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VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

A SEQUEL
TO
A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

CHAPTER XII.

"God of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome of heavenly light,
Suspended on the rainbow's ring!
Each brilliant star that sparkles through,
Each gliding cloud that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, give
The beauty of its praise to thee." —Psalms.

Perfect justice and boundless goodness, upon which the infinite Temple of the Father and Mother is constructed and inflexibly upheld, are the everlasting principles of a true, universal, and all-satisfying Religion.

This eternal and perfectly natural Religion is intrinsically adapted to all phases and necessities of universal humanity. And it is the only system that is capable of being universally adopted, and of becoming inseparably identified with the eternal intuitions and needs of restless progressive human nature. All classes, and all temperaments, whether intelligent and buoyant, or ignorant and down-trodden, demand of true Religion that it shall bring them (what every soul sooner or later needs and yearns for) true Consolation, true Courage, undying Hope.

A true revelation of the immeasurable sublimities of the Univercolumn, while it momentarily exalts the intelligence of the spiritually philosophical, and fills with unutterable delight the idealistic and intuitive sensibilities of the true poet, fails to administer sweet consolations when life's trials oppress the heart, and thus proves itself inadequate to the soul's hunger for sympathy, and courage, and hope. Therefore the reverential philosopher and the superficial-minded alike, in certain seasons of heart-broken sorrow and loneliness, plead, each in his own way, for the enfolding love-arms of Providence, for the wise and affectionate guidance and goodness of a Heavenly Power. Prayer breaks forth from the very pious and the poetically reverential; meditation is the medium of the spiritual philosopher; penitential weeping opens the smile of Heaven to the infantile heart; the tragedy of the cross, and the spectacle of the triumphant resurrection after enduring all degrees of suffering, are a comfort to the sincere believer; but, whatever the form of the appeal, or whatever the expression of the internal need, the only true Religion is that which embraces the universe, reveals perfect justice, breathes boundless goodness, fills the reason with light, the affections with love, the sorrowing with consolation, the down-trodden with courage, and the despairing with the golden beams of eternal hope.

Responsive to every real human need, the infinite sources of love and wisdom perpetually flow into and flood the individual receptive spirit; and the innumerable hosts of the heavenly spheres freely shower their fondest affections and their most resplendent thoughts into the common life of the terrestrial millions. Therefore there is no one utterly forsaken; no bleeding heart that either lives or dies wholly alone and unknown; no unrequited life in this universe of love; no possible estrangement from the redemptive power of the universal Presence. All humanity moves within the orbit of the spiritual sun. There is no gravitation superior or equal to the attraction of the interior universe. Your feet now point to the centre of the earth, your head toward the Summer-Land. This is true all over this rolling world. Do you not read the infallible prophecy of this scientific fact? It means that your body will return to the earth whence it came; and you, yourself, will advance to another mansion in the Heavenly Home.

After an hour of interior observation we proceed to relate results.

Domestic enjoyments, based upon true conjugal union, and interwoven with the fondest affections of children and kindred, you behold in the upper country. Uncomplicated nature on earth, long hearts longing for unchangeable kinship, here find their own. Did you not observe during the one hour of our investigation, that the radiant countenance of the neighborhood of the Spirit, the long, slender, and

(angel youths now) waited for the coming of their mates! How loyally patient those three angel maidens (once wives and mothers on earth) waited for their darling husbands to come to them through death's triumphant arch! These ten persons were truly mated and happily married, four in St. Louis and six in London, but they had each known sickness and accident and poverty, and many another earthly trial. Strange fact! there are a great number of conjugal true marriages in the human family before death; but, whether true or temporary, justice and goodness eventually prevail, and so what should occur does occur, and the glory and beauty thereof shine into everybody's eyes. (If the reader would know exactly what is here meant by the "true" versus the "temporary" Marriage, and learn of the delightful evidences of the one and of the direful consequences of the other, he is referred to the *Great Harmonia*, Vol. IV.; also to the author's re-statement and recent agitations of the question in his smaller work, "Genesis and Ethics of Conjugal Love.")

Another day has passed since the foregoing was written.

Again your attention is asked to the perfection of the structure of the universe; to contemplate with becoming reverence the magnificent system of energies and activities, of uses and beauties, of directing, guiding, supervising causes and their corresponding infinitude of effects; asked to contrast this Harmonical Religion, which "lives through all life, extends through all extent, spreads undivided, and operates unspent," with those special creeds and limited schemes, which, under the name of religion, exist in the theological and church-building world about you. You are hereby introduced to a Father and to a Mother who, as Divine Wisdom and Divine Love, with infinite presence and with infinite power, fill matter with all its known properties and forces, and govern all things with an unalterable homogeneity of government. From the ebbings and flowings, from the actions and reactions of the tidal life-principles of this dual Supreme Being, you behold all those transformations and metamorphoses in the universe of substance which philosophers call "phenomena." (In the second volume of the *"Great Harmonia"* there is an account of the operations of the Divine Spirit in man's constitution. See the chapter "What and Where is God?")

In this Religion man is seen, by the eyes of merciful love, as a power with dependencies and extenuating circumstances on every hand; and thus for every evil act of his limited and hampered life there are somewhere healing hands and a forgiving heart; but, on the other side, in this Religion, man is also seen, by the eyes of justice and wisdom, as a wondrous, self-determining power, amply endowed with intuitions of right and wrong, and with the principles of action, reaction, and inaction dwelling in the very heart of his consciousness; and thus for every evil act in his life he is regarded in the moral universe as a transgressor, requiring the administration of retribution, implying self-denial, self-sacrifice, and progressive purification as a self-instituted, regenerative process; and this, too, whether he remains the full measure of his days on earth, or early ascends to reside in a supernal Sphere beyond the Sun.

High thoughts visit us from the heavenly Alps! Pure and deep are our contemplations of heaven. A thousand stainless societies are visible in the Summer-Land, whose inmost life is in rhythmical movement with the concerted harmonies of far more celestial and super-celestial universes. The effulgence of these holy and harmonious centres exceeds the glory and brightness of a thousand suns. Streams of perfections spread everywhere from these loving fountains. Oh, perfect life! Let us measure and govern our existence by the even step of this progressive army.

What response was that! "Not yet! not yet!" Why may we not? Why not now enter upon the true life of the kingdom of heaven? We would feel the rapture of that sinless residence. We would sail out of our terrestrial discords upon the musically rolling waves of sublime thought. We would re-side in the shining dwelling places of the pure and the happy. "Not yet!" Why not now, oh ye of the heavenly homes? "Thy purpose is worthy," I heard a voice exclaim. "Aspire worthily," it says; "and the shadow of thy darkness will vanish." Here thy sight would be dimmed; thy feet falter and refuse to step; thy lips would not speak; thy heart cease to throb with the waves of feeling and thought.

Ah, how I think that I understand why the voice said, "Not yet!" My nature is not in harmony with the standard prevailing in those super-celestial consociations. Their light would fill me with blindness; their thoughts would overwhelm my understanding; their affections could not flow through my heart; their supreme style of life would be a strain and a torture to me; their harmoniousness would fill me with discords; their very existence about me, with its resplendence, and unapproachableness, would possibly excite in me longings for the dreamless rest of annihilation.

The heavenly lesson is wholesome and familiar, namely, Never trample down or negligently overlook the blessings and opportunities existing at one's very feet in the foolish ambition to scale the "ever-green mountains" before the right time, or, in still plainer terms, never attempt to burlesquely enter "the kingdom of heaven by violence."

This we are admonished to apply to every prospect to grow better and wiser, and at the same time we are told to cover and adorn one's

whole life with the graceful garments of gratitude and contentment. This, as it is now made fully manifest, is the true path to reach what all men seek, namely, *real life and real happiness*. But the most of mankind in their blindness prefer the popular "gate" that is "wide" and the "way" that is "broad," both of which lead to a spiritually false life, and to a vast harvest of real misery. "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way" which leadeth to the highest and truest style of life; and this is the simple and only reason why "few there be that find it."

Yesterday we closed our communion with the quotation from the exalted and spiritual, and, therefore, (to most persons) supernatural and vague, discourse of the person, of whom the officers said: "Never man spake like this man." To the materialist, to the learned Jew, and to the unspiritual multitudes of his time, as of any and every other time, *all interior teaching* seems to be either "supernatural," or else incomprehensibly *unnatural* and "mysterious." It is no new suggestion that "history repeats itself." If you know how to read history aright, you need never be deceived by "false prophets"; nor driven from your centre of responsibility by the "marvelous claims" of self-asserting missionaries or other religious chiefs.

This morning you behold a remarkable manifestation of the principles upon which the several supernal Societies are founded and organized. Super-celestial associations, which shine like spiritual suns in the firmament, are, for the most part, modeled upon the plan and principles of the perfect human body: The form or image of the body not only, but also there is a representation of the various internal vital organs; with their ties of connection; with all the circulations and essential processes; giving the heart its true official station, the brain its, down the two arms to the tip of every finger, and down both legs to the end of every toe: "All are members of one body."

Here we behold what gave Swedenborg the impression that the whole universe was in the shape of "One Grand Man." In truth the divine image is spiritually a likeness of the perfect human form; because the human is the *final form*, into which spiritual substance or "matter and spirit" blossom; the coronation of all possible organizational progression.

After this climax is attained in the progress of forms, then begins energetically, yet silently, the operation of the progressive law in essences, attributes, properties, combinations, powers, forces; and thus henceforth, throughout all degrees and gradations of individual and communal life, through all the phases of the adjoining Summer-Land, and onward and inward, with endless ebbings and flowings, from the outer Sphere to the inmost, and from the inmost back again through the new Heavenly Home of another reconstruction of the universe forever and forever; yet never altogether satisfied, because never altogether perfect, growing old in some things and growing equally infantile in others; then reversing the use and exercise of your faculties, and thus becoming a child again in that wherein you had grown golden and distinguished, with the amplitude of your wisdom; and learning and enjoying the spontaneity of love where for ages your affections had seemingly vanished out of your heart, changing from a man or a woman, with a thousand millions of years crystallized into your personal history, to a glad-some youth or a joyous and graceful maiden; forgetting what is called "time," and unconscious of what is termed "space"; oppressed by no weight in accumulative experiences, guided by no religious institutes of a prior universe; but once more in the apollon of your orbit, which you cannot travel once around in less than what you would call "one whole eternity"; again in your youth, among the highest mysteries of your ever-loving and wise Mother and Father "who are in harmony"; with a memory filled with the indistinguishable dreams of the past eternities through which you have steadily traveled, in accordance with the principles of spiral progression; with new ambitions, new impulses, new aspirations, new hunger, new thirst, new appetites, new life, with "a new heaven" loaded with stars over your youthful head, and beneath your feet a new Summer-Land teeming with inexhaustible resources, surrounding you on every side like a boundless universe newly unfolded; with what was once to you only relative now become absolute, and esteeming what was once entirely familiar to you as the now altogether unapproachable and unknowable; looking with amazement and delight out upon the new life, because not dwelling much in the dark depositories of memory, the same as a bright-minded child gazes wonderingly upon the horizon and the sunset, at the moon; and clouds, and stars in the evening sky; forming new associations among your peers and incidental neighbors; and thus you commence to perform another revolution in your immeasurable orbit, unconsciously tending every moment inwardly toward the inmost Summer-Land nearest to the Delta Sun, which will be the perihelion of your orbital pilgrimage, involving a period beyond the powers of the highest angels to imagine, and developing an individual experience which only infinity is large enough to contain, but which, because it is obtained and appropriated in wholesome installments, passes delightfully and beneficently through the faculties, as days slip through the hours, and years through the weeks of our present rudimentary life, leaving behind them only a general impression of the thousand and millions of events, great, less, and little, which those days and weeks and years have been into your private consciousness and memory.

In the super-celestial societies in the Summer-Land—which are in constant correspondence with, as they are exact typical representatives of, the entire population and geographical appearances of the far higher and more interior Spiritual Spheres—I observe yet other plans and principles of organization, association, and government. At some time, very far future in human history, it may be profitable to study and copy after these heavenly methods of order and growth.

In lesser brotherhoods and more terrestrial communities I observe, in various degrees of resemblance, organizations based upon the shape and functions of a five-foliate leaf, not unlike the form and powers of the human right hand; while in other societies the law and results of crystallization are fully manifested. In still other localities I observe social orders based upon the principles of vegetation, as vines, trees, flowers, and fruit. Elsewhere you meet with systems of social life and education founded upon the principles of flowing water, like the "Children's Progressive Lyceum," (which plan you will find in the little work with this title,) beginning with the Fountain and ending with the Ocean which washes the protecting Shore; thence progressively onward, through rhythmically graded groups, until the climax or point of graduation is reached in "Liberty," which is the crowning privilege and high reward of the true children of our Heavenly Father. The structure and principles of the stellar universe are adopted by the members of other associations as the truest plan of systematizing and harmoniously uniting human interests. Some associations are composed of highest natures, who have "the law written upon their hearts," requiring neither ordinances, statutes, enactments; nor so much as a thought concerning their mutual interests or their methods and ends of life.

I might fill a volume with important and most remarkable observations in these departments of the Heavenly Home. But it is deemed best, in this sequel especially, to condense as much, and to repeat as little, as is consistent and possible with the ends of plain truth.

There is, however, one universal principle prevailing and pervading the Summer-Land, to which I am impressed to ask your attention, namely, The principle of Use. It seems to underlie and to overflow every body and every thing. There is, consequently, the plainest possible evidence of a design in everything everywhere—a primal love in all affections, a manifest thought within every living thing, an intelligent purpose in every organization and movement—so that, unless the spirit of a man is blind or near-sighted after death, as most men are in this world, a doubt concerning the existence of a Supreme Intelligence is simply impossible.

The glorious principle of universal Service, of Use, of Design, of Destiny—this principle distinguishes our Heavenly Home from everything known and experienced by mankind on earth. The happiness and prosperity of each member of society are secured, upon the payment by the individual of the inflexible price, from which no true angel ever appeals; which is that he or she contribute a faithful service, in recognized and appropriate uses, to the prosperity and happiness of others. This principle is beautifully and universally exemplified throughout the superior societies in all the heavenly Spheres.

When may we look for the advent of such a kingdom of heaven on earth? The reign of Universal Justice through the reign of Universal Love! For the only foundation for such a state of society is the foundation of perfect fraternal and universal love. When you pray the "Lord's Prayer," let no other thought, no other desire, no other aspiration occupy your mind; if other-wise, your prayer is in vain, and your lip-service, under the form of religion, will come back to you "like sounding brass."

The time has arrived, and we must close our spiritual perceptions upon the systems of universal space. The fields of splendor, and the "many mansions" of gorgeousness in the Heavenly Home, with their celestial warmth and harmonious light and beauty, we shield from the gaze of an unprogressed, unprepared, discordant humanity.

"Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb!" When your time shall have come in its fullness, you will glide forth upon the magnetic river; and, accompanied by your faithful guardians, you will find your own place in the inner Temple of Father God and Mother Nature.

THE END.

The Rev. M. J. Savage (Unitarian), of Boston, says the evolutionists need not be dismayed because they are called atheists. "Anaxagoras was considered an atheist because he taught the sun was no god, but a fiery mass of matter; Kepler, with his new planet theory, was an atheist; Newton, with his new force, gravitation, was an atheist; Laplace, with his nebular hypothesis, was an atheist; Socrates was an atheist; and Jesus himself became an atheist when he taught that God was not upon the mountain or in the valley, and that not alone in Jerusalem should he be worshipped; that he was everywhere."

