

EIGHTH PAGE.—"That Sort of Thing." *The Children's*
Lycæums.—Brooklyn, N. Y. The Theosophists again
speak. Cascade, N. Y. New Publications. Brief
Paragraphs, etc.

NUMBER II.

147 I have explored a long line of coast on New Britain from a point about twelve miles beyond Cape Palliser right down to Man Island. By the way, the natives here are most positive in their assertions that there is a race of man with tails at a place called Kalili, quite close to where we were. They say that they are dwarfs, and that the tall, which they represent as being hard and stiff, is an extension of the spine bone, and that if the people wish to sit down, they must first dig a hole to receive this caudal appendage (!). They quite reject the assertion that they must be monkeys. Do monkeys talk and walk on their hind legs? They wish to open a trade with us, and sell the tails of

FROM SYDNEY TO MELBOURNE.
But which way?—by sea, or by railway and stage? Considering the hot, dry weather, the sea took the preference.
"Let us cogitate as we sail. If there is a living present, is there not also a living past? And are not we the legitimate heirs of all the ages?"
—"On to duty and rectitude:
Are the others waiting for us blind?"
Not only was there a living past in remote antiquity, with living thoughts, sciences and manners, but that living past was also a living present.

There is little poverty in the city. None seen to be out of employment. Mechanics get good pay. The Trades' Unions insist upon eight hours work only, each day. The Victorian Government admits the legality of their position. Recently these Unions made a great public display. Choice government lands can be obtained in this portion of Australia for \$5.00 per acre or eight years time, payable in yearly installments. A shipload of American emigrants has just reached Sydney, Aus. from the United States and the news is fresh. What does it mean?

urns, Aug., April 24th, 1877.

fore for a long time, yet Rome seems tired with English and Americans; they turn up at every corner, and the politics of the States form a general topic of conversation. There is only one thing to be done here, and that is to do the clock and shall I take you, kind reader, in this little note, to some of the *principal sights*, and about Rome? I say principal sights, because there are objects of interest enough to keep one busy in Rome for many weeks. I have all read of the *Cesari*; we know their power in war, and we like to treat

Princess hands the driver a bag of gold and silver; the band strikes up a lively tune, and amid the shouts of the people the flag is borne around the ring. Altogether, it was a scene long to be remembered, although the race would be looked upon as a failure in America. But we are fit people, and are expected to have fast horses.

There are the ruins of the forums, temples as churches (each with its own peculiar history) to which are pointed-out, but one must become a traveling encyclopedia to remember one-half of them. The churches in Rome are no

in interest, and hold many sacred relics which Christians prize so highly; among the most noted are the stairs in Pile's house, which Jesus is said to have gone up at the time of judgment. These are in a small chapel, called the Scala Sancta. They are of white marble, and covered with wood; persons are not allowed to go up except on their knees, and I am sorry to say there were hundreds waiting for an opportunity. The upper steps are not covered with wood, and are worn down several inches. There are other stairs for the ungodly to go up; I need not say which flight we took. These stairs have been here three hundred years, and are said to have been brought by St. Helena from Jerusalem.

Opposite this chapel is the Basilica of St. John Lateran. Constantine founded this basilica in the fourth century; since then it has ranked as the mother of all Christian churches; there is but little left of the old church; in former times it ranked higher than St. Peter's. The Pope has all been crowned here, and for 1600 years it has retained its privileges. One of the first forms observed by the Pope, is the ceremony of taking possession of the Lateran. There are five entrances to the front, consisting of an immense colonnade, is very impressive; the entrance in the center has a bronze door taken from the Temple of Peace in the forum; the top of the facade is decorated with fifteen statues of Jesus and the saints; in the interior are the colossal statues of the twelve apostles, and the table upon which "the last supper was eaten," and by the looks of the table, it must have stood a small chance at that celebrated banquet.

We next visit the Pantheon; it is built after the same form as the Coliseum. Here service, as in every other church in Rome, is held. The Pantheon is very interesting, in that it was once covered with bronze, which has been taken away, furnishing enough material for this kind for St. Peter's chair, the altar and statues in St. Peter's church; also eighty cannon were cast from it. It is particularly noted, however, as being the burying place of Raphael; the statue of the Madonna in this church was his gift, and executed by Lorenzo Motti; in 1833 his tomb was opened, the remains identified, and a cast taken of his skull. Quite near here is the site of the dungeon made famous by the judgment of the Roman daughter, who nursed her father, condemned to die of starvation—at least so tradition has it.

Just outside the city wall is the temple of Vesta and the pyramid of Calixtus; it is after the plan of the Egyptian pyramids, but is built of white marble and much smaller; it is of course a monument to this illustrious man. And yet amid all the monuments and churches of Rome, St. Peter's towers above them all; from any point of the city its magnificent proportions can be plainly seen, but it is impossible for the mind to measure its immense size, except by going to the top of the rotunda and looking down upon it. The height being 68 ft. it is not a very easy thing to do; the length 468 and the width 50 feet; across it a man seems small, in any other save his own estimation. The altar is very fine, and is of bronze and gilt. Nearly opposite to the altar is a colossal statue of St. Peter, in a sitting position; one foot is extended, and his far famed "big toe" has the appearance of a pugnacious toe, which is endeavoring to express the disgust of its possessor. This toe will soon meet the services of Dr. Kenney on some other chiropractic as it is in great danger of being lost. Every man, woman, and child, who ever expects, hopes, or desires to see his saintship in heaven kisses this beloved toe, and the consequence is, the statue of St. Peter will soon need a new one, unless the people get more common sense—and altogether it is much easier getting the former than the latter.

There is also a chair of ivory called St. Peter's chair, surrounded by a line of statues, and also a piece of the original cross, a lock of the Virgin Mary's hair, the handkerchief that Pilate's wife gave Jesus, which after he had used it left the print of his face upon it, and some other relics; these were all shown to the people, after the *miserere* the day before Easter Sunday, before an immense audience, amid the shouts, chants and prayers of the worshippers. I reflected in this wise: there are only 365 Catholic churches in Rome, and only 6,000 priests and monks, and prayers begin at 3 o'clock A. M. and only last until 10 P. M., and if prayers and churches will save a people or city, might not Rome be of all others the most blessed?

And yet with the building of these churches and the coming of these priests, the sun of Rome's greatness has set forever. No more the statesmen, no more the orators of the grand old past, but imitators of those masters, who with all their power are only able to reproduce in a small way, but never to originate. And so will it be with every land and with every people who shall follow in this course. Put God into the Constitution and you take the backbone out of the American people; give the power into the hands of ministers and priests, and no famine or plague will ever bring more destruction to the interests of the people, for there are such things as religious leeches, who are able to save your soul only as you are able to take bonds in their religion. Instead of saying "God save man from the devil," I say, "God save man from himself."

As ever, despoiling night but the truth, I am,
Rome, Italy. J. Wm. FLETCHER.

Children's Department.

TALES OF THE SUN-RAYS.

Dedicated to the dear child Sandra, by the Spirit of
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Written down through the mediumship of Adina, Harrietta son, Vay, of Omaha, (the Spirit of Andersen) and translated for the Banner of Light by Dr. G. Bloede, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. XVI.

This Sun-ray spoke clearly and earnestly: "Men believe they are alone with their thoughts. They know not that they are surrounded by invisible beings who can read their thoughts. Many a man thinks many a thing in the face of the bright sunshine, and believes it will never come to light. The Sun-Elves, however, and the spirits who crowd around men, they steal upon their thoughts, and thus the thoughts of men all come to light some day."

"I have read to-day in the minds of so many! It is often very sad and appalling, and often, again, lovely and refreshing, to know the thoughts of people. One reads, or rather sees, there how the thoughts wander and cross each other in their heads; now noble and good, then wicked and criminal. I often hide behind the clouds whenever it gets too bad. I saw a man who pondered over a plan of revenge. Alas! how muddled and dark it looked in his head and heart! He thought out every little how he would contrive it; he brooded under the very sunbeam over his wickedness, and I had to read everything. But the very moment he was about to accomplish his outrage, the ceiling of the room fell in, and his head, which had conceived so many wicked thoughts, lay there crushed. And when his spirit awoke he found all his black, wicked thoughts faithfully imprinted on my Sun-ray. In large letters they glared at him terribly, and he shook and trembled. Yes, the thoughts of men stamp themselves not only on their own brains, but on the sunbeams, too, and that bad man had to realize that now."

"But I saw another man, also, who thought of works of mercy and charity, of benefits he was to bestow, and all his thoughts were good works. He, too, was overtaken by a hurried death, and lo! when he became a spirit he beheld all his good thoughts fulfilled in splendid pictures, and an angel said to him: 'What thou thoughtest was already half done—to will is half to act!' And the good man was happy and blessed. Oh, men, do not think thoughtlessly in the sun-light! for, in sooth, the thoughts are fruits of the mind, and the image of what you thought awaits you in the spirit-realm. All will be as clear as sunlight."

No. XVII.

It was in autumn. The earth had donned her many-colored garment. The foliage was mingled, green, yellow, and red. The sun went down earlier, and we had but a few hours to shine. Men said: "What a pity that the days grow so short!" This is the time on earth for hunting. The noble game is then chased and killed; there is slaughter in the animal kingdom on foot and high on horseback. And the hunters like to see the sun shine upon it.

It is a curious picture—this chasing through forest, hills, and valleys! I joined such a wild pursuit to-day! There they flew on their feet, over hedges and ditches, following the fox. But what was that? Look here! the boldest rider has been thrown! All stand around him. "He is dead!" they say. "Thus, to fall and die in the midst of high game and mad joy, pursuing the game! And I to look at this! Yes, I accompanied the bier, on which the pale, quiet youth lay, toward the castle, into the very room. I saw how his mother, struck by the deep woe and bereft of consciousness, sank upon the cold corpse."

But also looked into a little chamber, where a beautiful, fresh girl in the full bloom of youth, was sitting. She had seen the bold hunter ride out this morning. Nay,

the young gentleman had thrown her one of the last rose-buds, nipped by the frost, and she had said: "Good luck to the huntman!" and he had returned a sweet, loving smile. The little rose lay warm upon her bosom, she had kissed it so many times! "Poor child!" I thought, "I know already how cold he lies there! I saw him sink! I received his last sigh! Poor child, kiss thy rosebud!"

No. XVIII.

Fog, fog, fog! The "City of Lagoons," too, lay in midst of fog. The sea and the sky seemed melted into one. There lay the black gondolas on the Riva and the Canal Grande; the proud, stately ships, anchored in the harbor, could scarcely be seen on account of the dense fog. The air was damp and cold; the gondoliers and fishermen, the boys in tatters, the little lame beggar-child, the old man with the guitar, the small white dog on the arm of the brawny man, they all were shivering, the fog laying so heavily on chest and lungs. The sun shone from the sky like a moon, piercing, pale and faint, through the fog.

But I would shine, just on this day! And therefore I broke a path for myself. I shone on St. Mark's Place. Everything was void, empty, desolate, not a soul to be seen. But I shone as much as I could, and enticed other sunbeams to come out.

Look! now it began to stir! Life in Venice! The gondoliers, fishermen, boys and little dogs basked; the old man sang and played the guitar, and the little girl begged in the most pitiable tones. For now they were by and by crawling out from the old palaces, the people from all countries. St. Mark's Place was soon alive, and all languages were spoken as in the time of Babylon.

But I had only shone because I wanted to see a bridal pair, which was going to be married to-day in the city. The persons were indeed not very young, but not old either. I had known them very long, since of old they were my good friends. I had seen how for many years they had longed for this hour, how they had bravely and faithfully borne life with all its trials, and how their love had never wavered. And now, at last, they were to belong to each other. A painful chill lay on them for years, and now at last the sun rose brightly, which was to warm the evening of their lives.

They entered a black gondola, which rocked on the green waves and drove splashing toward the church of Maria della Salute. I shone brightly through the huge church-windows, and when the quiet "yes" was heard I brought a blessing from God's kingdom.

No. XIX.

For several days already I had shone upon a little rosemary bush which stood in the window of a garret-room. A young girl put it into the window every morning, as soon as the sun shone, and watered it carefully every evening. Everything looked nice and clean but very poor in that garret-room. The young girl was sitting at the window, doing fine lace-work. She had no time to look into the Sun-rays; she worked constantly the whole day, without looking up. At her side sat her old blind mother, knitting a coarse wool stocking. They often talked of the girl's brother, a sailor on the high seas, and many a deep sigh, many a warm prayer was sent after him.

