteric philosophy of these Asiatic nations she became thoroughly versed. With the phenomena of mediums and the devices of Oriental jugglers she also made herself acquainted. She came to this country well equipped with knowledge for the study of our spiritualistic phenomena. The result will be made known in these volumes.

In the publisher's advertisement we find the following remarks, giving us a mere outline of the character of the work, and its varied and fascinating contents:

"The work is divided into two volumes: one devoted to Science, one to Religion. The author is most careful in stating facts and opinions, always presenting quotations of undeniable authenticity. Numerous translated extracts from the Kabala, the Hermes, the Vedas, etc., are interspersed through the work, bearing at times upon themes treated by high authorities, whom she is often obliged to criticize. Among the subjects dilated upon, the review of Platonism, the discussion of the Genesis of Humanity, the Submerged Continents, the conflicting theories upon the Emigrations of Peoples, the relation of Myths of India, Persia, Scandinavia, Mexico, Peru, and other nations, to modern science and dogma, may be mentioned to give a faint idea of the scope of the work. Startling revelations respecting many physical and psychological phenomena heretofore wrapped in mystery and doubt, frequently occur, at once instructing and amusing the reader. It will be remembered with what avidity the public received and devoured a narrative of the acts of the Thugs, unearthed by the English authorities in India some years ago. Our author describes, in a charming manner, the marvelous performances of Fakirs, Magicians, and Shikhs, whose 'juggling tricks' delude the senses, and force upon the unwilling mind the conviction that the sources of this bewildering magic must not be sought in mere mechanical legulemans."

"To the scholar and the specialist, to the philologist and the archaeologist, this work will be a most valuable acquisition, adding them to their labors and giving to them the only clue to the labyrinth of confusion in which they are involved. To the general reader it will be especially attractive because of its fascinating style and pleasing arrangement, presenting a constant scholarship, and vivid description. Mme. Blavatsky possesses, and her style is varied to suit her theme with a graceful ease refreshing to the reader, who is led without weariness from page to page. The author has accomplished her task with ability, and has conferred upon all a precious boon, whose benefit the scientist as well as the religiousist, the specialist as well as the general reader, will not be slow to recognize."

In nothing does Mme. Blavatsky show her wonderful ability in a more marked degree than in her use of the English language. Her style is singularly vigorous, perspicuous, and piquant. There is rarely an indication in it of her foreign extraction. Her scholarship is varied and comprehensive. In metaphysical keenness and knowledge she shows a power that few writers of our day have attained to. We doubt if Mrs. Lewis (George Eliot) can be called her equal in this respect. Her critical insight is also most remarkable. It seems more like an intuition than the result of study; and yet that she has been a profound student the authorities referred to in her book abundantly show.

To Spiritualists the work will be of unquestionable interest; and we hope that, notwithstanding its cost, it will find among them many purchasers. From the specimens we have seen of its pages we can vouch for its absorbing interest and for the strength and fascination of the style.

## Verification of Spirit-Messages.

On the sixth page of the present issue the reader will observe that a column of space is devoted to the publication of several communications bearing witness to the truth of messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free Circle-Room, through the instrumentality of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd. The idea has been frequently expressed to us, often by valued personal friends, that if a larger percentage of the communications published in the Banner were acknowledged to be correct, the usefulness of that department among the people would be much increased. We have for some time past printed one or two verbatim epistles in this regard, but have not given especial prominence to them, and as each mail brought a number of such to our address, our stock of proof has gradually accumulated till the public generally would be really surprised to see the amount which has come to hand. We have now decided to print the letters we have received in divisions of at least one column each week (unless want of space demands deferring them on special occasions), and therefore give the first installment under the present date.

We would have our friends remember, however, that, in addition to the proportion of messages acknowledged as correct, experience has shown us in the past that there is even a larger percentage which, while it finds recognition as true by those to whom it is addressed, is never endorsed or verified by them from prudential reasons, such as the dread of the loss of social caste, the fear of church discipline, etc., and thus a marked injustice is wrought upon the medium who gives of her life forces to the work, and upon us who contribute the pecuniary means where-with to defray the expenses of keeping open this public channel of communion with the denizens of the world unseen.

We are confident that the Banner of Light Message Department, in the hands and under the direction of the spirit-workers who have for so long presided over its destiny, is doing a noble service toward the enlightenment of community on many important topics, the harvest of which seed-sowing the coming and enfranchised generations shall reap with joy.