Heaven, to my perception, is not a walled-in locality, where you must remain forever, without having power to soar upward or the privilege to pass downward. It is a plane of inspiration, aspiration, and advancement. To my perception there is no partial God-Head to whom one has to pay vows. The heartiest man must be tutored in freedom, the brain must have its culture, then, hand in hand, he can go on with the angels.—Spirit Robert Bertine.

Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF THE FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

FRANCE.

The June number of the *Revue Spirite* has a very interesting account of the appearance of a spirit, a dead soldier to a living comrade, who gives him some lessons in fencing, using fencing foils for the occasion. Mr. George Carton, 36 Rue Magnan, Paris, begins the recital as follows: "I address to you the fact of an apparition, extremely curious, which happened here to one of my friends, a man favorably known (*tres-honorablement connu*). He invited me to accompany him to M. Combra's, pharmacien of Bordeaux, who confirms the recital, adding his name to this statement. What adds force to the affair is, that the subject of it is not of our faith, but by education and convictions is a Roman Catholic.

"During my sojourn in Rome," says the narrator, "as one of the Pontifical Zouaves, a great friendship sprang up between the 'Master of Arms' of the regiment, named V., and myself. I was very young, and of his department, and hence arose his affection for me. When the regiment returned to France, V. went to his home in the Loire, while I resided at Bordeaux. I saw him after this only on rare occasions, and at the moment when the facts occurred which I relate, two years had passed in which I had not seen nor heard from him. One night, about twelve o'clock, my wife woke me up suddenly, crying: 'Michel, the dead!' I opened my eyes and saw V. with a fixed gaze actually kneeling upon me. I quieted my wife by saying: 'It is my friend V.' I invited him to descend and take a seat. He placed himself at the foot of the bed, and said that he had just departed this life, and that on account of our former friendship he had at once come to me; and added: 'I will come three days and three nights and teach you the *tour de c6il*, the Italian trick or blow with the foil which you never were able to learn while you were my pupil. It will be of service to you, for here, ere long, you will be provoked to an engagement, and you can make use of it.' He then said that before dying he had requested his sister to forward to me his fencing foils as a souvenir of him.

"We continued talking, and he took from his pocket a cigar which had already been half consumed, and lighted it by a brand on the hearth. He also announced the death of several of our old brothers in arms, of which I was ignorant, but which I learned subsequently was true. He finally departed, saying that the next night he would return to give me a lesson.

"The following day I saw him constantly at my side. Fearing that I was the victim of hallucination, I wrote to my father, who lived not far from V.'s residence, explaining to him what had happened, and praying him to ascertain if the old 'Master of Arms' had really died the preceding night. My father received my letter two days afterward and went to see V.'s sister, who confirmed all the details of my letter. My friend had died a few moments before the hour in which he had appeared to me, and had in fact charged his sister to send to me his fencing foils.

"The following night I felt myself seized rudely *brusquement* by the arm. It was V. 'Al-lons, get up,' he said. 'For what?' 'To take your lesson.' 'It is useless,' I replied; 'let me sleep.' I tried to resist him, but he forced me out of bed, put a foil in my hand and began. For four hours he made me use the weapons. He pitted me without mercy, without regard to my fatigue, and when he left me to retire again to bed I was broken, bruised; but I knew the *tour de c6il*, as he called it. This coup had before that been impossible to me, now it is familiar.

"During all this time my wife had seen me combating in the darkness, (*dans l'ombre*), frightened at what she witnessed, fearing to say a word, but praying.

"The night following the two succeeding days V. reappeared. Fearing still some hallucination I entreated him to give me some proof of his death, that I might no longer feel that I was possibly dreaming. 'You are a person well known in your region, and I ought not to be the only one cognizant of your death.' The distance of his residence from mine had not yet permitted me to receive a response to my letter of inquiry. V. then said: 'Buy the journal *L'Univers* which will arrive here day after to-morrow and you will find there the news of my death.' His death was announced as he had said; but at the time he gave me this information the journal had not been printed.

"Some months afterward, on the occasion of the assembly of the troops of that department, I had an altercation with one of my colleagues which required an appeal to arms, and I then recalled what the spirit had said: 'This blow or coup will be of service to you.'"

His friend V. appeared only once more. "My wife awoke me," he says, "hearing a great noise in the room. Presently we could distinguish V. stalking about, ransacking everything. Finally he passed into the adjoining room, where our servant girl was sleeping, and bent over and kissed her, turning toward me, as I watched him, with a malicious smile. He was as of yore. Afterward he went into an armoire, and I closed the door upon him; but he immediately appeared in the middle of the room and reproached me for my effort. He then passed out of the fold-

[Continued on eighth page.]

The Rostrum.

"OUR NATIONAL GOVERNMENT: WHAT WILL BE ITS CONDITION MORALLY AND POLITICALLY FOR THE NEXT TEN OR FIFTEEN YEARS, AS SEEN FROM A SPIRITUAL STANDPOINT?"

A Discourse by Theodore Parker, through the lips of Mrs. Corn L. V. Richmond, in Chicago, Illinois, November 10th, 1876.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

Among the gifts of the spirit is undoubtedly the gift of prophecy; but whether that prophecy be used at the command of mortals, or whether it be used at the discretion of spirit-power, is a question. There may be things interesting to human beings to know which it is not wise for them to know; and any spirit, endowed with the gift of prophecy, will only exercise that gift wisely, and when by so doing some evidence of spirit-power or some warning may be given to mankind.

Without exercising the gift of prophecy distinctly the delineator of the political and moral events of the world knowing all the circumstances can easily predict the future. Statesmen not endowed with this gift have foreseen just as distinctly what a certain line of policy would bring about in the history of a nation as though it had already transpired; and even as the traveler out upon the desert, familiar with the indications of the approaching storm, can see along the horizon faint indications of the storm, so can they who discern the signs of the times see the indications of approaching crises, of conflict, of political strife, the results of human corruption; and it does not need even the spiritual power of prophecy to discern that which is legitimately the result of certain causes leading to certain effects.

With a combination of these two powers, however, undoubtedly men may be forewarned; and although these warnings are very seldom heeded, they serve as indices along the history of time to point out what nations might have been had they heeded the prophecy of wisdom, of statesmanship, of freedom.

No nation will live a higher life than its political influences bring to it; no republic will be greater than the politicians or the people of that republic. If the people are moral, great, just, good, the nation and its government will be so. If the people are careless, indifferent, and allow politicians to rule, the nation drifts into ruin or its proximate state.

We know the history of those wonderful nations that have risen upon the integrity and intelligence of a single man or a single class of men. We know what has befallen the great States of Greece and Rome, in their prime the leaders of the civilization and intelligence of the world. We know that at one time it was the boast of a Roman citizen that he was a Roman citizen; and that Paul appearing there under criticism for being a Christian claimed immunity because of his being under the guidance and protection of the Roman government. We know that at one time that power embodied the enlightenment, culture, intelligence and eloquence of the world; we know that that power was doomed to downfall, and any one watching the history of Rome could have seen in the very foundations of its existence that which led to its downfall. Physical supremacy, the love of conquest, intellectual power—these constituted the chief standards of the greatness of Rome. No nation builded upon those alone can ever endure permanently.

Egypt, great in the arts of her own age, endowed with all wealth and civilization, conscious of supremacy in the East, revelled in her dominion for a thousand years. Egypt, also worshipping at the shrine of material power, bowing down to the god of mammon and praise, possessing a religion that speedily became swallowed up in materialism and materialistic symbols, having no abiding spirituality, was destined to fade and perish.

Not so soon the downfall of the nations of the remotest East, that had a stronger foundation of spiritual power, and fashioned their governments, as they supposed, after the manner of the government of the Infinite. The Brahminical nations have remained longer as nations than any other which the earth has ever seen. Why? Because the spiritual foundation was more subtle, and in the beginning the nations were founded entirely upon spiritual laws and religion; so that to-day the remnants of the Brahminical nations of the earth, in China, in some portions of India, in Japan, yield the oldest civilization that history can accord to the earth.

Of course there has been degeneration; of course a limited nationality must necessarily bring a decline, and of course the natural encroachments of the outer world, when not baptized in any new effort to benefit the world or mankind, must bring, sooner or later, self-destruction. But longer than any other nations that have been builded merely upon temporal power have the Eastern and more transcendental worshippers existed; and longer than any other civilization did that civilization of Egypt exist when it was based upon spiritual and scientific principles.

As the Pharaohs were the beginning of the downfall of Egypt; as the Caesars were the beginning of the downfall of Rome, so whenever a nation yields its life to the mere force of political ambition and the acquisition of territory, or greater power, it is the sure prophecy of its downfall; it is the beginning of its decline; it is the token that the seal has been set upon its temporal existence.

We know of nothing in the past that is not likely to be repeated in the future, in view of the present state of human life and human intelligence. We know of no indications in the world to-day that evidence a greater freedom from the love of ambition or temporal power.

From a lofty spiritual standpoint, and viewing the whole world, of course there is a spiritual advancement; but if it takes ten, twenty or thirty thousand years for the small insects upon the southern coast of Florida to make the foundation of a single reef, it may take millions of years, for aught we know, to lay the foundations of a general spiritual advancement in the world; and if it takes thousands of years, and repetition after repetition of the lessons of history for a nation to learn even the first lesson of human justice, how long it may be before liberty and justice shall abide upon the earth must be a question for the future to solve.

That America has the opportunities offered for being the greatest nation in the world, no one will deny. That America has all history to read for her lessons, no one will profess to contradict; yet she did not read those lessons aright in the beginning. She laid her foundation stones upon the sand, planted an upas tree in her Garden of Eden. She forgot that no human wrong can exist as the foundation of any human government and that government remain permanent. She forgot that the unerring Nemesis of justice is vigilant, watches forever the nations of the earth, and is not forgetful that if man has one great wrong that great wrong shall never go unredressed. She came, as the foundation of her government, from persecution to inaugurate persecution. The Puritans fled from the religious and political tyranny of the Old World to forge religious and political tyranny in the New World. Outgrowing somewhat of these creeds, and imbued with larger elements of statesmanship and power, the founders of the Republic were wiser than the people, and refused to do that which was urged upon them, foreseeing the results. When Washington was asked to become a king, he said: "What shall we see from the tyranny of one-man-power at home to frame the tyranny of one-man-power here?"

But the perception of the wise statesmen was not utterly followed, and that perception allowed the same element to creep in in another form that became afterwards the threatening cause of national dissolution if not of entire destruction.

The present aspect of the national affairs of this country, viewed in a political sense greatly confused, [during the time of presidential contest], are perhaps none the worse for

that. Confusion is better than crystallized wrong, and it is easier to change a shifting scene than something which is permanent and has become fixed. We would do with the laws of the Medes and Persians if the laws were perfect, and the administration of them perfect. That not being the case, it is better to change than to crystallize into an old time wrong. We would do with something fashioned after the manner of the Spartan heroes, were it not that this is not a Spartan age and that men are not born heroes as they were in those days. We would do with something fashioned after the manner of Solon and Lycurgus, only that wisdom is not always venerated and the mandates of the sages are seldom obeyed now until many hundred years after their decease. We would do with something that could indicate the greatness of individual power if individual power were entirely free from selfishness; but the ambition of a single man may lay to ruin an entire nation or set of nations, while the people themselves, however misguided and misled, are liable to vibrate into the right path if left to their own reaction.

The reason that John Stuart Mill gave for the advantage of republics over any other form of government is that in the voice of many people there is always a greater amount of average right than in the voice or mind of a single man or set of men, and that a republic is sure to gravitate in a right direction sooner or later if, of course, anarchy, passion and prejudice do not sweep in and destroy it; but left to themselves humanity are better than their average laws, or than the laws which any individual ruler or king can place over them.

Therefore we predict for America just what we predict for her people. The present foundation of that predilection is very evident. Let us see what it is. Throughout the entire land there has been from the beginning, and now is, a system of education which gives to the poorest and humblest in the land the opportunity of knowledge.

Now while this superficial knowledge is not, perhaps, important in itself, it forms the vehicle of all the intelligence that exists in this country; and, therefore, forming the vehicle of it, it makes this intelligence the basis of your national security. Whoever would supplant that system by any other mode of education that is not a perfect mode, would certainly destroy the greatest foundation and guarantee for the perfection and endurance of this government.

But underneath the current of the abiding faith in your political institutions is also the strong foundation that the education of a hundred years has given to the youth of the land. Handed down through three or four generations, republican institutions have become the inheritance of the youth of this country, and it would require a greater power than the combined agencies of every monarchy in the world can bring to bear to destroy them.

Physically there is not the slightest danger, so far as this nation is concerned. The only danger lies in subtler directions: in ways that creep into the mind without the public mind being aware of it; in methods that may be introduced that finally shall be made to serve the purpose of tyranny or ambition in some hour of peril. We refer to two things: the attempt to supplant the religious freedom in this land with any form of religious phraseology, and the agitation looking toward the depriving of your children of the freedom of education. There is a great cry and a still greater feeling throughout the country concerning the absence of the mention of the Infinite—of the word "God" in the Constitution. Of course Deity is not offended by this omission. Of course God does not care whether he is in the Constitution of the United States or not; he would much rather be in the hearts and mind of the people; and of course any arbitrary mention of a word insisted upon for the sake of the word means an enforcement of some kind of religious belief. Now there are plenty of people to whom this word is objectionable, who would rather employ "Natural Law," or "The First Great Cause," or some other evasive term. There are plenty of people to whom the introduction of this word would seem as a kind of tyranny. On the stock exchange these same people do not object to the absence of the word "Deity" from the by-laws and regulations of that board.

In reference to various business associations, insurance companies, banking companies, we do not know that the word is mentioned. If it is it certainly is not. Over the Royal Exchange in England, with the greatest solemnity and pomp, is engraven "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;" but England takes very good care that, in this instance, she shall be the delegated representative of the Lord, to receive all the funds that are in the world for the purpose of keeping the exchequer full. We do not know whether the meaning of that sentence there gives to England any better right to take possession of every island in the sea, and to go, with the Bible and professed civilization in one hand, and a sword for the benefit of Christianizing the heathen in the other, to fill this same exchequer. We do not know that the Deity is any better pleased because the dome of St. Paul sounds within a stone's throw of the Bank of England.

We have never heard it whispered among the angels, or those people that fill the upper spaces, that Deity cares one jot or tittle about the long-robed representatives of the church that sit in the English Parliament for the purpose of drawing from the poor the last penny that they may earn, to keep up the church rates throughout England. We have never heard that in the great dome of heaven the Deity rejoiced especially because, beneath the shadow of St. Peter's, and under the interpretation of authority from the Vatican, every laboring man under the dominion of the Roman Catholic power, every laboring woman, every one who can eke out a few pence by their daily toil, must contribute it to swell the coffers of priest and prelate and pope that rule the church at Rome, and build splendid edifices in the name of God—we have never heard it even whispered in heaven.