The winter was hard, as it is wont to be in Holland. The poor blind mother was shivering, the fingers of the girl often grew stiff over her work, and the rosemary-bush, too, longed mightily for spring. Outdoors the storm howled over land and sea; for many a day I had not been able to shine at all, for thick snow-clouds were hovering over Holland. When I returned at last, and shone, the rosemary-bush stood frozen, dry, and dreary, at the cold window-pane. The rigid ice-flowers would forbid my looking into the garret-room, but I shone through, nevertheless, and breathed warmly upon the panes till the ice-flowers melted down. Alas! I saw then that the poor girl was lying in bed, coughing and feverish, and beside her the blind mother. It was bitter cold in the room, and to-day they had spent their last money, and to-morrow—"Yes, to-morrow," sighed the blind mother, "we have no bread." And the poor girl wanted to get up and work, but, tired and worn out, she fell back upon the hard couch. "To-morrow," she thought, "I shall perhaps be dead! But—"

Lo! this thought kept her up! No, she would not die to leave her mother alone! And then they sat quietly near each other—the blind mother and the sick daughter. They did not murmur, for misery brings the submission of despair. There came a knock. It gave a sting to the girl's heart. "It is the landlord!" she thought; "he is going to put us into the street! Come in!" she cried faintly. It was the letter-carrier. "A letter from America," he said, and left. A ray of light shone through the souls of mother and daughter. "From the brother! from the son!" they cried together.

"We are saved, mother!" said the girl, weeping and trembling with joy and thankfulness. "Now we have wood and bread! he sends us money!" The lean, wrinkled hands of the old blind woman were lifted for prayer. "God bless my son!" she said, with warm tears rolling down her cheeks.

And this blessing of the mother, this thankful prayer of the sister—I carry them to the good son, and likewise lay them down at the throne of God; for he had saved the lives of both.

I believe they have since once more met joyfully and embraced each other, and then it was cozy warm and merry in the garret-room, and the good God and the bright Sun-ray rejoiced over it.

[Continued in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

DEATH IN THE CAGE.

BY GEORGE WENTZ.

In China old, in any city street,
You still may see what stirs your noble rage,
Yet scarce gives pause to any passing feet—
A man within a cage!

A narrow, upright box, so cunning made,
That on his head atop the sun doth pour;
Hung by his jaw, he lacketh much of aid
From toes that touch his floor;

And there attached a scroll that bears his name,
His age and race, and occupation late,
His sentence—death—and what he did to shame
The laws of sovereign State.

And also this: the penalty extreme
To him who, softened at the heart, should think—
However great the culprit's need might seem—
To give him meat or drink.

And there he hangs, and moans and shrieketh shrill
In supplication, as you pass his way,
And then grows faint; but no less piteous still
To-morrow as to-day.

But not for aye; quick nature's chord is broke,
And heart-strings snap when too intense the strain;
The third day comes; his need is looked, not spoke,
And he is past his pain.

The air is still; no living sound near by,
Save where the crowd a little pauseth away
Strives eagerly, beneath his glaring eye,
For place to see a play.

And he is dead! One life the less is naught
In all the millions that survive in pain;
When man is valueless, the simple thought
Of how he dies is vain.

Now he is dead wide China's thousand years
Beside this woeful picture here apart:
Age may adorn, but how unloved appears
Gray head that hath no heart!

Turn, mortals, turn, who press to see the show
Of life and death on Drama's mimic plan;
The kindling eye that sees this death shall know
How man avenges man!

Banner Correspondence.

Vermont.

WEST BURKE.—A correspondent writes: "The Friends of Progress in this locality celebrated the Fourth of July by a picnic and social gathering in the grove at Mr. F. Way's. Mrs. Abner of Derby Line, Vt., and Mrs. A. P. Brown of St. Johnsbury, Vt., were the lecturers. After listening to soul-stirring addresses from the two lady speakers, an organization was perfected by the election of officers and the referring of the Constitution and By-Laws to a committee for revision. In the evening quite a number attended the séance at Mr. Way's, held by the Holmeses, who are doing a splendid work and meeting with grand results in their materialization circles. They have held eleven circles thus far, largely attended and giving universal satisfaction. Much interest prevails, owing to the wonderfully strong phase of the manifestations."

EAST CALAIS.—Henry B. Allen (the Allen Boy Medium) gives in the following words, (in the course of a letter addressed to The Messenger,) his opinions on the oft-repeated question of skeptic and investigator alike: "Why can I not communicate with dear departed friends without the foreign agency of a medium?"

"The way I look at it is this: In the earth-sphere friendships are formed on the material plane. Associations, organic sympathy, and other outward relations, may induce endearments which may appear to be lasting; but absence, distance, and changes of magnetisms, sometimes cancel these affections. Nothing is enduring which is not spiritual. If a friend, having passed the change called death, has his love based on the spiritual plane, and the earth-life remains as before, the difference of condition amounts to a magnetic gulf that cannot be passed over except by mediation. A medium contains the blending elements of the physical and spiritual natures, and is able, therefore, to conjoin the two parties for exchange of thought by word or sign. The medium is the telegraph that opens from shore to shore. The spiritual batteries are very delicate. The least agitation of mind disturbs them and dilutes the truthfulness of what is communicated. So we need candor, calmness, and a childlike sincerity of purpose. If a person is over-anxious, he may thus defeat his object; even if he is mediumistic, in such a state he can do nothing. A medium of less intensity of feeling is needed to restore order and open intercourse. Mediumship and the magnetic forces are of the deepest interest to mankind, and need to be studied."

California.

IONE CITY.—Walter Hyde of San Francisco writes: "Our sister, Mrs. F. A. Logan, gave an address to a large audience in the Baptist church in this city on a recent Sunday evening. I confess surprise at the willingness on the part of trustees and the clergy to open their churches to her inspired utterances when they know her to be a Spiritualist and a medium; and when they invite her to speak they are as likely to choose the subject of Spiritualism as any other. 'Verily, the world moves.'"

Spiritualists will do well to omit finding fault with existing institutions, lest they be stumbling-blocks in the way of the spiritual unfoldment silently going on in the churches. The spirit speaketh to the churches, and their members are learning the way to heaven. In our journeyings we find the Banner of Light in many dwellings. How fortunate that though freighted with gems more precious than gold, its price is within the reach of all."

SAN BUENAVENTURA.—J. A. Shaw writes: "I am obliged to stand in the front ranks of Spiritualism here, with a few right and left hand supporters. We had Mrs. Watson, of Titusville, Pa., here eighteen months ago. She accomplished a good work, as also did Dr. York at a subsequent period. Mrs. C. M. Sawyer was here for a short time, and gave good satisfaction."

Warren Chase and lady will be here soon to spend a brief season in this land of all-summer. We feel quite well pleased with the progress of truth in this place."

Massachusetts.

WALTHAM.—A correspondent—S. Johnson—writes that by the request of the spirit-guides of the Waltham circle of Spiritualists, a picnic and circle was held on the brow of Prospect Hill, Thursday, the 28th day of June. After partaking of a most substantial repast, the exercises commenced with the ever-harmonizing sound of music; then followed a prayer and address from the invisibles—remarks succeeding these exercises from other intelligences through the different mediums present. "The occasion was heartily enjoyed by all attending, so much so that a repetition is desired, to which with happy anticipations we look forward at no distant day."

EAST PRINCETON.—We should like to give our testimony that we consider Mrs. Jennett J. Clark one of the best clairvoyant and test mediums; for we have been intimately acquainted with her for seventeen years. Mrs. Everett has been cured of two severe and dangerous fevers, through her mediumistic powers. Mrs. Clark is now located in Plainville, Conn.

WM. S. EVERETT.

SUSAN B. EVERETT.

Mrs. Clark has left Boston, where she has resided for many years, and made Plainville her permanent residence. The citizens of Plainville and surrounding country would do well to extend to her their friendship and patronage, as her powers are of a high order, as a public speaker or medical examiner.

W. H. SMITH, Boston, Mass.

New Jersey.

ANCORA.—J. William Van Namee, M. D., writes, July 1st: "I have been very ill, but am now slowly recovering. Mrs. Thayer has been here recently, and has held a successful circle. She grows stronger and stronger in her mediumship, and is gathering many warm friends around her. She returns here next week for a rest."

Mrs. Glasby, the test medium, is at her home here resting from her duties in the city.

Annie Bulwer, the inspirational medium, is also here, resting. A number of strangers have been here attending the Eddy sances, which are now held regularly. Mary Crow, a magnetic healer, also resides here, and receives patients for treatment at her home in the place. The climate is charming, the country beautiful; it is just the place for invalids and those worn out with hard work. J. Madison Allen has lectured here for two Sundays."

Michigan.

JACKSON.—W. N. Choate writes: "Our cause has a firm hold in this city. We have regularly organized circles, but at the present time no public meetings. We are particularly favored with the presence of some excellent mediums. Mrs. M. K. Bozer, a clairvoyant physician from Grand Rapids, Mich., has located here. Her psychometricals are unsurpassed, and altogether she is one of the most effective and reliable mediums in the field. Her powers are simply wonderful, while her intelligence and ladylike deportment win her friends with all she meets."

We have also a poetic medium in the person of Mrs. Hadcock. She is a quiet and unassuming lady, and quite intellectually inclined. Her improvisations are pronounced by connoisseurs equal at least to those of any living person, showing with peculiar effect the subtle and profound capabilities of language in the expression of poetic thought."

Texas.

GALVESTON.—H. A. Moore writes, July 5th: "Col. Eldridge has been lecturing here for the past month on Spiritualism. He is a vigorous speaker, using moderate language, and so plain that a child can understand. Through his exertions the Spiritualists of Galveston have effected an organization that bears the stamp of permanency. They have secured a commodious and comfortable hall, and services will be held every Sunday in the future. Mrs. Talbot, a most excellent lady and fine inspirational medium, having tendered her services to the society for the present for Sunday evening lectures."

Wisconsin.

FORT ATKINSON.—Mrs. Frances E. Hyer and her husband have removed from New Orleans to this place, and in a business letter to us Mrs. H. says: "I shall resume my labors soon in the field, in which I believe I am peculiarly fitted to work. I hear of spirit manifestations in this vicinity which require such interpretation or explanation as I am able to give; and many are asking 'what they shall do to be saved,' who are neither too learned nor too wise to listen to such counsel as I can offer. So while you noble pioneers are so widely dispensing the 'bread of life' which is weekly distributed through the excellent pages of the good old Banner, I, in my humble way, am educating minds to a comprehension of the beautiful truths contained in our philosophy."

Virginia.

RICHMOND.—H. N. Rothery writes, June 25th: "When I was here four months since, I made the acquaintance of G. W. Smith, Esq., who is one of the most earnest and en-
Rothery

thusiasm Spiritualists that it has been my pleasure to meet with, and the same can be truthfully said of his excellent lady. Here the church has great power, and uses it to stem the tide of progress. Some of the ministers have a knowledge of the divine philosophy, and very privately whisper that they are convinced, and express the conviction that the people are not ready for it. But the truth cannot be hid; the people will have it; and as we lecture to those who attend, we can see here and there a member of the church, who has come away steadily to get some progressive truth, and last Sunday they received it from a discourse on 'Heaven, Hell and the Invisible World.' We have not yet organized a society, but hope soon to do so."

ROBERT DALE OWEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having received a number of letters from Spiritualist friends making inquiries respecting the state of Mr. Owen's mind, and of what occurred during his visit, of two weeks, at my house a short time previous to his passing away, I have thought it best to reply through the columns of your journal. An additional reason for doing so is, that my account may be a contradiction of the false report which has been circulated by the New York Times, and two or three other papers, that previous to his death he repudiated Spiritualism.

On the 25th of May last, Mr. Owen wrote me apprising me of his intended visit, and after stating that his principal object was to procure medical advice, he added: "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." I give this extract to show his continued interest in Spiritualism.

He came to my house on the 1st of June, and remained with us until the 15th. I soon became satisfied that his case was hopeless, and called to my assistance Dr. Kenney, the magnetic physician. The controlling spirit of the latter examined Mr. Owen, and told him to have no uneasiness as to the result, for he would soon be well, but in a private consultation with me afterward—the same day—he told me that he would soon pass away, and it was that he meant when he said he would soon be well.

