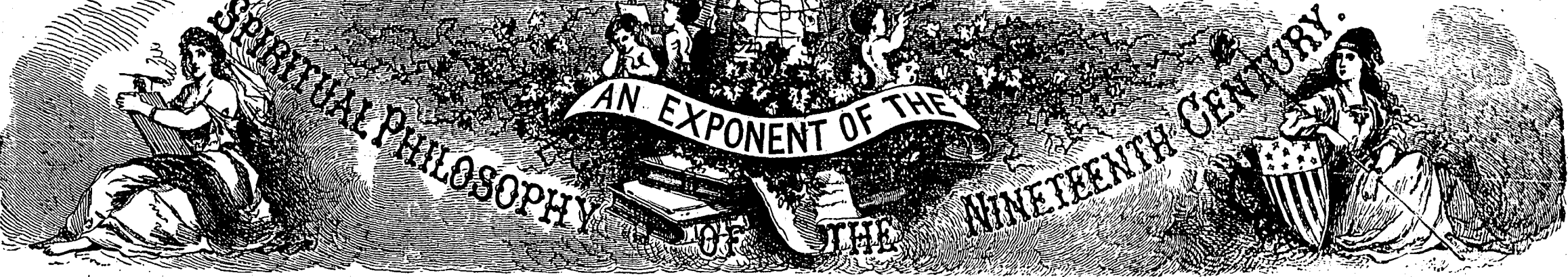


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLI. COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Proprietors. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877. \$3.15 Per Annum, In Advance. NO. 25.

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The Rostrum.

THE NEW NATION.

A Lecture Delivered by a member of the Spiritual Congress through the Mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at Chicago, Illinois.

(Reported especially for the Banner of Light.)

"Behold, I make all things new."

From the councils of your nation who have risen, not by ambition, but by human flattery, not by the voice of their fellow-men, but by merit to their places in the spiritual world—from those who still keep watch and ward by the gateways of life, with divine meditation contemplating the earthly state, and with highest hope looking forward to the future, I am appointed to speak to-day. I have no lofty words of eloquence, I have no gift of speech such as some have who control this instrument, but speak the truth. My words are those of conviction, and whatsoever I may say it comes not from outward love of display, but from inward consciousness that a voice to the nation and of the people may be of value from the spiritual standpoint of existence.

I consider that the people of this country do not sufficiently prize their privileges. I consider that they do not understand what it means to live in possession of the three-fold armor of liberty, which encloses them and protects them from invasion from all the civilized and barbarous world. I consider that the privilege of existing beneath so free a system of laws is such that, if he who reads the law of the ancients can judge aright, all who possess that privilege would bow in thanksgiving, would hold their right as a sacred and priceless gift, and would, rather than sacrifice it, do all things even to the end of living each moment a life of justice and righteousness. Clad in this three-fold armor, the Republic stands to-day the guardian of hope for the world. Clad in this three-fold armor, stronger than the mail of ancient warrior, stronger than the triple steel-clad armor that in ancient Greece and Rome protected the patriotism of those loved lands, stronger than Egypt's mighty hosts, is this system of invisible law that holds every human being in the hollow of its hand and protects even the unborn babe and the gray-haired sire.

The foundation of the Republic was, in itself, almost a miracle. The adaptation of the laws under a constitution that might only be altered by the united voice of the people, and the three-fold division of the government into the executive, judicial and legislative departments, fashioned in themselves a protection and a strong barrier against the encroachments of individual ambition and of the selfishness of combined bodies of men. But like all nations under human administration the highest is not appreciated; that which is possessed is not understood, and it is only when war, devastation, ruin or slavery creeps in that men understand the true meaning of the word Liberty, and appreciate the blessings that they possess.

Above all things the right of religious freedom, that for which the centuries have groaned, that for which seas of blood had been shed, that for which massacre, torture, inquisition and imprisonment had long existed, that for which saint in dungeon cell had pined, and the votary of a new faith had, going heavenward mid flame and fire, sought to attain—that is yours, has been yours almost from the beginning, and is the priceless boon above all others in the great jewel of your national existence. I wonder that men do not pause in the daily routine of business and pleasure, in the headlong pursuit of the wonderful god of gold, to stand upon this, the altar of their freedom, and praise God every day. I wonder that in the mad whirlpool and pursuit for high places of emolument and trust, men do not pause with reverent and uncovered heads waiting the voice that shall call them to the possession of power, instead of rushing madly where angels might fear to tread. I wonder that beneath this very dome (Snow's Academy), that is stately and typical of the ensign of your nation's freedom, men do not consider that they take their hearts and lives in their hands when they learn what it is to become fully endowed with the privileges of citizenship in this land. And it is not in a political sense that I speak of this; it is not with reference to any external process, any law-making or law-executing process that is familiar to those politicians who look upon the surface of things and see in the ballot box only a means of power, and in the high offices of the government only places for self-aggrandizement. It is not with the superficial view of those who glance at the rights and privileges of American citizenship merely from the standpoint of selfishness and the aim of individual ambition, merely because it protects their property, their individual rights, their freedom of speech and their liberty of conscience. It is because that beneath the eye of heaven, and unfolding even as forests unfold from the soil that is around them, this nation is the mighty outgrowth of the nations that have preceded it, is the flowering out of civilization, the unfolding of the perfect rose of life beneath the hand of God; and he who wantonly destroys its bloom or takes away from the fairness of its beauty, becomes a coward and a slave in the consciousness of those who understand the meaning of the rights of men. It is not because won with great suffering and heralded with a long line of torture the seeds of this nation's freedom were planted in victory; it is not because that after a century some of the evils incident to a new government have been wiped away by the baptism of blood; it is not because the heroes and sons of your own land have risen up to defend it against an old-time foe whose new offspring came forth in their hideous deformity upon your soil—it is not because of this; but it is because of a vast spiritual strata that has risen above the earth and fashioned a super-government therefrom, that in its turn yields to the nation and to

mankind the harvest of spiritual growth. It is because the ripening fruits of your civilization become the germs of future civilizations and of invisible kingdoms, whose voiceless words and soundless speech make vocal the air above you with wonderful prophecies and fulfillments.

All children born in this country, all children that reach the age of maturity upon this continent should be taught, as a portion of their daily religion, should be fed as a portion of their daily bread, the lesson of this government; should be made to feel that the freedom of the people depends upon them and their choice in life; should be made to know that the intelligence—that invisible something that penetrates all the atmosphere, that makes this morning glorious in the sight of every living creature here—that this intelligence constitutes the safeguard, the bulwark, the salvation of this government and people.

I am well aware that the time may come when each human being shall exist above law and shall be conscious of the divine possession of the individual right of justice. I am well aware that a nation or people may exist upon earth that shall not depend upon any bulwark of human law, upon any legislative, judicial or executive department for their freedom; but I am also well aware that the three-fold form of government you possess to-day may become exalted and typical of the Divine government, and that never, if you were to wait a thousand years, could you frame a form of law that would in itself comprehend the divine government of man above the law. And this is why I speak to you to-day with a voice not simply of warning and of external recognition, but with a voice of somewhat of prophecy. I see in the nation that which you, perhaps, cannot see. Nearness to the sun blinds the vision, and those who are afar off may behold its brightness without shrinking. I have been in the blinding light of this sun myself. I have seen its dazzling glory lurid with the blood-red flames of battle. I have wept with you over the heroes, the sons and sires of our own soil slain for the sake of freedom when the nation was nearly a century old. I have with you stood at the helm endeavoring to prevent the ship of state from running upon the shoals and quicksands of ambition, warfare and ruin. I have seen what policy has done even in the midst of the greatest peril and danger, sacrificing the nation to individual wish and ambition. I have known that unless there was an unseen, unless there were a superior power, unless other minds than those of earth governed and directed, the ship of state must have been wrecked; and I have known that it was no merit in you or in me; I have known that it was not because of our firmness, our greatness, our freedom from yielding to temptation nor our lack of selfishness, but because we were the right instruments in the proper place and time to do the bidding and wield the power of the Most High concerning this nation. And now I know that it is not what any man can do in your midst, though he rise up with the voice of a prophet, and though he speak and wield the power of eloquence of a law-giver. I know behind the scenes of outward life spiritual laws must have their sway, and that you are governed, as all are beneath the infinite, by those spiritual laws. And I see that the new nation which is to rise above that which is *debris* and seemingly corrupt, is a nation of spiritual recognition; that the blindness of vision and the external prejudice and materialism which have crept into life have robbed mankind of that consciousness of spiritual guidance which our forefathers possessed, even though it sometimes led them into bigotry. I believe that a new existence of spiritual life recognizes in the government a power of religion in all things connected with human administration—a power of spiritual law that shall bind men together, not by force of external circumstances, or advantages of civilization and commerce and trade, and a community of human interests merely, but by a higher law of human brotherhood that existed in the minds of the patriots who first framed the foundations of this government, and once more sprung into being when the life-blood of the nation was flowing and the foundations of human liberty were threatened with destruction.

All the time and every hour, where the Atlantic washes the shore and where the Pacific washes the shore, there is a voice going up from this nation that bids the people of the earth hope and look forward to ultimate freedom. All the time while you are contending with petty differences and factions here, in the far Orient the people that have long been persecuted and oppressed look to this nation as their final safety and hope. All the time when Italy went through the severest of her many severe struggles, and Garibaldi held the sword of freedom like a flaming fire above the nation, and when Italy waited for a king that could not condescend to make her a republic, even then Italian patriots looked to this country for the hope of their own freedom; and in a voice of prophecy, crowned by the life of that wonderful prophet, Mazzini, she spoke the word of freedom and blessing to her people. All the time when Russia was groaning beneath the serfdom of years there was a warning voice that made the Emperor know that the time had come to release them from bondage. All the time when France has been desolated by warfare, rapine and ruin, she has ever felt in her inmost soul that across the watery wave there was a sustaining voice and an uplifting power. All the time when Great Britain's sons have been tolling for the bare privilege of existence and daily bread, she has known that her noblest sons have spoken in behalf of human rights and human freedom, and the right of man to toil and earn his daily bread and receive that bread, because of the nation that was smiling across the water; because of the great lily of lands that lay smiling and fair beneath the hand of God; and all the time, her own children silent, the voice of the world has praised this land and helped her to reveal herself to the eye of heaven.

And now that this hope exists and is imperishable, and now that the walling nations through thither, and the shores receive them with outstretched arms, and the fields smile up with their glad fruition of harvest to those that had no bread, I say this nation were worse than Rome, worse than Egypt, worse than downtrodden and betrayed France, worse than all the minions of power beneath the sun if she did not smile back her thanksgiving to heaven, if she did not wipe from her record every stain, if she did not uplift her hands to heaven and ask that her feet might be guided forever in the pathways of truth and justice.

I speak to the souls of humanity to-day, not for country; not for the sake of the strip of land that stretches far from sea to sea; not because of the love of pride and patriotism—these I have outgrown. I am no longer of any nation. I do not recognize any place beneath the sun that is dearer than any other place, nor do I know that this spot of land called America is of more value in the eyes of heaven. I do not recognize you as fellow-citizens any more than the remotest being of the remotest island of the sea; you are my brethren

and they are my brethren. But I recognize here the opportunity, the blessed privilege that man has to become what God intended him to be in the way of life and in rectitude and government. I recognize that here each human being may expand and unfold in the wonderful fields of liberty and justice until he shall lean his brow against the very hand of God and not be afraid nor ashamed.

I have seen our risen statesman since he came out from the world of your existence and praises, our glorious Sumner, risen to his own place in the Spiritual Congress, not because of his individual greatness, but because of the light of truth and justice that led him on through all the years of his ripened manhood; and despite the imperfection which all possess, and despite the irritability of the later years, and despite the corruptions of place and power on earth surging around him, I see him now as a spirit, crowned by the deeds of his life, grown glorious in the words that he has spoken for mankind. And I say if this be the flower of the government, and the people blessed of all others on earth, why may we not have all politicians like this man? Why may not every child be taught to love truth for its own sake and justice for the sake of mankind, to refuse power and place for ambition's sake, and only accept it as a divine trust from the hand of God? And why may not every son of American soil read this history and learn what he may become?