## Miss Lottie Fowler

Still remains at 10 Oxford street, Boston, though she will soon take her departure on her proposed tour to Sand Hill, Glens Falls and Saratoga, N. Y. We hear good reports of the work she is accomplishing in her mediumistic capacity. Among other testimony, we have received a note from William Watson of Brookline, Mass., in which he certifies that he visited Miss F. as a perfect stranger, and was astonished at the accuracy of her utterances upon personal topics relating to his history with which he was certain she could possess no means in a mundane sense of becoming acquainted. He writes in the course of his letter as follows:

"I desire to bear testimony to the truthful delineations and description of character and circumstances revealed through the mediumship of this lady, who never saw me before the day on which the sitting occurred, and could not by any method other than what she claims have acquired the information she related while in her trance condition. Items of family history, of public and private life, immediate and remote, incidents relating to most intricate relationship, were told with marvelous precision and fidelity. There could of course be no collusion between us, and imposition on her part was, in the light of the facts, entirely out of the question. It is certainly a singular power or force, call it what you will. I was well repaid in visiting her, and the fee which she asked I gave willingly, believing I had not half paid for what I received. Whatever the multitude may say, I must record my conviction that an hour spent with Miss Fowler will satisfy any one that the cry of 'humbug' and 'imposition' raised against Spiritualism is without foundation, and is an insult to the spirit of free inquiry and progressive knowledge."

T. Warren Lincoln—or at least there is every reason to expect that it is that ubiquitous individual—finding New England too hard a field for the exhibition of his "genius," has taken a tour, and we hear of a person answering to his description being in Wheeling, W. Va., where he recently gave séances which have called forth the severest denunciations of the local press, not against the trickster himself so much as against Spiritualism in general. The brilliant (?) operator this time called himself "Mansfield." We have no difficulty in seeing how—with no other light to go by save the ignis fatuus of the séances to which we refer—even the most fair and candid in mind of the editorial fraternity might readily pen the following sentences:

"The notorious brazenness, the falsity, the stupendous thinness, the vulgarity and utter stupidity of the show were complete to the minutest details. The entire lack of invention; the failure to produce anything tinged with the roughest shadow of novelty, mystery, or even mechanical skill was never so glaringly exposed as in this misnamed show. It stood forth as virgin humbug; the skeleton of uncompromising fraud and decayed smartness."

This conclusion would be easily arrived at by one who had no further experience, but the attack made on Spiritualism, in consequence of the presence and shortcomings of Mansfield, or Warren, or whoever it may be, is unjust in the extreme—in that the person making it condemns the genuine coin which he has never seen, because he has met with a base counterfeit clumsily executed in its image. We have good reason to believe that Warren is the man, as the name of the supposed control given ("Samsonet") is familiar throughout New England and New York as that claimed by the great T. W. L. himself; and we respectfully inform the citizens of Wheeling, and the editor of the Sunday Leader of that city, that the aforesaid individual is not a representative medium by any means, if he is a medium at all, and that he enjoys among Spiritualists and skeptics alike in this part of the country a reputation which is far from savory, he having "circumstances favored occupied the position of 'medium' in one town, and of 'exposer' in another. We have repeatedly warned the public against this man, but he bears so many differing names and moves so rapidly from point to point, that our efforts have proved abortive in many cases. In view of the injury which he has inflicted on the cause of Spiritualism in the past, we are almost ready to shake hands with the editor of the Leader when in his closing paragraph he says concerning this "séance" (?)—giving tramp:

"When 'Samsonet' again appears from the 'Happy hunting grounds' to huz and huz foolish women to 'bamboozle' a respectable citizen, to up turn tables and pocket the honest half-dollars of a hard working people, to wear a wreath of peace and order, we should like to see the children bathed in the war paint of the war, or shooed in a blanket until they are as cold as the draggled foliage of a half-dead shrub."



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## Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDD, are reported verbatim, and published each week in this Department.

We also publish on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANSHIN.

These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—consequently those who pass from the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions of truth as they perceive no more.

As most of the messages given at the Banner Circle are published on this page, it is desirable that those who from time to time may recognize the party communicating, should forward such communications to this office for publication. A few do so, but we verily long for numerous verifications, yet those most interested fail to give us the proof. This is to be regretted, but we hope those interested will in future do us the favor to respond to our request.

Questions answered at these sances are often prompted by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the Chairman, are sent in by correspondent.

Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman.

## Vacation Season.

The Public Free-Circle Room will be closed during July and August. The sances will be resumed as usual the first week in September.

## REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

## Invocation.

Our Father, wilt thou give us power, to-day, to bring truth and spirituality to the children of earth? May we gather strength as we come here, from the sunshine and from the great love-principle, and, in return, may we bring blessings to those who are gathered with us.

## Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we are ready for your questions.

Ques.—Charity is commendable, but in what sense should we be charitable to sin and wrongdoing?

Ans.—The question is, What is sin, and what is wrong-doing? What may seem wrong to one may seem right to some other; what may seem charitable to some may seem all wrong to others. The individual himself must be answerable for this; he must realize what charity is to his own soul, and extend it as far as it seems right to him. "Charity begins at home." God grant that it may not end there, but that it may permeate the human race, until all realize that charity really is to do unto others as they would have others do unto them.