When Mr. Owen had been with us about a week, Mr. and Mrs. B., of Boston, visited us, and remained three days. Mrs. B. is one of the most interesting private trance-mediums I have met, and we held sances each morning and evening, Mr. Owen being present at most of them, and at one of these the presence of his father, Horace Greeley, and Daniel Webster, was announced, and each had a kind word of greeting for Mr. Owen, who had formerly been personally acquainted with them, when the controlling spirit said that Commodore Stringham also was present, "and he says he became acquainted with Mr. Owen across the water, when he and Mr. Owen were there." "Yes," Mr. Owen replied, "I became acquainted with the Commodore when I was Minister to Naples, and he was in command of the Mediterranean fleet, with its headquarters at Naples, and we were in each other's society much of the time, often dining and visiting together, and we became much attached. Has he anything to say to me?" The reply was: "Old friend, you cannot stand at the helm much longer. You have sailed a good ship, and your course has been well kept; the voyage is nearly ended; you are in sight of port; you will soon come to anchor, and it is now time for you to retire to the cabin and let other hands take the helm. All your friends await your coming on the other shore, and will be glad to greet you. Do you understand?" Mr. Owen replied that he did.

The few present were saddened; they knew but too well the import of what was said, and Mr. Owen himself comprehended it equally well, but did not seem to be cast down, and remarked that he was prepared and willing to meet the change at any time. When we met for the next sance, Mr. Owen was resting himself in his own room, and we did not disturb him, and then the intelligence informed us that his earthly course was nearly run, and that very soon he would rejoin those of his friends who had passed on before him, and who now were impatiently awaiting his coming. The previous sance was the last at which Mr. Owen was present.

In one of our first conversations after his arrival at my house, when the possibility of a fatal termination to his disease was referred to, he expressed a hope that his life and strength might be spared until next winter, so that he should be able to write three more articles for Scribner's Monthly, which would conclude the chapters of his autobiography, he having already written three, and placed them in the hands of the publishers of the magazine. But in a day or two he seemed to have lost this desire, for he did not afterwards refer to the subject.

While with us he suffered severely, but not intensely. Perceiving, from the first, that his case was hopeless, I gave him slight encouragement as to the final issue, and led him to infer, rather from what I did not say than from what I did, my opinion of the result. When Commodore Stringham addressed him in such significant language, he construed it correctly as declarative of approaching dissolution, and when, the following morning, I questioned him as I had done before as to his willingness to lay down the burden of earthly life, and enter upon the spiritual, he emphatically declared, as he had before done, his readiness and desire to meet the great and final change whenever it should come. His only apprehension was that his sufferings might be prolonged and increased, but from this he was mercifully delivered, for he passed away on Sunday, the 24th of June, nine days after he left my house for his home at Lake George.

His mind, during the time of his visit, was clear and unclouded, and his interest in everything relating to Spiritualism was unabated. On the day he left us he promised to communicate with me at the first opportunity which should present after he had passed away. The mediums upon whom I principally rely being absent, the opportunity has not yet been furnished, but when it is, I have no doubt I shall receive joyous tidings from him—if not from his own lips, at least from his dictation.

As an author, Spiritualists best know him by his contributions to our literature. His "Footfalls" and "Debatable Land" have not been excelled by any works on the subject, in ability and usefulness, and they have had a circulation unequalled by any others. They will always deservedly remain standard works on Spiritualism.

All Spiritualists knew Robert Dale Owen, either personally or by reputation—they knew him, also, either from the good he had done them, or humanity in general; and as I am writing for Spiritualists, it would seem to be a superfluous task to eulogize him, his character and works. His mind was comprehensive and logical, and more than simply intellectual, for in the highest sense he was intelligent. He not only possessed a vast fund of information, gathered largely from observation and experience, but with a tenacious memory and keen perception of the relations of things, he without apparent effort could draw upon it to an unlimited extent, and, through the exercise of his descriptive powers, impress clearly and forcibly upon the minds of others the ideas which were so real and tangible to his own mind. His conversation and manners charmed both old and young, learned and unlearned, and while interesting he instructed all. All who knew him esteemed him, and those who knew him best, loved him. An atmosphere of sincerity, gentleness, kindness and purity surrounded him, and every earnest, aspiring soul, when brought within his influence, felt spiritually and morally invigorated and strengthened. His presence was truly a benediction.

Robert Dale Owen has fought the good fight, he has nobly accomplished the work assigned him in his earthly life, he has exchanged the corruptible for the incorruptible, the mortal for the immortal; and has received the crown of righteousness, but he has only passed to a higher, a brighter, and purer sphere, with his interest in the good cause undiminished, and from whence, with increased power and energy, he will assist the advancement of the great work to which he was so faithfully devoted, and which he so nobly and unflinchingly prosecuted while here. He is not dead, neither is his mission to humanity ended. The crystal gates are ever open. Death to him is immortal life.

—Rothery

SUMMER.

Lo! lay summer, swarthy, in the sun
Tossing, with bare breasts upon the hills,
Swathing her limbs in hazes warm and dun,
Where splendours on dusky splendours run,
And sultry glory all the heaven orfills.

Not a white dimple stirs amid the corn,
Not a little silver shivers through the leaves:
Slender, wrapped in gold and crimson gleams un-
shorn,
Came, flashing through the east, the regal morn;
No throated twittering gurgles round the eaves.

Flooded in sunny silence sleep the line;
In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow;
The quiet farm gables in the rich light shine;
And round them, jammed honysuckles twine,
And close beside them sun-flowers burn and blow.

Amid the growing heat I lie me down,
And into visions marmes the noted air;
Gleams up before me many a famous town,
Pillared and crested with a regal crown,
Ouphimmering in an orient purple glare.

Lo! lowly Tadmor burning in its sands—
Babel and Babylon; I see slow streams
Gilding by sunset and moonlight—see gleams
Of seas in sunset—clips of ashen strands,
And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams;

See swarthy monarchs flushed in purple rings
Of silken courtesies; through half open doors
Catch the spice odors, and cool breath of springs
Leaving forever in a maze of wings;
See light forms dancing over pearly floors;

Sleeping seraglio's sple and tremulous dome
Winking in drowsy splendor all the day;
See forest haunts where thick the lions roam,
See terrible panthers splashed in bloody foam,
Leap terrible as lightning on their prey;

Or stand with Cortez on a mountain peak
Above the Aztec city—see unrolled
Gem-threaded shores of Montezuma weak,
See the white temples swarming thick and sleek
And sunny streets streched up by towers of gold;

See silken sails float by, ambrosial,
Laden with spices, up a Persian glen;
Or stand on Lebanon, 'mid the cedars tall,
Or hear the soft and silver fountain fall
Of water down a jut of Darien.

But lo! a waking shiver in the trees,
And voices 'mid the bay-cocks in the glen;
The sun is setting; and the crimson seas
Are shaken into splendor by the breeze,
And all the busy world is up again!

Spiritual Phenomena.

MATERIALIZATIONS AT "OLD ORCHARD BEACH," STATE OF MAINE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Sunday evening, June 23d, I had the inexpressible pleasure of being present at a private séance given by Mrs. Robert I. Hull (late of Portland), at the cottage owned by Dr. Wentworth, situated some twenty rods from high water mark, in the midst of a lovely pine grove that reaches to the sand-hills on "Old Orchard Beach." The cottage was new and clean, the inmates cheerful and apparently contented and happy, including the finely organized and sensitive medium, who seemed to have recovered almost entirely from the dreadful and almost fatal nervous shock she received some twelve months more or less ago, by an alleged "exposure" at the hands of, as it is to be hoped, six ignorant rather than designing "doctors" in Portland.

I will here just mention that as yet Mrs. Hull has never sat as a public medium (so called), and this circle, like the only other I ever attended in her presence, was purely amateur and gratuitous. The company consisted of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Peck and wife, of Portland, both dear and cherished friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hull, (who apparently accidentally arrived at "the beach" in time to attend the séance); Dr. Horace Wentworth, of Boston; Mrs. Staples, of "Old Orchard"; another lady whose name has escaped my memory, and myself. An extemporé cabinet was formed by darkening the windows of the dining-room and drawing a curtain across the door between it and the kitchen, wherein the company formed the circle. The evening was pleasant, cool, and calm, and there did not appear to be present a ripple of discord or suspicion calculated to disturb the mind of the medium, and thereby weaken the manifestations.

I have before described the unmistakable spirit presentation of Mr. and Mrs. Peck's deceased daughter, Agnes, under the most perfect and unimpeachable test conditions I ever knew or heard of being instituted, that occurred in Portland, at a séance with Mrs. Hull, at which I was present, a few days after the alleged "exposure," and at a time when the medium seemed in a dying condition. This beautiful materialized angel was now the first to present herself, clothed as before in pure white. After making two or three essays from the folds of the cabinet, Agnes succeeded in reaching one end of the circle, where her parents were seated. The mutual demonstrations of love and affection that followed were very touching. After tenderly embracing and kissing both her parents, Agnes moved round on the outside of the circle, placing her hand on the head of each member as she passed them, until her further progress was stayed by a stone that stood in the way, when she retraced her steps to the cabinet. In response to a mental request of Mr. Peck, his daughter came from the cabinet and took a package of sugar-plums from the hand of her mother, which, after a few moments of rest, she proceeded to distribute to the different members in the circle, giving each person in succession, as she passed them, a few plums with her own materialized spirit-hand. Several other manifestations of like character were made, in response to her father's mental requests, by the spirit, who remained outside of the cabinet, some twenty minutes or more, though she frequently retired temporarily within its folds, doubtless to replenish the materializing element and recruit her waning strength.

The next form that presented itself was that of my daughter Frances, who passed away in my presence on the nineteenth of last February, at Aiken, S. C. She came out clothed in white, with a free, decided movement, slightly characteristic of her when on earth, and with hands clasped on her breast and raised eyes, looking straight at the attitude of prayer, mingled with joyful thanksgiving and praise. In form, height, color of eyes and hair, complexion and other personal features, the apparition seemed a facsimile of my daughter as she appeared in earth-life, but the expression of her countenance was now far more radiant and sublimely beautiful than it ever imparted by nature to living faces, or by earth-given pictures of saints and angels. The whole expression of the face now before me glowed with divine light, and precisely that of the glorified child as I gazed on it with indescribable awe and wonder.

And marked the milk angels air,
The capture of repose that's there."

that can fully appreciate my convictions when I say that I know I was not mistaken in my angel daughter's identity. As I inclined myself toward her, she clasped her arms around my neck and tenderly kissed me with lips as natural as when on earth she used to bid me good-night. After presenting her full form a second time for a few moments, she retired for the evening.

My wife, who passed from earth-life in 1854, was the next materialized spirit that came out of the cabinet, clothed, as usual, in white. As in the instance of my daughter just mentioned, it did not seem possible that I could be mistaken in my wife's identity, although on this occasion she was represented as she looked some few months before she passed away, when her features, much emaciated, were attenuated by severe sickness. Her natural complexion, when in health, was a clear brunette, which on most occasions of materializing, her friends who assisted her in spirit-life generally found difficult to exactly represent. But in this instance, instead of her complexion being too light, as it had before been represented at several circles held by the Holmeses and other mediums, it was of a rather darker hue than what it was when she lived on earth. She walked out of the cabinet several times, and succeeded more than once in coming to where I sat and placed her hand in mine and on my head. By signs she indicated a wish that I should exchange seats with Mr. Peck, who sat at one end of the circle, after which she went around behind me and threw her arms about my neck. Again entering the cabinet she soon returned and sat down upon my knee, whilst she affectionately embraced and kissed me. I plainly felt the warm pressure of her lips. While standing by me, she lowered her dark wavy hair and held out its full length for our observation. On my remarking, in answer to a question from some one present, that my wife used generally to wear her hair as it was then materialized, but sometimes (especially in her younger days) let it fall in ringlets down her cheeks as the custom then was, she returned for a moment into the cabinet, and then presented herself with her hair curled and dressed as described.

I think Dr. Wentworth's mother was the next spirit that manifested her presence. She beckoned her son to come to her as she stood in full view of all present, when they mutually recognized and greeted each other affectionately. After her came Dewdrop, an Indian spirit, who I think is one of Mrs. S. Willis Fletcher's guides. This spirit was remarkably well materialized, and stayed outside the cabinet a long time. On some previous occasion Dr. Wentworth had promised to buy Dewdrop a pair of red moccasins or slippers. She soon made inquiry of him about these. It seems that he had kept his promise, and that the slippers were there in a chamber above. By Dewdrop's request, Mr. Hull left his seat and brought the slippers to the doctor, who assisted Dewdrop in getting her feet into them. After this spirit had been standing for some time plainly in sight of all present, I asked her if she could not de-materialize outside the curtain. She at once stepped back to the edge of the curtain, and gradually faded away from the head downward, so that the faint skirt of Dewdrop's dress was the last vestige we saw of her form.