I see the new nation. Its tremblings and forebodings are all around you in the air. The puppets which men use for party power, the playthings of temporary ambition, are to be swept away, and the new nation shall be born of the great heart of the people, shall be a portion of its life and its throbbings, and no man shall have place or power that is not beloved and honored and trusted in your midst. I see the tendency of this time, the storm sweeping over you, the rubbish cast away into the fiery furnace that burns not with literal flame but with the consuming fire of the judgment of God. I know that out of this fire shall arise new-born hopes and prophecies of a people disenthralled and redeemed from selfishness and pride, looking forward to the highest and noblest conquest, the victory over self and the expression before the eyes of men of all that light with which God has endowed them.

I see the new nation. Its tremblings are in the air; and instead of bickering and scorning and pride, I see the nation's congress assembled on behalf of the rights of the nation and all that is for the welfare of humanity, and all that shall lay the foundations for coming generations of time are builded and laid while every superfluous stone is cast away and every idle word dies ere it is spoken. I see the new legislators in their places; they are fresh from the hearts and minds of the people; they have been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. They are willing to serve, and they know that they must serve their country faithfully. I see the new executive department—not men corrupted by political contest—not those who have waded through combinations of place and power with ambition corroding their hearts and lives, but risen from the midst of the people, the off-spring of your own lives, the fruition of the blessed freeds of the land, called from their places of private trust to the loftier position of public trust, that they may wield the affairs of the nation in simplicity and purity.

I see the judiciary when the last of the old laws shall have faded away—the risen sons of your own soil who have learned to know the law of the land as a righteous text-book, and to interpret it according to the highest standards of human justice and liberty, crowned with laurels not won from the bleeding hearts of those whom they have persecuted, not won from criminal courts where they have sent victims tortured into the world of souls; but from the just interpretation of laws of equity, where each human being is adjudged to be equal in rights and privileges with his fellow being, and no law is evaded, and none are condemned without justice. And I see your sons and maidens, with full knowledge of their rights and privileges, rising up in the new nation, hand-in-hand together, teaching philosophy, expressing the law of the land wherein God is wedded to earth even by the light of divine freedom.

I hear no more the clanking chains; I see no more the dismal dungeon; I hear no more the voice of those that violate laws which are fashioned perhaps not in their favor. But I see that every man is made beautiful by the sunlight that gleams upon him from his fellow-men; and even as this orb of day beautifies all upon which it shines—beautifies the streets and the darkened ways and the alleys, and even the dim chambers where in silence and poverty some human being has waited for this light, so will the light of the nation, like a sun, shine upon all and in their darkness illumine them, bringing them out of all corruption and corroding need. And I see that every human being in this blessed land, that has for its counterpart and prototype the land which I now inhabit, will feel the tremblings and thrillings of that higher life, and will know that it is not the flower, and not the tree, and not the external form, but the spirit of it and the life of it that is valuable to the soul of God; and that even as we speak the word which we have learned in our high estate, so will you each speak the word to those that are less favored than yourselves, and all become teachers, prophets, preachers in this new dispensation of light and harmony.

The laws of the nation shall no longer be separated from the laws of life. Religion shall not have her separate ways, silent and alone, set apart for special obligation and praise; but the sanctuary shall be wherever there is labor for willing hands to do and pathways for willing feet to tread. I shall see a religion in this new nation that shall blossom out into its laws, not by arbitrary hands nor power of law-making, but by the lives of those who are there called upon to perform their duties. And I shall see that the shedding of blood has not been in vain, and that the tears have blossomed out into flowers, and that there has risen from the disappointment and embittered hopes of many bad men the fruition of lofty praise and higher love of good and godly men.

I shall see that this will come not because men of themselves have appointed it, but because the sun shining all the time upon the earth will bring forth the fruits and flowers, the germs being implanted there by the hand of the Infinite. And so, as the divine sun of truth shines upon you, my friends, down through the Congress of Spirits that wait in silence and in prayer for the fruition of justice on earth, down through those hosts of mighty minds that, uplifted beyond fear and praise and human power, wait, with voices of benedictions and with souls attuned to human love, for you to recognize their presence, wait for you to emulate their lives, wait for you to answer back unto their voices, and wait for you to reveal to the eye of heaven a nation that shall be purely white, even as is that nation of souls to which they have risen and where they sit, pouring their words of wisdom down

through corridors of souls, until at last the sound reaches the earth—it is but one voice, a voice of praise.

"Behold, I make all things new!" The winter is passed; the flowers come again. The graves of your dead loved ones blossom with new life and hope. The nation's dead are transfigured; they bloom in fields of immortal praise, and out of the flowering of their lives, out of the bloom and fruition of their magnified existence you are expected to gather the song of fragrance, the triumphal march of glorious deeds and the blessed baptism that shall fall upon you and yield its blessing to the harvest of the nations of the world.

THE LILY LAND:

Out of the red and gold of heaven,
Crimson with sunset dyes,
Where clouds of light were swiftly riven,
And a chasm of fresh blue skies
Was studied with full many a gem,
Behold, I saw a maiden,
Not made of stones of dazzling light;
Not fashioned of the ruby, sapphire,
Nor of the diamond, nor of the white,
But fashioned of the lives of men;
Fashioned of deeds and thoughts, as when
They rise from out their darkness here
And earn a space in that bright sphere,
To set their lives with sun-bright gold,
So that all tongues that e'er had told
The tale of life, might find it there,
All beautiful and surpassing fair.

Out of the heaven of blue there sped
A spirit, swift as thought of the dead;
Swifter than lightning in its course,
Swifter than love's sweet shaft, discourse
Of music, or the light-lance, fair,
Whose lashed point cleaves morn's brooding air,
It fell upon the ocean wide,
Where cool the murmuring waters glide.

Behold, this thought expanded grew
Unto a space of white and blue
Was made upon the waters wide—
A flower bloomed there, as on a bride,
Beneath God's hand it grew
Beautiful—bathed in dew,
Its petals reaching far and wide,
The waters girded on each side
Its wondrous leaves, and evermore
Rippling upon that flowery shore,
The voice of peace and music came,
Chiming like bells of starlit flame.

Oh, lily blue, brighter, more fair
Than lotus flower of fabled Nile,
Wonderful is thy glimmering, rare,
All wonderful thy potent smile;

Uplift thy petals red and white,
Lift thy blue chalice to the light,
And lo! God's fingers shall unfold
Within thy crown of purest gold
Gems that no coronet can hold!

I looked—the lily of all lands
Expanded beneath heaven's hands,
And unto her came every soul
Bowed down by sorrow's sad control;
And when they saw, their tears were gone,
And chains were riven, and no more
Of anguish thrilled upon the air.
The lily lay surpassing fair,
And all the burdens cast away;
And all the tortures and dismay
No more enwrapped the soul in pain,
But changed unto delight again.

I looked, and lo! beneath the sun,
Upon the earth there was but one
Land of all lands, and only one:
The petals, reaching far and wide,
Extended o'er the ocean's side,
Blending with tendril's evermore
Each land, all nations; every shore,
Sea-girdled, dressed with sea-foam spray,
Was met in her bloom away,
And only one land "neath the sun—
That land was Freedom's only one!

For "neath the eye of God's great sight
Each land was merged in its delight,
And all the nations came to pray,
And all the nations came to stay;
And God was there, and his high place
Was in the flower's shining face,
And in the heart and in the soul,
And this was swept by heaven's control.

A GENERATION ON THE MARCH.—A generation on the march from the cradle to the grave is an instructive spectacle, and we have it carefully presented to us in the report by Dr. Farr, an English physician. Let us trace the physical fortune which any million of us may reasonably expect. The number, to begin with, is made up of 511,745 boys and 488,255 girls, a disproportion which, by-and-by, will be redressed by the undue mortality of the boys, and will be reversed before the close of the strange, eventful history. More than a quarter of these children will die before they are five years old—in exact numbers, 141,387 boys and 121,895 girls. The two sexes are now nearly on a level. The next five years will be much less fatal. In the succeeding five years—from ten to fifteen—the mortality will be still further reduced. Indeed, for both sexes, this is the most healthy period of life; the death-rate, however, is lower for boys than for girls. There will be some advance in deaths in the next five years, and still more in the five that follow, but 634,045 will certainly enter on their twenty-sixth year. Before the next ten years are at an end, two-thirds of the women will have married. The deaths during that period will be 62,052, and of those no fewer than 27,134 will be caused by consumption. Between thirty-five and forty-five a still larger "death-toll" will be paid, and little more than half the original band—in exact numbers, 502,915—will enter on their forty-sixth year. Each succeeding decade up to seventy-five will now become more fatal, and the numbers will shrink terribly. At seventy-five only 161,124 will remain to be struck down, and of these 122,559 will have perished by the eighty-fifth year of the march. The 38,565 that remain will soon lay down their burdens; but 2163 of them will struggle on to be ninety-five, and 223 to be one hundred years old. Finally, in the one hundred and eighth year of the course the last solitary life will flicker out. Such, then, is the average lot of a million men and women.

The "his or her, as the case may be," awkwardness of our language is still calling out efforts to circumvent it. One genius—or ingenious—suggests the adoption of the Latin "hujus" as a personal pronoun of the common gender in the singular number. "Saxon," in the Inter-Ocean, objects that we want a word for nominative and objective cases, as well as possessive, doesn't want a Latin word badly any way, and says: "I suggest one here which seems to bear some relationship in form and sound to the pronouns now in use, and is short and quite as easily and smoothly used in a spoken sentence as any of them. It is, nominative, *es*; possessive, *es*; objective, *et*. I think that *es*, *es*, *et*, would be a reasonable and natural modification of *he*, *his*, *him*, and that their adoption, if it could be brought about, would be of advantage to the language. A single illustration is sufficient: "Who seeks for others wine for himself a surer satisfaction in the happiness of others who come in contact with him." It would be very convenient to speak of a man or woman and not be troubled with the gender problem, as now.—*Et*.

Foreign Correspondence.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL—MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL.

NO. II.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Curiosity, perhaps, more than devotion, induced an early visit to Westminster Abbey, the place of sepulture for the philosophers and poets, heroes and heroines, kings and queens of England. I own, likewise, a feeling of indelible reverence for antiquity, which exists to some extent in the minds of all, engendered in some through early training and association, whilst with others it remains more or less prominent, proportioned to the spirit in which they have studied the history of past ages. History is said to be Philosophy teaching by example, and to the external or surface perception this is true. But to the intellectual and spiritual minded there is yet another page of history, which, although an illuminated record, is unperceived by the many, and appreciated only by the few. In some histories the distinguishing features of this inner life of the actors in any age become most apparent, and from such the most lasting impressions are received and the profoundest wisdom gathered. From such lives, whether of high or low degree, we learn that "history assumes its adequate significance only when regarded as a grand intellectual and moral method, a continuous demonstration of which Divinity constitutes the premises and Divinity the conclusion." Recognizing, as we do, the divinity and immortality of the race, looking upon all past outward manifestations as but incidental conditions under the law of universal progress, esteeming the past as but a stepping-stone to the present in the world's history, and the present but the legitimate precursor of higher conditions in the future; and, too, knowing that the actors in the ages gone before are now actors and brighter conditions and fairer skies, we could stand amid the monumental dust of the so-called good and bad of other years with far different feelings than if, when we looked upon their grave-stones, we believed their fate to be irrevocably fixed and their opportunities for advancement ended forever! True, standing in this great mortuary magazine, gazing upon the tombs of kings in close proximity to the epitaphs of those who deposited them, the remains of rival philosophers, poets and wits lying side by side, or those of the holy men who have divided the world with their dogmatic and ecclesiastical contests in the name of the Man of Peace, we could but reflect with sorrow upon the petty spite and sectarian bitterness of the olden time, which, alas, repeating themselves even in our day, in so far as advanced public sentiment outside of ecclesiasticism will allow. But our gloomy reflections were modified by the thought that, through the operations of the divine in nature, these warriors and belligerent churchmen, together with all the blood that has been shed, may have been but means to an end, that they worked wiser than they knew, and that through their errors and wrongs, in part at least, we are the recipients of the freedom of the nineteenth century. And when, too, with the mind's eye we could see around us many of those whose starry urns we were gazing upon, and feel the influence of some in closer sympathy with our inner natures, we could but realize how true it is that—

"All human souls are kindred." Through the bars of our entry and of exit, they strike a warm hand; And even on the yawning chasm, while of intervening centuries they seem, Their increased friendship holds the same. The date of the founding of Westminster Abbey upon what was originally Thorny Island, is well-nigh lost in the twilight of tradition and legendary lore. Some attribute the building of this venerable pile to King Sibt, of the East Saxons, A. D. 616; others to the British King Lucius, A. D. 181; and some date back to even an earlier period. It is related that in the year 1231 there was a lawsuit between the monks of Westminster and the minister of Rotherhithe, in Surrey, on the opposite side of the river Thames, as to the title of the salmon caught in this parish; the plea of the monks being that St. Peter himself had given them the title of salmon caught in the Thames at the time he had consecrated their church. He that it may, however, what is deemed, I believe, authentic history in England, dates the rebuilding of Westminster Abbey back to A. D. 1065, under the direction of Edward the Confessor, or Priest King, as he is sometimes called. He died in January, 1066, in the painted chamber of the old palace at Westminster, only a few days after the dedication of the Abbey Church which he had entirely rebuilt, and which was only completed just in time to receive his body.