Q.—Does not the desire prompting a question also open the channels of intuition for the reception of impressions, or inspiration?

A.—It is frequently the case that the question comes to the individual, and while he is cogitating over it there is an avenue opened by which he or she realizes the answer through inspiration. When the question comes from his own soul, the spirit-world opens an avenue through which intelligence can come and answer it. Often the question is prompted by the angel-world, and the desire or question brings an answer to the individual soul.

Q.—Can the process be so vitalized as to vastly improve the present method of teaching?

A.—In our schools, were children allowed to ask questions, it would be far better than it is to-day; but the dignity of the past has descended upon the present generation, and the teacher who allows his scholars to ask questions is considered undignified. In spirit-life, in our schools the teachers are expected to answer questions, and the children are expected to ask them. A fountain may pour forth its waters day by day, but if there are no cups ready to receive it, and no individuals who desire it, how much good will the water do? But if a questioner stands up and says, "I would slake my thirst at this fountain, give me a cup," and then partakes of its waters, something is accomplished; for when an individual has once tasted of the water of life he wants more. We say to individuals connected with schools in earth-life, do not feel that it is an indignity placed upon you when childhood asks you questions, but answer them, and feel honored that they look up to you for knowledge. Teachers, remember you have a duty to do, and if that duty is not well performed, when you come to spirit life you will not see in the mirror an acceptable picture.

## Millie M. Crosse.

Please say, sir, that Millie M. Crosse has come with her brother George from the spiritual to the earth-world to say to mother and father—if this can reach them, and to think and feel—that I remember when I left earth, and I remember all the sad days that have come from time to time. I was helped here by one who has been here before. They need not feel troubled—that which troubles them most will soon be arranged. We are guiding and guarding them all we can. Aunt Lizzie says, "Be of good cheer; don't worry; for all things will be for the best. If riches have taken to themselves wings and flown away, there may be pure principles which you will more readily understand, and you will all be benefited by them." I went out of the form at Millidgeville, Ga.

## William.

I have some friends who are in trouble and are feeling weak in purpose, and who feel that they are visited by dire misfortunes, and they have sometimes if the money which has been handed to them brought with it an influence for bad. I would say to them that I oftentimes have felt that if every dollar had been buried in the earth it would have been better for us all. I would like also to say that Henry and I are near them—they are watching over them and guiding them. If they will only look up when the evening lamps are lighted, not look at their shadows on the wall, but realize that way up through the ether, blue there are darling dear ones watching over them, and trying to make them feel a power for good, guiding, encouraging, assisting and keeping them; they may feel there is a communion between this world and the angel-world. Darkness was over me, but the bright joys have come. The sunlight of love is thoroughly flooding my soul. I thank God for the beautiful flowers that are blooming in my life garden. I have watched and waited for the loving influences, and I find they are all around me now. To feel a mother's kiss and a father's blessing, and to clasp a dear one's hand who will ever give me love and sympathy, has been more to me than worldly dollars ever could have been. I would that life might have been a little different, and I had gone out not as I went, but by the hand of disease. But I have learned the way of duty, and if the mirror of life has shown me some darkness it has brought me a brightness, and I feel that I have suffered no more in spirit-life than I should have suffered had I lived upon the earth. I please to encourage those who are discouraged. I return to you from William, to B. F., of Providence, R. I.

## Sinclair.

I probably know something about spirit-communication: I was one of the first investigators. I gained many manifestations at my house as early as 1845. I was interested a little in railroad-communication. I've been on the railroad and connected with it for a good many years. I might say my sympathies are with the workmen, and I've got to go, so, "Look out for there's a good

deal of thunder up here. It is breaking over the heads of officers and men, and they don't exactly know what they are about."

Mr. Chairman, I am glad to find you engaged in such a good work. You open the door and let any of us in, without stopping to ask who we are and where we come from, or what credentials we have brought, but let us come just as we have a mind to. Now I like that sort of thing.

I got dreadful tired when I was here of this Spiritualism that tried to be aristocratic and stuck-up. If Spiritualism belongs to one person it belongs to everybody.

I've got some friends here, and I've been trying to report for a long time. They always read your paper, consequently they will know it's me. All the same I'll give it Sinclair. I guess they will know it's me. Tell 'em I've enjoyed myself since I've been up here, a good deal. I am a Spiritualist now from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. I believe in it all the way through. I want 'em not to flinch. I know all that has occurred, all the changes. I'm having a good time up here with the folks. We're keeping house and enjoying ourselves. That's all I've got to say.