I here remarked that it was not probable that the slippers were de-materialized, and that they would probably be found within the cabinet. Whereupon a mist-like figure began to show itself on the spot where the spirit had just faded out of sight, and became more and more distinct until it assumed the veritable living form of Dewdrop, who now extended her right foot to Dr. Wentworth so that he might take from it one of the slippers she had on when she began to de-materialize. Dewdrop then stooped and removed the other slipper from her left foot, and handing it to the doctor disappeared behind the curtain.

At the close of the séance Mrs. Hull was controlled by the spirit of her father, formerly a Baptist clergyman, who brought his entranced daughter to the entrance of the curtain, and through her organism dismissed the few members of the circle by prayer offered up in the old style of his sect, out of whose religious habits and order of worship he had not seemingly fully progressed.

Those who have been present at such a materializing séance as I have attempted to describe in small part, can alone realize how impossible it is for the most gifted with the pen to convey to readers a correct or even a faint idea of what has transpired, whilst for one ungifted in the use of language, like myself, to make the hopeless attempt, is comparable to a boot-black's seeking to convey to the eye the tint of the rose, the hues of the rainbow, or the rays of the sun, with his shoe-brush. The one is as impossible as the other.

Previous to the commencement of the materializing séance Mrs. Hull was entranced by the spirit of a Penobscot Indian squaw called Molly, who was well-known to some in the circle when she lived on earth. Molly told us that she was very ignorant, and came not to teach, but to learn of us. And yet I doubt whether out of all the utterances made by learned men on that Sunday evening in the pulpit of Boston, so many beautiful, not to say sublime thoughts, sentiments and truths could be culled, as fell from Molly's unconscious lips, while she sat for an hour munching sugar-plums with the organs of the entranced medium.

For instance, I asked Molly to tell us what there was in the plums she was tasting through the palate of the medium that assimilated with her spirit-body? Molly made several ineffectual attempts to solve the problem, and finally desisted by saying, "It is the god that is in them that I taste."

Again, Molly was asked to explain to us how spirits make the materialized bodies they come to us in, through medium power? This, Molly sought to explain with but little success, and finally got rid of the subtle question by asking another: "How (said she) does God make the roses?"

Again, Molly was asked to tell us what religious belief best prepared mortals for a happy entrance into the spirit-world? Molly told us that, in the spirit-world, there was an exact compensation made to all mortals alike for every good and evil act of their lives, and that the wiping away of a tear from a weeping eye, or the removal of one thorn from an aching heart, would be sure to be compensated with a rich reward, whilst not a word would ever be said of any one who entered the spirit-world without their religious belief.

"Blessed are the Peacemakers."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As we travel and breathe on the "dry bones," we discover that the power of the angel of the Lord goes with us, and by that power do we succeed. And everywhere where we attempt a work, we learn that Spiritualists never go back on their principles, and in secret, if not openly, feast upon the "living bread that cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world."

At Glen Lehigh (my home) Bro. C. W. Stewart, my yoke-fellow, gave two lectures and left a lasting impression for good. Here the most influential and intelligent portion of the community are Spiritualists.

MANCHESTER, ILL.

We were there on the 23d and 24th of June. This is one of the old spiritual camping-grounds. Years ago our people there built a free church under the sturdy oaks, and ever since it has been a tie of connection. Where a society is organized with property of this kind involved, it (the building) is a perpetual reminder of the call of our angels to use it and so keep alive the interest. Nothing can be done more practical by Spiritualists generally, when they do organize, than to build at once.

Arriving at Beloit, Wis., and sensing the blue air of that lovely city and the spiritual barrenness all around, we felt depressed and socially chilled. Were our spirit friends trying to clear a spot for us to stand on, submerging us with the dead elements and making us Aaronic scapegoats for the sins of the people? In the thick magnetic darkness we groped our way to that county seat, and had a welcome home at Bro. Daniels', who is a solid veteran in the cause we love. There, and at the home too of Gilbert Ellis, an old pioneer, we rested and wrestled with our angels for a blessing. Saturday, the first day of the meeting, only about a score present. But like the auctioneer, who calls his hearers in by talking, we surveyed the ground, reviewed the causes of the cloud that hung over our spiritual landscape, held out the olive branch, and pointed to the dove waiting at the door of our souls. But the door stirred not, it seemed barred, rusted in, and the light shut off as in a sepulchre. Sunday morning the attendance increased; familiar faces greeted us, but various chairs were vacant; death had removed some to the angel side, and their visible presence could only be discerned by the spiritual eye; each one left brought there a heavy care, a load of mental depression, a hunger of soul so great that we both staggered under the pressure. Folks who do not understand these influences laugh and scorn, but the mediumistic and all who depend on spiritual inspirations appreciate every such emotion, that is as a cry of the soul for even one ray of light to lead us into breathing liberty. Never could be better demonstrated the absolute inefficiency of ourselves alone to lift up our fallen standard. In the silence a prayer did go up to heaven for strength.

My faithful co-laborer supported me in my morning effort to find the fountain hidden under those ivy fetters. At length the crust broke, the water of life gushed up, the unity of the spirit prevailed, eyes were full of hope again, and the pentecostal feast to the close; and when Bro. Stewart in the afternoon spoke with his inspirations powers concerning the interrelations of the earth and angelic world, there was a glow of soul, and we were "all of one accord and in one place," and the plence of gratitude became the gate of heaven. By virtue of our trust in the spirit, and by the calm and deep-hearted appeal to the people to rally again and march on this time united and strong, the victory was again complete.

The good friends there amply compensated us, even more than we could expect, thanked us with tearful eyes, told us to come again, cheered us with words that will ring in our memories, as voices that spoke above all "buried tabernacles," as in the testimony of the prophet: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace."

As we thus go on from conquest to conquest, trusting in our higher inspirations, we feel "with no self-pride that our angels have ordered this undertaking of ours, and that we shall surely prosper in it. No more of strife, we say, no more of internal fightings, but liberty with charity, peace with justice, righteousness with truth, wisdom with love, and obedience to the heavenly order for spiritual construction. We were all proffered a new flower from the angel gardens, the flower of immortal hope; it was so beautiful and sweet, in our starvation, in our philosophical analysis, we tore it into shreds to find its soul, and in vain sought for its life-giving properties in the ruins. But another buds for us, and let us cherish this, leave it to grow unplucked, unharmed, for the blessing of the world. Yours in angel ministry,

J. O. BARNETT.

Spiritual Phenomena.

[From the Boston Investigator.]

Mr. Editor—I did not think to trouble you again upon this subject, but Mr. James S. Williams's letter in your last seems to call for a few words in reply.

Mr. Williams says he has attended five hundred séances and failed to get the evidence he is in search of. We hear of people afflicted with color-blindness who can see what is apparent to everybody else. I think Mr. W.'s mental make-up must be something of this character. On other grounds can explain why facts that have convinced millions of others should fail to convince him. I would recommend to Mr. W. that he read Crookes's Researches in Spiritual Phenomena; by which he will see that the subject will bear the closest scientific investigation. Or he might read the work of Prof. Hare of Philadelphia, who also experimented in the matter. This gentleman said, in his day, it had convinced thousands of Materialists. I have myself known hundreds of Materialists converted to Spiritualism, including Dr. Sexton and H. G. Atkinson, the well-known literary, but I never heard of a single Spiritualist going back to Materialism. Indeed, I do not see how it is possible for one who has been convinced of the truth of Spiritualism—one who has been convinced by the force of facts appealing to his sensuous perception, to adopt the Materialistic faith again. As well might a man who had seen a photograph taken and acquainted himself with the process, deny the fact of photography.

Yours, &c., ROBERT COOPER.

PUBLIC MEETINGS, ETC.

Michigan State Association of Spiritualists.
The Semi-Annual Meeting of the Michigan Association of Spiritualists will convene at Bookford, Kent Co., Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th.

This season of the year being favorable, a large attendance and representation of free thinkers is anticipated. Let us hope to begin a new era in the pages of Modern Spiritualism, wherein a well organized practical work shall successfully accomplish great results.

All persons desirous of becoming members of the Association, will please send their names and \$1.00, as a fee for membership, to Dr. J. V. Spencer, Treasurer, Battle Creek, by enclosing you will send your influence to the cause we advocate and aid us to the better future, materially, of our race.

During the summer months we wish to call as many grove meetings as possible. Talented speakers are ready for the post, and people anxious to know of our faith. Any local society, or group of friends, or church, or other body, or such a gathering, can correspond with the Secretary, at Battle Creek, and thereby complete their arrangements, and thus secure EARLY their choice of location.

We especially invite all lecturers in the State to attend the semi-annual Convention, as we hope to combine our efforts and establish some plan of work for all willing to labor in the broad field of Reform.

A. B. STIMNEY, President.
A. B. STIMNEY, Secretary.
C. O. MONTGOMERY, Director.
Geo. W. WINTHROP, Jr., Consulting the Executive Board.

Grove Meetings.
At Port Huron, Mich., on Sept. 12th, at South Haven, Mich., on Sept. 13th, at Newburgh, Mich., on Sept. 14th and 15th, at Lansing, Mich., on Sept. 16th and 17th, at Flint, Mich., on Sept. 18th and 19th. These meetings will be held under the auspices of the Michigan Association of Spiritualists, and other good friends who will be in attendance.

others are expected: Oliver B. Robbins, of Detroit, C. D. H. Mills, of Syracuse, J. H. Hart, of Auburn, J. P. Manning, of the Investigator, Boston, T. H. Brown, M. J. of Birmingham, and H. J. Green, of Salamanca.

It is proposed at this meeting to organize a Central and Western New York Free-Thinkers' Association. Those who desire to contribute toward the expenses of the meeting may send their contribution to:

J. M. CASAD, Wolcott, N. Y.

Convention at Lockport.

The Spiritualists of Western New York are invited to meet in Quarterly Convention at Good Templars' Hall, in the city of Lockport, on the 1st, Friday, Saturday and Sunday in August next. Meetings on Friday, at 7 P. M., and on Saturday and Sunday at 9 A. M. and 7 P. M. Those who desire to contribute toward the expenses of the meeting may send their contribution to:

J. M. CASAD, Wolcott, N. Y.

The undersigned, owing to the fact that greater facilities are afforded for real enjoyment and instruction at grove meetings than in any other way during the summer months, propose holding a series of such meetings wherever the friends of the cause will furnish a grove properly kept, and make all the other necessary arrangements.

Let the friends awaken to the importance of seeking their spiritual armor bright, and let us show the hosts of old fogies that we can keep the car of progress moving in spite of bloody, benighted, and "hard times."

If the friends will do their part by furnishing the place, we will do ours toward giving them an enjoyable and profitable meeting, relying on the generosity of the lovers of truth for our remuneration.

J. W. STEWART, Geneva, Wis.
J. O. BARNETT, Glenbrook, Wis.

Congress of Women.

A Fifth Congress of Women will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, October 10th, 11th and 12th, in Case Hall; the daily sessions beginning at 10:30 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.

ALICE O. FLETCHER, Secretary.
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I shall know his Angel Name.
Waiting 'mid the Shadows.
Beautiful Land of Life.
The Willing Worker.
Home of God.
Trust in God.

Angel Visitation.
Sweet Reflections.
Looking Over.
Gathered Home.
What is Heaven?
Beautiful City.
Not Yet.
Looking Beyond.
Let Men Love One Another.
Strike all your Harps.
Tenting Nearer Home.
Welcome Them Here.
Voices from the Better Land.
Chant—Come to Me.
Invocation Chant.

SELECTED:

We shall Meet on the Bright Celestial Shore.
Angel Care.
Tney'll Welcome us Home.
Welcome Angels.
Come, Gentle Spirits.
Repose.
Sweet Hour of Prayer.
Chant.
Moving Homeward.
Come up Hither.
Bethany.
Only Waiting.
Evergreen Shore.
Gone Before.
Chant—Hymn of the Creator.
Freedom's Progress.
Chant—By and By.
Shall we Know Each Other There?
Angel Friends.
Gentle Words.
My Home beyond the River.
Just as I Am.
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In quiting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer for any article indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter of our own selection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend or perusal.