We were very fortunate in our visits to the Abbey to meet with Mr. L. Berrington, one of the vergers, and a guide to the royal tombs. He is a gentleman of intelligence, well versed in the duties of his present calling, and withal exceedingly affable and obliging. Most of the local information obtained during our visits to this venerable structure was derived from this gentleman, for which he has our sincere thanks. His conduct to strangers, as far as our experience goes, is in very favorable contrast to the vergers we met at St. Paul's Cathedral. The latter was certainly wanting in courtesy, and more offensively independent, I am sure, than the Archbishop of Canterbury himself would have been.

The shrine of Edward the Confessor is surrounded by the tombs of no less than five English monarchs, viz., Henry the Third, Edward the First, Edward the Third, Richard the Second, Henry the Fifth, and their respective queens. Near this shrine are placed the Coronation Chairs. The principal, and largest of these chairs, was made by order of Edward the First, in which the sovereigns of England have been crowned for six hundred years. Under the seat of this chair, and supporting it in part, is the famous scene stone—on which "the kings which ruled over the Scottish men received the crowne," until the time of Robert the First, and on which, the kings of Ireland were previously crowned. The Scots, it is stated, have made many ineffectual attempts to regain this stone. The other chair was made at the time of the coronation of William and Mary. The shrine of the Confessor is but a wreck of its former magnificence, when, according to published records, "it glittered with its thousands of jewels, studded with fifty-five camoes," besides many gold and silver ornaments, which need not be mentioned. To this shrine the remains of the Confessor were carried on the shoulders of Henry the Third and his brother Richard, king of the Romans, in 1209; and it is

stated that an Irishman and an Englishman were miraculously dispossessed of devils on the occasion! The Confessor died, as I have said, in January, 1066, and was first buried before the high altar, where William the Conqueror erected a handsome tomb over his body. When he was promoted to the Calendar of Saints in 1163, "Thomas a Becket translated him into a new and precious shrine"—where his remains continued undisturbed until Henry the Third, as stated, removed them to the present spot. Among the miracles attributed to this wonderful Priest King—wonderful, certainly, for the day in which he lived, and doubtless a good man for his time—was that of curing, by the laying on of his hands, of the glandular swellings in the neck, since called King's Evil; and after his decease many extraordinary cures are said to have been wrought at his tomb. This "miraculous gift"—or rather this medium power mis-understood—increased his reputation to that extent that he was invoked as a saint long before he was canonized. How much more rationally can the Spiritual Philosopher account for these cures; and indeed for the numerous similar manifestations occurring all along down the centuries in the history of that remarkable institution, the Catholic Church! And with what profound interest do we read the history of this wonderful organization—both written and monumental—as we are enabled to catch glimpses of the inner life of the past; and are thus empowered to perceive, intuitively at least, the struggling efforts of Truth for practical appreciation! And, as we realize the duration of the conflict, and the continuity of effort on the part of man's spiritual nature, in its warfare for supremacy over the materialism and the mis-direction of the ages, how the pulsings of unfeigned gratitude and unalloyed happiness thrill every portion of our being! And with what renewed energy and cheerfulness should we press forward in the pathway marked out for our day and generation—the glorious privilege of co-operating with the angels in the ultimate canonization of the entire race!

But "the miracle of the world—the glory of its style and age"—as it is termed by an English author—is the tomb and chapel of Henry the Seventh. It must be seen many times to be even partially appreciated. It is certainly the most perfect and wonderful specimen of its peculiar style of architecture I have ever witnessed. Ornament riots in the minutest detail, and in the utmost luxuriance. The cultured Washington Irving wrote of this chapel that "the very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery and scooped into niches crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft as if by magic, and the fretted roof relieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb." which is as true to-day as when he wrote; whilst its roof seems—

"Finally, poised and swept into ten thousand cells, Where light and shade repose." The tomb itself—with its metal statues and casts in alto-relievo, its effigies, said to be likenesses of Henry and his Queen Elizabeth, together with its mixture of Roman arches and decorations—is exceedingly beautiful in natural simplicity and grandeur of character and drapery. Indeed, the chapel and its tomb—exhibiting so gorgeous a display of the architectural and artistic skill of the fifteenth century—are wholly beyond my powers of description.

Besides this chapel of Henry the Seventh, and that of Edward the Confessor, to which I have referred, I think this venerable Abbey contains about ten others; and wherever the eye gazes, it rests upon the monument or tomb where repose the mortal remains of distinguished personages, who have shaped the destinies of England for centuries past, and whose memories she has chosen thus to commemorate. To the right of the two chapels named above, is the exquisitely wrought tomb and effigy of Mary, Queen of Scots. The effigy is reputed to be a likeness of this beautiful but unfortunate lady. On the opposite side is the gorgeous tomb and effigy of her murderer, Queen Elizabeth. Here likewise are the remains of Mary, the sister of Elizabeth, who preceded her on the throne, and whose jealous fears kept Elizabeth so long imprisoned. Their bones repose side by side as peacefully as if naught had disturbed the current of their lives. Let us hope that their spirits have long since ceased from turmoil, in the Land of the Beautiful, where royal honors and monumental marble avail not; and where we trust they have long since been forgiven by those who suffered from their cruelty in the earth-life.

But I need particularize no further, for fear of becoming tedious. I next visited the transept to the right of the Abbey as you enter, facing the altar—the transept long known to the world as the "Poets' Corner." And here, indeed, does one feel like uncovering the head and doing reverence to the mortal remains of those bright souls whose immortal productions have done so much to illuminate the globe. With what mingled emotions did I recall the varied delights and unalloyed pleasures those who bore the names I was reading had given to my mind during all the experiences of the past, and who have done so much to enrich the literature of the ages! As I stood in a trance-like reverie amid these monuments of departed worth, was it imagination or was it a higher faculty in which I seemed to see a succession of brilliant beings, far more beautiful than I had ever conceived them to be in the form, gazing upon me as if they would speak, but remaining silent, their feet, as it were, slipped in the violets of peace, and their brows crested with a halo indescribably beautiful, whilst their countenances were eloquent with the smiles of ineffable joy! And as the vision passed me by I felt that these great souls, whose poetry and wit, whose genius and whose erudition have unitedly instructed and benefited mankind, are indeed—

"Immortal by a double prize:
By fame on earth, by glory in the skies!"

And I felt, too, that such benefactors of the race need no sculptured marble, no chiseled urn, no gilded wreath, no wordy epitaph, for their books, their glorious books, are their monuments!

Near to the nave of the Abbey, Mr. Berrington, to whom I have referred, pointed out a monument which is not without interest, as upon it is to be seen the initials of one whose name is familiar to many of the present day. It is the monument of Isaac Casaubon, a Protestant gentleman, who, it seems, was persecuted in France, and in consequence fled to England. He found a friend in King James the First, and also in Isaac Walton, the author of the "Complete Angler." Mr. Casaubon died in 1614, and his monument appears in the Abbey. Isaac Walton, some years after, upon the occasion of a visit to the tomb of his friend, scratched his initials and the year of his visit upon the slab.

I was exceedingly interested in a cloister or room, into which I was introduced by Mr. B., at the left of the high altar, behind which is the chapel of Edward the Confessor, of which I have spoken. I stood in the room in which William Caxton set up the first printing press in England, and where he printed quite a number of his works: This took place in A. D. 1480, by the permission and under the patronage of Edward the Fourth, to whom Caxton had been introduced and recommended by Abbot Jno. D'Evesney. Being a practical printer myself, and loving the profession, as I told the vergers, it was with profound emotions that I gazed around this now vacant cloister, where "the art preservative of all arts" received its first impetus in this country. And who shall say that the influences proceeding from this little room, and ramifying through the interstices of the Anglo-Saxon mind, have not done more toward the civilization and elevation of mankind than all the intoned services and dogmatic sermons that have ever been uttered from all the chapels and pulpits of the grand architectural temple in which we were standing?

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

One other historical reference and I shall close. The vergers kindly conducted us up a narrow, winding staircase of stone, into a comparatively small room, which he told us had not been opened to the public for some years, and at any time but seldom. Here we were shown the effigies in wax of Charles II., the Duke of Buckingham, who built the present palace at St. James Park, Lord Nelson, two or three of the Ragged Regiment of Westminster, and Queen Elizabeth. They are said to be admirable likenesses, and, clothed in the gorgeous but now fading and decaying apparel of the age in which these personages lived, they certainly looked very lifelike. As I gazed upon the almost speaking countenance of that wonderful woman, "the maiden Queen," as she is sometimes called, I could but recall, with an intensity of interest, the eventful and magnificent character of the era in which she reigned! Never before in the history of the world did great men spring up so numerous; whilst a new religion was permanently established as among the mighty crowd of incidents that marked the history of the century in which she lived, and in the grand development of which, with all her faults, she so materially aided. In looking upon the stern expression which age and the constant habit of command had given to her countenance during her later years, I could very readily imagine the truth of the expression attributed to her in the anecdote so familiar to American ears, in connection with the execution of the Earl of Essex. I repeat this anecdote briefly, for the sake of an addition which I have just met with in a prior edition of "Old England," which I have never seen before, and which will doubtless be of interest to some of your readers. It will be remembered that when Catherine, Countess of Nottingham, believed herself dying, she sent to Queen Elizabeth, desiring that she might see her in order to reveal something to Her Majesty, without the discovery of which she could not die in peace. Upon the Queen's coming Lady Nottingham told her that while the Earl of Essex lay under sentence of death he was desirous of asking Her Majesty's mercy in the manner prescribed by herself during the height of his favor, the Queen having given him a ring, which, being sent to her as a token of distress, might entitle him to her protection. The Earl, it seems, threw the ring from his prison window to a boy, directing him to carry it to Lady Scroope, a sister of the Countess of Nottingham and a friend of his lordship, who attended upon the Queen, and to beg of her that she would present it to Her Majesty. The boy, by mistake, carried it to Lady Nottingham, who showed it to her husband, an enemy of the Earl. He forbade his wife to carry it, or return any answer to the message, and insisted upon her keeping the ring. The Queen, not hearing from her former favorite in the manner prescribed, signed his death-warrant, and he was executed. The Countess of Nottingham having made this discovery on her death-bed, begged the Queen's forgiveness. But Elizabeth answered, "God may forgive you, but I never can!" and left the room with great emotion.