Let us have no God in the Constitution. If men are to delegate to themselves the power of representing God, and so long as human beings may learn and consider themselves delegated to introduce special words, you may be sure that they consider themselves authorized to interpret the meaning of those words. Better leave it out altogether, and have a little more in the mind and heart.

Be sure that this is one of the dangers of the hour. Accompanying this is the attempt to rob your children of the freedom of education. Any system of education known in the world is poor at best, but a system free from religious bigotry and a simple line of theological teachings is by far the best. Of course there has arisen in the country a great discussion between the Roman Catholics and materialists on the one hand—who for once are agreed—and the Protestants on the other, as to the reading of the Bible in public schools; and this forms the basis of the plea for the Roman Catholics to have their funds separate, and would form the basis for a plea for every religious denomination to have their schools separate.

If you have secular schools, let them remain secular. Read the Bible if there is a good reading lesson in it. Read the Koran, read the Vedas, read any book of any age that will not disgrace the civilization and intelligence of this age; but do not fasten any special form of reading or any special class of thought upon those children who, reared under other forms of teaching, must conscientiously object to these.

This is in accordance with the liberalism of the country; it is the only way that you can steer the craft of State safely between bigotry on the one hand of theology, and bigotry on the other of materialism. A good system of education which shall simply give the formal method of reading and the basis of other branches to the intelligent pupil, is all that secular education claims to give. If the freeds, the home, the separate religious teaching is not enough to inculcate good moral lessons and precepts into the mind of the young, then there is no system of education that will do this.

Guard well the liberties of opinion and worship in the land. Enforce nothing, and see to it that no words, no system be ever introduced either into law, constitution or public custom that shall deprive any human being of his rights of free thought.

We come now to that which is certainly more external—the political basis of the country. There is less danger from this

source than from any other, since politics are the outgrowth of the hour; but the laws and their execution are the outgrowth of the centuries. It does not matter what party is corrupt, or for that matter what party is in power; if there is a wrong in the country, it only waits the opportunity to be righted. If there is not a wrong, there is no human being can make one over an intelligent, truth-loving, conscientious people that numbers so many millions as yours.

There is no fear, therefore, but what the nation itself is strongly grounded enough. The morality of the people becomes the basis of the permanence of good government. Begging the pardon of all other nations under the sun, and notwithstanding the corruptions in high and low places, and notwithstanding the defections in the fulfillment of various offices of trust in the land, notwithstanding the spectacle of so many of the high officials who have been recently arraigned before the tribunal of public opinion for corrupt practices in office, there is no country in the world where the average moral sentiment is so high as it is here. We say this knowingly, as the outgrowth of the ages and institutions of the country, as the result of study, and life-long contemplation in two worlds of the systems of government under the sun; and we do say that the average public sentiment is the highest, that the standards of action here are higher, and that man more seldom takes advantage of his fellow-men in immoral and unlawful ways here than in any other country. You must remember that even in England much of the practice is hidden beneath the cloak of hereditary and arbitrary power. You must remember that corruption does not come to the surface in countries ruled either by Church and State monopoly or monarchy. You must remember that the average public sentiment of France, excepting in time of revolution, never reaches the outside world, and to-day you are not at liberty to know what the Frenchman thinks because of the President, late Marshal, who, under the power of the church, rules in undivided sway the nominal republican monarchy of France. You must remember that you are not allowed to know that Italy has been degraded for thousands of years by the slow decline of public sentiment, leaning upon Church and State for its foundation, until the very impoverishment of moral life has been the result; that the Church is qualified to forgive all sins and the State empowered to do battle for all freedom which leaves the people helpless, imbecile and moral infants. You must remember that in England the distinction between caste and grade of life makes every human being suspicious of those above him in rank, and that he considers it no crime and nothing unlawful to take advantage of his position, if thereby he may gain something from those above him; that the influence of monarchical institutions and of a court life, of rank and title, is the impoverishment of the moral nature of those above and below—of those below, because they always aspire to, yet never can gain, that which is above them; of those above, because they always look down upon those that are beneath them; and here while in business circles a man considers his word as good as his bond, nothing is binding in England that is not written in black and white, though you have the word a thousand times. Between gentlemen of equal rank there may be separate orders of honor which would cause them not to violate their word, but if it be a business transaction nothing can be relied upon unless they are bound by actual contract. Half-nine-tenths of the business in America is transacted without pen and paper; and yet there is sufficient robbery, sufficient wrong, sufficient mean practice upon one another, but they do it in other ways, and not by wanton violation of their plighted faith.

So we might apply this to every department of trade or commerce. Competition, the over-crowded state of population, that which makes the poor abjectly poor and the wealthy beyond want in old countries, lays the foundations for seeds of immoral life that finally work their way into civilization and make of London to-day the worst sight that spirit-eyes have ever beheld—the states of population there, the crowded haunts, the condition in which the very poorest are always condemned to abide from one generation to another: Only the eyes of angels can see these things without going wild, and only the mind of angels can reconcile them to the great work of the Infinite purpose.

There is want enough, corruption enough, immorality enough, but there is more space, things see the light more, everything must come to the surface here; and while that is not a pleasant spectacle, nor does it present you in the public estimation in the most favorable aspect to the world, still the worst features of American life are upon the surface, and the best features are silently carried on underneath and form the foundation of a better nation than you are aware of. We neither say this in praise nor blame; it is a simple fact, and we do not discover anything in the present aspect of the country, or of the world, that can bring about any very great change within the period mentioned by the question. We see that the steady flow of the average thought in America must go on the same.

One element alone promises discord. It is the element at war with the naturalization of all exiles of all grades, degrees and colors from other countries; and while America receives into her fold foreigners from every nation under the sun, there are certain elements that are always at warfare. First it was that of color; now it becomes one of Oriental blood, and we do not know what will ensue save that the average sentiment in America is above any contest of this kind, and that whatever nationality is useful or seeks refuge here must eventually be incorporated into the nation or it is not cosmopolitan.

We ask simply that you will consider the religious condition of the world for a moment. In England under an old statute persecution for opinion's sake has been resumed. In France under the dominion of a semi-Roman Catholic power persecution for opinion's sake is resumed. Find out if there be an ancient law, a musty volume unexplored and unknown, in any part of this country where it is possible to persecute a human being for opinion's sake. If there is, be sure it will be called into requisition now. Religion on the one hand, so called, and unbelief on the other are for once joining hands, and extremes always meet. The bigotry of unbelief and the bigotry of theological belief are closing around those who venture to explain, to go beyond or in any way differ from their established forms or tenets, scientific or theological. Spiritualism is the bone of contention in church, in state, and between the scientific minds and believers, and is likely to form the basis upon which may be resumed the persecutions of former times. In this country fortunately the laws are modern; but still there may be in some State or in some portion of the government a law which will enable this spirit of persecution to be carried forward. We do not say that it will be, but we say that if there is opportunity it will be. Religious persecution is not dead, for the simple reason that we have heard a minister of the gospel within a brief period say to a person in New England that had he the power he would have all mediums hung as witches. Religious persecution is not dead, because if it were there would not be social ostracism on account of differences of opinion, and people would not be pronounced lunatics and imbeciles for merely differing in belief.

The next danger, or that which is most imminent, and which may come upon you at any time under the cloak of a political revolution, is that which springs from this conflict of religious power in the world. We do not say it to create alarm. Expiring tyrannies always make a last effort, and the papal power in Rome, there eclipsed, seeks a last flame of fire before expiring in the world as a nominal power.

It is sufficient to know that this spirit is abroad in the world, and that if there shall be any general conflict among the nations of the earth it is more likely to be upon this subject than upon any other one; more likely because this is the preponderating subject; more likely because all questions of capital and labor are adjusted by themselves, since capital and labor can neither exist without the other, and since trade-unions, co-operative unions and various kinds of bodies of both classes have made the compromise possible, and now it is no longer possible either in England, in America or any other civilized nation, for a war to be waged between capital and labor. We know of no other theme that can bring about the agitation, awaken the old sentiments of persecution

and create the causes of discord feared in the world, than that which we have mentioned.

Has not Spiritualism dared to hurl the gauntlet into the very arena of scientific investigation and challenge explanation? Has not Spiritualism dared to probe beyond the gateway of death and the walls of creeds and theological institutions, and say that God is a God of love, and that all his children survive death? Has not Spiritualism dared to bridge the chasm between science and religion, between God and Nature, and declared that there is no longer a warfare gigantic and unquenchable between God and his children; and having done this, is it not also the science upon which the human mind can for once reconcile its relations to the Infinite? And shall it go unscathed by the tyrannies of the world? Shall the spirit which persecuted the Quakers, the Puritans, the martyrs and sages in early Christian times, be allowed to slumber? Would it not be strange if behind these walls, where theology is a part of the daily life and feeds upon stone, there should be some discontent, because the bread of life is after all would presume to come outside of those walls? Is it not indeed strange that more of this spirit is not manifest, and does it not bespeak a greater advancement in human thought, that nothing of any importance has as yet been done to suppress this great heresy, and it has marched on into the world until now within the very teeth of monarchy and church institutions they are fighting the battle once more? Strong in this faith, uplifted by the power of the onward march of the people, let America take care of itself as a nation; and all you have to do is to take care of your own intelligence, of your own moral and spiritual condition, doing your duty by one another as you would be done by, and the nation may live longer than the states of Rome, longer than Greece, longer than Egypt, and longer than fabled Indus, that for thousands of years held sway over the Orient. Let us have the nation at the foundation of the heart, and let the external government be simply the outgrowth of it.

At the close of the lecture, the audience were invited to select a subject for an impromptu poem, and the question: "Are our Spirit Mothers our Earthly Mothers?" suggested by a lady, was selected; to which Mrs. Richmond responded as follows:

EARTHLY AND SPIRITUAL MATRHOOD.

"Mother," I heard a young child say,
Playing among the flowers,
"Who is the mother of flowers?"
Who gave them such bright dowers?
The mother bowed her face and smiled
Over her golden-haired child:
"God is the mother of the flowers,
Child, and earth gave them those sweet dowers."
"Mother," I heard a maiden say,
Blushing upon her bridal day,
"Another love into my soul
Has swept with its sublime control."
And does it take my love away?
The mother tremulously did say,
"Oh, no! my soul has larger grown,
And a new love has now throne:
The greater love envelopes all—
God's love, the whole, both great and small."
"Mother!" upon the battle-field
I heard a dying soldier cry,
The sod that mother's heart did yield
No sound save blended strife and sigh.
She heard his parting tone with woe:
"Oh, mother, I do love you so!"
"But 'twas your country's love, my boy,
That took away the mother's joy,
And 'twas the love of God in heaven
That for that love your life was given."
"Mother!" I heard an angel say,
Just risen out of mortal clay,
"Mother!" still bending o'er the earth
Still wishing all things of bright worth
To visit her whom the soul loved,
"Oh, mother! I have found and proved
That Death, my mother, all the while
Has brought to me the sweetest smile!
An angel-mother met me here,
Out of the charmed atmosphere,
And drew me upward to her soul;
But still I love you; this control
Merges the lesser love in heaven.
All greater love by God is given."
I wandered into Paradise one day,
Among the birds and brightly blooming flowers,
And there were happy children all at play,
Fitting in gladness unto the heavenly bowers.
"Where are their mothers?" "Come on earth,
And come in heaven, as you see;
But whether they of earthly birth
Or of the spirit-life must be,
There are no orphans here in heaven;
To every soul some love is given."
Then, said I, if upon the earth
There be those there of little worth,
Who scorn the gift by Heaven given,
Who care not for the child of heaven;
Then out of this sweet Paradise
Some mother, with fair, gentle eyes,
Bends even there above the earth,
And, lo! where want and shame and death
Lurk in the city's crowded street,
These angel-mothers you will meet.
Unseen, but with soft, silent tread
They bend above each golden head,
And where they have no name, the child
In heaven is named all the while.
Nay, nay! if by the tide of soul—
The earthly mother and her control
Also may be the mother there
In answer to her spirit's prayer,
Then this is well; only one law
Guides and directs without a flaw.
On earth or in the heaven above
They mothers are who most can love.

Children's Department.

TALES OF THE SUN-RAYS.

Dedicated to the dear child Benda, by the Spirit of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN:
Written down through the mediumship of Adeline, Baroness von Yax, of Gmütsch, (in Alsace), Austria, and translated specially for the Banner of Light by Dr. C. Bloed, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. XIV.

"I carry up prayers," said this Sun-ray; "oh, so many, many prayers. Three I have specially impressed on my memory. The first is that of a little girl. She prayed kneeling in her bed, but she did not speak like a child, nay, she prayed like somebody who has already suffered much, and has had many struggles and doubts—fervently, passionately, from the inmost.

"She said: 'Thanks, my God, for the faith I have recovered! Give me strength to preserve it to the end of all days!' And then she prayed for her parents. And I saw how in former days her heart had often ached, infected by the bitter skepticism of others; how it then had trembled, cried, become unable to pray. Words of unbelief concerning the higher things of the spirit had hollowed out her little heart, as slow falling raindrops pierce even the rock. But then one day a bright sunbeam had come, a spirit sent by God, the spirit of Love, which filleth all, illumines all, and makes up for everything. And from that day the poor child had awakened to new strong faith, awakened to new fresh love of God, and see! she could pray again!

"Such a prayer I must carry up to God!
"I take up many prayers of dying people. But when living persons pray desperately for death I turn away. Such prayers I leave on earth. I once saw a man in a pine forest. He was standing in the midst of the ferns and the forest flowers, leaning against a tree, and staring painfully into the Sun-ray which shone through the dark pine green. Whilst his one hand rested on his gun, the thoughts passed through his mind. I saw how his heart was bleeding, how it trembled and started in his breast, and how he thought: 'This one bullet would bring freedom from this miserable life of longing and struggle!' He was a noble man, and still he thought of taking his life, for he suffered from self-punishment, which others were than all bodily pain! Every one of us Sun-rays has a good little elf within him, whom we often make whisper to the heart of men. I now had my Sun-ray whisper to that man: 'Courage, courage, be strong!' And the little thing seemed to be heard, and indeed, and danced before his eyes, until he no

Verification of Spirit-Messages.

DANIEL PINNEY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of Oct. 28th, 1876, was a communication purporting to be from the spirit of Daniel Pinney, of this town. A man of that name, and aged seventy-eight, and with whose family and friends I have been familiarly associated for more than fifty years, passed from this village to spirit-life last July, and the communication was correct in so far as that he was ignorant of where he was, or to what he was going, for he was indifferent to doctrines of any kind. Mr. Willard, of Chicago, will find in this article a reply to his query as to whether he was the "Dan" he recollects when he was at his grandfather Rev. John Willard's, when he was ten years old. The Pinney family names are all very correct—as well as the situation of the homes of both families—and of the ten children in the family all have gone to the life beyond but one daughter, aged 83, living in Wisconsin. JULIET M. FIELD.

Stuffed Springs, Ct.

George Bacon, Jr.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We are highly gratified in knowing that the spirit message purporting to come from George Bacon, Jr., in the Message Department of the Banner for Jan. 20th, is fully verified. George Bacon, Jr., was born and raised in this city, of a very respectable family. I have known him personally about twenty years; his father, who died some eighteen or twenty months ago, was a very exemplary member of the Methodist church, and a merchant of this city. George Bacon went from here to St. Louis about a year ago, and after remaining there some two or three days, his brother (a very eminent lawyer and a genial gentleman of this city,) received a telegram announcing his sudden death; he immediately started to St. Louis (which is one hundred and fifty miles below this city,) and brought the remains here, and deposited them in Mount Olivet Cemetery, about two miles from this place. If any doubt this statement, and will take the pains to write here, they will receive such further information on the subject as may be desired. J. B. CHESLEY.