Banner of Light.

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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 discloses the Future existence of man.

The Vaccination Fallacy.

A California correspondent, who states that he is a regular physician of many years' practice, writes us that in his experience he has ever found that vaccination has been productive of good, and not of evil, as others have declared, and wishes us—since we also have repeatedly pronounced against that system of treatment in relation to small pox—to give him some better remedy, if we know of one. Small pox, to our view, is directly traceable to impurity of the blood; whatever tends to purify the system and to rid it of all latent and transmissible humors, is to be greatly esteemed as a preventive of not only small pox, but of most diseases. In fact, impure blood is the fruitful spring of nearly every disorder, bringing weakness to the nerve centres, paralyzing the usefulness of the involuntary vital organs as well as those which serve as the voluntary agents of man's will in the physical, and furnishing the vehicle on which, in proportion to the corruption of the life-current, maldies of every character may invade the system with more or less certainty of success.

Now this impurity of blood, caused by improper food, absence of exercise, and departure from the rules of Nature in general, is not only the chief spring of disease in the person in whom it exists, but by the operation of vaccination it is transmissible to the veins of healthy persons, carrying with it the deadly seeds of disorders, some of them far transcending small pox in their effects, dooming the unfortunates, who sought the aid of the physician to administer the virus, to suffer from life-long ailments, among which may be reckoned diseases of the optic nerve, sometimes terminating in blindness, terrible, scrofulous affections, rheumatic affections, disturbances of the cerebral functions, etc., etc. We are personally acquainted with a middle-aged individual in this city whose whole early life was, as it were, blasted by the introduction of impure vaccine matter into his system by a well-meaning but deceived family physician, while he was yet a mere lad; years passed before he was able to shake off the incubus thus engrafted upon him, and attain to even an approximation of the ordinary strength and health which should be the rightful possession of every one of God's creatures. We are also knowing to several cases in the army during the late civil war, where men vaccinated were either obliged to suffer amputation of the arm, or were so otherwise disabled as to necessitate their discharge from the service—and this terrible affliction was forced upon them by an inexorable military law, as a safeguard against a disease which was by no means prevalent to any marked extent in the district where the brigade to which their regiment was attached was stationed.

Our spirit-friends have, from the first hour of the establishment of the Banner of Light, warned us against the practice of vaccination, prophesying that the time would one day come when the eyes of humanity would be opened to the enormity of this act. To our mind, the true antidote for small pox—and the only one—must be found in the effort to follow nature as to the course of life, and to keep the blood pure by proper diet and due exercise.

The evidence daily strengthens, even among the physicians themselves, in condemnation of this practice of vaccination the more it is submitted to thorough investigation. Take, for instance, the lecture delivered some time since by Dr. Gunn, Professor of Surgery in the New York Woman's College, at the regular monthly meeting of the Brooklyn Academy of Medicine, on "Vaccination, its Fallacies and Evils." His statements were fairly startling in view of the pretensions which are set up for this common and legalized practice. He began with saying that he entertained entirely different views on the subject from those generally accepted by the profession. He believed vaccination to be the most absurd of fallacies and the most pernicious to the well-being of the human race. He did not believe that a single person had been protected from small pox by it, while he knew that serious evils and often death have resulted. This general conclusion he arrived at from the knowledge he had gained while on a medical committee of a society to which he belonged.

Statistics show that the ravages of small pox were greatest when commercial communications between nations began to be universal; and the first ravages were greater than the subsequent ones. The ravages of the discovery were rectified by Dr. Gunn, who furnished all his statements as he proceeded. Being asked whether vaccination was a protection of small pox, he answered that

he thought not. Of the fatal cases in London during the past few years, the greater number were vaccinated persons. During the late epidemic in England there had been twenty thousand cases of small pox, eighty-five per cent. of which were pronounced protected by vaccination, and still not less than five thousand of this number died.

Then he referred to his personal experience with small pox patients, where the majority of fatal cases were those of vaccinated persons. The repeated efforts made in New York and Brooklyn to stamp out the disease, had not been successful, for it still prevailed. But he said that the appalling evils of the practice of vaccination condemn it as a crime against an unsuspecting public.

Being inquired of why so many in the medical profession continued to advocate the practice, he answered in this manner: In England there is a regular vaccination aristocracy, that is receiving millions of public money; and it is clearly for the interest of this powerful class to favor the practice and falsify statistics. There is also an army of public vaccinators in every large city who are supported by public moneys. And there are very many physicians who derive a part of their income from the practice. And other thousands of medical men had simply been taught to follow it. But he ended with reiterating his assertion that it is a fallacy, and predicted that it would eventually be destroyed.

Man's Enemies.

Rev. Mr. Hopworth, who was formerly an Unitarian and preached in this city, but who now carries on the Church of the Disciples in New York, in a recent sermon made a pointed allusion to the fact that we are at all times surrounded and influenced by the invisibles. He says this as a public preacher, maintaining the faith of Old Theology; but he knows it only as a medium, the characteristic gifts of such being consciously his. Otherwise he would neither say nor be led to say such things as he did in this sermon. They would never have come into his head save through the knowledge he has gained as a medium. He said, for instance, that the enemies we have to encounter are of a peculiar kind. They are not physical, but spiritual. They are called in the Scriptures the powers of darkness—the powers of the air. They are very subtle enemies. They come in the shape of evil thoughts; they beset us with promises they are not able to pay; they tease us; they fret us; they fill us with doubts concerning holy things.

It is truly lamentable to find a man who deems himself good enough to preach the gospel to others so beset with the spirits of darkness, impressing evil thoughts upon his mind, cheating him with their hollow promises, teasing his comfort and content out of him, fretting him when he of all others ought to be level-headed and calm, and stuffing his mind with doubts about holy things. Such a man as he professes himself to be could not very well be for a moment in doubt concerning holy things. He ought not to be even distantly approachable by the spirits of evil. They should shun him as one who has nothing in common with them whatever. We are told, and Mr. Hopworth knows it himself perfectly well, that good or evil spirits approach us according to the condition of our receptivity. We repel the evil if our thoughts and aspirations are pure; and invite them if our inward life is one with whose character they affiliate.

We are told in the Scriptures, said Mr. Hopworth, "that the air is occupied with hosts of angels. We are not only watched by the eyes of those who have gone before, but we are guided by unseen hands. Many of us are turned away from our wretched paths we know not why, by those whom God hath sent. The other world, said he, is not far from us; it is nearer than we think. We are seen by those who are beyond, and many a time angels' eyes weep over us. We are not alone when we are most alone. Solitude is an impossibility in human life." If, added Mr. Hopworth, there are good spirits, there are also bad spirits. Yes, said he, there are influences in the air for evil as well as for good. He admits the existence of spirits in the widest sense. He allows their continual presence with us, their constant influence over us, and our monitions from them when we are unable to account for a sudden turn in our conduct. What is this but Spiritualism?

And now we openly charge Mr. Hopworth with preaching Old Theology with the assistance of his unborn gift of mediumship. He may change his creed as many times as he chooses, but he never can cast out that divine, that ineradicable gift. "It is the living fountain in his soul, and all the rest is formula, complacence, love of applause, and the comforts and rewards of worldliness. What he says as a preacher that is at all original and striking, like what we have quoted above, is the result solely of his gift of mediumship. The rest is the covering of theology, and a motley dress it makes him at the best. Mr. Hopworth never would say that we are never less alone than in solitude, unless he knew it to be true from his own personal experience. He never would declare the other world nearer to us than we think for he had not personally found it out. He confesses to his people, not what he has ever learned from the spirits through a medium, but what he knows direct from the spirits themselves.

Robert Cooper, Esq., informs us that while he was engaged with the Davenport, in England, and before the decease of Mr. Guppy, that gentleman made frequent essays to satisfy himself of the verity of the power working through these media—one of which experiments strongly resembles the "skain of silk" phenomenon related on pages 66 and 67 of the late Mrs. J. H. Conant's "Biography." The trial was as follows: The Davenports, being present at the residence of Mr. G., he arranged a knotted string inside a cigar box—closing the lid tightly, and placing the box on a table in plain sight of all present and in full light. He then requested the unseen operators to untie the knot in the cord. The party carefully observed the box, but were much surprised in a few moments to see the same string, with all its knots untied, dropping downward from the ceiling upon the table—no disturbance of the box-cover being noticed by any of the company present. Mr. Guppy thus received the test he desired, and an additional one which no person in the party had ever dreamed of asking.

Read the interesting letter on our first page, from the pen of J. William Fletcher, (now at No. 14 Southampton Row, London,) wherein he sets forth the rights and feelings expected by "A Medium in Rome."

The Banner Message Department.

We desire to call attention to the communications to be found on the sixth page, present issue, as given through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, at the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Room. In the "Questions and Answers" Department, freedom from deformity in the spirit world, the true meaning of the term "Messenger of Death," and the best method of forming family circles for manifestations, are closely treated; Michael McDermott preaches a practical temperance discourse; Julia H. Stiles informs her friends that "my heart's desire is now fulfilled, for I can play and sing. The undeveloped part of my nature is brought out"; Avery Babbitt reports, according to the request of his friends; Rufus Pearl assures his kindred that "all I ever dreamed or thought of, all I ever supposed or even imagined, concerning spirit-life, is more than true"; James H. Lounsbury wishes to communicate with his friends in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Josephine E. Lilly, of Baltimore, Md., states that she desires "to reach some dear ones here, that perhaps I may point them to what I feel is the true way of salvation"; Garrie Wood, of Ashuelot, N. H., re-crosses "the little brook" of death to bring to the loved on earth tidings of the happiness in the beyond; Helen G. Curtis assures her friends that "love is a strong tie; death cannot break it, it only makes it stronger. We return, as it were, on the wings of that principle to earth again, to give to our dear ones the breath of love"; Maria Davis brings a blessing to those who know her on earth; Horace W. Chandler is willing to aid, help and guide his friends if they will find him a medium through whom to speak to them; James Lawrence offers words of hope to his family, and, if not received by them, to the public generally; Henry Langman announces his sad condition of mind in the spiritual state, induced by his having entered that life through the gates of suicide; Mary Drew reports the restoration of her vision; Carrie Gibson wishes to have communion with her friends; Mary A. Duren promises better communications on the part of the spirit world than ever yet have been known, if those in earth-life will but give improved conditions; and Horace N. Stevens desires to be remembered.

Traditional Religion.

Matthew Arnold, in his latest collection of essays relating to religion and the church, sums it up by saying that the religion which rests on tradition has not much longer to live and must soon go by the board. He says it is rejected now by the advanced minds on the continent, and predicts its speedy rejection also in England and this country. "One cannot blame the rejection," says he; "things are what they are, and the religion of tradition is unsound and untenable. A greater force of religion in favor of tradition is all which now prevents the liberal opinion in this country (meaning England) from following continental opinion." The only fear he expresses is that in the rejection of traditional religion Christianity will be thrown aside also. To meet every objection that might be raised to the latter also, he argues that Christ's teachings "constitute a true religion without regard to their origin."

He insists that Christianity is a rule and principle in the government of the life, rather than a mere system of faith and subscription. And he urges that complete happiness is to be secured in this world by simply obeying the gospel precepts, even without regard to any future state of existence. Thus without the superstition in which it has so long been clothed he thinks it will live as a vigorous fact, regulating human lives and disseminating human happiness. Apropos to this steady decay of the superstitious and traditional sentiment in connection with religion, the Hartford Courant comes forward as a secular paper to explain the decline of the influence of the pulpit. It advances sundry reasons why the minister fails to exercise the spiritual and social authority that he once did, the greater freedom of theological discussion being one, another being the surprising enlargement of the influence of the press. It is the press that is doing a large part, if not the larger part, of this good work. That is a power of modern creation which Old Theology wrongfully thinks it can harness by setting up what it calls a religious press of its own.