Thus much, doubtless, is familiar to all. Now follows the anecdote to which I have referred. In 1564, when Mary, Queen of Scots, married Darnley, she sent to her cousin Elizabeth of England a diamond ring in the form of a heart, in token of the event, and of her affection. The ring was accompanied by some Latin verses, which have been translated as follows:—"This gem behold, the emblem of my heart; From which my cousin's image ne'er shall part; Clear in its lustre, pure as the heart of mine; It is clear and spotless as the heart of mine. What though the stone a greater hardness wears? Superior firmness with the figure bears." That was the ring presented by Elizabeth to Essex; that was the ring given by Essex to the boy, and which being kept back by the Countess of Nottingham, induced the Queen to allow her favorite to "perish." In what she esteemed his "pride"; and that was the ring returned to Elizabeth at the time of the fearful revelation of the countess, and which subsequently passed into the hands of the successor of Elizabeth, and the son of the unfortunate Mary, James the First. During the reign of James, Sir Thomas Warner served as his Lieutenant of the Tower, and was likewise active in establishing several of the West Indian Colonies of England. James presented this ring to Sir Thomas as a peculiar mark of his favor. The same ring remains in the family of Sir Thomas to the present day. They have placed it upon their shield of arms, with the motto, "I hold from the king"; and it is kept in the strictest custody at the present time, as the most valued of all the family heirlooms. It consists of a plain circle, of a size to fit the thumb, and of a heart formed of a rose diamond.

SPIRITUALISM.

I have said nothing as yet with regard to the condition of Spiritualism in England, or with regard to the Spiritualists whom we have met. I prefer not giving a too hastily-formed opinion, whether favorable or otherwise. Most of the mediums and many of the Spiritualists, I am told, are absent from London for recreation and health. Consequently I have not had sufficient opportunity for correct judgment. Besides, the health of both my wife and self has been such as to forbid our attending the meetings that have been held since we have been here, except in two instances, at one of which I delivered a short address, as you will see by the Medium and the Spiritualist. This much I will say, however, that we have met with the most unremitting kindness and courtesy since our arrival. I intend speaking more at length in this respect in my next letter.

THE VERGER OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Before closing I desire to state that Mr. Ber-

lington, the intelligent and courteous vergers, to whom I referred, intends visiting the United States at no distant day. He designs exhibiting a very large collection of illustrations of the wonders of Westminster Abbey. From having filled his present position thirty-six years, together with his other acquisitions, he is better capacitated, perhaps, than any man living to present and explain such a collection. I trust he may have a kind and profitable reception in our country. Fraternally yours,

THOS. GALES FORSTER.

London, Eng., Aug. 19th, 1877.

"MATERIALIZING POSSIBILITIES."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Banner of the 1st inst. under the above caption contains the printed report of an inspired lecture pronounced recently in Chicago by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, which I think ought to be prized by intelligent readers at tenfold the price of the types had they been cast in pure gold.

I have listened to and read many inspired and other discourses and theoretical essays on the but little understood subject, but never have I met with anything at second hand before that so fully came up to the estimation of the *modus operandi* of spirit materialization that I have arrived at through many years' patient and careful observation of the facts as they transpire in the presence of different media. To my mind the following terse sentences, that are contained in Mrs. Richmond's lecture, convey a correct idea of the process resorted to by our spirit friends in order to make their forms visible and palpable to us: "A spirit is present at a given séance. Partly from atoms surrounding the medium and those who are present, but chiefly the medium, who gives off what is known as psychic force, or nerve aura, this spirit attracts sufficient to make that spiritual form a tangible appearance. If there is a photograph desired it requires much less materialization than for the human eye, because a photographic sensitized plate is much more sensitive than the human physical organization; but if it is for the human eye it requires perhaps two or three degrees of these accumulated atoms."

How exactly does this agree with the experiences of careful investigators of the phenomenon. I have now in my possession a spirit-photograph that was taken many years ago, when the art in both spheres was in its infancy. It is but a shadow in comparison with others I have that were taken at later periods. In the first named, the eye is marked by an indistinct blur; in the latter, the organ of sight is clear and perfect, whilst the features and form are as fully developed as those in a painted portrait.

So again, when spirits first began to materialize so as to be seen, I used seldom to perceive other than faint, ill-defined forms, which exhibited themselves for a moment, and then vanished like flitting shadows from sight.

At a later period, through well-developed mediums, spirit-forms presented themselves quite plainly, with their eyelids closed and the organs of speech so little materialized that they remained dumb, or lisped only in uncertain whispers.

Still later, they came with open eyes, but so imperfectly materialized that the pupil could scarcely be discerned, whilst the voice, though sufficiently audible, was unnatural and ill-toned. Now, though as a general rule the eye is not fully materialized, it is far more distinct than formerly, and on some occasions as fully developed and perfect as any in earth-life, as I have witnessed on several occasions; so, too, John King at the Holmes sances, and Robert Steiner at Mrs. Boothby's, stand forth like real men in the midst of their respective audiences, and with their materialized spirit vocal organs ring forth, in tones strong and clear as ever fell from the lips of Webster or Clay, the truths of Modern Spiritualism to an unbelieving world.

To this perfection has the science of spirit materialization progressed during the half-score years or so since it made its advent among men; and from all I have heard and learned on the subject from the spirit-world and otherwise, I feel emboldened to say it is my verdict that the earth will not complete ten more revolutions around the sun before our spirit-friends will walk visibly and palpably by our side on the streets and highways, and the hundreds of glorified spirits—like Fox, Fenelon, Wesley, Channing, Parker and Pierpont—will be able to descend in their own proper materialized spirit-forms, and from the rostrum and pulpit harangue, as in days gone by, the multitudes of repentant unbelievers, who now in their blindness make the grand truths of Modern Spiritualism themes of scoffing and derision!

Before concluding permit me to say that I think the theory of "the double" is all sufficient (apart from the explanation given by the spirits) to meet the requirements involved in the controversy referred to in your columns concerning the spirit of Abe Bunter and the medium Mr. J. Frank Baxter. I think I have held converse through mediums with the spirits of many persons who were still in the earth-form. For instance: some ten or twelve years ago I made a conditional agreement with a casual acquaintance who lived in the far West to meet him in Boston during a week that he proposed staying in that city before he returned home. It so happened that I did not go to Boston until some days after the proposed time of meeting had expired, and, supposing the gentleman had returned home, I did not trouble myself to inquire for him.

It so chanced that some few days after my arrival in the city I attended an evening séance with a medium who lived in rooms somewhere high up in Shawmut Avenue, during which, among other spirits, one came claiming the name of my quondam acquaintance, to whom no other person in the circle responded. Neither did I, further than to remark that I knew a gentleman of the name, who was living, but no one that had passed away. A man present then remarked that a person of that name was staying at a boarding-house in or near Court street. Next morning I called at the place and found that my friend had not left the city. In answer to a query of mine, he said that the evening before he had been thinking of me and wondering why I had not been to see him. It was probably at this juncture his spirit found me out in Shawmut Avenue, as Bunter might have found Baxter at Lake Pleasant. THOS. R. HAZARD.

Sept. 3d, 1877.

When Jefferson was our Minister to France, he once entertained at his house, with some other Frenchmen, a Dr. MacMahon. During the conversation some one drifted the existence of mediums. MacMahon was a man six feet high; he roared and said, "I am an atheist." He was one of Voltaire's friends; he was Dr. Franklin's physician. He was an ancestor of the President of France, one of the pillars of the church.

Spiritual Matters in Brooklyn.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Sunday last Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond closed her August engagement with the Brooklyn Society, and left this evening for Chicago. For the four Sunday evenings that Mrs. Richmond spoke for us Everett Hall was crowded, and delighted auditors listened to her surpassing eloquence. Mrs. Richmond has, both in and outside of Spiritualist circles, many friends in Brooklyn, she having lived in this city, during her public career, a longer period than in any other place.

The following resolutions adopted by the Executive Committee, and presented to Mrs. Richmond at the close of the Sunday evening exercises, express the hearty approval of the Brooklyn Society of the labors of this exceptionally gifted medium:

Whereas, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond has given to our Society and to the large audiences that have assembled in Everett Hall on the Sunday evenings of August the benefit of her services under circumstances requiring personal sacrifices on her part, coming from Chicago to Brooklyn, and dedicating to us the single month's vacation tendered her by the Chicago Society for rest and recuperation; and

Whereas, the entire public career of this divinely gifted medium has been marked by a spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrificing devotion to a cause of which she is one of the most eloquent and effective advocates; therefore,

Resolved, That while recognizing the source of Mrs. Richmond's power as the exponent of a great truth to be the "spiritual gifts" with which she is so richly and exceptionally endowed, we tender her our grateful acknowledgments for the efficient services she has rendered the spiritual cause in Brooklyn, recognizing her disinterestedness and self-sacrificing devotion to an unpopular cause as added and essential elements of her great and growing usefulness.

Resolved, That the inauguration of our new lecture season by Mrs. Richmond, of which this evening's service closes the first month, to be followed by Mrs. Hyzer—with the probability of a courteous interchange between our two New York and Brooklyn societies, which will give us for our speakers Mrs. Hyzer and Mrs. Brigham for the first half of the year—is a promising augury for the continued prosperity and growing usefulness of the Brooklyn Society.

Resolved, That while it is a source of regret that our finances did not warrant the officers of the Society in having any of Mrs. Richmond's addresses in Brooklyn reported for publication—thus preserving those masterly productions of thought and learning for the edification and enlightenment of a far wider circle of listeners than can be crowded into Everett Hall or any other hall—that our thanks are due not to any of the Metropolitan press, not to a single one of the New York or Brooklyn newspapers, but to a Boston Publishing House—Messrs. COLBY & RICH—for the publication of a *verbatim* report of the Robert Dale Owen lecture; that the illiberal policy of the daily press in its futile efforts to ignore Spiritualism, giving to the subject only sufficient attention to misrepresent and belittle it, imposes upon Spiritualists the duty of sustaining the spiritual newspapers, and we are gratified to know that the circulation of that able and fearless journal, the BANNER OF LIGHT, is large in the city of Brooklyn, and that its circulation in this city and vicinity is rapidly increasing.

Resolved, That we hold it to be as much our duty and true policy to sustain, by aiding their circulation, the spiritual newspapers and the spiritual literature, as it is to sustain our lecturers or any other of the efficient instrumentalities by which we can, in cooperation with the spirit-world, work for the advancement of the harmonical and heaven-born philosophy.

Last year when Mrs. Richmond was with us she was an invalid, so feeble that she could not go on or off the platform without assistance; but the lady's health is now, to all appearance, fully restored, giving promise of many years of usefulness. In addition to the regular Sunday lectures, Mrs. Richmond held weekly "receptions," the private parlors in which they were held having been crowded with visitors. It could not have been otherwise than gratifying to Mrs. Richmond to receive the social distinctions that were awarded her, and which were as marked a feature of her recent visit to Brooklyn as were the appreciation and applause of her public lectures by the crowded audiences that listened to them.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, follows Mrs. Richmond. She will speak for the Brooklyn Society for the months of September and October. Mrs. Hyzer spoke for us in May, and in view of her effective work for that period, we have a right to expect that the interest awakened by Mrs. Richmond will not be lessened under the labors of her successor.

CHARLES R. MILLER.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 28th, 1877.