LIZZIE ENTWISLE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Herewith I send our county paper, The Reflex, containing the message of Lizzie Entwisle, as it was published in the Banner of Feb. 17th.

Mr. Entwisle was stationed here a few years since, being a Methodist circuit preacher, and his family, including Lizzie, were well known and remembered by almost the entire town. The message seems characteristic, I am told, of the girl when living here. E. HOVEY.

HUBBARD-ALEXANDER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A communication in your issue of March 10th, purporting to come from the spirit of Rodolphus B. Hubbard, is correct, we think, in every particular stated. In his youth he lived in the house in which we are now writing, and in the neighborhood town of Amherst for many years. Late in life he went to California, and died soon after, or, as he stated in his message, began to live then the real life. We have delayed sending this till now, thinking it might be the pleasure of near friends to acknowledge his identity.

DANIEL KELLOGG.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is with a heart full of joy and grateful response that I take my pen to say to you that in the Banner of April 26th, I find a message from my dear son Daniel. It is not the name, but the message he gives that satisfies me and all his relatives that the words of his communication are to me those of a beloved son, to his children the words of a beloved father, and to his surviving brothers and sisters the voice of a departed brother, who although his body moulders in the dark grave, yet in spirit liveth forevermore. The words in the message referred to are the true sentiments of his loving soul, for we have often talked on the same subject. Having been blind for the last fourteen years, I have told him I thought it would be right for him to give me something to produce the change called death, but he reminded me of the duty which each individual bore to the great body of society, and the lessons which the experiences of this life, however hard to bear, were intended to convey to the spirit, which was here taking its first degree in the school of progression.

OBED W. BARTLETT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue for May 5th is a message from Obed W. Bartlett. I have known the man from a boy; he went to Garland, this State, to Boston, and was for many years a successful trader. His residence at the time of going out, and age, are given correctly. I have shown the message to his brother, John Bartlett, who has no doubt it is from his brother Obed. WILLIAM SARGENT.

ANNA JENKINS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

While spending a year with a sister in the city of Providence, thirty-six years ago, I was a frequent attendant at the "Friends" meeting, where Anna Jenkins, who was a minister in that Society, often preached. Moving to Michigan, I was informed, some years after by my friends that Anna Jenkins and her daughter perished in the burning of their house in that city.

MARY CORNELL ROBERTSON.

The message which you published in your issue for May 5th, under that name, is surely from that kind friend and benevolent woman, Anna Jenkins, the Quaker preacher. Doubtless a person so well known as she will have many friends to verify her message, and yet my appreciation of the Banner and its Message Department induces me to make this acknowledgment.

REV. ISAAC WHITE.

Wm. G. Wood, writing from Providence, R. I., states that inquiries which he has made concerning the message given through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Ridd, by a spirit purporting to be that of Rev. Isaac White, late of Newport, R. I., of Trinity Church, lead him to pronounce it a truth. Among other points in evidence he states that he met Rev. Daniel Henshaw of Providence, rector of All Saints Church, on High Street, on Sunday afternoon, April 29th, and asked him if he knew Rev. Mr. White, of Newport; he replied in the affirmative, and further said, "Rev. Isaac White died in the latter part of December, 1875," as stated in the message, which the clergyman had, of course, not seen. Mr. Wood informing him for the first time of the fact of its publication.

TO BOOK-BUYERS.

The attention of the reading public is respectfully called to the large supply of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we keep on sale at the **HANCOCK & LITTLE BOOKSTORE**, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery 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.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notices of meetings, lecture 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.

To keep the **HANCOCK & LITTLE** bookstore, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our readers 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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Business letters should be addressed to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

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

The Theocrat of "The Munday Lectureship."

This is what a correspondent in Boston wrote not long since to another paper in reference to the above named notoriety, who is ambitious of the reputation of being the exterminator of Theodore Parker's fame: "Although his audiences continue large, the genuine interest in what he says has much abated. I fear he can ill bear the reflex of popularity when it comes, as it is pretty sure to do." No, Cook is just the kind of man that can never bear to confront the return wave.

He must be on the top of a flood tide, floating swiftly on past ranks of applauding people on the shores, or the heart is instantly all out of him. Men who make an occupation of "bulldozing" the community cannot well endure to have the community arise and ask them to see how the same process affects themselves.

All of Joseph Cook's chatter about "science" is wind, and nothing more. He ought to know that science and the "supernatural" are not to change places at his command. He has undertaken to prove to his bewildered hearers, after the most complicated and entangling methods of demonstration, that ecclesiastical dogmas can be supported by scientific means; and so he has industriously mixed a little of the one with a good deal of the other, until he cannot himself say which is which, or what the precise resultant is. His florid sentences, and apparent deep research, coupled with a forcible delivery, have thrown a sort of daze over the religious community, but like the comet, his course is a short-lived one, and indications point to the fact that he is already describing the parabola of decadence.

Another critic of Cook alludes to him as a person who, in place of real logic, makes a matter appear as probable as he can, and from this level of probability he soars into the atmosphere of poetry, expecting by that time that his hearers will be so confused that they will not know he has taken his flight.

But in some of his discourses his "poetry" takes on a form of adjuration to the bigoted and unthinking masses of the Orthodox Protestants in America which is worthy the clearest attention on the part of all friends of free thought. Not that Cook as an individual possesses any importance, but because of the indices which the positions he assumes give of the attitude of the theological leaders themselves. Occasionally the real, though carefully hidden, sentiments of the creedists slip bodily from his unguarded lips, giving those who will look with the eye of reason an inside view of the Hades of hate which rules too surely the evangelical mind of the present day. For instance, in one of his lectures he (Cook) says, in the face of his denunciation of the free thinking of New England, that "all men are going to think for themselves by-and-by."

The "flood of democracy," he says, "is upon us." And then he asks, in his triumphant way, "Is not Congregationalism, which has the same spirit as the spirit of the age, the sect to minister to it? Is she not the Church to match the demand of the times which she has brought into existence?" How very plausible! Finally he swells out in the full proportions of his purpose, and bursts forth as follows: "Let us bring America into a religious theocracy! We shall come slowly out of our troubles, and they are fearful ones, and they are just ahead of us. The thing which brought them into existence must be carried through. Congregationalism has brought independency into the world, and our evils never will be cured unless we carry through our idea of a theocracy."

We have it there without any disguise whatever. We can see the intent of Old Theology precisely as it is. It means to rule, and that is all there is to it. "There are no political ideas," says Cook, in conclusion, "of half the importance of this that crossed in the May Flower. . . . There never has been, and never will be, a safe republic in which God in Christ is not the supreme power." All of which, according to the published report, was rewarded with "applause."

Once let such ideas as the above enter into, and take possession of our government, and instead of continuing republican it would become the veriest tyranny in the world. We should have no liberty but that which priests and self-styled "good men" would choose to allow us. Cook is another Calvin. He drives rough-shod over the convictions and opinions and sentiments of others, and bids them open their mouth and shut their eyes while he proceeds to dose them with his peculiar purgative. What an improvement he is, to be sure, on Jefferson, and John Adams, and Benjamin Franklin!

Read "Jo Cook's" idea of "Organization," on our fifth page. He hits the nail squarely on the head. If you don't believe us, ask Bro. Peabody.

Robert Dale Owen.

The press of the country continues to bear testimony to the usefulness of the life, and the kindness of heart, of this now translated apostle of the gospel of spirit-return. Among the comments on his decease which we have seen, none are more noticeable for candor and fair dealing than those made by the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, which paper introduces its biographical sketch of his earthly experiences as follows:

"A man of eminent learning and of purest and gentlest character has passed into that realm of mysteries of which he so patiently sought to solve while yet he abode in the flesh. Robert Dale Owen is dead. Whatever may have been the aberrations of his philosophy, whatever may have been the deflections of his theory from recognized schools of thought, it is certain that he sought to know the truth, and pursued his investigations with the acumen of the scholar and the zeal of the enthusiast. No one could enter his presence without being impressed with his sincerity. No one could know him without loving him. His very person radiated gentleness; and greatness, as well as integrity, may cheerfully be accorded him. The knowledge he sought is his now. The problems to which he devoted himself are solved now. His memory remains a precious legacy to his friends. His example endures a guide for those who like him would search for the truth, faithfully, conscientiously, devotedly, although their conclusions may be different from his. We do not propose to endorse his peculiar doctrine, but we must applaud the single-heartedness with which he pursued truth and the tenacity with which he advocated it, when he thought he had found it. Admiration for his inspiration and respect for his personality are not inconsistent with an utter dissent from the views he embraced and the opinions he enunciated. There shall be others who were intimately acquainted with him, and who sympathized with his thought, who shall do justice to the qualities that informed him and the lovely traits that he illustrated. Be it ours, in this passing notice, simply to indicate his worth and to pay the meed of respect we cannot forego."

The following letter from Dr. Crowell, of Brooklyn, is *appropos* at the present time, as some of the papers noticing his decease have either withheld all reference to Mr. Owen's views concerning Spiritualism, or have endeavored, by implication at least, to create the impression that he changed faiths just previous to his passing on:

A SPIRITUALIST TO THE LAST.

To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle:

In your ordinary notice of the late Robert Dale Owen in Tuesday's issue, (June 24th,) there is one error which in justice to Spiritualists and their cause should be corrected, and which from my knowledge of the fairness which so generally characterizes your articles, I feel assured you will correct when you are satisfied it is an error.

In your notice you said, "But thousands in this country and in others have read his 'Footfalls on the Boundaries of Another World,' 'Debatable Land,' and other like books treating of the phenomena of Spiritualism which it is said he in his latter days repudiated.'"

I assure you there is no truth in this report. During the last three years Mr. Owen did not fail to visit me whenever he came to New York, and frequently he was my guest for one or two weeks at a time, and left my house for his home at Lake George only nine days previous to his death, having then been with me two weeks, and there were few hours during that time when we were together in which Spiritualism, either directly or indirectly, was not a subject. If not the subject of our conversation, and not only was his belief in it as firm as at any previous time, but his interest in it was undiminished.

In his note to me of May 25th, notifying me of his intended visit, after stating that his principal object was to procure medical advice, he adds: "Aside from the immediate object I shall be very glad to have another chance of a few long talks with you on the great subject which interests us both. For the last year I have scarcely had a chance to talk of Spiritualism with any intelligent and experienced friend of the cause, and I feel I was going to say, hungry for such an opportunity."

The italics are his own. I think you will admit that my assertions are thus substantiated by his own words. You do him no more than justice when you say that "his domestic life was always pleasant, and his charming personality was felt in all his relations in life. He did valiant work in his early manhood, and his middle life and old age were worthily spent in the service of humanity and in making the happiness of those allied to him." I would add, it has not fallen to my lot to know a more unselfish, truer or better man.

EUGENE CROWELL, M. D.,
106 Clinton Avenue.

On Sunday, June 24th, the Free Lecture Association of New Haven, Ct., took a recess of two months. The exercises during the day assumed the form of a discussion on "Free Physical Education," in which Prof. R. W. Hume, and others, took part, showing that in the opinion of a majority of the members of the Free Lecture Association, it was the duty of the State to satisfy the physical as well as the intellectual needs of all children requiring its assistance. Of the eventful service the Morning Journal of that city says:

"In the evening, under the auspices of the Free Lecture Association, a grand concert was given by the Helene Quartette, in their usual admirable style. Between the selections Prof. Hume (who is an experienced teacher of elocution) delivered recitations of poems of various countries. They were well delivered, and all received merited applause. The two most admired were 'The Three Warnings' and 'John Wilde of Rodenkerchen,' a translation from the German. The closing selection was 'The American Flag,' which was given *cam amore*, and to use the stage expression, brought down the house. The Free Lecture Association will reopen in September with lectures by Mr. Felix Adler and the Rev. O. B. Frothingham."

A recent letter from Philadelphia contains the following: "We are starving to death for a camp-meeting. The idea never came into our heads until lately, and it has assumed wonderful proportions and is sure of success. The grounds have been offered to us gratuitously, and some of our wealthy Spiritualists favor the enterprise. Well, then, all we have to say is, 'Go-ahead!' Camp-meetings properly conducted are during the heated term to be commended, therefore we are gratified to learn that the Spiritualists of Pennsylvania intend imitating Massachusetts in this respect."

A. J. Champlin, writing from Antwerp, O., says: "I am always made to feel sad when I see true and noble worth neglected or abused. It is very strange to me that so valuable a paper as the Banner of Light, containing, as every issue does, so much mental food, and that, too, with such finish and in such good taste, should want for patronage. It certainly does not speak very flatteringly for the future of true Spiritualism, for which you and other noble workers have labored so long and faithfully."

The dedicatory concert under the auspices of the Hutchinson Family, at the Sabbath School tent, near the Pavilion Hotel, Revere Beach, took place at the time appointed, on the afternoon of Monday, July 9th. The large tent was well filled, in spite of the descending rain. The exercises—varied and interesting—were presided over by J. Green Jones, Esq.

"Preaching the Truth"

Is the title of a recent lecture by Henry Ward Beecher—and what has been recorded as coming from his lips is the truth, every word. We regret that we have not space to print more than the following extract:

"The bigotry, the conceit, the bitterness, the uncharitableness, the intolerance, which go along with the preaching of some men; the building their congregation up in a pugnacious attitude toward everything that differs from them, turning them into theological cats and dogs that bark and spit and scratch at anything that comes near them which is not according to their ideas—I need not say how incompatible it is with that spirit which accompanies 'preaching the truth in love.' It is impossible that one who preaches the truth out of a disposition of lovingness should have such bigotry as these men have, that he should be moved in the way that they are."

Sequel to Stellar Key Concluded.

We this week publish the twelfth and last chapter of "Views of Our Heavenly Home." Mr. Davis wishes us to say that he will endeavor to correct all errors in computations, &c., answer some questions he has received from esteemed correspondents, and prepare the work so that it can be issued in book form early in the autumn.

In order to turn the cold shoulder on newspapers printed or issued on the Sabbath, and so win the smiles of the bigots in and around Washington, U. S. Solicitor General Phillips recently decided that to publish the delinquent tax list in a Sunday paper would be unlawful, basing his decision on one of the ancient "blue laws" of Lord Baltimore, dated 1723, which he declares to be still in force. Several years since we published the most important points of this old law, which was then brought into notice through an effort on the part of the churchmen to apply its provisions regarding "blasphemy" to Spiritualist lecturers. The law punishes those who speak against the Trinity with branding on the forehead, boring a hole through the tongue, accompanied in each case with heavy fines and long terms of imprisonment; it fines all who even ride out on Sunday, and heavily mulcts every minister who shall omit to read the law in church four times a year. If this decision stands, of course all the provisions of this truly medieval-spirited statute are equally in force, and lively times may be expected at the nation's capital. The Unitarians will all have to emigrate; the regular trinitarian ministers, totally unable to pay their fines for non-reading the law in church, will find themselves tottering on the verge of bankruptcy if not the prison; and the sober senators, etc., will be forced to restrain their ardor for horseflesh and abandon their Sunday drives and jublations. What supreme nonsense is this, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century! The bigot has bent the bow too far!