## Alvin Wales.

I have been about twenty years in spirit-life, yet as I return to your Circle-Room I feel a sort of a dazed condition. I cannot understand it, for in spirit-life I am perfectly free, and I can go wherever I would—there is nothing to curtail my movements. I can wander whither I will, and yet, as I come here, I find something which holds me back, something which gives me a material feeling; still I feel anxious to control as I have in the past, and to make myself manifest. I am Alvin Wales, of Stamford, Conn. I was a postmaster formerly. I find you are postmasters here, and I propose to put my letter in your post-office. I was a believer in the universal salvation of all men. I am glad of that, for it has given me a power, it has enabled me to give strength to the loved ones I have left on earth, to give them my love, to enfold them with my affection, to give them strength nothing else could have brought to them. I am glad to return here because I know there are parties in our place who will understand who I am, and why I come, and I also desire to give this grand science of Spiritualism a push onwards. God knows if I can I shall be very glad to. I was about thirty-eight years old.

## Lizzie T. Brown.

Please say that Lizzie T. Brown, who left her old body by paralysis in North Turner, Me., calls at your Circle-Room in Boston, and says: It is well with me, for I understand now that the angels were all around my bedside, and I felt the influence of I went out. I heard the angels whisper, and they touched the little bells of wisdom, and I knew they called me forth. I tried to do what I could for the good of Spiritualism. I touched the lyre of thought. I would have brought consolation to each one of my family. I bade them not look for me down in the dark, dark ground, but look for me in that spiritual world above. I bade them do their work with truth and sincerity. I directed how they should put me away, and what should be said. Yet on entering the spirit-world I found myself but a child. I return after many years have passed away, to tell my loved ones that I have experienced great happiness on the other side of life. God bless them all; angels guide, guard and keep them. I shall evermore be with them. It is somewhere between fifteen and sixteen years since I passed away. I was about thirty-one years old.

## Lorenzo Dow.

Truly the Lord is good, and great, and mighty, and the power of the Lord God of Israel and of Jesus Christ is with you to-day; for when I feel the power of truth I know it means Jesus of Nazareth, for he was the great and mighty power of truth. When I feel as I return to earth that the very trees speak to me of God's great goodness, and when I stand here in your Circle-Room, as I stood once before, some fifteen years ago, I feel that there is a great and mighty influence strengthening me, and that I must bring a new truth to the children of earth. I must say to them, "Be up and doing." I must say to them that "life is not a dream," but that "it is real," and "it is earnest," and "the grave is not its goal," that the poet's story:

"That thou art, to that returnest;  
Was not spoken of the soul."

I felt as if I'd like to say to each individual in your city, Be up and doing, with a heart for strife. Be up and doing for the truth's sake; angel presences are ever near you; there is no such thing as death; Christ and immortality are the sure foundation stones. In the great beyond, where the flowers bloom more brightly than any you have here, where the trees are more stately than any you have on your Common, where the forests rear their heads in perfectness, where the grand old mountains tower high above us, on whose summit there is a life-giving principle, we know God is there; in the lower valleys where the sunbeams with difficulty onsets, where the flowers bloom faintly, we faintly know God is there; and in the grand old dark forests where the vines creep and tangle, where the meadows are low and the waters are deep, we know that God is there, for we know he never sleeps.

We would have you, Spiritualists, be up and doing; we would have you ready for the coming days; we would have you marching onward with your banner of progress raised above your heads, with your hearts filled with love for humanity. We would have you say, "God is with us; the angels are around us and above us; the banner of liberty is unfurled." We would have you sing in praise of the great salvation of all men. Sing the songs of love, and feel in your hearts that every one has a work to do. Lorenzo Dow.

## Alvin Stratton.

I was brought here by a friend, Mr. Chairman. I don't know as I shall be acceptable, but I will do the very best I can. The gentleman who first opened your meeting took me by the hand and begged me to come, saying that I had been in the Summer-Land some years, and that the flowers of truth had never been unfolded to my view, and that if I would come here I should feel very much better. I was under a religious excitement when I passed away. I did not feel that it was right for God to condemn any of his children of earth to eternal torment, and yet, such was the effect of my religious teaching, I felt I was in danger of perdition, and even with that before my view, and longing to be received by the great Spirit of all spirits, and to have a home in the great Home of all homes, I cast myself before the care, and was thrown out from this life into the spirit-life. I found that I had mistaken my course, and that really God was a great Spirit of Love, and that he had no desire to punish me, but that punishment came of itself, and that whatever I did was the consequence of my own act. To tell you that I have been sorry about a fool's errand, for all of you who understand Spiritualism must know that I am sorry. My name is Alvin Stratton. I belonged to Tolland, Conn.

## Frank Butler.

Please say that Frank Butler, who passed away about two years ago, in Portland, Maine, who has friends here in Charlestown District, returns and says that if there are any of the dear ones—dead there are many—who would be glad to hear from Frank, all they have got to do is to put themselves in the way to do so. I shall be most happy to communicate, and to tell them many things which seem strange to them.

