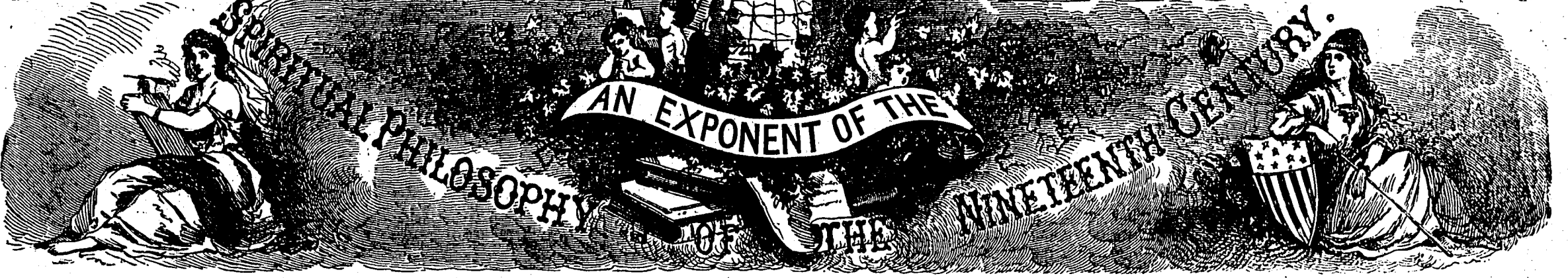


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XII.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1877.

{ \$3.15 Per Annum,  
In Advance. }

NO. 9.

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

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

### CHAPTER V.

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,  
The fair, blue fields that before us lie;  
Each sun, with the worlds that round him roll;  
Each planet, poised on her turning pole;  
With her islands of green, and her clouds of white,  
And her waters that lie like fluid light."  
—Wm. C. Bryant.

The grand system of the universe may now be contemplated from another point of observation. We have presented it as constructed upon the principles of pure music, and as an instrumental organ for the expression of unutterable harmony. Swedenborg presented the heavenly universe as "One Greatest Man"; in the spiritual organs (or kingdoms) of which dwells the "Lord Himself," as a man lives within his physical body. But this anthropomorphic representation was a natural consequence of his theological and psychological diathesis. God, he affirmed, was a Divine Man. In the heavens, said Swedenborg, God (the Man) is constantly visible—at all times perceptible to the highest angels; but the immediate appearance of God to the spectators is that of a Sun, from which proceed love and wisdom which operate as heat and light. Anthropomorphism is, therefore, the basis and the superstructure of Swedenborg's teachings an hundred years ago; because he was at that time, but not now, a profound believer in the spiritual and celestial sense of the Bible as the Word of God.

The most ancient star-students, with far more figurative reasoning than intuitive imagination, regarded all the heavenly bodies as wanderers, which is the original meaning of the term "planet." Every planet, they said, is like a bird without a nest; like a fish out of water; like a goat lost among the barren rocks; like a victim-seeking scorpion without his power to inflict injury; like a prowling lion strayed from his native forest; like a master bull that must forever look for, and never find, his herd; like a ram separated from the fold; and thus the Oriental star-students, aided by the science of numbers, finally developed the chromatic scale of constellations known as "The Twelve Signs of the Zodiac." In this arrangement the earth is regarded as the centre, and the planets as so many wandering divinities, good and evil; and that grand galaxy of mysteries, the Milky Way, as the primordial pathway over which the great unapproachable Sun-God rolled his magnificent chariot, when his majesty had accepted the eternal crown and sceptre, as the King of kings, the Lord of lords; henceforth to act as the ruler over the earth and moon, and all the stars in the firmament.