The antiquated Allopathic pill-doctors of California have made a most dismal discovery: After hurrying a law through the Legislature of that State to "regulate" the practice of medicine and surgery out of the hands of the progressive physicians and into their own, they organized their boards of examination, and set the medical guillotine at work, when lo! after they had arranged matters just right to suit, and had instituted a prosecution of an unruly member of the medical fraternity, a "Swedish movement cure" physician in San Francisco, a sharp attorney discovered that only a very small proportion of the Boards of Examiners had been organized in exact obedience to the law of their own making, so that the entire batch of these worthy Allopaths themselves had a flaw in their title, and were really liable to the pains and penalties prescribed by that "medical law." Great consternation reigns among them in consequence. This embarrassing condition into which the "regulars" of the Golden State have brought themselves, is but another of those cases detailed in the old saw:

"He digged a pit, he digged it deep;
He digged it for his brother;
But in his own he came to tumble,
The pit he digged for 'other.'"

J. William Fletcher writes us from 14 Southampton Row, London, June 27th, that he has been most kindly received in England, and has found an amount of business in waiting for him which far transcends the limits of his bodily strength to meet, as his health has not improved to a degree commensurate with his hopes. We are sorry to learn that he is still called upon to bear company with physical ailment, as in common with his many friends in America we anticipated his speedy recovery through the change of scene, etc., incident to travel in foreign lands. Mr. Fletcher is at present, by his development, practically the only trance test medium in London, and the friends in that city do well in utilizing his powers to the fullest extent. In our next issue we shall print the fourth of the series of interesting letters written for our columns by Mr. Fletcher, this one being dated at Rome.

Thomas Gates Forster has gone to England. He sailed from New York last Saturday. Before departing he wrote from Philadelphia to a friend in this city, asking us for letters of introduction to the prominent Spiritualists of England and the Continent. The letter did not come to hand until Bro. Forster had sailed, consequently we could not do what it would have given us great pleasure to have done: namely, recommend him to the transatlantic friends as a first-class trance speaker and a veteran Spiritualist, who has done a vast amount of work for the cause in this country. Any favors rendered our countryman, Mr. Forster, during his sojourn abroad will be fully appreciated and reciprocated by us.

The spiritual magnetic healer, Dumont O. Dake, M. D., is at present exercising his remarkable healing power in Iowa. He will not visit Council Bluffs (as purposed) until August, remaining in Marshalltown until July 14th; the remainder of the month he will operate at Des Moines, thus affording invalids in that vicinity an opportunity of consulting one of the most gifted physicians of the day.

The "Widow Van Cott," female revivalist, talked good Spiritualist doctrine when she told her hearers at the Sen Cliff Camp-Meeting recently, that she was never going to die, but only by-and-by to move into her heavenly mansion on Hallelujah avenue, Eternal City, Country of Heaven, and asked them to call upon her there.

Purchasers of "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors" will find that each copy of the work now sold at the Banner of Light Bookstore (No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston), is illustrated with a fine likeness of the writer—Kerney Graves.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Susie A. Willis-Fletcher, with her son, and Miss Mattie A. Houghton, sailed from New York City for England, July 7th. Mrs. Fletcher goes to join her husband in London—purposing, however, to return to Boston in September. Miss Houghton, who takes the journey as a sort of vacation, will return to her office, Room No. 5, 8½ Montgomery Place, this city, the latter part of August or the first of September. We take great pleasure in introducing these ladies to the Spiritualists of the Old World as mediums of proven merit in their specialties.

O. B. Lynn is lecturing in Ballston Spa, N. Y., this month. He is ready to engage at Glens Falls and the neighboring points for week nights. Mr. Lynn will speak at the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting August 17th and 18th; and in Cleveland, O., during September. Societies desiring to close engagements for the fall, should write promptly. Permanent address, Sturgis, Michigan. We learn from correspondents that Mr. Lynn was never in better condition than now, and his many friends throughout the country will be glad to know that the early prophecies of his usefulness bid fair to be realized; and that he has taken the place where both native talents and inspirational powers place him in the front rank of spiritualistic speakers.

The Santa Barbara (Cal.) Index speaks highly of the lectures recently delivered there by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, referring in special commendation to the clairvoyant descriptions of spirits present, which she gives at the close of her addresses.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, so says the Westfield Messenger, is now at her home in that place, winning favor by the many wonderful tests she gives of spirit control. "She has several phases of mediumship—writing by a control of the hand, trice, and frequently she sees spirits."

Henry B. Allen (the "Allen Boy") is permanently located at East Calais, Vt., as will be seen by reference to our third page.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield lectured in Baldwinville, Mass., Sunday, July 8th, afternoon and evening. He will now make engagements East or West, wherever his services may be required. Address him Greenwich Village, Mass. Dr. Fairfield is an energetic and eloquent worker, of proven ability and steadfast determination, and deserves to be kept constantly employed.

Mrs. P. W. Stephens informs us that she will start on her way to her home in California about the middle of July. She will take the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad through northern Iowa, and will be pleased to receive calls along the route. She expects to reach home in October. She further writes:

"I feel a sense of reluctance at turning my back upon the many dear friends I have met this side of the continent, and the treasured memories of their loving kindnesses will go with me to my far-off home. Though I more than expect to meet them on the shores of mortal life, I wish to say to them all that I know there will come a time when we will again clasp hands."

Mrs. Anna Kimball has been unavoidably detained in Dunkirk. Will not visit Brooklyn until Sept. 1st. Will answer calls to lecture or give sances in this vicinity during the heated term. Address Post-office box 241, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Capt. H. H. Brown attended the meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Association at Princeton, Wis., June 8th, 9th, 10th; spoke for the society at Battle Creek, Mich., June 17th and 18th; at South Bend, Ind., June 24th; at Plainwell, Mich., July 1st; at Kendallville, Ind., July 18th. He gave a Fourth of July oration at Plainwell, gave temperance addresses at Princeton and Ripon, Wis., June 11th, 12th, and spoke for the Red Ribbon Club at Battle Creek June 17th and July 8th, and for the Plainwell Club July 1st.

A petition has been received at the Interior Department asking that the Sioux Indians may be removed from the Spotted Tail Agency to the Ponca Reservation. Thus the old story is indefinitely repeated. The Sioux have wrought great mischief in the Territories, but no one can say they were not abundantly provoked to do so. They were a pillar to post as the Indian is, it is small wonder that he is a troublesome customer to deal with. If the Sioux were stationed at the Ponca Agency, the chances are that they would before long be driven thence, not by the injustice and rapacity of the whites. There seems to be no resting-place for the unhappy Savage this side of the Happy Hunting-Grounds.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

If the white men knew that their trespasses upon the reservations of the Indians would, from the great spirit-world, relict upon their own heads with signal vengeance, they would deal more justly with the red men. Spirit-power is unlimited, and the ascended Indian knows how to use it.

We received last week a friendly call from Dr. Edwin Verres Wright, of Washington, D. C. (formerly of Boston), who, after an absence of some fifteen years, has temporarily returned to this city. The Doctor purposes to attend the Spiritualist Camp-Meetings now in course of preparation. He is well known in various sections of the country as an entertaining lecturer on scientific subjects, anatomy, physiology, hygiene, etc. His address while in Boston will be 124 State street, care A. W. Holway.

We shall in our issue for July 21st print No. 2 of the "Round-the-World" series of letters by Dr. J. M. Peebles now running through our pages. Dr. Peebles' last note, dated Melbourne, Australia, May 27th, stated that in about two weeks he should be on his way again to visit India and other countries. He gave us his safest letter address, Cape Town, South Africa.

John Wetherbee, Esq., has promised to cook the goose of the Herald writer who is egotistical enough to really suppose that his pen has put hors d'oeuvre combat all the physical manifestations. The explanation offered by him of the Herald in regard to the *modus operandi* of slate-writing in the presence of a spirit-medium is simply ridiculous.

We have been allowed the perusal of a private letter written by Ira Davenport, Jr., (of the "Davenport Boys," to his father, who is now in Boston, and dated at Liverpool, New Zealand, in which it is set forth that his brother, W. H. Davenport, (reported ill in a recent issue of the Banner,) is now rapidly falling in health.

It is announced in the daily press that Dr. William Carpenter's book on "Mecanism, Spiritualism, etc., Historically and Scientifically Considered," is to be published the present season in this country. We shall be pleased to consider Dr. C.'s considerations when we see the work.

The Camp Meetings.

[We have received from the managers of the various Spiritualist Camp Meetings now in process of preparation the following announcements, which are respectfully recommended to the attention of the public.]

Highland Lake Grove Camp-Meeting.
Arrangements for the opening of this popular enterprise are being rapidly pushed to completion. There is every indication that this meeting (which commences on Friday, July 20th, and continues to Aug. 6th), will prove one of the largest and most successful tent-conventions ever held in Massachusetts. During the past week the managers have received applications for tents from parties in various and widely distant sections of the country, even as far west as Colorado.

Arrangements having been made to forward "Campers" and visitors from New York to the meeting, via the Norwich line of splendid steamers "City of New York" and "City of Boston," and the N. Y. & N. E. Railroad, landing them at the Camp-ground at reduced rates of fare, it is expected that the delegation from that city, also Philadelphia and Brooklyn, etc., will number over one hundred. Tickets can at present be obtained by the friends in that locality, by application to K. V. Wilson, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The many Spiritualists and Liberals of Providence, R. I., and others on the route of the new road from Providence via Blackstone, reach the Camp direct at excursion rates of fare for the first time, and hundreds will avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them.

Last week a list of prominent speakers who would take part at the meetings was given in these columns. All who have the interests of Spiritualism at heart should attend the Grand Convention on July 27th, 28th and 29th, where many questions of importance will come up for consideration. In connection with this Convention—one day, the 28th, being devoted to a discussion of the best methods of advancing the interests of the Children's Lyceum cause throughout the nation—the following card issued by the manager of the Boston school:

To Friends of the Children, everywhere:
It is to be hoped that there is not a city or town in the country which does not contain a proportion of friends to the Children's Lyceum movement, and in behalf of the young I wish to extend an invitation to all parents, and their friends, to be present at the Convention to be held at Highland Lake Grove, on the 28th inst. Those workers who have been present are requested to forward statistics and opinions, in writing, to the address that we may know who are favorable to the movement, and what can be done to make the exercises, if possible, more instructive and interesting.

Come, friends in Plymouth, Rockland, Salem, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and all other places where you are located, where a Lyceum now lives or has ever lived; let us wake from the condition of lethargy, and unite and energetically enter the field for extended and effective work.

J. H. HAYWARD,
Address: 31 Lexington st., Charleston District, Boston.

During the camp meeting the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston will have a reception tent, which will be arranged for the comfort of all who may visit the grounds. The tent will be beautifully decorated with flags, flowers, etc. All the conveniences of a good reading-room will be found there, as it will be suitably provided with chairs and tables for the free use of all. The proprietors of the Banner of Light, Messrs. Colby & Rich, will place upon the counters, for sale, all the popular works of Andrew Jackson Davis and other liberal writers. Mr. Charles Hobbs will also provide copies of the Banner of Light, together with all the daily and weekly papers, stationery, etc. The tent will be under the personal supervision of Mrs. C. C. Hayward, Assistant Guardian of the Lyceum. At intervals Prof. A. Bond's Lyceum Orchestra will play selections. All visiting the grounds are invited to call at the tent before leaving for home.

EXERCISES FOR THE FIRST SUNDAY.
Addresses will be made, on Sunday, July 22d, by Mr. E. V. Wilson, at 10½ A. M., and by Miss Lizzie Eaton at 2½ P. M. Those who are there present will enjoy a rich treat. The exercises will conclude with a Grand Band Concert, under direction of Prof. Alonzo Bond.

Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting Notes.
Andrew Jackson Davis is expected to be present at this meeting, and Giles B. Stebbins will speak and make a visit at the camp. Cephas B. Lynn lectures there on the 17th and 19th of August.

E. V. Wilson will have a large tent and give public test séances. Bishop A. Beals will sing and speak, and also make a prolonged stay. Mrs. Thayer, the flower medium, is announced as coming. The Bliss mediums of Philadelphia have also been invited to attend.

J. Frank Baxter has been positively engaged. He will be at the grounds for two weeks—will sing, give public tests, and deliver a lecture on Sunday, the 26th.

Harvey Lyman, Springfield, Mass., is receiving many letters of inquiry, and is very busy in ordering and locating tents. He will supply all who write him. \$7 pays for a 10x12 tent.

The Fitchburg Band have prepared a new programme of music, having received a large importation of the best foreign music the past year. Baggage and camp furniture free over the railroad. Tickets half fare. Ground rents \$1.00 to members.

There will be a meeting at the Lake on the 18th of August to take measures to perfect the organization, and alter the Constitution so as to hold the annual meeting for the election of officers at the Lake in August.

Printed circulars, giving full information, can be obtained by writing John H. Smith, Look Box 1280, Springfield, Mass.

Mr. H. A. Buddington, Chairman of one of the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting Committees, forwards us the following, with a request that it be published in our columns:

The Directors have engaged B. P. Brown, the artist at 863 Washington street, Boston, to take spirit pictures at Lake Pleasant. A committee from the board visited his rooms July 1st, and made a very careful examination of Mr. Brown's method. They were assisted by a skilled photographer, who after watching all the details for several hours reported over his own signature as follows:

This is to certify that I have attended several sittings for the production of so-called spirit-photographs to-day at the studio of B. P. Brown, photographer, and that I have carefully examined his camera, chemicals, plates and all articles usually used in the production of negatives upon glass. I experienced every detail in several instances, and in every case the results were such that I am fully satisfied that the process is not a fraud or a trickery, but a genuine and reliable method of producing spirit pictures.

The committee observed some half dozen good spirit pictures, of which more than half were recognized. Mr. Perkins, who is not a Spiritualist, expressed himself, as did all, as pleased with the open and candid manner shown by Mr. Brown.

Lake Pleasant people will find the attraction of a good spirit artist a great inducement to go there.

In our last issue we printed a paragraph bearing on the excitement created by the singular occurrences at the home of Mr. McDouglas, as detailed by the Wheeling, W. Va., papers. Full particulars of the case will be found on our eighth page.

J. V. Snipes has a letter in the New York Herald for July 20, in which it would appear that the late mesmerizing séance given at Republican Hall, recently, by Mrs. Wilson, was of a decidedly unsatisfactory character—so say the Herald and the New York Tribune.

The Boston Herald has a notice of the séance given at the home of Mr. McDouglas, in which it is stated that the results were such that the committee were fully satisfied that the process is not a fraud or a trickery, but a genuine and reliable method of producing spirit pictures.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

ORGANIZE!
Organize, organize soon!
For some of us want to be leaders.
Eloquent souls from the moon
Come to the earth as pleaders.
A President we must have,
A scribe, and something more,
A fellow to hold the bag,
And they did in the days of yore.
The folks have a million got,
And the day will come we'll rue it,
If we don't organize soon,
And help them to see through it.
As Moses the Israelites led,
And Jesus his ten and twelve,
We'd like to lead the Spiritualists,
And tell them what to do.
For they're a poor ignorant set,
Habitually—running free,
And what they are coming or going to,
It puzzles a seer to see.
So it's plain we must organize soon,
Form ourselves into a church,
Or the devil will take the hindmost,
And the rest be left in the lurch.