No one can live in these favored times, realizing life as it differs from mere vegetation, and remain unmoved by the grand influences that are working around him. "We belong to our belongings," says one of Thackeray's well-known characters; consequently we as truly breathe the atmosphere of progress and movement spiritually as we do the outward atmosphere physically. We cannot, in fact, escape from it. Little indeed is it that men know of how much they are indebted to or limited by their surroundings. We are placed in them as in a web, and any attempt to jump back into the life of a century ago, or to precipitate ourselves into the life which is yet to be on the earth, is equally futile. Here we are, and here is where our destiny begins. This is our starting-point. From this date our whole future. Therefore what we behold going on around us is as much a part of ourselves as if we were purposely its artificers. We are to accept it, to work in it, to live it through in due sequence, precisely as we are to pass through the fixed stages of youth, maturity, and old age. The age, then, becomes just what we are. It feels the momentum which a long accumulated experience brings to it as a gift of force, yet it turns, and opens itself to the light that streams upon it from what is its own future but the past of others. Experience is the ballast, but no past time possesses any sort of authority to stop the progress of light and knowledge. Like the globe itself, we are all swinging in space, ready to receive influences and instruction from whatever quarter. It may well fill us with silent exultation to know of a certainty concerning ourselves and our destiny what our ancestors were not allowed so much as to dream.

A valued correspondent, writing from Baltimore, Md., under a late date, says: "You have my warmest acknowledgments for the very accurate setting up of my article in the last number of the Banner of Light. I have never seen more exact typographical execution in any journal; none to approach it in any weekly I know of. An appearance in it is like being in full dress from the hands of first-class artists."

T. A. Bland, M. D., has been writing up the Seventh Day Adventists of Battle Creek, Mich., for the columns of the Christianian Commercial. Dr. Bland is a rare scholar, and the daily press should (as it can) secure his services on reasonable terms.

New Books! New Books!

Our readers will bear in mind the fact that notwithstanding the stringency of the times the determination of the friends of free thought to increase the stock of liberal and spiritual books shows but little evidence of flagging. As an earnest of this we are called upon to announce two new works, one from the pen of Prof. William Denton, entitled "What was He? or, Jesus in the Light of the Nineteenth Century"—which will be brought out in about four or five weeks—and another by Herman Snow, of San Francisco, Cal., which will probably find issue in the coming autumn. Of the work which he proposes to publish Prof. Denton writes us as follows:

"We know more about the ancient Lake-Dwellers of Switzerland and Northern Italy than the Romans of two thousand years ago; and we know more about the life of the ancients than the life of the ancients. We are better acquainted with the ancient history of Egypt than the best informed Egyptian in the time of Ptolemy. Our ability to read the past with accuracy increases every day. It is, therefore, no wonder that new lives of the world's most illustrious characters are constantly being written. They will continue to be till the essential truth with regard to them is known.

"We are able to-day to write a better because a more truthful history of Jesus than any evangelist has written, because we know more about the man, and from our superior knowledge of nature can form a better judgment from what we do know. German and English criticism has delivered us from all belief in the infallibility and supernatural character of the scripture records, and left them free for investigation and comparison. Mesmerism, psychometry and spiritualism within the last fifty years have shed a flood of light upon the nature of man, and almost infinitely enlarged our ideas of his possibilities. What men in their ignorance attributed to the Gods and heaven created angels, we have learned are accomplished by human beings in and out of the body. Science will ere long advance with her 'conquering legions' and occupy the ground where superstition's tents are pitched, where her castles tower to the skies and her dungeons are crowded with a myriad victims.

"Many hints will be found in this sketch of Jesus, which it is but just to say that I owe to psychometric investigations, which may be more fully elaborated at some time. The present work is really but an introduction to the life of, in many respects, the most remarkable man that our planet has so far produced. Yet I think it will be found to give a more rational and satisfactory view of him than has been hitherto presented."

Mr. Snow's book will have for a title "Visions of the Beyond by a Seer of To-day; or, Symbolic Teachings from the Higher Life." The headings of its chapters as given below afford ample promise that the work will be of absorbing interest: "Resurrections," "Explorations," "Home Scenes," "Sights and Symbols," "Healing Hells of the Hereafter," "A Book of Human Lives," "Scenes of Beneficence," "Lights and Shades of Spirit-Life," "Symbolic Teachings," etc., etc. A glance at the sub-titles in the prospectus of the forthcoming work shows at once that it traverses a wide and varied field, and sharpens the mental appetite for the enjoyment of the store of good things to come. Due notice will be given of the appearance of these now contemplated volumes. In the meantime we call the attention of the reader to the announcement in another column concerning the works in preparation by M. A. (Oxon.) of England.

Seldom has so large an amount of truth found expression in so small a number of lines, as in the following paragraph from the Concord Monitor:

"A certain degree of independence is admirable in a newspaper, as it is admirable in a man. But when it degenerates into a mere expression of the individual characteristics of its conductors—reflecting their whims, caprices, fluctuations, jealousies, revenges, regardless of parties or sects, or 'any other relation of life,' we submit that, instead of enlarging and ennobling the sphere of human improvement, it is a hindrance. Newspapers wedded to principles, having a clearly defined mission, secular or sectarian, fearless in its propagation, or its defence, are the best representatives of modern journalism."

William Britten, Esq., and his wife Emma have arrived in London, and we see by the Spiritualist Journals there that efforts are making to secure the services of this lady and gifted medium for a course of lectures in England's metropolis. The following extract from a letter received by us from Mr. Britten, dated "Steamship Victoria, Atlantic, June 27th," details the fact that the voyagers had an extraordinarily pleasant passage: "We are at this moment in sight of Old Ireland, having crossed the Atlantic literally without seeing a wave and without the least sea sickness either to our aged mother or my wife. We hope to be back in Boston in about three to four weeks."

The House Committee in whose hands was placed the consideration of the petitions for the repeal of the law regulating (?) the practice of medicine and surgery in the State of New Hampshire, reported July 12th that the act and papers bearing thereon be referred to the next session of the Legislature, and that the commission to codify the laws report on it at that time. Mr. Durant, of Lebanon, denounced the law unsparringly, and said it ought not to remain in force another year, as it was clearly unconstitutional, but the report of the committee was finally adopted by 123 yeas to 80 nays, on a roll call demanded by Mr. Flanders, of Manchester.

An election for school trustees was recently held in Denver, Col., at which women were allowed the right of franchise. The News, of that city, gives a succinct pen-portrait of the scene, closing as follows:

"Everything passed off pleasantly enough, but there was a little quiet indignation at the attempt to run in an opposition ticket by bidding for the suffrage votes, and the women would have damaged the cause materially if they had suffered themselves to be led away captive by the scheme. Fortunately they did themselves the credit of voting according to their judgment—not their prejudice—and thus demonstrated the fact that they may be safely entrusted with the ballot."

The reader will find, on our eighth page, a brief article which glances at the life-work and seances of Mrs. Andrews, and refers to the added advantages given those who visit Cascade, through the combined power residing in the presence of Messrs. Bastian and Taylor. As the advance-battery (if we may be allowed the term) is now formed—Mrs. Andrews, with two powerful mediums as adjuncts—we feel convinced that the best opportunity extant on this continent is afforded those who desire to witness the remarkable phenomenon of materialization.

As animal and vegetable life require the sunlight to perfect their development, so the mind needs a moral sunshine if it would attain a wholesome growth—the moral sunshine of Spiritualism. Old Theology is like a pale, sickly plant in a darkened cellar, which shuts out the life-giving beams of the soul.

Charles H. Foster.

Who is now located at 30 Hardy Street, Salem, called out the following words of endorsement from that veteran Spiritualist of Lowell, A. B. Plympton, Esq., by his unmistakable service for the cause during his recent trip to that city:

"Mr. Foster gave great satisfaction while here to all who visited him. I have talked with several who had sittings with him, and they all testified to the unmistakable evidence of spirit-presence and power through his organism. Many skeptics have been convinced of the entire truthfulness and honesty of the man, and also that there is a most wonderful power which manifests itself in his presence. Many Spiritualists have had their faith and knowledge confirmed and strengthened. He has done a good work, in a short time, which we hope will continue to grow and thrive, so that many who are in darkness and ignorance may see the light of knowledge of the spirit that is in them, and of those who surround them in spirit life, and can through proper mediums communicate wisdom to guide, and consolation and hope to illumine the hitherto clouded pathway of life."

Mr. Foster announced that in September he will travel West and South, and perhaps extend his tour to California.

Highland Lake Grove.

The Spiritualists of Massachusetts, as well as all other good people, should bear in mind the fact that the eighth annual camp-meeting will commence at this fine grove on the 20th inst., and close on the 6th of August. Now is the time to improve the shining hours by getting in the shade. It should be especially noted in this connection that the celebrated lecturer and test medium, E. V. Wilson, Esq., will lecture and give tests from the rostrum at 10½ o'clock on Sunday morning next, the opening day, and that Miss LIZZIE DOTEN, the inspired poet and excellent lecturer, will address the multitude at 2½ o'clock in the afternoon, when the services will close with a grand sacred concert by the Franklin Cornet Band. For full particulars we have only to refer the reader to the advertisement on our fifth page of Messrs. Hatch and Richardson.

Miss Lottie Fowler.

Will remain in Boston, at her rooms 10 Oxford street, only about a week longer, therefore those who desire her mediumistic services must remember this intention on her part, and improve the passing opportunity. She goes from Boston on a summer tour to Sandy Hill, Glens Falls, and Saratoga, N. Y.

A letter recently received by Miss Fowler from the Countess Adeline von Vay, of Gombitz, Austria, has the information that that gifted lady is about to make an extended journey through Prussia, Holland, England, France, etc., returning to her home in October next.

There are some people in this world who vainly imagine they can win great moral victories by continual contention. This is the principal reason why the various church-sects are all split up. They profess to be peace-makers, when in reality they are strife-broaders. Rev. Mr. Malin, of the Bromfield Methodist church, is a fair specimen of this class of "reformers." Joseph Cook is another. Talmage another. Belows another. They are simply mistaken in their calling. Do these self-righteous preachers suppose they can crush out the beautiful truths of Spiritualism by their Pharisaical tirades? They might as well attempt to prevent the sun from shining, or the seed from germinating in the earth. Modern Spiritualism comes to liberate the human mind from the thralldom of superstition and bigotry at the behest of Infinite Wisdom, and it must succeed.

The mean fling at Spiritualism in the Springfield Republican's editorial comments on the trial of the Northampton robbers shows clearly the malicious bigotry of the writer. Such kind of stuff was common a century or two ago—but we had not supposed the fanatical bigotry that hung two persons and drove many others out of the State at that time simply for being Quakers, was to be resumed in this enlightened nineteenth century. Yet it would seem so, when a paper which calls itself respectable (as does the Republican,) goes out of its way to libel as intelligent and reliable a class of people as exists in any community simply because they believe in Spiritualism.

"Our Journal" for July, C. R. Smith, publisher, Bridgewater, Mass., reprints Capt. Edwin Barstow's communication as given in our sixth page Message Department, and refers to it as follows:

"We copy the above from 'Messages from the Spirit-World' through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Danskin, in Banner of Light of June 16th, 1877. As Capt. Barstow was so well known in this section of the country, the above cannot but be read with interest.

Copies of Journal containing above can be had at B. T. Crooker's—En."

The locality of the Banner of Light Publications, at Onset Bay Camp Ground, is at the Restaurant Building, fronting the bay, on South Boulevard, Dr. H. B. Storer in charge, where a large variety of our Spiritual Books and Pamphlets can be obtained, as well as the Banner. The Doctor will also take subscriptions for this paper.

By failure of the freight train to arrive in time the books and papers sent for last Sunday did not reach the grove; but hereafter all can be supplied.

After a sojourn of some five weeks in Boston and vicinity Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis—accompanied by his wife, Mary—has returned to his home in the "Kingdom" of New Jersey, followed by the best wishes of the thousands of the old and the plaudits of the many new friends this estimable couple have made at the "Hub." We understand the Seer purposes a short return to Massachusetts sometime in August next, when we shall "Bluff" him—that is, we shall take him to "Oak Bluffs."

The Cape Ann (Gloucester, Mass.) Advertiser, lifts the nail in the appropriate place, when it gives the following advice to the youth of its vicinage:

"Any of our young men readers who may have a hankering for a journey to the Black Hills, and cannot raise the money to go, can enjoy all its most attractive features by going over in the West Gloucester woods and wandering around for a couple of weeks with nothing to eat."

We are informed that a Mrs. Flynn, of this city, is holding public circles, etc., as is alleged, the materialization of spirits forms. Whether the manifestations are legitimate or assumed, we have not yet ascertained. Will some one who has been favored with a sitting inform us?

**The Eighth Annual
AMP-MEETING**

Bozrah, Mass.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1877.

"THAT SORT OF THING,"
OR SUNDAY HERALD.