The geocentric (or earth-centre) doctrine, nevertheless, held its place firmly in the minds of all ancient astronomers—not even emancipating so great a mind as that of the learned Ptolemy; and, with the exception of several glimpses by Thales and Pythagoras, and by a few of their successors, the earth-centre theory prevailed until Copernicus suggestively opened the way for the inspirations of Bruno, who was eventually burned at the stake by the Christians of that day and generation. Bruno and Galileo lifted the world by their great ideas. They perfectly overturned, in the face of all church-opposition, (which is almost ignorant and therefore cruel,) the venerable hypothesis; and, instead, they established the heliocentric (or sun-centre) explanation of all planetary relationships and movements. Thus this new truth, that the sun, not the earth, was the pivot, entered into and expanded men's minds. But the dominant theology, as it always does, scowled blightingly upon all the new teachers; and when possible, the church imprisoned and burnt them; and why? Because, first, the new astronomy deprived theology of the pet and profitable doctrine that the earth was the chief object of God's sleepless attention and anxiety; and because, second, the new astronomy fatally impaired the church's most vital belief concerning the supernatural coming and going of God's only son; for, if the earth was not the most important centre, then the impression was implanted among men that the earth's inhabitants were hardly worth the sufferings and ignominious death of the only child of the Infinite God. For what were the human

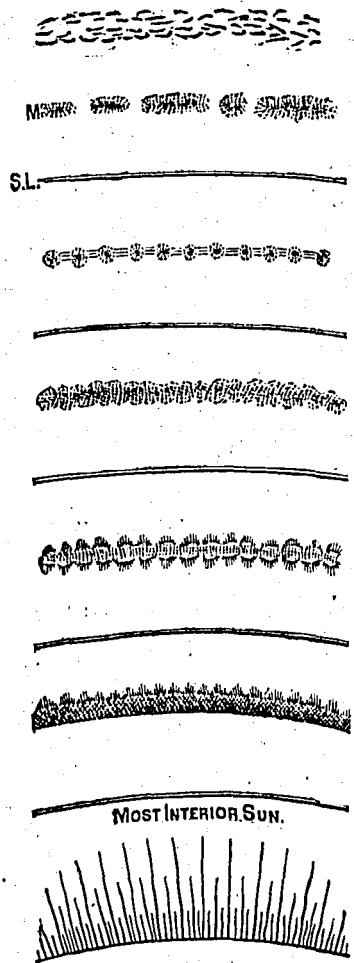
family when compared with the countless myriads of larger human families which literally swarm on the great planets which revolve the measureless sun-centres of space?

But the planets, those brilliant wanderers through the unfathomable stretches of sky, were reverently contemplated by the early thinkers; and, to accomplish several ends, the stars were counted and gradually gathered into constellations. Birds, fish, serpents, animals, men, women, gods, implements, and musical instruments, were accepted as appropriate figures. Within these significant figures the ancients mapped out and systematically classified the wonderfully bright bodies; which only midnight darkness, and a transparent, unclouded sky could bring out and plainly reveal to the human eye and mind.

Astrology very naturally originated from the irrepressible suggestiveness of this very ancient Chaldean and Egyptian plan of mapping out the star-peopled heavens. The figurative and the symbolical terminology employed, soon developed the hypothesis of stellar influences as inseparable from individual human birth, life, and destiny. Mars stood for war, Venus for love, Mercury for intellect, Jupiter for power, &c.; and the constellations very soon became celestial houses of various forms and degrees of good and evil. Astrologists had a scholarly and mathematical basis. In other words, they perseveringly evolved a real astronomical system of accurate calculations concerning the relations, positions and movements of the stars and planets; and thus, although the superstructure loomed imposingly up among the clouds of mystery and error, the so-called science was adopted and advocated as truth by some of the best minds before the dawn of better days through Copernicus and Galileo.

Unlike the anthropomorphic revelations of Swedenborg, by whom the figure of the "Greatest Man" was given as the true form of the superior universe, the ancients filled the heavens with representatives selected freely from the kingdoms of fish, bird, reptile, animal, human, and deities; not neglecting musical instruments, implements of husbandry, arms of warriors, sceptres of power, and various signs of pride and passion. All these images conspicuously decorate, or else disguise, the better fact from existing maps and popular but's old descriptive astronomy. The groups of stars, or the systems of groups, called constellations, are correctly placed in the sky by astronomical geographers. And thus we can follow the earth's path under the heavenly bodies all the way round the year. But the names adopted from the ancients, like most of the popular theology which is advocated by Evangelical Christians, both of which are derived from ages equally remote and superstitious, would be far better for mankind as simple history than as forms and methods of thinking.