JO COX.

"Don't, for heaven's sake, print this 'bleeder.' It is not intended, and some one might take offence. Besides, I'm a peace man, and if an irresponsible force should meet an immovable body the consequences might be awful."
J. O.

Correspondents who wish their favors promptly attended to should invariably forward their communications to us direct, instead of through third parties. This course would save us a deal of trouble and much misapprehension on the part of the writers.

People go to watering-places during the heated term "to bask in the enjoyment of untroubled serenity," says an exchange. Dignity thinks the "untroubled serenity" spoken of must mean when the ladies go in to bathe.

Jesse D. Hull, a brother of Moses Hull, passed to spirit-life June 27th.

A traveler visiting Sweden, noticed the care for neglected children, who are taken from the streets and highways and placed in special schools, and inquired if it was not costly. He received the suggestive answer: "Yes, it is costly, but not dear. We Swedes are not rich enough to let a child grow up in ignorance, misery, and crime, to become afterward a scourge to society, as well as a disgrace to himself."

Young ladies out West who want husbands are offered as "premiums" to single gentlemen who subscribe for the Kansas City Times.

APPLE DUMPLINGS BAKED.—Three and a half pints of flour, one quart sweet milk, one teaspoonful salt; mix together; then add three teaspoonfuls Boston Yeast Powder; take one dozen sour apples, pare and core them whole; grease well with lard one dozen common cups, fill them half full with batter, then place the apples in, fill the cavities in the latter with sugar and a little grated nutmeg, or cinnamon; cover with the remainder of the batter; bake about one hour, in a moderately hot oven; if no cups, use a large dish.

"I say I won't have any such arrangement in my house."
"But, my dear, see how nice it would be, and—"
"No, no, no! I tell you I won't allow it."
"Why, I can sit in my down-town store, and converse with you, my dear, at home. How nice that would be."
"Nice! nice indeed! Do you suppose I want you to hear everything that is said when callers come especially to see me?"

"But I'm determined to see Mr. Bell, and have him connect my office and house by a telephone."
"Then I'll separate—I'll get divorced, I will!"
"But, tut, tut, wife, don't make a fool of yourself, I was only joking."

"Oh, my dear, I could not believe you would be so cruel as to disturb our domestic relations in that abominable way. You are a dear good man."
And so the female head of the family conquered, as is usually the case.

TO DRIVE OFF MICE.—If you are troubled with mice, gum camphor placed about their haunts will keep them away.

Now then, if borrowings of the Advertiser will turn over in new lines and become a borrower, it will mutually aid us in our endeavor—*Copy and Paste*—*Advertiser*.
Ditto concerning the Banner of Light borrowers: We are glad, in one sense, that as a class they exist, as their action shows a certain amount of interest in the cause it advocates; but really each reader ought to feel that simple justice demands of him or her some effort toward assisting its publishers in bearing the pecuniary load incident to its support and circulation.

Girls, don't be afraid to work. Ruth gleaned in the harvest field and got just as good a Boas any girl in the neighborhood.

A daily contemporary says, "Judge Hilton might have got out of his scrape (with the Jews) all right, if it had not been for one thing—Justin D. Fulton has come to his aid and assistance. That settles it."

The National House, Haymarket Square, near the Boston and Maine Railroad Station, is one of the most comfortable hotels we have ever resided in. The terms are moderate, the table excellent, and the location cannot be excelled in the city of Boston.

STORM MUSIC.
BY CHARLES T. DAZEY.
List! through dark silence warningly begins a steal!
The first, low notes of airy violins.
With one shrill chord the symphony begins,
"Woe of the thunder!" the thunder begins to roll
Rolls through the dense-lit sky—God's chariot wheel.
And hark! what trumpet blows from your black cloud,
While the strong trumpets in sudden terror bowed
Down from the temple roof, the thunder rolled.
The horror of their anguish by deep moans
And wailings keen, far tossing to and fro
Their latest banner, while the angry wind
Wraps all his mighty passion unconquered
Then leaves them shattered, like brave men laid low,
By war's hot breath, to die "mid battle groans."
—*Advertiser for June.*

Rabbi Isaac of the West-Forty-fourth street (New York) synagogue remarks good-naturedly, "When we are poor and ignorant, we are Jews; when we are well-to-do, we become Israelites; when we are rich and influential, we are called Hebrews."

A dry goods firm in Springfield received from a granger customer a letter inclosing funds in part payment of his bill, and saying, "When I thresh my potato-bugs, I will forward the balance."

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SAADI.
Unto one rich, his fond disciple cried,
"To what, oh master, do thy heart aspire?"
And thus the sage replied:
"To be emancipated from desire;
For when the valley hath no rose from pain,
But suffers, first from pangs of hunger, then again
From food—what comfort hath the spirit or the brain?"

Thirty-seven city ministers called from New York for their annual summering in Europe, on a recent Saturday.

The Hawkeye thus replies to the query of a correspondent: "The 'paleontology' in its common acceptation is a paleontological or paleontological science, a sort of diffused boracological bithean argument; in short, a biodeological science, a kind of stuff they put into soap to make it thin."

At the edge of a valley, at the foot of a mountain, or on the verge of a mighty forest, when the air is still and calm, the least breath of music or swell of sound travels afar, and comes back over the quietude with a sweetness that is magical. So, when the heart is big with emotion, or the mind calmly ponders some truth only half grasped, how a little tone of love or sympathy, or encouragement, will sound over the heart's valley, up to the mountain peak, and through its trackless forest, and return with fourfold vigor, and seem, not as an echo, but a tone direct from the very chambers of heaven.—*Fori, Marib.*

Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

The French city of Châlons-sur-Marne is about to erect a monument to Napoleon, the discoverer of the daguerrotype. In 1829 he formed a partnership with Daguerre, who also had been prosecuting similar researches, but died soon after; and his associate therefore became chiefly known in connection with the discovery. Napoleon was born in 1768.

"Much remains unsung," as the "gentleman" cat remarked to the brickbat when it abruptly cut short his serenade.

Harvard's "rah, rah, rah," according to a clerical speaker at the Yale commencement exercises, is beautiful to compare. The clergyman is a son-in-law of Henry Ward Beecher.—*Boston Herald.*

The translation of the Bible by Julia Smith, one of the Glasgow Society's latest work, is now finished. It is the first translation of the Bible ever made by a woman, and she acquired all her knowledge of Hebrew, Greek and Latin mainly by her own efforts; at a time when no college admitted women.

The Glasgow Society's latest work is now finished. It is the first translation of the Bible ever made by a woman, and she acquired all her knowledge of Hebrew, Greek and Latin mainly by her own efforts; at a time when no college admitted women.

Current Events.

As we go to press the war in Asia looks favorably for the Turks, but that in Europe has the aspect of a Russian triumph. The crisis in Bulgaria is rapidly approaching. Timorova has been captured by the Russians, and they are advancing with a force of 50,000 on Guevra. They have also the Tcheranovoda and Kustendje Railway at Midje, and even threaten Kustendje itself. Varna has been declared in a state of siege, and it has been definitely decided that the Roumanian army is to pass the Danube. Arrangements for crossing are being pushed with celerity.

In Armenia, on the contrary, the crescent seems to be driving the cross before it. The Turkish successes there continue. The Russians have been defeated in their attempt to capture Ardahan and driven back on Ardahan, at which point they are concentrating a large number of troops. The Turks claim a victory at Masoudi at a severe engagement, and slay at Cherkiz, which place they have bombarded and burned. The Russians now holding the citadel at Bayazid have been summoned to capitulate by Ismail Pasha, who is satisfied that they will soon comply.

The Turkish Army on the Danube, according to Mr. Croker's letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer, written recently at Shumla, is composed of only about 140,000 "bona fide" men. Of these 40,000 were then stationed at Shumla, 5,000 at Rusechuk, 25,000 at Silistria, 5,000 at Turtukal, 5,000 at Nikopol, 10,000 at Widdin and 10,000 at other points on the river. Opposed to these, according to the best accounts, are 200,000 Russians. Mr. Croker says the Turks may possibly bring forward 25,000 more men, but they have practically every man in the field.

The abandoned fortress of Montenegro by the Turks is confirmed, and of 18,000 Bash-Basques who entered Montenegro with the Turkish army, fully 11,000 are dead or missing.

Gen. Grant is at present in Germany.
A terrific whirlwind passed over the town of Pensaukee, Wisconsin, on Sunday night, July 8th, destroying nearly all the buildings in the place. Six persons were killed and several others wounded. The storm lasted but two minutes, and was not over one thousand feet in width. It caused a loss of some \$300,000 in property.

United States troops under Lieutenant Bullis have recently pursued Mexican cattle thieves across the Rio Grande, and then into the mountains and recaptured a portion of their plunder.

A band of New Mexico Indians (which people, by the way, are represented as being Christian converts) were ordered by Captain Whipple's command on Clear River, Washington Territory, July 21, and defeated, the soldiers burning the lodges and capturing about one thousand horses. On the 24th the Indians who crossed the Salmon River were attacked on the Cottonwood and driven back, and at last accounts General Howard was in pursuit. In this engagement one officer, ten men, and many Indians were killed.

New Publications.

THE GALAXY for July—Sheldon & Co., New York City, publishers—has the following attractions in its table of contents: "The Gospel of Culture," by Titus Munson Coon; "Thou and I," from the Spanish of "Bonald," by Mary Anne De Vere; "Miss Mianthrop,"—Chapters XXI., XXII., XXIII., and XXIV., by Justin McCarthy; "Charlotte Brontë," by Amanda B. Harris; "George Sand," by Henry James, Jr.; "Zizi, the Little Dilect," by Frances T. Richardson; "Arabesque," by Emma Lazarus; "The Emancipation of History," by G. E. Ford; "The Depression in Business," by Oona E. Metcalf; "A Day at a Country House on the Hudson," by James Manning Winchell; "About Dreams," by C. B. Lewis; "Our Ice Man," by Nora Perry; "The Heart of England," by Richard Grant White; "Drift-Wood," by Philip Quilbitt; "Scientific Miscellany"; "Current Literature"; "Nebulae."

A. WILLIAMS & CO., 233 Washington street, (corner School) Boston, send us the July numbers of BOSTON'S ILLUSTRATED, and ST. NICHOLAS, which they have for sale. The first named magazine commences with an illustrated article on "Bow-Shooting," by Maurice Thompson; a curious medley, chiefly illustrated, and entitled "The Battle of Bunker's"—in which Lord Nelson, Benedict Arnold, Judas Maccabeus, "The Veiled Prophet of Khorasan," and the "Gallant Six Hundred" figure among the combatants—is furnished by William Henry Bishop; Tourguenev, the Russian novelist, has a 25-page story entitled "The Nobleman of the Steppe"; "The Last Indian Council on the Genesee" (illustrated) is an enjoyable production, as also "Richmond Since the War." Much other matter of marked interest in the shape of stories, poems, miscellany, etc., combines with the regular departments to make the present number of value to its patrons and readers generally. ST. NICHOLAS has for a frontispiece "Nolle in the Light House," and the sketch describing it is recommended to the young as a lesson of fidelity. The articles on "Gunpowder," "The Stars in July," "A Boy's Life on a Map of War," "George the Third," and "Talk about Swimming," are particularly meritorious in character, and there are other excellent contributions in prose and verse, which the reader will find specially fitted for perusal in this warm season.

DEMAREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY for July—issued at 17 East 14th street, New York City—has a colored fashion plate, a steel plate picture of New York and environs, an engraving, "Charlotte," illustrative of "the Sorrows of Werther," together with many valuable hints concerning the arts of millinery, dress-making, etc., plans of an architectural nature, and admirably arranged letter-press, in which prose and poem find happy blending.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE—edited by Rev. C. F. Deems, D. D., of New York—is received for July. The issue, which is No. 1 of Vol. 21 of this attractive publication, contains choice matter, a map (supported by an interesting illustrated description) of the shipwreck-voage of Paul the Apostle; a full page picture of John Bunyan in Bedford Jail; a fine story, the scene of which is laid in Russia, etc., etc. It mutters some 120 pages, full of entertaining matter, and richly deserves to be called—as its publishers claim for it—"the cheapest magazine in the world."

Parties wishing to know more concerning it can direct to Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 57 Pearl street, New York City.

Subscriptions for the new works on the Phenomena, Philosophy and Present Position of Spiritualism, which "M. A. (Oxon.)" our English correspondent, proposes to issue when a sufficient number of names is secured, will be received at this office. The author is a talented gentleman, and we do hope his work will have a large sale in this country.

According to a late number of the Denver (Col.) Daily News, J. V. Mansfield, the notable sealed-letter-answering medium, is now in that city, and is awaking the popular attention regarding his gifts in a marked degree.

The New England Church (Rev. Mr. Murray) held its last service prior to its usual vacation, in Music Hall, July 1. The date of commencement of the third year will be Sept. 9.

James Wason, late President of the Liverpool Psychological Society, has passed to the higher life. He was very prominently identified with Spiritualism in England.

The New Jerusalem Messenger, (Swedenborgian) of New York, commenced, on Wednesday, July 4th, its thirty-third volume, with a fine dress of new type.

The address of Miss Susie H. Wilson is 41 High street, Fall River, Mass.

An interesting message from Spirit Dr. Lyman Beecher is printed on the sixth page.

Convention at Lockport.

The Spiritualists of Western New York are invited to meet in a quarterly Convention at Good Templars' Hall, in the city of Lockport, on the first Friday, Saturday and Sunday in August next. Meetings on Friday, at 2 and 7 P. M., and on Saturday and Sunday at 10 and 7 o'clock. Good speaking, music and other amusements will be enjoyed, and a most interesting and profitable time will be enjoyed. At the price a few dollars will be a season of comparative leisure in the city and town, we hope for unusually large attendance. Those who desire a good time and a good cause, let them join in this general invitation. Let us not disappoint those who are waiting for their share of a spiritual feast.

J. W. HAYES,
Geo. W. TAYLOR,
MRS. E. GARDNER, } Committee.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

MAINE HALL, 218 Washington street, at 7 o'clock every Sunday morning, will be held a series of lectures and spiritualist meetings. The first lecture will be given by a prominent spiritualist, and will be held on Sunday, July 22nd, at 7 o'clock. The lectures will be given by a prominent spiritualist, and will be held on Sunday, July 22nd, at 7 o'clock. The lectures will be given by a prominent spiritualist, and will be held on Sunday, July 22nd, at 7 o'clock.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half line in Arabic type, twenty cents for the first week, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.
SPECIAL NOTICES.—Twenty cents per line. Minimum, each insertion.
Business Cards.—Thirty cents per line. Minimum, each insertion.
Payable in all cases in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 50 cents per line for each insertion.
Advertisements to be removed at continued notice must be left at our office before 10 P. M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date when they are to appear.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT.—For Diagnosis and look of hair and \$1.00. Give age and sex. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, M. D., P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. My 12.13w*

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS FROM LOOK OF HAIR.—Dr. BUTTERFIELD will write you a clear, pointed and correct diagnosis of your disease, its causes, progress, and the prospect of a radical cure. Examines the mind as well as body. Enclose One Dollar, with name and age. Address E. F. BUTTERFIELD, M. D., corner Warren and Fayette sts., Syracuse, N. Y.
GUARANTEES EVERY CASE OF FEVER. Ap 21.13w*

Change of Locality.