BY J. WETHERS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Boston Herald is a creditable paper, and deserves for its good management and industry its large circulation and popularity. One of its smart moves was the giving space and fair treatment to Modern Spiritualism in its Sunday issue, thus recognizing it (whether true or false in its claims,) as a matter of interest to a large class of people, and who are a reading and thoughtful body. I think there is a falling off in the quality of the matter or getting up the items of the columns under the heading of "Spiritualism," since Haynes, temporarily we trust, laid down "de shovel and de hoe" in that department; it however keeps the subject before the people, showing like the departments, "Sports," "Yachting," "Stage," "Religion," "Racing," &c., that as a body to be considered they are not ignored. I suppose as a sort of sop, to take the course off of this necessary concession to Spiritualism, some unfair articles now and then appear in that paper; and Dr. Hayward having the same experience with Kirwan and wishing to tell his side of a late story "was declined," and the same of others, I have been told. I do not blame a paper for declining interminable controversies, but it is hardly fair for elaborate articles to be printed adversely, making Spiritualists out fools, and then getting on their side no hearing. But alas!

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
though it is a pleasant solace for all of the un-
heard, the knowers of what is truth in the mat-
ter, to feel as the poet writes in continuation—
"Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping guard upon his own."

Leaving poetry and sentiment, however, for our
prose, Modern Spiritualism will not cry, for
really, when you look at it, what a wonderful
bearing it has had during its life of less than thirty
years; beginning small, opposed by every insti-
tution, order, or body, but what else in human
history can show such a volume in a generation?

I turned from the "Spiritualism" column of
Sunday's Herald, 8th inst., not thinking it, as I
have said of late, so very attractive to Spiritualists
as to require any adverse article to mellow the
course, and read over a column under the head of
"State-writing," &c., and which has prompted
me to write this article. Of course I am aware
no reply is needed for the average Banner
reader who may have perused the article referred
to. The many who are not Spiritualists, but
readers of the Herald, and presume the writer
has seen, as he says, "a good deal of that sort of
thing," will not be likely to see what I here
write in reply. Still I shall feel better for hav-
ing my say, and I presume the Banner will for-
give me if I do not cover too much ground.

There is a "sort of thing" that the Herald
writer has not seen, and until he has it is not be-
coming in him to say of Spiritualism, "It has at-
tempted to prove much, but has failed in every
instance." At first I thought this article was
written by Kirwan, knowing him to be very glad
and very ready with his fair and adverse articles
when required to flavor or to tone down the Herald.
But Kirwan is no fool, so this must be a bird of
another color, for a man is a fool who says "It
has failed in every instance," for he must have
had experience of every "instance" before he
can make that statement. Now in rebuttal,
there has not been a year in the twenty years
of my experience in this subject, in which it has
not successfully proved to me its claim many times.

Verily, the egotism of skepticism knows no
bounds! The really great lights in science, even
in opposition, nor the great lights in religion (if
there be now any great lights under that head)
would be modest compared with some who, like
the writer that I am criticizing, know so much
about "that sort of thing."

This Herald skeptic explains to his entire sat-
isfaction how the state-writing can be done, and
locked slates and sowed slates inclusive. He
must think the Spiritualists a stupid set of fools
to be gulled in this "sleight-of-hand" way that
he infuses. No Spiritualist supposes that every
manifestation is honest, and no class is more
wide awake than they to the fact that both the
world and the church are full of cheats; but for
all that, a man who has not the experience of
having seen a slate with writing put on it, that
was not done by a human being but by some-
thing that claimed to be a spirit, and evidently
was done by that "something" and nothing else,
has something to learn, and this is the advice a
writer who has seen a good deal of "this sort of
thing" gives to a skeptic who has seen a good
deal of "that sort of thing."

It is amusing to see how easily and satisfactorily
this writer settles the pellet and sealed-letter
manifestations—"keeps his eye on one of them"
in all its shuffling! I have found Spiritualists
who have eyes in their heads as bright as the
mind of this Herald writer, and know how to
use them, and I can speak for some and know
they were not cheated, however much sleight-of-
hand may abound in the body politic, or the
body spiritual. (?) Never forget, my skeptical
friends, that one intelligent rap, or tipping, or
word written on a slate, or one pellet honestly
read—only one unmistakable, unquestionable
manifestation, in which there was no deception,
settles the whole question, (even if every medi-
um in the world is, or proved to be a cheat; not
that it is spirits, but it settles the question of
fraud, demonstrates a truth, and challenges the
scientific world. Study and investigation will
tell where mind-reading, clairvoyance, and un-
conscious cerebration leave off, and an outside in-
telligent entity comes in.

I have had letter-answering through different
mediums; more than once with three persons
now in my mind. I have written my letters at
home and sealed them and taken them to the
medium, and never for an instant losing sight
of them, had them answered fully, elaborately,
unmistakably; sometimes repeating verbatim the
long letter written, and then intelligently and
definitely answering it, no living human being
having read the letters, the medium knowing
nothing of their contents, and, after answering
them, not divining the subject of the letters until
I opened and explained them; and nobody then
but myself knew how near I was, so to speak, to
the Kingdom of Heaven, by having such satis-
factory proof that some who were dead (may I
say a family phrase without levity?) are "alive

and kicking," though their flesh and bones were
buried long ago! Yet this bright light of the
Herald has seen a good deal of "that sort of
thing," and "it has failed in every instance." Trans-
cendental genius! how can he say failed in
"every" instance, and was not a witness to my
successes? I suppose the fellow (or the fellow)
tried and did not succeed with him. Well, some-
thing did not with Kepler once, but it did with
Newton at a later date, and though this writer
evidently is not a Kepler, he will know more than
he does now, though so full already, when he
wakes up—on the other side.

He begins his article, by the way, with very
congratulatory remarks, which are very good if
they only rested on the bed-rock of truth. I need
not quote them, but say instead of the Herald
"undeciphering the world of the imposture prac-
ticed under Spiritualism, and opening people's
eyes," there has been a steady increase from its
commencement in 1848 to date; at times there
have been tidal waves, but all the time the tide
has been coming in. It is everywhere finding an
expression; to use the sublime language of David,
"There is no speech nor language where its voice
is not heard," and I think A. J. Davis would add,
in his stellar language, "The heavens declare its
glory, and the firmament sheweth its handi-
work." It permeates the churches, and is sav-
ing them from the old women; it speaks out loud
at every Christian funeral service, and nothing
else consoles the mourner. "The Lord gave and
the Lord taketh away" is a sort of theological
boon in the heart, but

"The tenderest whispers thence we hear,
From those who lately called around,
They love us still, since heaven is near—
Death is not loss!"

which is the language and the truth of the mod-
ern spiritual idea, is treasured in the heart, and
it responds, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Modern Spiritualism is flavoring literature
throughout its whole domain, disguise it as you
will; the galaxy of scientific men and scholars
who are now on its side weigh down in quality
and quantity those who oppose the subject or are
indifferent to it, including those who "have seen
a good deal of that sort of thing." I have more
to say, if I was writing to a purpose; but I think
I have trespassed on your time and space, and so
will let my pen rest.

The Children's Lyceum.

Notice to Lyceum Children.

The Conductor of the Boston Children's Lyceum
requests all the children and leaders con-
nected with the Lyceum to assemble at Roches-
ter Hall on Wednesday, July 26th, at one o'clock
P. M., to receive tickets for a free excursion to
Highland Lake Grove on the 28th. It is hoped
that parents will allow their children to attend
this social out-door gathering.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

We have received the following letter from the
Conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum
of Boston, wherein he speaks of what it was his
privilege to hear and to witness during his recent
tour to New York State:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
By invitation of the officers of the N. Y. and
N. E. Railroad Company, on Saturday, June
30th, I stepped on board the cars for my trip,
arriving in New York City at an early hour on
Sunday morning. After partaking of breakfast,
I at once commenced the duty of the day by
crossing over to Brooklyn, for the purpose of at-
tending the Lyceum service there. Upon arriv-
ing, I found the school most comfortably quar-
tered in Everett Hall, on Fulton avenue. Al-
though at this season of year it is not to be
expected to find Sunday schools in a very four-
ishing condition, I was somewhat surprised to
see so goodly a number of scholars and leaders
present at the session. At about eleven o'clock,
the Lyceum was opened by the Conductor—the
form of exercise varying somewhat from that of
our own in Boston. One feature which was
omitted, and one which I think very essential,
was the Grand Banner March; this movement is
generally conceded to be very pretty, and it also
pleases the young, as it gives them more freedom
than they can obtain in the old-fashioned Sunday
school.

The Lyceum of Brooklyn has a large amount
of talent among its scholars, and I was much
pleased in listening to the singing and recitations,
which were rendered most admirably by some
pupils. The following is the list of those taking
part in the exercises of the morning on which I
was present: Duett, Mrs. Clara Allen and Mr.
Charles Wolf; Miss Eva Oredler gave two fine
recitations; little Rachel Cook recited "Pictures
of Hope," with fine effect; Miss Leona Cooley
executed a pleasing song; recitations were also
given by Albert Harrison and Julia Folk.

The following are the names of the officers of
this Lyceum: Conductor, Mrs. A. E. Cooley;
Guardian, Mrs. C. E. Smith; Watchman, Mr. C.
R. Miller; Reception Committee, Mrs. E. J. Hus-
sey; Pianist, Mrs. Clara Allen.

I found in Brooklyn many earnest workers for
the interests of the children. Learning that the
New York City Lyceum was closed for the sum-
mer vacation, I at once decided to spend the day
in Brooklyn. In the afternoon and evening I
listened to the sound talk of that able expounder
of Spiritualism, Mr. E. W. White. The hall was
well filled, and the discourses listened to very at-
tentively. During my stay in this city, I formed
the acquaintance of many, and received kind at-
tentions at their hands, for which I wish to return
thanks.

At the evening meeting many of the officers of
the New York Lyceum were present and ex-
changed congratulations, and on Monday I found
myself their guest.

In behalf of the Boston Lyceum, an invitation
was extended to all taking interest in the wel-
fare of the young to be present at the Conven-
tion to be held at the Highland Lake Camp Meet-
ing on the 28th inst., and quite a number signified
their intention to be present. Among those
whose homes I visited, I desire to refer to Dr. A.
M. Smith, No. 425 Vermont avenue. I found him
and his wife able workers for the cause. The
Doctor is one of the most powerful healers of his
day, and his house is daily crowded with those
seeking his aid. His wife is not only connected
with the Lyceum movement, but she belongs to
nearly all the liberal associations in the city.
Nevertheless, she finds time to sell about forty
copies of the Banner of Light weekly. Altogether,
my visit, although short, was a pleasant one.
I trust are long to meet many of these friends in
Boston.

J. B. HATCH.

On Sunday, July 8th, the Children's Lyceum
at Sowerby Bridge, Eng., held its anniver-
sary meeting.

The Tuesday evening mediums' meeting
and seance is continued through the summer
months at Green & Martin's Hall, corner Lake
and Wood streets, and indications are that were
the ball larger, still more mediums would be
found. It may seem an overstatement, but the
fact is ascertainable, that there are to-day in Chi-
cago and its suburbs, of public and private me-
diums developed in one or more distinct phases,
more than a thousand, while of those not fully
developed we will not presume to speculate.—
Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Barnum's circus has been in Chicago this week,
and the Western Journal and Chicago Herald, accom-
panied by their own reporters, have been to the
circus, and in getting the wonders of Barnum's animal
kingdom.—Chicago Alliance.

The Theosophists again speak.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
SIR—Having long since ceased to take the Reli-
gio-Philosophical Journal, I have not enjoyed the
benefit of its criticisms upon my friends and my-
self, except at second-hand. Thus, a recent pa-
graph condoning with Spiritualists over the pre-
tended failure of the Theosophical Society to im-
port a Hindu Fakir, and to show up their expect-
ed Elementary Spirits "in a column of vapor,"
reached me only through the kind and helpful kind-
ness of the editor of the Boston Herald, who put it
where he doubtless thought it would do me most
good.

A few weeks ago, a notice by the Theosophi-
cal Society to the public, officially signed and at-
tested, appeared in the Banner, the London Spir-
itualist, and other journals. It stated:

1. That the Society having been a secret body
since the first, and the Fellows all being bound
by solemn obligation not to reveal any of its pro-
ceedings unless specially authorized so to do, no-
body could possibly know what we had done of
good, bad, or indifferent; unless some obligated
Fellow had proved himself or herself so dishonor-
able that no one could believe anything they
might say;

2. That when we got ready to speak we would
speak—if we thought it would do any good, and
had anything we did not prefer to keep to our-
selves.