I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the privilege of entering your Circle-Room. I know that there are many here who feel that they would like to have their friends come, and wonder why they do not; but if I understand it aright, the platform is not in possession of before the individual medium presents herself, and whoever she can control does so fearlessly and without a care. We know if there are parties that wish to communi-

cate with friends in the room, they will most assuredly come here; but do not blame, friends, the Banner, or the officers of the Banner of Light, or the instrument who is controlled, if they do not put in an appearance, but rather say your friends are not able to get control.

## Daniel Lake.

I am an old man. I passed away from earth in April, 1874. I was ninety years old and better, but I have grown young since I came here. I have met my dearly loved companion, and the friends of my childhood, and yet there has been a great desire on my part to communicate with earth. True, I have communicated through my grand-daughter and through other mediums, but I have felt that I would like to come here to this spiritual post-office and tell them that I am a Spiritualist still; that I know this thing to be true; that I have proved it from the A B C down to the X Y Z. I know the whole alphabet, and I am glad that I can come back and manifest myself.

I know that this Spiritual Philosophy is true, and I long to be up and doing. When I get a little younger than I am to-day I shall come round and help you. I shall assist you amazingly. My name is Daniel Lake, of Bridgewater, Vt. My grand-daughter is a seer in the spiritual field, and has been for many years, and for her sake I come here.

## Sadie D. M. Davis.

Will you please say that Sadie D. M. Davis, who passed out of the form in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., about 1860—I think it was in May, the 17th—comes to the Banner of Light, and desires to communicate with her friends, and to say to Benjamin, "It is all true. Life and light and purity are here. There need be no fear, for Spiritualism will proclaim itself wherever it is known."

## Mary Loe.

My name is Mary Loe. I will call myself from Washington, N. Y. I would say to my brother, "Bright flowers of truth, I bring to you—the roses of love, God grant you power, strength, improvement and progression. Spiritualism is a truth and a power. Fear not, work for it, and we will give you strength."

## Charles P. Hart.

I come here, Mr. Chairman, with a great deal of pleasure, to express my intense satisfaction in learning that there is no such thing as death, and that I can work on in a field where labor is ever accepted, and where I can do good. I have not much to say as yet, but I would like to say that I am never a coward. I have stood where death stared me in the face, when men said, "Leave, or you will go down to the grave," and yet I knew there was a work for me to do, and I would not go at their bidding; and to-day I did it. I have said to me, "Charlie, do not go there; your friends will not be willing to receive you from that point." I said to them, "Through death and hell should stare me in the face, yet will I speak what I know and understand." I know that this spiritual philosophy of yours, Mr. Chairman, is true. I know the purpose for which this room is open. Were you to see the gathered hosts of spirits here, and realize how many there are standing upon this platform, in your aisles, and on an improvised platform above you, you would really think you were crowded beyond capacity; and yet the spirit-world realizes and understands this great work of return. It is to us like a sun, the shining forth of a grand plan. No matter if every other place refuses us admittance; we feel that we can come here. I feel thankful that I am permitted to speak, that I am permitted to do my work. My name, Charles P. Hart. I passed out in Savannah, but I belonged in New York City. I saw much of that disease which men call "Yellow Jack." I feared it not, but at last it took hold of me, and the fever carried me to the spirit-life.

## Hattie A. Turner.

I would like to send a letter to some friends of mine and say to them that Hattie A. Turner, who passed away in Brighton, Mass., some years ago, in her seventeenth year, called here, and that she feels that she has some friends remaining on earth, and if they desire to meet her she will be most happy to meet them, wherever conditions are such that she can communicate with them.

## Francis Todd.

I feel that I am renewed. I feel that the darkness has passed away, that the light is coming, and that I am growing young again. I shall not take hold of life as formerly, but I will add every young man that I can find who feels that he has got a work to do, and feels that he must be honest and true, and is willing to be industrious and work for the truth and the right. I shall be found wherever mankind need me; I shall be found wherever an individual may call for me; for I long to do whatever good I can. I have met the loved and loved ones on the sunny shore of life. I have clasped them in my arms, and we are one united family. I can gaze on the shores and gather the bright shells which seem to talk to me of a happy home. I can gaze on the blue waters and see the vessels come and go, knowing that they are spiritually laden. I return to this place to-day, Mr. Chairman, to tell my story, give my name and my belongings, that my friends may know that I still exist on the other shore. I passed out in 1861. I was eighty-three years old, or thereabouts. My name is Francis Todd. I think there are some individuals in Newburyport who may remember me, for I was an old trader, and did some pretty good pioneering in that way. I believe I tried to be honest. I think there are those there who will remember me, and not only remember me, but will be glad to hear that I still exist.