The unspeakable vastness and holy grandeur of the universe are faintly intimated by the accompanying diagram, No. 4. No books on as-



tronomy either contain or even suggest the figure here presented. All the constellations, or all of which astronomers have any knowledge, are confined to the topmost belt (in the cut) of suns and systems. These bodies are fed by the outlying infinity of cometary substances, which swarm in the outermost fields of the material universe. These world-building bodies are represented in the diagram as moving simply about the constellations. It should not be forgotten, however, that this diagram represents the different sections of immeasurable, innumerable, and inconceivably vast systems of circles of suns and planets; each circle having a silver or golden lining, so to say, indicated by those horizontal lines, giving the positions of the succeeding spiritual universes, called Summer-Lands, which be-

come finer and more celestial as they approach the Central Sun—the relative position of which to the entire system is intimated at the bottom of the diagram.

To avoid repetition in description, and also to obtain very complete generalizations of the subject, the reader is urged to examine the pages of "The Stellar Key," and also, particularly, the second or cosmological part of "Nature's Divine Revelations." But here the thought must be urged that no telescope can possibly bring to the eye of man a point of light beyond or within the sixth circle of suns. In the diagram these systems, of the sixth circle, or rather the groups of our visible constellations, including the Milky Way, are represented as reposing just beneath the world-building comets.

Our sun, our earth, and all the planets of our own special system, exist and have their being in one of those clusters. The first Summer-Land zone is beneath this belt of suns and stars; for, being spiritual in its constitution, it approaches the Central Sun; while the belts of suns and stars, being material in their constitution, are situated externally, and move outwardly.

In that one uppermost belt is the entire corporeal celestial, so far as is yet known to mankind, excepting as clairvoyantly revealed. The indescribably stupendous globe or galaxy, called the Via Lactea or Milky Way, is visible as a part of this outermost organized universe. The constellation supposed (erroneously) to be nearest the earth, the *Canis Major* or "Great Dog," contains that star (the erroneously supposed cause of pestilence, in ancient times), *Sirius*; whose light consumes over three (some say twenty) years in its flight to the human eye! Herschel supposed that solar light would require millions of ages in travelling from some of the most remote stars to the earth; and this supposition, too, is not unimpaired that that form and degree of motion called "light" moves with the inconceivable celerity of one hundred and ninety-three thousand miles every time your watch ticks! Such magnificent stretches through immensity, implying such remote sun-centres of stupendous magnitudes, and so many millions of millions of ages as we measure "time," well nigh overwhelm and vanquish the most expanded imagination. The healthiest human mind, unless its possessor occasionally gives it vigorous exercise upon these sublime themes, is simply appalled and stunned. And yet such contemplations are wholesome—invigorating, ennobling, exalting; and you are therefore urged, because you are a spirit, and because you are destined to live an eternal life, to think upon and familiarize your reason with questions of eternity.

By impression imparted, as I have before explained, from the sun-fountain of intelligence in the Second Sphere, we learn that the measureless sweep of the more distant constellations through space is regulated upon a principle of dual motion which is perfectly illustrated by the circulations of globules and fluids in the human body. Principles of progressive and (apparently) retrograde or backward movements, which principles are both positive and negative, apply to and fully explain all solar and planetary motion. The first is an expansive and forward (or centrifugal) impulse and movement; the second is a contractive and inward (or a curvilinear) and centripetal movement; then there is a general forward oceanic flow of the whole circle of suns, as one solid, massive universe. The whole movement is like an endless or almost perfectly circular ocean. Thus in man's body we behold, first, the outward, rotary and vibratory motion of the fluids and globules of the blood from the heart; second, the return motion of the same minute atoms and fluids to the heart; and, third, then all the movements in man's body, together with his body itself, moves (unconsciously to the man) upon and with the earth through space, at the appalling rate of more than a million and a half of miles every twenty-four hours.

Now take the earth, for example, which originally or at first moved like an immense spheroidal mass of fire, heat, light, and electricity. This great mass moved at first centrifugally around the parental sun-centre. In appearance excepting the electrical, trailing streamers, it was a vast cometary accumulation (as it really was) of all the essential elements and qualities which were destined to ultimate into what it now is and will become. Then as soon as it had sufficiently developed into the globular form, it forthwith made a "declaration of independence" of the material bosom, and immediately turned inwardly, or upon its own axis centripetally; and thus was established, and thus are invariably established, the two eternal motions of all planetary and solar bodies. First, outward, in a rectilinear direction, terminating centrifugally; second, inward, in a curvilinear direction, terminating centripetally.