The comments of your contemporary upon the
alleged tale-climbing, dissembling, and arm-
stabbing feats of the Oriental jugglers are char-
acterized by such a spirit as to make it clear
that the day is not yet come to tell, in that quar-
ter at least, the smallest part of what we or any
of us may have seen. The mutually corroborative
accounts of many trustworthy travelers appar-
ently weigh nothing against his prejudice and
preconceptions, so why should we speak?

It is not of so much consequence to us that one
or two more editors should believe in Elementary
and Elemental Spirits, that we should subject
ourselves to a moment's inconvenience. We are
not paid miracle-purveyors. The field is open to
whomever may choose to glean it. Let them
read, study and experiment, before making
themselves ridiculous by talking of things they
do not comprehend. How much better if all ed-
itors would imitate your prudent reserve! The
true scientific spirit is that which displays neither
prejudice nor dogmatism, but calmly and dispa-
sionately waits for truth to show itself.

When Madame Blavatsky's work appears in
September, you will find that there is at least
one person in the Theosophical Society who
knows what she is talking about, even though
she talk about Elementary spirits.

HENRY S. OLCOTT,
President of the Theosophical Society,
No. 71 Broadway, New York.

Cascade, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I would like to say through your columns to
those who desire to investigate the truths of
Spiritualism and converse face to face with their
dead, that an unsurpassed opportunity now offers
itself at Cascade, the beautiful home of Mary
Andrews. Those two remarkable and perfectly
reliable mediums, Bastian and Taylor, in con-
junction with Mrs. Andrews, hold seances every
day, in which can be witnessed the most start-
ling phenomena, giving the privileged beholder
incontrovertible proof of immortality and the
power of earth's departed to return and hold
sweet communion with the loved ones who re-
main.

Mrs. Andrews, who as a medium has hardly
a peer, is a pure-minded, noble-hearted woman,
actuated by no sordid or mercenary motives;
but with the good of humanity at heart; she is
giving her time and very life itself to the service
of the angels and the good of the cause we all
love so much.

Her home is the resort of men and women of
education, culture and refinement, with whom
association cannot fail to impress the visitor
with the fact that Spiritualism is drawing to
itself the best heads and the best hearts of the
country.

At this place the manifestations occurring are
of the strongest and most convincing nature, and
the communications given are invariably correct
in every minute particular, leaving no room for
doubt or denial. And here is the place to drink
from the fountain of living waters.

Yours truly,

LEWIS S. DEZENBORG.

July 12, 1877.

New Publications.

FRUIT AND HERB: A Natural and Scientific Diet. By
Gustav Schlegel. Translated from the German by
M. L. Holbrook, M. D., Editor of the Herald of Health.
To which has been added a letter, by James G. Jackson, M.
D. This is a highly interesting and instructive little book,
and describes the manner in which it is held that man
ought to subsist in this world. The object of the author is
to show, from the standpoint of anthropology, physiology
and experience, from history, embryology and compar-
ative anatomy, and from an unperverted instinct and mor-
ality, that man is by nature frugivorous, or an eater of
fruits and grains, and therefore that they are sufficient
for his subsistence. And although necessity may have
driven him to resort to flesh rather than starve, yet that
has not changed his nature. The book is an original con-
tribution to the all-absorbing subject of food, and as such
will prove interesting and permanently instructive.
Globe & Holbrook, Publishers, New York.

LA GAVIOTA, THE SEA GULL, or The Lost Beauty,
translated from the Spanish of Caballero, the late female
novelist of Spain, is handsomely published by T. B. Peterson
& Brothers, and is pronounced the finest story writer
of the age. The Edinburgh Review says it is "the
best novel ever written in the Spanish language." The
author's novels were published in Spain at the Queen's
expense, and she is accounted the "Spanish Walter Scott."
She is a striking painter of manners, and works up the
details of a romance with remarkable pliancy and skill.

THE DEAD SECRET, the universally admired novel
of Wilkie Collins, who also wrote, among many others, "The
Woman in White," has been reprinted by the same pub-
lisher Philadelphia house. As a constructor of plots, Wilkie
Collins stands unsurpassed. None know better than he the
art of preserving the mystery to the end. His situations
will make the heart beat for an instant, so exciting are they. He is a genuine literary art-
ist, and it was never proven more satisfactorily than in
this widely popular story. From beginning to end, its in-
terest runs on without abatement. The characters are
boldly drawn and clear cut. It is altogether a masterpiece
of modern fiction, which readers of this department of lit-
erature will be only too glad to secure in its present attrac-
tive form. Both the above novels are to be had of the New
England News Company.

A HARVEST OF WILD OATS, by Florence Maryat,
author of "Love's Conflict," etc., etc., is a graceful and
charming story by a favorite English authoress, evincing
throughout a refined taste and true culture, and resulting
in a tale of positive interest and merit in which all readers
of fiction will be sure to take delight. Published by G. W.
Coxton & Co.

THE TRUTH SEEKER COLLECTION of Poems, Hymns
and Devotional, original and selected, for the use of Lib-
erals, is from the widely recognized pen of D. M. Bennett,
and will prove to be a most useful and handy manual for
those for whom it has been specially prepared. There are
few writers of Liberals which will not be found satisfied in
its pages. Published in neat book form by the New York
Liberal and Scientific Publishing House.

THE PEN AND PLOW—edited by J. Payne Lowe, and
published in New York—is received for July. This is an
able sixteen-page paper, whose columns are the vehicle of
most information on topics intellectual and agricultural,
its stated object being to encourage the culture of the mind,
which embellishes social life, and the culture of the soil,
which is the foundation of national wealth.

THE EVOLUTION—AM. K. Butts, editor and publisher,
31 Dey street, New York City—is received for July. The
present number worthily sustains the reputation won by
its predecessors, and the publication itself is urgently re-
commended to the attention of the thoughtful reader.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING—Noble Pease, Jr., editor,
320 N. 9th street, St. Louis, Mo.—is received for July.
Among the names appearing in its table of contents may be
noted those of S. B. Britton, W. F. Jamieson, Mrs. Kate
Osborne, and others; and "Questions and Answers," a
continuation of "The Phantom Form," etc., contribute
to fill up the remaining pages.

RECEIVED: THE HERALD OF HEALTH, for July. Wood
& Holbrook, Publishers, 12 and 14 Laight street, New York
City.

THE AMERICAN BUILDERS, for July, published by a
company of the same name at 175 Broadway, New York.

THE WESTERN, for July—A Journal of Literature, Ed-
ucation, and Art; E. H. Morgan, editor, 25 Louis, Mo.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

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or New York City, payable to the order of Colby & Rich, is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or
Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender. Checks on interior banks are liable to cost of
collection, and in such cases the term of subscription will be proportionally shortened in the credit.

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BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

The men who prey and fear not are many. Many of them
are church members, or have been. Under such circum-
stances who wonders morality is on the wane?

Joy, the murderer, is to be legally choked to death by the
State of Massachusetts in October next.

Present events in that country tend to show that France
will again be Napoleonic. "The Empire" will take the
place of the present Republic. It is only a matter of time.

Copied for the especial benefit of belligerent people:

"Oh, what some power the gift give us
To see our souls as others see us!
It was from man a blunder free us,
And foolish notion."

A somewhat simple or else sarcastic woman was asked
whether her husband feared God, and replied, "I guess
he does, for he never goes out on Sunday without his gun
with him."

The tendency of superstition to explain great disasters
at attributions of Providence, has received a queer check.
More than one pious believer would wince at such law as
this: "The fire insurance companies are said to have re-
fused to pay their claims by the Mount Carmel fire, which
caused several conflagrations by stores being over-
turned when the debris, claiming that these were 'acts
of God,' were specially excepted by the terms of the
policies."—Index.

Eight hundred feet of honey bees, in one swarm, cover-
ing an area of about 800 feet and two feet in depth, recently
passed by the Chobacco House, Hamilton. They came
from the direction of Manchester woods, and passed toward
Ipswich, Mass. When passing the Chobacco House they
were only about ten feet from the ground, and the noise
they made was alarming to those who did not see them.

"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a
gentleman, to a littleurchin whom he caught in the act of
sifting one from his doorknob. "Cause he sends me to
take it," innocently answered the youth.

What is needed is free, untrammeled access of women
to all fields of labor, and equal industrial training with
men. So girls should be encouraged to get education, for
she is in possession of a trade, profession, or business that
will give her a living.—Mrs. L. Moore.

An intelligent Irishman asserted the other day that this
country would be under the entire control, politically, of
his countrymen in less than twenty-five years. That this
is confidently expected by the masses of that nationality
there is no doubt. Under such circumstances, no wonder
Rhode Island has inaugurated a move to counteract such
effects.

The "money-changers" of the Old South church have not
succeeded as yet in "saying" that venerable institution.
When they do, it will be a monument of disgrace to all
concerned.

SO IS THE STORY TOLD.

A fair head meekly bowed,
A shy glance coming after,
Voice not over loud,
And a low, sweet laughter;
Up in the cottage old
Under the smoky rafter,
A fair maid smiling red
With an unknown feeling,
For shamed to bow her head,
But for her lover's kneeling;
So is the story told
Down 'mid the white and gold
Under the painted ceiling.

Boston contributed \$50,000 in aid of the sufferers by the
late disastrous fire in St. John, N. B.

President Hayes is determined to extinguish the wire-
pulling machinery of once-holders. If he succeeds, his
name will go down to posterity as a second Washington.
The fluttering everywhere is intense.

Bob Ingersoll's challenge: I will give to any clergyman
in San Francisco \$1,000 in gold to substantiate that the
ghost of Volney Davis was as dead as the ghost of the
damn. They told Tom Paine died in fear, in agony, hear-
ing devil's rattle chains in the other room, and that the in-
finite God went to work to frighten a dying man. I will
give a reward of \$1,000 in gold to anybody who will sub-
stantiate the truth of that story.

DOG CATCHER'S PREVENTIVE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—A
New York city journal devotes a couple of columns to the
experiences of one of its representatives who accompanied a
dog catcher (i. e., arrester of unmuzzled, collarless or
unlicensed dogs) on a raid of his through the streets of that
metropolis. A large and fiery spirit having been inter-
viewed by the "catcher," proceeded to badly mangle one
of the fingers of that official, whereupon the following
scene ensued:

"The blunders, of course," but "I ain't dangerous," said
the catcher; "it's only them people as gets frightened at
dog bites that dies from hydrophobia." Then taking a
piece of wood as long as his arm, he struck the dog on the
side of the head, and striking a match set the sulphur
alight, watching it sputter and burn with all the calmness of
a Christian martyr.

The word "Bible" comes from *biblos*, the name of the
reed of which paper was anciently made.

"Well, Digby," said Jo one the other day, at the same
time punching him in the ribs with an umbrella. "Can you
tell me how the ark was propelled?" Digby threw himself
into a meditative mood, and replied, "By a flood of cir-
cumstances," and his eyes sparkled like two rubies in a
plate of topos.

"Wrong," said Jo.

"Then I'll give it up."

"That's just what the people did after an ineffectual at-
tempt to get aboard of the floating menagerie," responded Jo.

"But I'll tell you, it was propelled by an oar."

"No," exclaimed Digby.

"No, there was no such show," returned Coe, "for
they only had one oar aboard."

"Fact," said Digby, "one Noah," and he handed Jo
Coe a fan to cool his excited brain.

Jones has discovered the respective nature of a distinc-
tion and a difference. He says that "a little difference"
makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts
lots of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

TO MRS. B. E. C. MY LANDLADY OF BULFINGH COT-
TAGE, NAHANT.

Madam I owe you much, for I had thought
that I for one had lost all earthly rest;
That nevermore in rosy realms of thought
My soul might soar and find each new thing best;
That nevermore I should be free to say,
Or rainbow shine through summer crystal tears,
As once they did in Youth's resplendent day,
But now I find—oh, how I love to say—
That I can compass all these earthly bliss,
And solid change of satisfaction win
From night and day, and from the dawn to this—
The glory, madam, and the praise be thine—
Thy bread-and-butter pudding is divine.
—Felix Arkwright.

Let us change the quotation in the case of Montreal, and
say—As Madame Roland might as well have said: Oh, reli-
gion, religion! "how many crimes are committed in thy
name!"

A naturalist claims to have discovered that c