H. K. Morrell, Esq., the fearless and independent editor of the Gardiner (Me.) Home Journal, has—if we may credit a recent number of that paper—treated himself to a brief vacation this summer, and in company with others, on a like errand, freed from the perplexities and cares incident to the profession, has drawn nearer to nature, our Divine Mother, as met with in the woods and fields, and beside the still or the swift-flowing waters which make the meadows green. In the course of a letter to his paper wherein the experiences of himself and party at Mt. Kineo are set forth, he dashes off the following picture of nomadic life, warm with the color of romance, but relieved by a sober background of verity:

"THE INDIANS.—About a quarter of a mile from the Kineo House were two tents of Indians. We saw Maggie Tomah, a daughter of Mo-lie. She was a modest, quiet little lady of twenty years, looking as neat and trim, and clean as a New England maiden of the better class. She spoke English as well as anybody, and was a very intelligent and attractive lady. She had been at Chesebrough five years, and had been to school some. Her busy fingers diligently plied the needle and scissors, as she fashioned birch bark napkin rings. She makes a beautiful kind of trimming for them out of white ash, which reminded us of the tatting and edging of her white sisters. We asked her if she would not want to go into the towns and learn like white maidens. We fancied we saw a shade of regret, and an aspiration after better things, as she mildly said: 'I guess I could not do that.' Perhaps she is better as she is. She seems to us a sort of Pocahontas, and is the most interesting Indian we ever saw. We doubt if she would make much by exchanging her life of purity and freedom; her health and strength; the music of the sighing spruces, the whispering pines, and the swish of the waves on the beach, for the whirl, and sin and tattle of fashionable life, even with the music of the piano and the glare of the ball-room. She would like her life of solitude, and would sigh for his sunny fields till one bright sunset we took him, kissed his cream-colored head, and let him fly, promising him then and there that we would never again deprive any of God's happy creatures of freedom and liberty."

The boon which has been so long sought from English universities by women has come at last unexpectedly. The Scottish University of St. Andrews announces that in the month of June, 1878, it will hold an examination in arts for women to confer on successful candidates the degree of *Littérate in Arts (L. A.)*. Thus the world moves.—Woman's World.

A spoonful of salt put in a lamp filled with oil will prevent explosion.

TO BOOK-BUYERS.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notices of meetings, lectures, etc., should be forwarded to the Editor of the Banner of Light, at the office of the Editor, at the corner of Montgomery Place and Province Street, Boston, Mass. Notices of meetings, lectures, etc., should be forwarded to the Editor of the Banner of Light, at the office of the Editor, at the corner of Montgomery Place and Province Street, Boston, Mass. Notices of meetings, lectures, etc., should be forwarded to the Editor of the Banner of Light, at the office of the Editor, at the corner of Montgomery Place and Province Street, Boston, Mass.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province
Street, Lower Floor.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS.

THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, AND
CLAREMONT, N. H.

COLBY & RICH,
BOSTON, MASS.

FOR THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT,
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ice was extended to Washington, then between Hartford and Springfield, and afterward throughout the State of Connecticut. Agencies were established in all large stations, in South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana and California. The West, Southwest and North were soon included in the system. In 1850 the business had become so important that Adams & Co. arranged to send their money and small packages over the New York and New Haven Railway, paying the sum of \$1500 per month for a small space in the car of a fast train. In 1854 the express of Adams & Co., the Harnden Company, Kinsley & Co., and Hoy & Co., were consolidated under the name of "The Adams Express Company," which now has business and transfer connections with every route throughout the civilized world, for freight as well as exchange. The success of this wide and comprehensive system is in great part due to Mr. Adams's tact and management. The property of the Adams Express Company is well known, the stock having risen at one time to \$500 per share, the par value being \$100.

Of late years Mr. Adams has lived somewhat retired on his beautiful estate in Watertown, and has had an opportunity to cultivate his taste for the beautiful in nature and art. His gallery, which until recently has been free to public inspection one day in the week, is one of the finest collections of paintings to be found in the State. His residence has been called "the model house of Massachusetts," and however taste may differ in regard to its style of architecture, the grounds about it never failed to call forth expressions of admiration from the thousands who have rambled over them.

The disease which opened for him the avenue to the further side of life was hydrothorax, and sojourning was his operation that at a brief season ere he passed away the idea had become prevalent among his friends that he was at least temporarily improving in health, though his physicians did not encourage the hope of a permanent restoration. The members of his family yet left in the form, together with many friends, lament the departure from this stage of being of one who has been ever faithful in the varied walks of life to the light that was in him, but for him we are assured the horizon of usefulness has only been widened.

An article in the Boston Times for Sept. 8th sums up his standing in community as follows: "A more genial man never lived. He saw all who called on him. He never professed the Orthodox creed of his fathers, but did good all his life, giving most generously of his bounty. His clerks and men were proud and fond of him. He cared for their families, and when he gave advice gave money with it. In many social respects he was a model man. As the founder of a unique business he was sagacious. As a business man he was honest and successful. His death is lamented by the merchants of Boston, with whom he was associated intimately nearly forty years, and whom he served with fidelity and promptness."

Mr. Adams, as we stated last week, was for many years preceding his transition a confirmed and earnest disciple of the New Gospel of Spiritualism, though we have yet to see the first public print which has the fairness to acknowledge it. That he made no secret of this is a fact patent to many now residing in Boston and vicinity, whose testimony we can bring forward, if necessary, to substantiate our claim. In the early days of his investigation, and for a long period, succeeding this, was his wont to hold frequent sittings with Miss Fannie Burbank, afterward Mrs. Felt, a business and best medium (also a trance-speaker) of the most reliable character, and many of the great points which made the enterprise undertaken by him so prominently starting and successful were evolved during his sittings with her. Of one instance in this regard we are personally cognizant, to wit: Mr. Adams had been informed, in the course of a conversation we had with him at our office not long after the purchase was made, that he had bought the place in Watertown, which he subsequently did so much to improve—at the request and by the advice of his spirit guides as expressed through the lips of this medium. Mr. Adams informed us that the purchase was consummated under the following circumstances: The idea had seized him to build up for himself a home in the vicinity of Boston, and he had, during a sitting with his medium, intimated the same. Whereupon the intelligences controlling told him to go out into the country and "prosper"—that they would accompany him, and that when he returned they would give their views as to the fitness of the locality for the uses designed. The first place toward which he directed his steps was within the limits of Dorchester, and he was quite favorably impressed with several places which met his eye; but on his return he was told, through the medium, that this direction was not the best one for him—that his health would suffer if he made his residence there. So accordingly he went forth again—this time shaping his course toward Watertown. Finding the grounds now so extensively known to the public, he was, on his return, advised by the invisibles to invest, which he did.

Another case: When Mr. W. H. Mumler, of Boston, first became known as a spirit-photographer, Mr. Adams was promised by a disembodied intelligence purporting to be that of Daniel Webster, during a sitting with his trusted medium, that if he would visit the gallery of Mr. M., the one then controlling would appear with him on the plate. Mr. Adams was at the time an entire stranger to Mr. Mumler, and on visiting his place of business to get a picture did not mention his name, or give any clue either to his profession or the promise he had received. When the picture was developed a good likeness of Mr. Webster appeared by the side of that of Mr. Adams, and the sitter was satisfied and positive, and so expressed himself to us, that it could not have been produced by any form of deception. We now have at our office a copy of this photograph, which was presented to us by Mr. Adams himself.

He also in special terms acknowledged to us his feeling of indebtedness for many valuable hints as to business, etc., received through the same instrument of communication. He after a time also made use of the services of other media, and proved his gratitude for what he felt he had obtained in the way of advice, etc., from the spirit-world, by donating to us a stipulated sum yearly to be used in sending the Banner of Light free to the poor, and in strengthening the hands of our Free Circle Meetings. The committees who from time to time have essayed to carry on Spiritualist meetings in Boston, have found Mr. Adams willing to bear his part in the pecuniary

outlay, and particularly was this the case concerning the Music Hall course of lectures, which for the nine years it was continued found him a generous subscriber to its funds.

We do not present this inside view of the life of Mr. Adams for the purpose of detracting from the reputation for energy, foresight and perseverance enjoyed by him in the world of business. Far from it; he was in the deepest sense of the words a self-made man; and his very business keenness exhibited itself in his willingness to make good use of whatever came to him—whether from advisers in the flesh or out of it—which his own reason and judgment prompted him to think would be of advantage. He was in all cases a free agent: the advice of spirits or mortals he weighed in the scales of his own conceptions of what was best, as should all others. We truly honor the man in this, however, that when the following of spirit advice actually proved to be for his advantage, he willingly acknowledged his debtorship, and did not (as so many of the prominent business men, doctors, politicians, etc., etc., of the present day, who make an extensive practice of holding Noodleman séances with the media of Boston and every large city on this continent) hide the fact, or deny the source from whence the valuable counsel came.

The book of mortal experience has in his case been closed; his remains have received the last memorial rites at the hands of his fellow-men. But the Alvin Adams of the past is the Alvin Adams of today! It is the glorious privilege of Spiritualism to teach, and more, to prove that the Great First Cause who plants these soul-germs in the warm soil of human life, watches over the expanding blossoms, smiles on the fruit, whatever it may be, whether of one or a thousand-fold, (knowing better than we, enshroued by our poor, limited powers of comprehension, the circumstances which have contributed to the small or the abundant result) does not gather the harvest into any four-square golden granary somewhere far off in the heavens for his own special delectation, but gives to the hungry children of earth the advantages which spring from the ripened grain: Spiritualism has demonstrated that earth is not as the dairyman's vessel, neither is death the skimmer's shell removing forever from the reach of all human needs the richest portion, the dearest outcome of existence. The aspirations that rise in mortal hearts, the longings for true living, the efforts to benefit the race and increase the facilities by which the people may conquer space and time in their struggles with the demands of existence, are not lost when death opens the door and says to the aspirer: Behold, thy desires are now attainable; to the worker, thine efforts for human good may now reach a wider circuit and embrace a fuller success. And in the effort to advance, the newly-enfranchised spirit receives aid from those beyond it, while by the conditions of demand and supply it gives to the inhabitants of the earth-sphere such portion of what it attains to as is fitted to the appreciation of mortality.

Therefore when such minds as his, whose life and transit have furnished the text for these sentences, go forth from the field of physical activities to mingle with those of the spiritual, the oft-quoted words of Paul concerning the "loss" which is experienced by the so-called living, in contradistinction to the "gain" supposed to inhere to the "dead," receive a new translation, inasmuch as we become with the risen spirit joint heirs in the advantages and gains incident to every advance step which he takes in the new sphere of life, whether he has ascended. The words of spirit and matter not only are contiguous, but they may be said to transmute each other, having no dividing line; the richness of the past of all earth's struggling sons, the germ-benefits of man's every trial, are not cut off from those who require their aid or uplifting influence, by any great fixed "so that" which would pass from hence "to the needy cannot; neither are the world's benefactors in any department of life exiles from their brethren who yet sorely require the advice and assistance which they are fitted to give. Resting firmly in this knowledge of the unfranchisement from untoward conditions, and the added usefulness into which each disembodied intelligence is ushered at death, we bid our risen brother a happy "God-speed" along the path of progressive unfoldment.

At the Banner of Light Free Circle Meeting held Tuesday, Sept. 11th, the following (which from the nature of the case might be with justice denominated as a preliminary) message, was given by him through the lips of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd. Fully acquainted, as we are, with the depth and earnestness of his convictions, we are in no sense astonished at his eagerness to manifest—even though the attempt at return was made at so short a period subsequent to his physical decease:

"Friends—I do not know as I shall be able to speak to you as I long to at this time, for as I approach earth I feel the infinites of the disembodied body I have just cast off. As I stand beside this medium I realize what I never fully realized before: the difficulty in controlling satisfactorily to the spirits themselves. I do not propose, Mr. Chairman, to take much of your time. I see many old spirit friends standing here, faithful to the cause, even after a spirit has passed away. I hope and trust that the time will come when I shall grow stronger than I am to-day, that I may make myself manifest in such a manner that no one will doubt that it is I myself. Perhaps some will say, 'You had better have remained here until you could come as you desire; but I always felt an earnest yearning that when I left the form I might speak as soon as possible to the people, and tell them whether Spiritualism was true, or whether I had for years been deceived. I know now that this great philosophy is a truth; that it transcends all the ideas I ever had of it. It is broader and grander than anything I ever conceived of, and I can realize fully now how much I was guided from my childhood, from my cradle up, by the hand of the spirit-world. I realize now on this day to place my name beside the names of those who have been here often and have spoken of the spiritual.'"

When I get stronger and older in this life I will return and tell you of my journeyings, for I do not intend to stand still; I intend to find out all there is to know; I intend to understand as much of life here as I possibly can, and from time to time I hope to be able to express my feelings, and to talk with those I knew while on earth. Thank God that the spiritual light was given me years ago."