## Charles T. Field.

I come here this afternoon to say to my friends in Kalamazoo that I am not dead, that I know all about myself, and that, if I know myself, as I think I do, I would give no credit for what they propose to do for me. If they will simply let me alone I shall be very thankful. If they don't, I shall take advantage of the Law and Order Company in the spirit-world, and raise—heaven with 'em; so they had better be careful. My name, Charles T. Field.

## Mary Ann Joyce.

Please say to the friends of Mary Ann Joyce, of Frankfort, Ky., that it is well with me; that I now have a work which I know I can do, and that the great yearning of my soul, which I suffered for years and years, is now being filled; that I no longer have to be misunderstood and misapprehended; but that I am dear, loving friends that will watch over and care for me, and I shall be happy in the end. Tell them that the flowers have bloomed for me brightly, and that the roses I have gathered, since I closed my eyes on earth and have come to spirit-life, have had no thorns in them, and that the forget-me-nots are brighter than they were in the old garden. That is all.

## Minnie Andrews.

I am Minnie Andrews, of New York City. I passed from this life some ten years ago. I return here to thank the friends who watched over me while the death-dew was on my brow, and who held me onward while the spirit-world was beckoning me onward and upward. I fear not. I care not now; it is all past and gone. I can sail on the bright rivers of life with the best of hope and faith. Add only look up! Care not for what the world may say; but do your work faithfully and you need not fear. I know that this will reach my friends, because I have willed it, and I have prepared the way, consequently it is not necessary for me to say more. I was about eighteen years old, and I passed out with pneumonia.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD  
GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
MRS. SARAH A. DANSHIN.

(Part Seventy-two.)

BY WARE, A. DANSHIN.

In answer to many inquiries I will say that Mrs. Danshin neither sought nor repelled the mediumistic conditions which have filled so large a portion of her life during the past twenty years. Mediumship came to her unlooked for. When we entered upon the investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, I was actuated by a strong and earnest desire to know if life continued beyond the grave, and if the law of communication could be extended beyond the confines of our material world. Mrs. Danshin assisted at these investigations, not because she was especially interested in them, but because it was the habit of our lives to spend all our leisure hours together.

The demonstrations which came to us were of a character and under circumstances that made fraud impossible, and the idea of hallucination preposterous. The manifestations came as clear and simple as the other every-day occurrences of our lives; indeed, it was not a great while before Mrs. Danshin's mediumistic powers were unfolded, and then these communications and manifestations became our daily experiences.

We did not ask for tests under strictly scientific conditions (whatever they may be). We used our own faculties, applied our own common sense, to determine the value of whatever came under our observation, and the whole school of scientists could not have given an iota of strength to our conclusions; the anathema of the combined ecclesiastical authorities of Christendom could not have lessened our enjoyment of the enlarged religious views which came to us through this channel.

Spiritualism gave us the first theory of the relation of man to the Supreme Power of the universe, that had reason for its basis, and all our experiences from that date to this, have demonstrated the truth and beauty of that theory.

Neither Mrs. Danshin nor myself had thought of ever standing in any "professional" relation to this subject; but when you become co-workers with the higher intelligences of the spirit-world, strength the lesser, and that powers which may be used for the great good of humanity will not be allowed to be exercised merely in the limited sphere of personal gratification.

## Thomas Hewitt.

Thomas Hewitt was my name, son of the late Thomas Hewitt of Philadelphia. It was in the forty-ninth year of my age that I exchanged worlds. I was buried from the St. Agnes Church. Heart-sorrow over the loss of money! What is that compared to the loss of a dear friend? You see him sick, you see him die. They place him in the coffin, they call him dead. Good-bye, they say, to a country whence no traveler returns. False! false indeed! For when we go from earth we learn the law of control, and learning it we take pleasure in manifesting to our friends on earth.

When first entering this new realm of life we have to look around and see who is adapted to us, and whether we can adapt ourselves to them. I now open the channel for the first time, and I feel joyous in the knowledge that I have triumphed over death and the grave.

It is more beautiful than I can convey to you, this return of the spirit, and its manifestation. It draws us in close sympathy with those we left; it makes us feel that God is not only good to us, but kind to all; and when they die they, too, will have a place of comfort, of pleasure and delight.

The spirit-world differs very much from that which I was taught. I was led to expect that, as I had not lived up to the letter of the law, I should be banished from the sight of all that was good and beautiful; but it was not so. I was met by strangers, and caressed and fondled up just as if I had been a babe in the arms of its mother. Look, said they, weary child of earth; look around, and gather in all the beautiful scenery which the Infinite hath placed at thy disposal. At once, as in the twinkling of an eye, all fear and doubt left my mind. I became happy and content, for remember I was not a man who walked in the ways of the Lord, and therefore I thought that when my eyes were closed on earth I should meet with sad conditions in the world beyond, but I was agreeably surprised.