But do not astronomers generally know or believe, that the earth has also a third motion? The enlightened Russian investigator, Mädler, discovered a profounder motion. He declared scientifically that our sun, and the earth, (of course,) together with the entire planetary system, is journeying harmoniously around the mighty and far-away centre *Aleyone*, which is the brightest of that wonderfully brilliant group of seven stars, called the Pleiades?

For a sacred moment let us contemplate the resplendent centre about which our system is said to be rhythmically revolving. (Let me here say that while I know that our whole system is drifting about *Aleyone*, I do not yet know that *Aleyone* is the centre.) *Aleyone*, for example, is the mother of our ever-faithful sun, the grandmother of our earth, and the great-grandmother of the little moon, which plays in and out about

the orbit of the earth like a boy around his affectionate mother. But there are many mighty and majestic sons and daughters, together with a countless host of grandchildren and great-grandchildren, playfully circling around their august maternal ancestor, *Aleyone*. These pilgrim-children are great pedestrians! They are out in all kinds of weather. They all move forward with a cheerful regularity toward the great constellation, *Hercules*, at the delightfully exhilarating rate of about eight miles in every second, thus making extra express-train-time (always "on time," and never once "jumping the track"); and yet going ahead over and under and around and between the tracks of other trains, speeding to other destinations at the safe rate of twenty thousand miles in every sixty minutes!

Now just here it must be written, and not be forgotten, that our feminine Sun has been on a visit to her mother, who lives among the "sweet influences of the Pleiades," only twice since her birth; and it must be further affirmed, that, since she (our Sun) bore these later children, (viz., the Earth, Venus, Mercury, and the Inner asteroids) she has "not had time" to take them to see their effulgent grandmother! For, let it be recorded that our prolific solar mother produced these later little ones when she was in the perihelion of her last journey. And it will take about one hundred and twenty millions of years for our sun, although constantly traveling twenty thousand miles an hour, to carry her splendid great family back to the Pleiades, so that they may all see their gorgeous, royal, star-crowned grandmother, *Aleyone*!

N. B.—In the next chapter we will consider these principles of planetary motion in relation to the moon and other bodies.

[Continued in our next.]

## Original Essay.

### AN EARNEST APPEAL FOR MEDICAL FREEDOM.

[Continued from last week.]

State Legislators—You are asked to undo the work accomplished by our fathers for the vindication of the right of all to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," and to overturn the foundations of liberty sealed by their blood. The inalienable right to "liberty and the pursuit of happiness" which you are asked to assail is the right to conduct our lives by our own judgment in all matters whatever, free from governmental interference, until we violate the rights of others. If we have not this individual sovereignty we are not free—we do not live in a republic.

The government which tells me what I shall believe or what minister I shall sustain, is a despotism, no matter what it may be called, and equally despotism is a government which tells me what I shall believe about the human constitution, its diseases and the art of healing them, or whom I shall ask to help me in the hour of sickness and danger. That is a right which no republic can abridge, for when it does it ceases to be a republic; it is a despotism in fact, whatever may be its form, and the citizen whose rights are thus trampled on would be right, in the eyes of God and man, in defying the power of any such law and resisting it to the death. He would die as a martyr to vindicate the inalienable rights of man.

The officer of a pseudo-commonwealth who attempts to enforce such a law may and should be resisted, for he is assuming a power which no legislature can rightly confer; he is himself a criminal, and if he should destroy life in his attempt he would be morally a murderer—the homicide being so much more odious because committed in the attempt to enforce a species of slavery.