It is a wonder to me to-day why I was selected as an agent for the spiritual world to work through, and yet I see I was; and though I may not have improved all my spiritual opportunities, may not have lived so near the spiritual as I wish I had, yet I did the best I could, and shall continue to do so.

You shall hear from me often. You will always hear me say that I thank God that the spiritual light was given to me while here. I intend here to give praise to those people who instituted this Circle-Room and gave it the spirit world, who inaugurated this great work, and I thank them for the privilege of coming to day. My name is Adams—Alvin Adams.

Old and New.

In a lecture given in New York on the above theme, Felix Adler proclaimed many thoughts that will find a response in all aspiring and liberal minds. He acknowledged, at the start, that there is a great want felt in the community; religion, which should be the highest truth, has ceased to be true to our feelings and become palsied with age. The great tides of life are sweeping man on to larger achievements than the past has ever known, while within the church alone all is motionless and still. There the effete forms of centuries gone are still maintained with obstinacy; or, if concessions are made, they are tardy, ungracious and unsatisfactory. At the opening of our second century, with Washington's precept fresh before us that the success of the republic must rest on private morality, we see it imperilled by private and public license and corruption. It therefore becomes imperative that we should restore something of the morality and honesty on which the fortunes of the state rest.

The moral welfare of the young is likewise, and principally, to be looked after, for with them rest the hopes of the future. For this reason Dr. Adler professes to have set on foot his present movement. By the holiest instincts of humanity, he said, we are bound to provide better and more largely for their moral welfare. He said that he found a new creed impossible, therefore he worked within his present limitations and with such tools as he could command. We need, said he, an union upon some broad basis, a great principle. Liberalism, he held, had made the mistake of refusing to organize, and hence its weakness; while Catholicism had pursued the opposite course, was a splendid organizer, and hence had won signal and brilliant victories. He proposed to combine the features of both.

He would proclaim for a motto—Diversity in the creed, Unanimity in the deed. He demonstrated the falsity of the assumption that morality was impossible without dogma. History and philosophy both prove the contrary. Dogmatic religion tends to the grievous injury of morality. The highest and best religions have been due to the moral element in man. The common argument for immortality is untrue. The common opinion about souls originated in an erroneous explanation of the phenomena of dreams. The theory of rewards and punishments is untenable and demoralizing. Virtue can have no reward except so far as it is virtue, and that is not virtue which claims a reward. Dr. Adler's main object is to check the morbid craving for immortality, and to direct the attention of men to the more urgent and pressing needs of the here. There is no death in Nature, only transmutation. So among mankind there is the conservation of the moral energy.

Nothing whatever is lost. The germ of the good we sow lives after us, and the dead are not dead if we love them truly. In our own nobler lives we give them immortality. The lecturer said he had examined and weighed the Bible, and what was false and worthless in it he rejected, while what is good he accepted because it is man's testimony to the divine possibilities in the human soul. Every great religious movement is a protest against the mock-holiness of the time, and is a triumph of conscience, as shown in the history of the rise of Monotheism and Buddhism. As there are priests of science and priests of art, so there must be priests of morals, artists of the good, preachers of the ideal, to teach the young and spiritualize the real. Our ideal is the fellowship of all mankind, united in purity, wisdom and love. To compass it, we must have greater simplicity in manners, greater continence of the passions, greater charity.

We must become exemplars of these virtues, and show in deed what we profess in creed. In the founding of Ethical Schools are placed by Dr. Adler all the hopes of Liberalism. Ours is mainly a work of preparation. He said that he believed in deliverance by delivering, in the merging of passion in compassion. He claimed to have made a beginning, to have laid the cornerstone. It is not a personal cause that he advocates, but a deep, downright purpose which will form a bond of union not to be easily broken. Far as we have gone, he said, we shall have to go further still upon the path we have entered, feeling sure that our enemies never sleep. We shall need time and patience, new men, new books, new means of instruction. He looks to the land and the nation for support. Nowhere on earth is a truth so well appreciated, and worked out when accepted, as in America. To larger truths America is dedicated.

All the nations of the Old World live in the past. America alone lives in the future, to work out a problem—the problem of freedom. This Republic is consecrated to the service of humanity, and a high task is to be performed in freeing her from her religious fetters, thus adding the fairest jewel to the diadem with which her sons have crowned her. In religion, the priest stands between the people and their God; but as we are ourselves punished for the transgressions of Nature's laws, the liberals who set aside the priests are made odious. Therefore great discoverers like Laplace and Newton have received the anathemas of the priesthood. The great trouble of the day is that the hearts and heads of the people are at war with one another, and that right education is necessary in order to bring them together. A new rationalistic religion, he claimed, is in steady course of preparation.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE CLOVER-BLOSSOM.

This noon reclined upon the grass I lay
In happy mood, for all the land was bright.
Beneath a shade I lay and saw the light
Make sweet the fields and all the landscape gay:
The cooling breezes friendly-like did stray,
And fanned me with touch like fingers white,
And I was pleased with Nature's love and might,
And thought 'twas good to live on such a day.
But careless-like I plucked the blades around,
When close at hand I saw a clover-flower,
And reached to take it from its resting-ground,
And scatter it with foolish wasted power.
When quick there came a bee and took its sweet,
And I in wonder let it rest complete!

—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Our English agent, J. J. Morse, the celebrated trance orator, delivered three inspirational lectures in the Assembly Room, Philharmonic Chambers, St. Mary Street, Cardiff, on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, Aug. 27th, 29th and 31st, the subjects being chosen by the audience. He also spoke in Merthyr, Aug. 28th, and in Ystradgynlais, Aug. 30th.

James Shumway, Esq., writes us from Philadelphia, Pa., that the First Association of Spiritualists of that city commenced its regular course of lectures for 1877-8 on Sunday, Sept. 2d, at Academy Hall, 810 Spring Garden street, E. V. Wilson being the speaker for September.

J. Frank Baxter.

On our eighth page will be found several articles bearing in whole or in part upon the relentless persecution visited by the bigots of Winchester on the head of this fine medium. We really hope that all Spiritualist societies will remember his claims to recognition when making up their list of lecturers for the fall and winter, as he is eminently worthy of countenance and employ. The following strong endorsement of his powers is from the pen of one whose name is well known to our readers:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your editorial of the 8th inst., upon the persecution of J. Frank Baxter, you added greatly to the name you bear of being the honest medium's friend. I am personally acquainted with Mr. Baxter, and know that he is a good man; and I have witnessed repeatedly, in public halls in this city, the most positive tests of spirit identity through his mediumship; communications that could not have come from mundane sources; and I will pledge the fingers with which I write if it can be proved that he is deceptive. His reputation as a teacher is acknowledged. Some months ago he received a call—or a call was contemplated—to take charge of our largest grammar school; in answer to the question why he was selected, it was said that his name ranked among the highest on the State list of teachers.

Mr. Editor, it is not possible that intelligent spirits have brought this trouble upon Mr. Baxter to cause him to give up teaching, so that he may have more time to give to proving the immortality of the soul? I have often thought that, with his wonderful mediumship, it was a pity he could not devote all his time to lecturing and giving tests; for in the past he has been so confined to his school that he could only accept calls to such towns as were within a few hours' ride of his home. Wise spirits teach mortals to become individualized—to have minds of their own; yet at the same time they say: We will bring this spiritual light to benighted humanity, even if we sacrifice (?) mediums. Be this as it may, it is certain that Mr. Baxter, who has a family depending upon him for support, deserves great credit for his manliness of character in giving up a good salary rather than to be untrue to principles; and he not only has the sympathy of his friends, but his heart every time it beats must say to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

ABRAHAM WALKER.

Salem, Mass.

MR. BAXTER'S LECTURES IN BOSTON.

Mr. Baxter will speak in Amory Hall, Boston, (corner West and Washington streets) on Sundays Sept. 16th and 23rd at 2½ and 7½ o'clock p. m., in a course of lectures arranged by Dr. H. F. Gardner. The hall is easy of access from all parts of the city and vicinity because of its nearness to the point of convergence of all the horse-car lines.

This specially prepared engagement for Mr. Baxter, in Boston, by Dr. Gardner, at a time when the effort is being made on the part of the credulists to crush this useful medium, appeals especially to the liberal-minded among the citizens of the metropolis. Let the friends of Mr. Baxter and of the cause in general come forward and show their

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1877.

At Home with Fire!

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Attending the Banner Circle on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 1st, I heard that Mrs. Suydam, the "fire-test" medium, was to give a séance at Eagle Hall in the evening, and I went to see it. It was very satisfactory, and far better and different from what I expected. She very thoroughly and quite permanently held her hands and arms in the hot blaze of a kerosene lamp, also manipulated burning alcohol, breathing it into her mouth. She did enough of this to have blistered or roasted flesh under ordinary circumstances.

After she had finished (and the committee of skeptics had stated what any one in the room could see was the fact, that neither her flesh, nor even the small hairs on the flesh, experienced in the least degree any disturbance by the operation), a person claiming to be a Spiritualist, whose name was said to be Moore, arose and said the whole thing was a fraud; he afterwards qualified it, as his opinion—the rudeness of the attack being based not on any knowledge of Mrs. S., but wholly on the fact that people had advertised and performed more wonderful fire-tests, such as holding live coals and melted lead in their hands, and putting it into their mouths, and other fire manifestations, intimating that spirits had nothing to do with it, but that it was the result of chemical protection; when this speech was followed by an animated but disagreeable discussion by quite a number of the audience. Finally a man by the name of Butler, who said he was not a Spiritualist, but had some knowledge of chemicals, said he would like to come prepared to test the lady on some occasion for his own satisfaction, and would like to bring with him some experts and doctors. This was agreed to by Mrs. Suydam, and Tuesday evening, (4th) was fixed for the séance, and a very intelligent-looking audience gathered on the occasion. Mr. Butler appearing with a number of chemists and doctors, who by general consent took charge of the exhibition. Dr. Thayer, a well-known city physician, was requested to examine Mrs. Suydam's arms, and he did so minutely, and pronounced them perfectly healthy and natural, and he could detect no chemical application on them. Mr. Butler then bathed her arms and hands in some solution that would annul any chemical effect, and Mrs. Suydam then washed them with soap and water, and wiped them dry. Mr. Butler providing the materials.

Mrs. Suydam then deliberately took the hot glass with both hands from the lamp, held it steadily in her hands, and then laid it on her cheek and neck, with apparently the same effect as if it had been icy cold. She then put her hands into the flame and kept them there, drawing her arms slowly through it, allowing it to run up through her extended fingers, turning her hand slowly without withdrawing it, allowing the flame to run through the fingers the other way.

The exhibition was as remarkable as it was satisfactory, and was unanimously and enthusiastically applauded. Remarks were made by several persons, and the discussion was quite animated. Every one was satisfied that the thing was fairly and actually done, but the how was quite a problem. The committee did not seem to think the spiritual claim good; they not being Spiritualists, but was a matter of course. Mr. Butler, who seemed to be the "boss" of the evening, thought by practice he could do it, and while saying so, his first attempt to remove the glass (which was some degrees cooler than when Mrs. S. took hold of it) made him jump, and the audience smile. He thought the carbon, or smoke of the high flame, possibly became gradually a protection to the skin, and then proceeded to put his hands in and out of the flame, not as Mrs. S. did, to stay and be at home in the flame, but as any raw operator would, moving them all the time, and not in the flame two consecutive seconds. Still, he thought by practice he could do all that the lady did. At this point he remarked that he had perceived something that smelled of burnt hair, and looking at his hands, he found his trailing manipulation of the flame had burned all the small hairs off of his hands. It was the testimony of the committee, including Dr. Thayer, and the experience of any who chose to examine, that after Mrs. Suydam's protracted association with the same flame, and also the manipulating of an alcoholic flame, not a hair on her hands or arms was singed.