Dead, did you say? No, I am not dead. I live to perfect that life which I left unfinished on earth.

Now, friends, this is a story told by an imaginative mind. It is a fact added to the many that have been given heretofore; and now I leave, for I have accomplished that for which I was sent.

## Charles Bergot.

My name was Charles Bergot. I was eighty-seven years old. I must be to be sure, and I lived for a good many years in and out of the almshouse. I was a newspaper-carrier at one time. I was called eccentric and hard-headed. I traded in newspapers at the Ferry Landing for a long, a very long time, and I made about twelve thousand dollars. I had very many good, kind friends that asked me to have a home in their habitations, but I knew human nature better than one would suppose. So, in taking up my abode in the almshouse, I got rid of much trouble which would have annoyed me. I was a Frenchman in my nationality, and when I was in destitute circumstances a woman took me and befriended me; so in the closing scenes of my life I left to her my abundance, for she never in her life importuned me for a dollar.

I feel as if I was doing humanity some benefit in giving this history of myself to be written, so the world may know the dead can see those who live on earth. I was not lacking in some branches of education, and though I mingled not with men and women, still the evolution of my mind made it circuit and gathered up its data from all things surrounding me. I felt the steps tottering, I felt the brain reeling, I felt the body growing weak, but with it all I felt no fear. Confidence was written in my birth. I knew from whence I came, I therefore knew where I must go; there was no disappointment to me.

This is a place of realities; not fancies fashioned to the eye, or projected from the mind, but real and substantial in all its departments. The sun has its risings and its settings, the waters flow, the trees grow, the grasses are green, the birds fly, and the climate is congenial when the soul is tuned to harmony.

There are no difficulties to overcome in this world like in the one I left. There are no hypocrisies here, and I, like a man, worked out my duties in the other life before the Author of my being called me here. I was not religious, nor righteous, nor Christian-like, but I always did that which seemed best for me to do on that side of the river, and I opened my eyes with rejoicing on this.

## Samuel Palmer.

My name was Samuel Palmer. At Mount Vernon, West Chester County, New York. It was in the thirty-fifth year of my age.

It looks to me as if the very stars shook me, for they twinkled and they twinkled, and they seem to speak to each other of the days that have passed and gone. Memory is a storehouse of the past, but not so much as of the present.

It is a wondrous gift to be able with the tongue and fashion language in artistic style, by which, when the human eye reads, pleasure is given to the heart. The heart is the seat of affection. Memory is the storehouse of all that was and is and will be. No wonder a man's physique breaks down with disease when the mind is constantly pressing upon it. I am an individual gifted like other men, with pleasant and unpleasant transmutations. Upon its pages I was anxious to read the destiny of the human race, but this far I have only been able to gather type and figure of myself.

Who ever analyzed the author of his being? From whence did we come and whither are we going? Oh, death! destroyer of kindred ties; making broken hearts; making heart-piercing desolations! Why, oh, why didst thou not point thy finger at some one else than myself? Look at my shadow, gaunt and spirit-like, wandering o'er the plane of earth, seeking to control but finding no avenue open.

Great, mighty ruler of universes, into thy keeping give I my spirit, asking to be comforted, asking to be made satisfied with thy will.

## MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

MESSAGES READ LAST WEEK:

Albert H. Alden; Annie S. Spring; Maria F. Oran; Fanny Sarah; Lovejoy; Thomas Leudrum; Dr. Mary A. Doland; M. L. R. Patience; Goddard; Dr. Grady; Abbie Boardman; Miriam; Hester; Thomas J. George A. Walker; George Martin; Fanny Spencer; Sam Randall; Helen M. Davis; Walter Smith; Eliza A. Vinson.

(owing to limited space, the remainder of our list of announcements of "messages to be published" is necessarily omitted, but will be reprinted at a future day.)

TO BE PRINTED IN OUR NEXT:

W. to C. V. Harry M. Bagley; Mary E. Long; George H. Smith; George B. Stone; Thomas J. George A. Walker; Thomas Blake; George M. Smith; Hester; Miriam; M. Sawyer; Callista A. Vinling; Michael McDermott; Julia H. Styles.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSHIN.

Mary Fortner; Anna W. Dunham; Janet Lockwood; Maria Welch; Eliza Foster; Coleman; Virginia Bonavia.

## Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

SUSAN JACKSON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the Banner of March 3d there is published a message from "Susan Jackson," from "Edgefield, Tenn." That was my mother's name, and she went out from that place. But there is one mistake: the spirit says she has been gone some years. It will be three years the first of next August, or rather the 6th day of August, since my mother passed over. Notwithstanding the date I feel sure it came from my mother, and I am thankful for it. She had often promised to go to your office and communicate as soon as she could.

I am very respectfully,

FANNY JACKSON.