DR. WILLIS may be addressed at his summer residence, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y., until further notice. Jy 7.

Caution.—Purchasers of the Peruvian Syrup (a protected solution of the protoxide of iron) are cautioned against being deceived by any of the preparations of Peruvian Bark, or Bark and Iron, which may be offered them. Every bottle of genuine has PERUVIAN SYRUP (not Peruvian Bark) blown in the glass. EXAMINE THE LABEL BEFORE PURCHASING. 2w Jy 7.

THE VANILLA CHOCOLATES of Walter Baker & Co., Boston, are considered "par excellence." Their goods have been a century before the world, and have won the highest position over all competitors in the exhibitions of London, Paris, Vienna, etc. Sold by grocers everywhere.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 58 Clinton Place, N. Y. Terms, \$2 and 3-cent postage stamps. Money refunded if letters sent are not answered. 4w* Jy 14.

DR. S. B. BRITTON treats chronic diseases, especially such as are peculiar to the female constitution, by *painless methods*, using the best remedies known to modern pharmacy, together with Electricity, Magnetism, Medicated Vapors, and other subtle and psychological agents. Rooms at 233 West 11th street, New York.
Patients visited at their homes when necessary. F. 3.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electro-Isarian, and Healing and Developing, office 200 Jerusalem street, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. Jy 14.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 61 West 42d street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four 5-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Jy 7.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 121 West Eleventh st., between 8th and 6th ave., New York City. D. 30.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS.
J. J. MURPHY, the well-known English lecturer, will act as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to subscribe can address Mr. Murphy at his residence, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, How, E., London.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT.
WILLIAMSON & HIGGINS, Bookellers, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritualist and Reform Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT.
WELLS & JACKSON, Bookellers, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT.
E. M. ROSE, 56 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT.
RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookeller, No. 310 Seventh street, New York, keeps for sale the Spiritualist and Reform Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

BALTIMORE, MD., BOOK DEPOT.
WASH. A. JANKIN, 704 Saratoga street, Baltimore, Md., keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT.
At No. 31 Kearney street (upstairs) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, Planchettes, Spencer's Penholders, and other articles. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW YORK BOOK AND PAPER AGENCY.
JOHANNING D. MILLER keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Rule, Planchettes, Spencer's Penholders, and other articles. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.
DR. J. H. RHODES, 220 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications. Spiritualist and Reform Works, and all the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult Dr. RHODES.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT.
WILLIAM WADE, 33 Market street, and N. E. corner Eighth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, has the Banner of Light for sale at retail each Saturday morning.

CHICAGO, ILL., PERIODICAL DEPOT.
W. PHILLIPS, 101 Madison street, Chicago, Ill., keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT.
MRS. M. J. LEAH, 220 North 8th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

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Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Any Book published in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.

Our Catalogue of Books Published and For Sale by Colby & Rich sent free.

RATIONAL

REVIEW OF THEOLOGY.

As founded on the full of man. By M. B. Ormen. Price

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE N. 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. DANSKIN.

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 much of truth as they perceive—no more.

As most of the messages given at the Banner Circle and published on this page are of the nature of communications from spirits to the living, it is desirable that those who from time to time may recognize the party communicating, should forward to the Editor of this office for publication. A few do so, but we verily believe that many more would do so, if they were fully informed of the importance of the matter. We are most interested in the fact that the messages are so true, and we hope that the interested will in future do us the favor to respond to our requests.

Questions answered at these Sittings are often proposed by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the Chairman, are sent in by correspondence.

Mrs. RUDD holds no private circles. LEWIS H. WILSON, Chairman.

Vacation Season.

The Public Free-Circle Room is closed. The Sittings will be resumed the first week in September.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

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

Invocation.

Father, may we gather fresh flowers of truth, and bring them here to-day. We ask that thy loving hand may be placed upon our brow, that we may feel that we are nearer to thee. May thy presence be felt in all the earth, until man shall know there is no need to fear; that immortality is sure; that the life beyond is pure and holy. And oh, may we be able to utter thoughts that shall make men and women better, purer, and holier.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will listen to your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—[From the audience.] What is the most suitable diet? and how should a mediumistic person dress?

A.—Mediumistic persons should be careful of their diet, should be careful of their dress, careful to eat that which agrees with the human body, and put nothing into the stomach which will produce inharmonious in the system. We cannot tell them just what to eat and drink, for individuals vary in their make-up and peculiarities. Each individual must find out for himself what is best for him. Many are benefited by an entirely vegetable and fruit diet; and were we to recommend a diet which we think would more favorably develop mediumship than any other, we should probably prescribe that. In the matter of dress, we recommend that you dress sensibly. Were we a lady we would wear clothing in accordance with the best rules of life, so that they should not interfere with our locomotion; we would try to be naturally and nicely dressed—not to outrage the feelings of the community. At the same time we would endeavor to bring about a power which we know would be for our best good. At the present time great attention is being paid to different colors. We are not now prepared to speak on this subject, but the time will come when more information will be given in relation to this point, which will be of use to all mediumistic individuals especially.

Q.—Is it necessary for a mediumistic person to sit with a medium to be developed?

A.—There are instances where mediumistic people gain a force and power by coming in contact with other mediums, and thus borrowing or getting a force from them that assists development; but to sit with a medium, or to sit in a circle, is not always necessary for the development of mediums.

Q.—Can spirits control persons, and make them act against their own wishes?

A.—Spirits can most undoubtedly do that. We can control persons and make them do what we please to have them do provided the power or force we exercise is perfect. There is probably not a medium extant but could tell you that many times they have been forced against their will by spirit-power to do certain acts. The higher controls the lower. It is so throughout all nature. In fact, were we never to use force, we should get but little work out of all the mediums in the land.

Q.—[From the audience.] What will be the hereafter of those mediums that make victims of their friends, to benefit themselves in strength, and power, and wealth? Which are the most to blame, mediums or their bands of spirits?

A.—Both are to blame—the mediums, and the influences that surround them. A medium desires certain gratifications, certain powers, and calling to himself the members of the band that surround him he asks them to do his bidding, and many times it is the case that the influences are subservient to the will of the mediums, rather than the mediums subservient to them. We do not speak of this as a usual thing; but there are cases like the one in question, where spirits become slaves as it were, to the power that allows them to control.

Q.—Is not the lack of memory an imperfection of the body merely? In the spirit-world shall we not be able to remember what we desire to retain?

A.—The lack of memory pertains to the human organization, and is really a physical deformity. When the spirit is freed from the body it can remember whatever it will; but whenever it comes in contact with materiality—in rapport with some medium—it suffers from the loss of memory the same as when in the body. Hence comes the great difficulty which you find in conversing with spirits through mediums—they fail to remember much of their earth-life, much which you believe they should tell you. This is why, also, their age is sometimes given erroneously.

Lyman Beecher.

Friends, as there are gatherings around you in every direction at this season of the year [anniversary week], and as I was wont in times past to say that which seemed to me right and proper, and felt it was given to me from the great Father of all Inspiration, so would I like again to speak. Many times a high inspiration possessed me. I felt as if I could reach into the very heavens and bring down an influence that would affect each one in the congregation beyond what they had ever realized. I have passed through the valley and the shadow of death, and it is all well with me. I speak in the days gone by that which I conceived to be the highest truth I could grasp. I well know that angels stood very near to me at times, that their hands were laid upon my head, that they breathed their words of love into my ears. I know now that at times I loved very near the portals of the spirit-world, and that I could almost feel the real of the mighty ones as they came about me. I know that Spiritualism is powerful, and that within the last few months it has been felt in the city of Boston. It has liberalized thinking people and brought out a new train of thought. It has made souls grow larger, and hearts expand with love to God and love to man. I feel that those who are instrumental in giving us an avenue through which we may appeal to those we know in earth-life, though we may not be able to speak with the old-time force and power. It is a privilege to have some one through whom we can speak to others. We may not be received by those who know us, but they may say, "We believe it not; it could never have emanated from him." Yet I feel a desire to obey the call that comes from the children of earth who wish to hear from one who has passed beyond the portals of the grave and learned something of the great hereafter, and to such I would briefly say: Yes, it has seemed to me much as I expected. When I viewed it from the inner portion of my being—when spiritually triumphed completely over materiality—then did my soul wish for a spirit home like the one I inhabit to-day. But when the teachings of former years possessed my nature, then did I look for something such as had been taught me. I rejoice that I can now see, hear, and still work on; that I can place my hand upon the heads of my children and feel the assurance that they are progressing, and know that I can aid them to do so. I have done so, and I shall continue to, especially so for one who works for the good of humanity. No matter what the world may say, I know that down within his soul there is a true purpose, and that his great, noble heart takes in more of liberality of thought than many who condemn him, and I rejoice to be able to stand beside him from week to week and whisper in his ear some inspiration that touches the hearts of those whom he addresses.

I am glad that while many are going forth to proclaim to the world their ideas of God, I can say to all Low and all Power, all Wisdom. And would you love God in this sense, love your neighbor. Would you worship God, then do what the highest dictates of your soul bid you do. Go forth and learn of Nature and of Nature's God. These flowers before us breathe a prayer to heaven, [blossoms of the valley,] for their sweet white blossoms speak of purity and light divine. Lyman Beecher.

Aunt Polly Miller.

You give me very small room, sir. [To the Chairman.] I am quite a good-sized individual. I do wish you would give me somebody that's big enough for me to control. Lor' bless you, sir, you ain't big enough yourself, and I'm sure this thing ain't big enough. I don't like to be pinched.

I wish you would say it's Aunt Polly Miller. I am particularly interested in sending a message to my nephew John. He reads your paper. I know he'll look for it when he sees my name, and I wish to say: "John, I am doing the best I know how. Your father is with me, and your mother, too." Say to him that I can see the Miller blood in him. Say to him I am often there. I have been in the woods with him lately. I see his disappointments; he needn't be disappointed at all—it's a good thing for him. He needn't worry about things; we'll take care of 'em—his father and mother and I will take care of 'em; he needn't be troubled about 'em. Say to him I can often hear him, in his home. I help him. I know every outgoing and incoming. I have had my hand on his head many times of late, since he has been building that house. Say that Addie helps me. Give a "God bless you" to all the family. That's all. But, sir, when I come again I hope you'll have somebody bigger; it squeezes me so much, for I weighed almost three hundred pounds. If I am large, can I not do a greater work, of greater weight and more power? I thank you for the privilege of coming.

W.

Mr. Chairman, I come here this afternoon not as a stranger. I know something of this spirit return, and I have known it for years. I fought disease as long as possible. I had my ideas of life, of all that was going on. I saw the friends I ever had pass away. I passed her eyes, and felt that I had but little more to do on earth; but the time came when I became interested in another individual, and when my home was brightened by the flowers of light and truth that were brought there by that medium; and I now realize more than ever how brightly those flowers bloomed, how grandly I enjoyed them. I feel to thank God for every bright thought, for every kind act that came to me. For the dark ones I do not care. But when life drew to a close, and I shut my eyes on all that was mortal, I found that my confidence in those that I trusted, or should have trusted—my relatives—was most terribly abused, and when I look upon earth and find that they did it care a straw for me, excepting for what they could get out of me, it makes me feel vexed. But to that individual medium who gave me the bright light, who gave me the hand of friendship, who brought to me the treasure of love, I thank her from the very bottom of my soul, and I only regret that my own blindness, my own procrastination caused me to have the circumstances surrounding me which surround me to-day. I have fled from earth—far away—and when she often asks at evening, "I wonder where he is, he returns?" I want to say to her, I have gone to the spirit-world—fled away from the scenes of earth—got as far away from 'em as I can, and I'm going to learn all I can of the spiritual. If I visit an individual on earth, it will be her. If there is one individual that is dear to me, or that I care for, it is that one, and I will do all for her in my power when I have learned my spiritual lesson. Then I will guide her and come to her and help her all I know how.

Mr. Chairman, I don't propose to give my whole name. I know no other way of reaching my friend. I know she reads your paper, and I will simply say it is W.—to C.

Harry M. Bagley.

I am Harry M. Bagley. I went out from this life with consumption, in 1845, from Newark, N. J. I have a friend who has asked me many times, as I have communicated with him, "Will you please go to the public circle, where the communications are printed, and send me a message?" He is in the far West, but he never fails to see what's going on in the spirit world. I say, Joe, I've come, I've seen, I've conquered, and I have brought Ellen with me, with a crown of bright lilies. And remember, Joe, that as you do unto others it shall be done unto you. God will bless you, and the angels too, if you only do right to those entrusted to your care; but if you do wrong and misuse them, remember there is no personal devil to reach you, but there are hundreds of spirits from the Summer-Land that will put in an appearance to torment you.

Mary E. Long.

My name is Mary E. Long. I once lived in your city, near Cambridge street. I return here that I may make myself manifest to one who asks that I would come. I have been gone many years, somewhere about thirty; but I felt called upon by the party who asked me to come, to return here to-day. I do not know the disease I died with, but it was some trouble of the chest and internal organs. I was not the best individual in the world. I feel that I led many astray, but I have been doing all that I can for the world since I went away, and I hope to grow happier and even to progress faster hereafter.

George E. Smith.

Will you please say that George E. Smith, of Rome, New York State, has come here to say to his friends it is well with him; William, you need not worry any more. I am as happy as I can be under the circumstances. I do not care what comes. I am ready for all things, and very soon I will influence a medium in your place, in the place where I passed away. I was somewhere about thirty years old.

George D. Stone.

Good friends, I thank you, yes, and bless you, that this great avenue is open for the acceptance of the spirit-world, that we can journey hither and speak our words freely without the slightest impediment being placed in our way. True, there are some spirits here to-day who say the medium cannot present them as they wish to be presented; but I feel, as I come here, as if I should be thankful for all favors, and especially for the great privilege of being able to return to earth and to proclaim this great and mighty truth. It is a truth that I enjoy. I rejoice in it.

I have been gone from earth some five years—I think it was five years last February—the last week in February. I believe it was the twenty-sixth, or thereabouts. I passed out from Minneapolis. My name—George D. Stone.

William A. Bradford.

My name is William A. Bradford. I left the old form in Foxboro'. I am a Spiritualist. I believe I have tried, since I have been in spirit-life, to learn all I could about it. I want to know all I am capable of understanding. I find myself in a village or town which contains many trees and vines. It's called Vineyard Villa. It is a beautiful home, and I feel that all the struggles of life are made up to us here; for as I stand in the doorway and gaze upon the beautiful fields of flowers, and wander through the bright forests—for they are bright in themselves, every leaf seeming to have a life and to speak of spirituality—life is made up of work, and that I shall soon find my accustomed place, or rather that I shall soon find a work to do. I have been here already over three years, yet I feel that I am young in this life, I feel that I know but little of it, but I am ready to come back and assist others to come—as many as I possibly can—that they may say to you and to the world, "We still live." I was something more than fifty-three years old.

Thomas Blake.