This was so evidently a success, and the astute observers were so at a loss to explain it, that the closing discussion was quite scientific and respectful; even Mr. Moore, though disbeliever in spiritualism, seemed inclined to apologize for his rudeness, as some considered it, on Sunday evening. A full report of the remarks would be interesting reading, but I have confined this article to the simple details of the "test," but one remark which Dr. Thayer made was so true, and from so intelligent a source, it is worth noting independent of the science that I have attempted to describe, which is this: The doctor said he did not say he was not a Spiritualist; that the study of material science, physics, tended to make people materialists, and he had doubts of a future existence, but as he had grown older he had become satisfied that man was immortal. Most of you here, said he, seem to be Spiritualists. Let me say to you that one-half of the brain of Boston is very hospitable to Modern Spiritualism, one-half of the brain of this city receives the manifestations of Modern Spiritualism with a good deal of tenderness, and many more would own up their belief than do if by admitting being a Spiritualist they did not seem to be approving manifestations that are silly, degrading and fraudulent; that when the subject is purged from tainted associations many would be openly with you of culture and science who know it roots in truth, but do not wish by identification seemingly to endorse the doubtful or discreditable.

Mr. Moore, whose action on the previous occasion had been the cause of this second and interesting meeting, said at the close of Dr. Thayer's remarks, that they were the truest and most sensible words uttered during the discussion. I am of the same opinion with Dr. Thayer, that more people are hospitable to Modern Spiritualism than belong to its body politic, but I do not applaud the *Necromani*; I follow where truth leads, and take the consequences. I am sorry to be associated with "trifles," or to be in the company of a thing is true, I am there, in duty bound, for truth will endure the barbed wire of error will in time wear off. I wish the unaccounted "hospitality" that Dr. Thayer refers to would come to the front and help cleanse this new and hopeful truth.

JOHN WETHERS.

J. Frank Baxter.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Allow me to explain more fully in relation to some spirit tests given by Mr. Baxter, which are beyond the "obituary and grave-stone notices," which, to the minds of the majority of the managers of the secular press, afford a cheap solution of all the tests of spirit identity given through the medium, and others, whose development is in the mental plane of the spiritual phenomena. The tests given to Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, Mich., and published in your Camp reports of the proceedings at Lake Pleasant, show the fallacy of the idea that these tests, given by Mr. Baxter, are the result of previous preparation. He could not have known beforehand who was to be present at the meetings, therefore arming himself with special information was, as far as utility was concerned, out of the question.

The Springfield Union reported that a Western railroad accident test was given. "The victim was recognized by several Spiritualists, but no name was furnished." This was a mistake, as the name was given in full. The facts cited by Mr. Baxter were as follows: There is a spirit standing over a man (pointing to Mr. Marsh, of Charlestown). His name is Loe Wood. Mr. Marsh said, "I do not know him." But soon after his memory was refreshed and he said he was well acquainted with Mr. Wood, but did not know his first name. The following day he came the second time, and gave minute particulars of how he was killed and the time he lived after the accident, also of his funeral and his burial at West Acton. Cephas B. Lynn, who was present, said that he attended the burial, and it was his first funeral service. Loe F. Wood was his full name, which he gave the second time, but he was always called Loe Wood. Mr. W. for many years was an engineer on the Fitchburg Railroad, and left some nine years ago for a situation on a railroad in Ohio, and there met his sad fate, which was so vividly seen and described by Mr. Baxter.

If these particulars were from memory, Mr. Baxter is the greatest wonder of the age, to say the least; but another case, (where no chance for the exercise of memory came up) that I was personally knowing to, puts his honesty as to spiritual gifts beyond suspicion of deception and duplicity in my mind.

In regard to the negro spirit that has caused such a commotion, I will say that Mr. Angell, of the Hoosac Valley News, was present at the Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting when the information was given, and he informed me that he wrote the obituary notice, and to my mind some negro spirit controlled Mr. Baxter, and gave the information more to remind Mr. Angell of his mistake, and as a joke, than from any serious consideration. This case resolves itself into this solution: That all information given by spirits is no more or less reliable than the spirits are who give it.

A. S. HAYWARD.

A correspondent writes us from New York City to the following effect, thus verifying one of the messages given through Mr. Baxter as reported in the Banner for Aug. 25th:

"I see in your 'Notes from Lake Pleasant' a number of tests through Mr. Frank Baxter—among others one from Dr. John E. F. Clark, of this city. I knew Dr. C. as well as any one, and the account given by Mr. Baxter is truly excellent. Dr. C. lived at No. 81 (old number) West 26th Street many years, with his aged mother and one sister. One sister was the wife of Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston. One evening, on returning home from Dr. E. C. Guernsey's house, he took a severe cold, and in fact, he was laid up for a more useful and natural sphere, he was loved by all who knew him. He was the poor sick one's friend. Never refused a call where he could do good. During the time I knew him he had an impediment in his speech, which to me accounts for the feeling in Mr. Baxter's throat. He was a working Spiritualist. I well remember the vision he had and told me of. The age was correct."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

While reading over J. Frank Baxter's protest of his innocence in regard to the "Lake Pleasant" case, I was surprised to find that I felt impelled to write you a little incident that has just happened to me. I feel sure that there is some law governing these things that we none of us yet understand. I have an only sister living at Winchester, the same place in which Mr. Baxter resides. About a week ago I had a very singular dream. I thought I was in an upper room of my sister's house; that I passed out of the room into the passage way, and caught her little boy just as he was falling down through what I called the well of the stairway, which would have precipitated him from the top to the bottom of the house, a distance of three stories. I thought my sister came out, saying, "Oh, he could have fallen only the distance of one landing." I thought I drew her to the stairway, and, pointing impressively with my finger, we both looked down through the well, scanning the whole dizzy height; but I thought I had saved the child. And now comes the strangest part of the story: Three days after, my sister came to Boston to see me. She was looking pale and anxious, and her words were, "Oh, sister, little Horrie has had a dreadful fall; three days ago he fell from the top to the bottom of the house, through the well of the stairway. I took him up for dead, but by some unaccountable means he is comparatively unharmed."

Her first words on finding the child, had been, "Oh, he could have fallen only from the first landing!" but it was afterwards proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the child had actually fallen the whole distance, not only from his own statement, but from his little brother and sister, who were little frightened spectators of the dreadful accident.

And now arises the question, What saved the child's life? Was it my own wrath or doubt? or was it the spirit of our own dear mother that bore him gently down this dizzy height and then drew on the wings of her love to me, to give me the vision that it was myself that saved the little one? Or was it the sympathy existing between two sisters, that the very words that she uttered on finding the child should have been imprinted on my mind? Mrs. A. GREENWOOD.

Boston, Mass., Aug., 1877.

Mrs. M. B. Thayer.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Friday evening last I had the pleasure of attending one of the remarkable séances of Mrs. Thayer, the flower medium.

Mrs. Thayer having been absent from Boston for nearly two years, I was anxious to know whether her manifestations had undergone any change or assumed a new phase. I found they had not. They are the same as formerly, retaining all their marvelousness and power.

The séance took place at the residence of Charles Houghton, Esq., where Mrs. Thayer is at present staying. Instead of being engaged, as skeptics might suggest, in roving Jamaica Plain in search of ferns and flowers for the purpose of her séance, Mrs. Thayer, we were assured, had been at home all day. Therefore remains to account for what occurred—the production of flowers and birds in a closed room.

Some twenty-five persons were seated round a large dining-table, the medium occupying a position midway on one side. She sat with her hands resting on a flat piece of cork and her head covered with a silk handkerchief. The company were requested to place their feet flat on the floor, and to rest their hands on the table and to wind. After a short interval of darkness, a strong wind was felt, and Mrs. Thayer asked for a match to be lighted in order to see if anything had taken place. This was done, and on the table, by the dim light afforded by the match, were seen a pigeon and some green leaves. The match having been burnt out we sat in darkness again for some little time, singing as before, when strong breezes were again occasionally felt, but nothing more served to indicate that anything was being done. A light was at length struck, when another pigeon was found on the table and a fine display of flowers of various kinds. There were roses and lilies, pansies and pinks, ferns and

grasses, and a long piece of English Ivy, and one plant with earth around its roots as if just taken from a flower-pot. The bringing of these things by an invisible agent is wonderful enough, wherever they may have been brought from, but the getting them into a closed room adds considerably to the mystery, and is a problem for materialists to solve.

Mrs. Thayer's séances are not only very wonderful, but are a beautiful manifestation of spirit power, and have been the means of convincing hundreds of skeptics that there is something in the world besides matter. When in Philadelphia she held a séance at a church in the presence of church members, and demonstrated to their satisfaction the power of spirit over material substances.

After spending a short time in Boston, it is Mrs. Thayer's intention to visit Washington, where she will probably be located for the next few months.

ROBERT COOPER.

Foreign Miscellany.

Mr. J. J. Morse lectured before a large audience in Doughty Hall, London, Sunday evening, Aug. 23d, on the subject of "Religion: its Needs and Nature." Near the close of his remarks he said:

"However much the question of immortality may be doubted, rest assured that it is a reality, and that you will find it out for yourself sooner or later. A life of blessedness is very pretty to look forward to, but a path of goodness would be a much better thing to commence here, and now, than to wait till the hereafter presents itself before such a life is begun to be led, for it is said—'By their fruits ye shall know them.' If man is the same in the next world as he is in this, that which produces a life of blessedness now must, perforce, continue to do so; if this were not so, he would be utterly changed on passing into the next state, and all the ties and sweet memories of the gone-by would be sundered, and lost from view forever. Sorrow and despair would take the place of hope and progression, and life would have to be begun over again."

Mr. Joseph Skipsey, a poet and clairvoyant of considerable local notoriety at Ashington Colliery, in Northumbria, Eng., is developing as a trance speaker. Writing concerning him, Jas. Nicholson says: "Judging from the short speech addressed to me personally through his guide, I should say that he is likely to become a first class medium for inspirational speaking, and the more so that he is naturally possessed of the poetic gift." The spiritual vineyards are increasing, and such workers are needed.

Mr. W. J. Colville is lecturing in Newcastle-on-Tyne. In one of his discourses he said:

"Let the mediums be developed among friends only, and when developed, always have one friend, at least, with them, who should be the leader of the circle. Admission to honest skeptics should not be denied, for when the circle was composed of persons seeking for truth the influences were such as would draw only those spirits who were willing to satisfy the minds of honest investigators. The guides of the mediums should always be consulted, and the most conclusive tests were usually given spontaneously by the spirits."

The guides of Mr. Colville assured the audience that "developed spirits were far more anxious to produce manifestations under strictly test-conditions than any mortals could be, and if persons would only meet together with high and noble motives when they seek intercourse with the spirit-world, they would draw around them such spirits as would afford them proof conclusive beyond description of the genuineness of the phenomena. If mediums were really discovered to be impostors, then they should most certainly be exposed. But in the majority of cases physical mediums were persons easily influenced by those around them; and by giving them healthy and pure surroundings you will hear little or nothing of trickery and imposture."

"Saunders's News-Letter" (Dublin, Ireland), contains a favorable account of a private séance; the writer expresses his surprise "that any one can be found who thinks he knows all the mysteries this world contains, or who thinks the elucidation of such facts unworthy of a philosopher."

Dr. and Miss Slade, and Mr. and Miss Simmons are now at 61, Rue d'Arion, Brussels. Mr. Riko, of the Hague, and some of the local newspapers, printed the assertions made at Bow street by Messrs. Mackenzie, Lankester, & Co., but although members of the best society in Holland and Belgium have had séances with Dr. Slade, the said assertions have not been borne out by what the forewarned investigators witnessed.

M. Aksakof, of St. Petersburg, Russia, the ardent and prominent Spiritualist, writes to the London Spiritualist: "August 14th, 1877. I am now, and have been for the last month, in the Caucasus, where I have been cured by mineral waters near the town of Piatigorsk, after a four months' attack of fever. I take much interest in the development of the medial powers of Miss Katie Cook, also in the experiments of the Count de Bullet. At the beginning of September I return to St. Petersburg."