No. 82 North Sumner St., Nashville, Tenn.

## HENRY HENDRICKS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

There is a communication in the Banner of February 3d, 1877, purporting to come from Henry Hendricks. He does not say in what part of the country he lived, or where he was fond of shooting pigeons, and once came near shooting a man, etc., etc. From the incidents named in his communication I have no doubt he died in this town, and formerly resided in Plainville, where he was a schoolmate of mine. He was fond of hunting and trapping, and spent much of his time in those pursuits. While living in Plainville he shot at and wounded a man because he shot pigeons from a bed where he had scattered grain to bait them, in order to take them with a net made for that purpose. For this act he was prosecuted. He had built himself a comfortable house, and had accumulated a small sum beside, and it took all he had to settle the matter, and he died a poor man. He says: "Tell her [his sister] Eben is here." He had a brother named Ebenezer, and a sister Mary, who married a man by the name of Churchill. The communication sounds so much like him, I have no doubt in my own mind that it is the identical Henry Hendricks of whom I speak.

JOSEPH S. PINNEY.

Southington, Hartford Co., Conn.

## JOHN FAINE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

My heart was made glad upon receiving the Banner of February 10th, containing a message from the spirit of my late husband, John Faine, of Leicester, Vt., where he had always resided. He departed this life Aug. 2d, 1876, aged seventy-eight years. He was one of the first Spiritualists in this town. Our children are all in the spirit-world, save one, viz., Edward, whom he mentioned in his communication. The document he spoke of was a will, made when [as he said] he was too weak to resist the influences poured upon him. His communication caused great interest here, which is still increasing. Nearly all who have seen it and know him severally recognize him, as his individually stands out in bold relief. I have received two or three letters asking me about the message, and I replied, "It was certainly my husband."

Leicester, Vt.

MRS. JOHN FAINE.

## JOSEPH T. BENNETT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Permit me to state that I have just had the pleasure of reading a message in your columns from my dearly loved brother-in-law, Joseph T. Bennett, from Dunsmuir, Vt. He was a man of truth and responsibility while here on earth, therefore we cannot doubt the truthfulness of his welcome message from the bright spirit-land. I have been acquainted with the teachings of Spiritualism from childhood. Although my faith has always been firm in those teachings, I could not feel quite so much a reality as I did upon beholding the messages which I have recognized in the Banner of Light. One was over a year ago, and one in the Banner of Light, March 10th, No. 24.

Seeing your request to have all messages verified when recognized, I could not refrain from responding. Yours in the cause of truth,  
LIZZIE M. WORDEN.

## DR. JOHN CLOUGH.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

You have many times requested that persons recognizing the communications from people with whom they had any acquaintance would notify you of the fact, and in pursuance of the request I would say that in your issue of Feb. 24th is a communication from Dr. John Clough, of Lebanon, N. H., which is peculiarly characteristic of the man. He was a good man and true friend, although as he says in his message he never was what would be termed a very religious man. A short time previous to his departure a member of our family, in conversing with



On the spirit, tried of the old form, is a...  
Believing as I do in spiritism, I believe that...  
He has found No. 9 Montgomery Place, and...  
Yours respectfully, LATHAM GARDNER.  
Rochester, N. Y., June 14, 1877.

MARY F. STARRS.  
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Among the messages in your last issue is one...  
His wife's name was Mary F., and she passed to...  
Yours for the truth,  
WILL C. HODGE.  
Darlen, Wis., June 8th, 1877.

LOUISA RANDOLPH.  
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I have just stepped into Prof. Rothley's office...  
Mr. Randolph being out, I showed the message to...  
G. W. SWAN.  
Richmond, Va.

Advertisements.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT.  
**SARAH A. DANSKIN,**  
Physician of the "New School,"  
Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush.  
Office, No. 70 1/2 Saratoga Street, BALTIMORE, MD.

DURING fifteen years past MRS. DANKIN has been the...  
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POSSESSOR of the power of healing at a distance, in a...  
Dr. F. L. H. Willis

**Dr. F. L. H. Willis**  
May be Addressed till further notice:  
Care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

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Care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

**Mediums in Boston.**  
NOTION THE CHANGE OF PLACE.  
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**Mrs. Maggie Folsom,**  
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MRS. JENNIE POTTER,  
MEDIUM, Test, Medical, and Business—138 Castle St.,  
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June 2—2w

**Susie Nickerson-White,**  
THANCE AND MEDICAL MEDIUM, 120 West Brook...  
line street, St. Albans, Suite 1, Boston. Hours 9 to 4.  
July 7.

**MRS. E. B. CHASE,**  
MEDICAL, Test and Business Medium, No. 7 Mont...  
gomery Place, Wednesday, from 10 to 11, Medi...  
cal Sittings free to the wealthy poor. 4w-1 June 2.

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