Please say it's Thomas Blake, of Trenton, N. J. I passed away, or rather my folks will call it "died," of pneumonia, about two years ago last May. I've forgotten what day of the month it was; it doesn't matter. I believe it was on Thursday, just at night. I didn't believe in this return, and none of my folks believed in it, but then I felt just like coming, and I'm going to come, and not only that, but I'm going to hitch a telegraph on to the Banner, and I'm going to have my friends see it. That'll be all I care for. I was about forty-five years old—going on forty-six.

George M. Smith.

I don't believe I live in a field where there are bright flowers, and vines, and pretty things. It's been to me a kind of a dark place. Did you ever go into the woods where it was damp, and see the toad-stools growing? Well, it's just about that kind of a place, so it has seemed to me, since I've been here—a kind of a dark place, a kind of a toad-stool place. I've got about tired of it. If there is any brightness, any sunshine, and any of those flowers they talk about, I'd like to see 'em. I can see the flowers here to-day, but I'll be blessed if I've seen any flowers before since I've been coming with the old body. Now, strange as it may seem to me, to any place where those bright flowers are, and where there is sunshine, I'd like to go there. I want, if there is any bright light and sunshine, to find it. I'm sure I don't want to go back to that damp, toad-stool, thorny place.

[If you had worked for a bright future when here, you would have found it.] Worked for it! What's a feller to do, I'd like to know? S'pose you was brought up in a dram-shop, born on the back side of one, lived in one, and died in one, how much better would you have been than I? We can't help being just what we are. [I suppose you've got to work out of your low condition, and you will, if you have the desire.] I want to, yes, I want to. I'll pray. I'll get on my knees, and pray to everything you say, if you'll only get me out of it [Persevere, and you will get your condition.] I hope so, and if I do, I'll come back here and tell you. Can I get out in a month? I am going to start for it. I'm resolved to work for it, to dig for it, and I've altered found that whatever I got here was on the plan of "Root, hog, or die," and I don't believe anything comes easy.

My name is George M. Smith, of Milwaukee. That'll do well enough. I went out with consumption—wore out—tired out—tumbled out, and I ain't any better now. I was about thirty years old. I'm going for that light which I begin to see already.

Hettie Bishop.

Mr. Chairman, it gives me much pleasure to come here this afternoon, and although I occupy the place immediately after the one who has just received the darkness of spirit-life, yet I must acknowledge that to me the spiritual has been very bright. I scarcely lost one moment from the time the old body was laid away until the spirit came to the beautiful sunlight, enfranchised and free. I have been able to grasp the spiritual. I have been able to visit the different climes in spirit-life, and I trust the time is coming when I can visit the different planets, and see all the planets that live on those planets, for each planet has a spiritual life as well as yours. I have found my home as bright and as bright as I expected. I have clasped the hands of dear beloved ones. We know each other here, and not only have I clasped the hands of those I knew on earth, but I have come into sympathy with those whom I never knew, only by thought and by the teachings which their writings brought to me, of sympathy and love and power; and I find that I am not confined to a little city, nor a little town, but that I can glide quietly round and visit each and every place I desire to. Why, this world is such a complete world! yet it is much like your world; the people here have much the same dispositions that you have, and as you send them to us from time to time, they seem to gravitate to the places to which they belong. It is not necessary for you to believe that when you cast off the mortal form you are going straight to some heaven where you become purified in some way. I assure you much of the spiritual beauty you will enjoy depends upon your own exertions while here. In fact, it looks to me, as I return to earth, as if I hold the hand of the brother who has just left us, that you have a religion which is worse than the Orthodox religion, for they have the privilege of repenting at the last moment, and jumping immediately into a heavenly home above. You have no such privilege, for according to the deeds done in the body are you judged. If you have a beautiful home you must have beautiful thoughts and beautiful life deeds. If you would have a home like the one described by the brother who preceded me, you can tell how to obtain it. But I advise all of you to remember that the thoughts, the life acts, and the purposes of life—these are building the beautiful mansions in the home above.

Please say it's Hettie Bishop, of Leonidas, Mich. I was sometimes known as Mary M. Bishop. I am no stranger to the Banner of Light. I have been gone away something more than two years.

Maria M. Sawyer.

Please say that Maria M. Sawyer, who departed this life in September, 1847, has found her way to the Banner of Light, and for the first time feels that she can make manifest her feelings. I know now that I was a mediumistic, and that was the cause of the trouble which came to me in revival meetings. I now know that a truer light is dawning. Were I here, I would lay hold on this beautiful philosophy, and I would do all I could to make others feel its power.

Calista A. Vining.

I want to send a letter to my sister Julia, who is a reader of your paper. My brother George laughs at her and says this thing isn't true, it's all nonsense; but if any of his friends will make their appearance and give him some proof that it is true, he will look into the matter. Julia often reads messages to him and begs him to listen. Sometimes he listens very quietly, then again he takes his hat and leaves the room. Now I have come here to say to George, "I wish you would listen," and to Julia, "Care not for it, all bright and beautiful. I have met father and mother. I have met your husband's father and mother. I have met your little boy, John. Tell George that if he will look about him he will find there are influences surrounding him far worse than spiritual influences from the summer-clime." Calista A. Vining, of New York City.

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

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences. (Part Seventy-Three.)

BY WARE, A. DANSKIN.

Dr. Rush, in his enlarged sphere of thought and action, seems to be as much devoted to the relief of suffering humanity as when he was working day by day in his profession on earth. To how many minds he has been giving impressions, or how many susceptible organisms he has controlled for the cure of disease, we have no means of knowing, but in the labors marked out through Mrs. Danskin he seems never to rest. The patients are not confined to Liberals, or those who claim to be Spiritualists, but in every class of society and among all phases of religious belief, are persons who apply to Mrs. Danskin for treatment. While many of them profess to have no faith in or knowledge of Spiritualism, they still feel confident that some intelligence of a higher order than has heretofore been used in the treatment of disease will be used for their special benefit.

Only a few weeks ago a lady who bore every mark of gentle culture and pleasant material surroundings, applied to Mrs. Danskin for a diagnosis of her case, and to my astonishment directed it, when written, to be sent with the medicine to the house of one of the most popular clergymen of the city—the pastor of a very bigoted and aristocratic congregation. He was her relative and friend, and no doubt held in high esteem by her. Yet she did not hesitate to seek relief outside of Orthodox religious opinion and established medical authority.

A bluff, burly sort of a sea—one who had spent the greater part of his life on the ocean—found himself growing worse under the course of treatment prescribed by his regular physician, and was persuaded by some of his friends to try this new system that is creating so much interest in the community. He came, and was greatly surprised that Mrs. Danskin could describe his condition so much better, as he said, than it had ever been done before; but fearing that he had shown some weakness in this admission, he added, "I want you to understand that I have no faith in Spiritualism, and if faith is necessary to a cure, I can never be cured by it." Dr. Rush immediately controlled Mrs. Danskin, and said, "Take the medicines accurately, as directed, and believe what you please."

This abrupt style of reply was perhaps better suited to the man, and had more effect than an elaborate argument. He faithfully followed instructions, and now his belief is as firm, perhaps, as our own.

Thus our friends of the higher sphere are working earnestly and efficiently to spread among the people not only the beneficent influences of their skill and wisdom, but through this channel to awaken their dormant spiritual faculties, and compel their belief in that which removes diseases from their physical structures, and gives a healthier tone to their mental faculties.

Mary Forster.

I died at Green Farm, Connecticut. Mary Forster is my name. I was in my sixty-third year; widow of George Forster. I died of pneumonia—and in that death it was well, for earthly things and I had parted company for a long, long time before. I walked with the day trying to feel contented, but oftentimes the spirit became restive in its prison house. So all who read this will see it was an agreeable disappointment when the eyes were closed on this scene and permitted to open on the other.

No one need fear death if all have as peaceful an exit as I. Though seeming to suffer and struggle, still there was no pain. The higher I was drawn to the freedom land, the less painful my sensations grew. I heard those who had gone before and I knew them, but the joy was so overpowering I could not find expression.

The Lord taught me to worship him in quietude and silence. The Lord taught me to carry all my sorrows or vexations within myself. The Lord has taught me to lay down my burden and take up the joys of this new life. Free as the little bird to warble in the early morn, and never to be checked by the voice of the human. More sweet to die than to live. Most gladness to meet your kindred and have them greet you. This has been my case, and to thee, oh Angel of Light, who brought me hither, I give thanks, for without thee I would be as naught.

Wm. Dunham.

William Dunham was my name. I was sixty-five years old. I lived on Livingston street, Brooklyn, N. Y. I am told to return; whether it will be pleasure or displeasure to those I have left behind, I cannot say.

My mind was always free to accept truth whenever it was presented so as to accord with my common-sense and understanding. Since out of the physical form I have searched in the broad domain of God's universe to see whether a law did exist that enabled a spirit to commune with mortals of earth. I have found it, and thus far I have tested it. I cannot yet tell whether I am to derive pleasure from it or otherwise.

Now, while I am speaking, a thrill of joy passes through me. I feel as if new life had been given me. Would that I had scanned more minutely into this philosophy before I was summoned to the other side. However, I will stand now as a scholar to be taught by those who are more advanced in knowledge than I.

Then I have learned the lessons of this life more completely, I endeavor to reach those who are gathered in to me, to learn the first rudiments of this immortality, which once believed existed, but oh! such erroneous ideas of it among the people. Had I my life to live over again, how different I would use the gift God had given me. How differently I would have instructed them.

"All over the land the people are saying, 'Bro. Bliss is at the right hand of the Father in the arms of Jesus.' This is an error, as I found to my sorrow, and if those who hear my voice from the so-called silent land will heed it, they will take warning by the real truth. I beg your pardon, sir, for taking up your valuable time; but I feel it my duty to say to the theological world: 'Come down from your lofty heights to the truth.'"

Here the control weakened, and what was subsequently said was too confused for me to catch the words. The spirit just before yielding the control announced himself as P. P. Bliss, who was killed in the wrecked railroad train at Ashabula, Ohio.

Two days after the above séance I had another private sitting with Mr. Bliss the medium. He was soon controlled by "Billy," his boy spirit guide, who announced the presence of the spirit of Mr. P. P. Bliss. He told me to take the pencil and write down what the spirit would say to me. Surprised at this second visitation of the spirit of a man who had been an entire stranger to me, I told "Billy" to ask him how he came to be drawn there. I received the following reply: "DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—It is indeed true that I have a mission to perform in earth-life. You have asked me a question, 'Why I have been attracted here?' I am willing to tell you the reason, although it may astonish my theological brethren. I came the other day professing sorrow and repentance. I come to-day to perform, or rather to undo some of the errors of my ministry to the people. Do not think, sir, that I reject Christianity, for I loved it too well; but I find I made so many great mistakes. You ask, 'Why I return here, in this place?' What more fitting place could I find? If, for instance, you wish to go to New York from your good city, where would you go to, sir, but to the office of the telegraph company? I find this is the month-piece I can use to make myself known to the people. These two attempts have been my first and only endeavors to communicate. My first attraction here was the particular relationship which may exist between myself and this medium. My next attraction was the harmony of the instrument I used—that is, the medium—and the passive condition of the receiver's mind, which is yourself. I was much opposed to the doctrine of Modern Spiritualism, for in them I thought I saw the ruin of all the theology that has been handed down for centuries; but, sir, I have found out my mistake, and as an honest man, cannot do otherwise than acknowledge the error, and try, if possible, to redeem the past.

"It is a fact that there will be attempts made to suppress this great truth, for so I now regard it only because I have to; for it is true it is worthy the attention of all mankind. But have no fear, the spirit-world will win triumph over the ignorance of mankind. A short time ago these words would not have fallen from my lips;

Message from Spirit Philip P. Bliss.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have just finished the perusal of the Memoirs of the late Philip P. Bliss, edited by D. W. Whittle. I procured that publication in order to become better acquainted with the earthly career of that lamented child of song. I had heard very little of the life labors of Mr. Bliss prior to the terrible Ashabula Bridge disaster, in which he and his wife met a sudden and distressing death. From the public notices of his misfortune I obtained the general information that he was a most popular composer of Sunday School music, and an efficient teacher of Orthodox religion. I knew his death was greatly lamented by those who were most actively concerned in the propagation of Protestant Christianity, and that he was regarded as a shining light in the Christian world. The memoirs of his life fully justify the high esteem in which he was held by his Christian brethren. He was beyond all question one of whom it could be truly said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God." His honesty and earnestness, in laboring to advance what he believed to be essential truths, gave him a hold upon the sympathies of his co-laborers such as few men ever acquired. His mental, moral, and social attributes were in harmony with his other personal attributes, which were of the most attractive nature, and rendered him an object of general admiration and love to all who made his acquaintance. It is much to be regretted that there are too few such men to be found in society, in this selfish and groveling age of human progression. I deemed this much proper as an introduction to what I am about to relate of my acquaintance with this noble, fearless and conscientious soul since his transition to spirit-life.

It has been my custom as opportunity offered to have private spiritual sittings with Mr. James A. Bliss, at present at No. 1027 Ogden street, Philadelphia. At these sittings I have received many communications from spirits who controlled him, which afforded positive proof not only of the truth of Spiritualism, but the reliable nature of Mr. Bliss's mediumship. On Wednesday morning, January 17th, last, I called upon Mr. Bliss for a private sitting. He seemed to be less controllable than usual, and it was nearly a quarter of an hour before he gave indications of spirit-control. At length he seemed to lose consciousness, and his appearance and actions became those of a strong man in mortal agony. His face wore the expression of excessive pain, he seemed to be gasping for breath, his hands and arms were violently convulsed, and he appeared in every way to be struggling in a violent death. When the control became complete, the following words were uttered in a broken and interrupted manner: "Hurled in a moment into eternity! Hurled in a moment into eternity! Oh! how sudden. Little did we think when we left our children that morning that we were so soon to pass away by a violent death." Supposing that what might follow would prove interesting, I prepared to write it down. I could, however, only take down a part of what was said, as I strictly followed the words which were uttered, and I could not always keep up with the speaker. The following, however, is literally what was said as far as it goes:

"I tried my best to work for the good of my fellow-men. I was honest in my endeavors, but I may not have had the whole truth. This was so sudden—so sudden. To my friends, my voice is hushed in death, and my mangled remains, dear to them, alone are left to them. But I am not there in my grave—I am immortal—I am immortal. I find the change so great—so entirely different from what I expected, that I feel that my life was a partial failure. I turned from those who had the real truth, to preach the popular truth. There was much of the Pharisee in my nature, but I did not know it. I would have scorned to do as you, and sit with a medium; but I have returned so soon through a channel which I despised. I hope to understand this thing better in the future. My hopes of heaven and immortal glory have vanished from my sight. I find myself but a man. I am in the Valley of Disappointment. I expected too much. My soul is immortal, it is true—it is true. I hope to learn the first rudiments of this immortality, which once believed existed, but oh! such erroneous ideas of it among the people. Had I my life to live over again, how different I would use the gift God had given me. How differently I would have instructed them.

"All over the land the people are saying, 'Bro. Bliss is at the right hand of the Father in the arms of Jesus.' This is an error, as I found to my sorrow, and if those who hear my voice from the so-called silent land will heed it, they will take warning by the real truth. I beg your pardon, sir, for taking up your valuable time; but I feel it my duty to say to the theological world: 'Come down from your lofty heights to the truth.'"

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