Mr. E. W. Wallis, of London, has delivered five public inspirational addresses in Oldham during the past fortnight, and they are stated to have given general satisfaction. The good work is progressing in England.

Mr. Henry LaCroix, of Montreal, well known to the readers of the Banner of Light by his occasional contributions, has arrived in London on his way to France.

At a regular meeting of the Society of Oromase (Investigators of Spiritualism), at the Hague, Holland, Aug. 7th, Mr. A. J. Riko, Oude Molstraat 81, was elected President, and Mr. M. L. Delboy, Spuistraat 67, Secretary, to whom all communications should be addressed.

Cleveland (O.) Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We attended our regular Sunday service, Sept. 2d, under the ministrations of Mrs. Emma Harding Britton. The weather was unfavorable, but the friends turned out in large numbers, showing that neither the speaker nor the cause was forgotten.

Sunday the 9th, Cephas B. Lynn commenced an engagement with us, to last during the balance of the month. It is now some six years since Mr. L. was at this place, but I feel sure the cause in his hands will not suffer, and that he will reflect credit on the society for which he speaks. C. Fannie Allyn succeeded Mr. Lynn. In closing, permit me to say a few words in praise of Mr. A. Coombs, of this city, a fine trance medium and speaker, who starts this week for California, taking in many of the intermediate cities. The friends on the line of route will do well to bear this in mind, as she is highly gifted and an estimable lady. THOS. LEES.

To the Spiritualists of New England, Greeting:

I am engaged to speak the Sundays of October in Boston, Mass., and would like to lecture weekly evenings in the cities and towns anywhere within one or two hundred miles of Boston. Many of those whom I met at Highland Lake and Lake Pleasant Camp Meetings urged me to visit their places and lecture, and give readings of character. I could not then determine to do so, but now can. Will such persons correspond with me at once on reading this letter, and oblige

E. V. WILSON.

No. 229 North 2d Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 8th, 1877.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

SHORT SERMON.—The greatest victory man can obtain is over himself. He that dares not feel an injury, re-tort it upon him who offends it.

The consumption of horse-flesh in Paris, begun during the reign of the Commune, is steadily increasing. During the first six months of the present year the butchers who deal in meat of this kind killed 523 horses, donkeys and mules, while during the first half of 1876 only 412 were killed. There are more than fifty shops devoted to the sale of this meat.

A cannon ball from a Turkish battery carried away eighteen syllables of a Russian General's name recently.

A good little boy who was kicked by a mule did not say naughty words or go home crying to his mother. He just tied the mule within five feet of a beehive, backed him round to it and let him kick.

TRUTH AND LOVE.

Let us rise in our might
And fight the good fight,
With weapons of Truth and of Love!
Then the grievous foe
Full quickly shall know
That our power comes from above.

—[DIGNY.]

The dog-show at the Music Hall in this city last week was a successful affair peculiarly. Those who have studied this unique assembly are forcibly reminded that in dog nature as in human nature, the smaller and more puerile the individual the more noise and bluster he is apt to create. One Scotch terrier will howl and bark and whine more in two hours than will any other specimen of the canine genus.

The Spiritualists tell of invisible painters. There were always invisible painters who painted the water lilies? Who the autumn leaves? Who the evening clouds? Who the morning sunlight?—Etc.

"By," said an individual to the hostess of a hotel on alighting from his phaeton, "extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the aura of morning shall again illuminate the oriental horizon I will award thee a pecuniary compensation for thine amiable hospitality." The hostess ran into the house and told his master that a foreign gentleman wanted to see him.

EPITAPH UPON A MILKMAN.
Put away his short quart measure
By the wayside, with iron trowel;
"Milk" he "yell" no more at morning—
He has kicked the golden pail.

In the Himalaya Mountains trees grow up to a height of 11,800 feet, and there are often forests just below this line. In the Andes the growth of trees ends at 12,130 feet. In the Alps it ends on an average of 6,400 feet, but it is stated that specimens of trees are found above 7,000 feet; but the pasture grounds in Thibet are known to extend over an elevation of from 15,000 to 16,500 feet.

Egypt now extends to the great lakes of Central Africa, and she has thus become, in point of territorial extension, one of the largest countries in the world.

THE HEART.

Two chambers hath the heart,
And there
Dwell Joy and Care,
Woe, Joy, in thine,
Thine Care in his,
Will peacefully recline,
By night, by day, beware!
Speak gently,
Lest thou awaken Care.

—[From the German.]

The Indian Brahmins neither eat nor kill any sort of animals, and it is certain they have not done it for more than two thousand years. Their Pagoda is a Brahminical Temple, built very massively and elevated, but has a very small entrance. Near the door is a block used for beheading criminals.

The wise man is he who frankly acknowledges that love is the one enduring and immutable influence in human nature.

Good numbers, as has been pitifully said, are only the absence of selfishness. They are the doing to others as we would be done unto. A thoughtfulness for the comfort of those about us, a pleasant smile, a kind word—these are the ingredients of which good manners are chiefly composed.

TO T. H. A.

The lapse of water in dim woods; the chiming of distant bells; the rustle of green trees
By night, by day, beware!
The drowsy hum of bees
In gardens where the honeysuckles climb;
The cricket's croak, voiced in pulsing time;
The symphony of raindrops on the roof;
All haunted me, yet slumber kept aloof;
Until at last, oh, friend, thy silver rhyme
Came stealing through the dark, as I have heard
In autumn twilight, with a glad surprise,
The sudden song of some sweet belated bird.
Entranced, I listened to thy magic strain,
Till soon the hovering angel touched my eyes
And in sweet dreams I heard the low refrain,
Portsmouth, N. H., AUGUST LAURENS.

THE WAR NEWS continues to be provocatively unflattering at least by any who wish to reach the bottom facts. The Turkish advantage, however, seems to rest with the Turks, at present writing.

It is often lamented that the few teachers in our public schools are doing so badly, because they leave school to be married; but I believe that this is far from being an unkindly evil, but that on the contrary this fresh young blood has its value in the school. It works under constant attention and supervision, and that whatever evil arises is more than compensated by the knowledge of the schools which is thus gained by the future mothers of the community, who can exercise so powerful an influence upon education.—Edna D. Cheney.

Cotopaxi has just "erupted," so say the despatches, and in the land and water convulsion one thousand people and two thousand cattle have been destroyed, vegetation swept away, and starvation stares in the face the residue of the people in that vicinity.

GRAY'S ELEGY.—George MacDonald, the novelist, has written two tentative stanzas for addition to Gray's Elegy, in order to do away with its one reproach of leaving no woman in it except "the busy housewife." The lines which are to appear after the fourteenth stanza, and so take precedence of the men altogether, are as follows:—
"Here slumbers some fair, whose unadorned charms
Blended with attraction to herself unknown,
Whose beauty might have blessed a monarch's arms,
But she was a lustre on a lustre;
Whose modest beauty warmed to humble heart,
Or cheered the labors of some homely spouse;
Whose virtues formed by every dutiful part
At old Cotopaxi's foot, where adored her house."

"PETERSON'S DOLLAR SERIES OF GOOD AND NEW NOVELS."—Something entirely new in literature is a series of choice tales of fiction now published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. They are all printed from large type, and are issued in uniform style, in large duodecimo volumes, and are bound in red or blue vellum, with gold and black sides and back, and are sold at the low price of One Dollar each. Among those already issued may be mentioned "Country Quarters," by the Countess of Blessington; "My Son's Wife," by the author of "Castle of the Wolfen"; "The Family," by Mrs. Daniel; "Sabatoga," the famous Springs; "A Love Story," etc. For sale by all booksellers, or sent post paid on remitting the price of the ones wanted to the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 336 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

New Publications.

ALFRED, of Love Ventures, is the odd title of a little paper-covered sketch of a romance, whose scenes are laid in England, and whose story is that of three young fellows from Washington, whose life and experiences on the islands are intended to be narrated in the most ravishing way. The satire on our customs here at home is only a thin disguise for the voluptuous pictures which are the real book. We see no moral in it but that of the flesh, C. P. Somerby, publisher, New York.

THE QUEEN'S FAVORITE; or, The Price of a Crown. This is a historical romance of the fifteenth century, and forms still another of the exceedingly popular "Dollar Series" of Peterson & Brothers. It is full of stirring scenes, to which the life is imparted by living characters, sketched with a free grace and power. The dialogue sparkles, the movement of the story is rapid, and the descriptions are fascinating. It is worthy to belong to the Dollar Series of Select Fiction published by this enterprising firm. For sale by the New England News Company.

A FANATIC.—As the afternoon train over the Ogdenburg was preparing to go out yesterday, an ordinary looking man entered the depot and commenced shouting in a most frantic manner, urging people to attend the camp-meeting at Fribourg and have their souls saved. He at last entered one of the cars and took a seat, but soon arose and started on a rush through the train crying, "Come to Jesus! Get on board the gospel train!" and similar expressions. On reaching the baggage car he was stopped, and taken back to his seat, where he remained quiet until the train started. He was then taken to the baggage car, and among the passengers, the ladies screaming at the top of their voices. The same man made similar demonstrations at Old Cotopaxi, and it is said that he is insane from religious excitement.—Portland Press.

Supposing this man had been a Spiritualist—oh, what a time the papers would have made about it. This man is simply consistently doing what he daily hears preached from the pulpit and exhorters' desk. He is carrying out the Moody and Sankey plan on a small scale.—[Gardiner (Me.) Home Journal.]

Verification of a Spirit-Message.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the last issue of the Banner is a message given through Mrs. Danskin from David Jones, of Gold Spring, Pa. I knew this old man well, for a period of twenty years previous to his departure, and can vouch for the truthfulness of the communication, which strikingly betrays the marked peculiarities and characteristics of the individual.

He was very skeptical in regard to theological doctrines, and I think had little or no belief in a future life. I frequently gave him copies of that excellent paper, the "Boston Investigator," which he took great interest in reading, and whose anti-theological teachings he heartily endorsed. He was an upright, conscientious man, and had many excellent qualities, which won him many friends among all classes by whom he was surrounded. All who knew him will rejoice to hear from him, and to know that now, in the home of the angels, he finds that immortality is a truth, and not an illusive dream.

Respectfully yours,

LEWIS S. DEZENDDORF.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Aug. 20th, 1877.

Annual Convention of the New Hampshire State Association of Spiritualists.

The New Hampshire State Association of Spiritualists will hold its Annual Convention in Good Templars' Hall, Nashua, N. H., Oct. 20th and 21st. The first session will be held on Saturday, the 20th, at 2 P. M.

An invitation is extended to all the Spiritualist Societies of the State, also to all Spiritualists, to meet with us in Convention. Let those who are unable to attend this Convention write the Secretary at Bradford, N. H., with regard to the condition of Spiritualism in their respective localities.

Let all those who are in sympathy with us attend this meeting, that they may aid in devising means to spread the gospel of truth throughout the Granite State.

GEO. A. FULLER, Secretary.
CHARLES A. FOWLER,
DR. SYLVANUS WOOD, Committee.
GEO. S. MORGAN.

Spiritualists' Convention in Connecticut.

The Thirteenth Annual Convention of the Connecticut Association of Spiritualists will be held at Lyons's Temple of Music, New Haven, commencing on Friday, Sept. 29th, and continuing two days. The business before the Convention will be the election of officers for the ensuing year, the hearing of the reports of the Executive Board, and the consideration of the future prospects of the Association. Prof. William Dutton, J. Frank Austin, and other distinguished speakers will address the Convention. For order of Executive Board.

S. ROBINSON, Secretary.

A Special Convention

Of the New England Labor Reform League will be held in Boston, 176 Tremont street, Sept. 16th and 17th, day and evening. Stephen East and other speakers will attend. Geo. A. Fuller, Alfred Hall, Angela T. Heywood, Leo Miller, Matt Sawyer, A. D. Wheeler and other speakers, will attend. E. H. Heywood, for the Committee.

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Read Edwin Drood.

Read Edwin Drood.

Read Edwin Drood.

By Spirit-Pen of Charles Dickens.

By Spirit-Pen of Charles Dickens.

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