Never while the National Constitution guarantees a republican form of government to each State, can the citizens of any State be expected to submit tamely to the destruction of their inalienable rights. The Constitution of the United States, in guaranteeing to every State a republican form of government, certainly prohibits the establishment of any privileged class who alone can engage in certain occupations, or license all others to do the same by their permission, and who alone can enforce their contracts and obtain compensation for their labor. If State legislatures can do these things at all, they can legislate any class they please out of existence, or drive them from the State. They can deprive the Quaker of the right of collecting debts because he will not bear arms; they can deprive the Jew of his right of payment for service or goods, as a penalty for not observing the Sunday laws, or they could make equally preposterous laws against old bachelors and old maids, or against any who have not studied or will not study the Westminster catechism. But the fact is, the State has no right to prescribe to its citizens that they shall study or believe any book whatever, or any science whatever, and, still more, it has no right to prescribe, as a penalty for failure, that they shall be fined or shall lose the right to collect their debts, which is a mild form of outlawry, as much against the spirit of our institutions as a bill of attainder, which is specifically prohibited.

No State (says the Federal Constitution) "shall pass any law impairing the obligation of contracts," nor "deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws"; "excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed," nor "cruel and unusual punishments inflicted." These clauses, without reference to others of similar tendency, emphatically forbid this medical trades-union legislation to violate contracts made with independent practitioners of

medicine—to deprive that most respectable and useful class of citizens of the "equal protection of the laws," and impose "excessive fines" and "cruel and unusual punishments," not for any crime whatever, but for obeying the Divine injunctions, which require us, when we can, to heal the sick by all the means in our power, and which promise to all who love the Lord and obey his word great gifts and powers of healing without any medical study or collegiate license. Is it possible that any sane man could think of making it a crime to obey this higher law? As well might we make it a crime for a mother to give nature's nourishment to her babe, in order that some factory of artificial milk or baby-food might have a monopoly, as to make it a crime for the born healer (like the great religious leaders in Catholic and Protestant churches from Elijah and Elisha to Luther and the Catholic saints, or like Greatrakes and Sweet,) to exercise his godlike power of beneficence—the flow of Divine love through human channels. When you legislate against this, you not only shock all common sense and humanity, but you make a war upon that religious liberty which our fathers fought to establish, and for which their descendants are willing to fight again, whether they encounter a priest or a doctor on the war-path.

American freemen have secured their personal rights not only in the Federal Constitution, but in every State Constitution, by supreme laws of similar import. For instance: The Constitution of Illinois, adopted in 1848, guaranteed certain inherent and indefeasible rights, among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty, and of acquiring, possessing and protecting property and reputation, and of pursuing their own happiness. No restrictive law against any class of practitioners could exist under such a constitution. The Constitution of Massachusetts, also, in Art. 24, guarantees against any injury in "person, liberty or estate," for any exercise of religious freedom, and of course for any exercise of the Divine gift of healing as commanded to all Christians who possess it. In Art. 6 it denies to every "man, corporation or association of men," "particular and exclusive privileges distinct from those of the community." Art. 7 declares that government is "for the common good, and not for the profit, honor or private interest of any one man, family or class of men." Art. 24 condemns laws which punish actions done before such laws existed, and therefore forbids such legislation as would inflict injury or punishment on men who in time of freedom have adopted the medical profession as they deemed best, and invested all their capital and their life's labor in their practice, the interruption of which would be their total ruin—effected not for the public good, but to promote the "private interest" of a "class of men" who are forbidden by the Constitution to obtain such an advantage by legislation or any "particular and exclusive privileges."

But it may be said the proposed law deprives the citizen of no right of choice, it only prohibits certain persons now practicing medicine from continuing to do so because the "regular" societies wish to get rid of their competition, and the State is willing to take sides in a matter of professional rivalry to help one of the parties.

This is but a subterfuge. If I and my friends desire to employ a Swedenborgian or Universalist minister, I am just as effectively deprived of my right by a law to prohibit them from officiating as if the law had been aimed at myself. The object of the law in this case is simply to prevent the citizens of any State into whose code of enactments it may be introduced from exercising the freedom they have heretofore enjoyed (under the supposition that they were living in a Republic), of employing the services of physicians in whom they have confidence. It is really an assault upon the vested rights of every citizen, solely for the purpose of establishing an odious medical monopoly, and the fines which are to be inflicted ought to be inflicted upon the patron who employs and pays, as well as the physician who serves.

If a member of any legislature should be attacked by that fatal disease, cancer, he would be under such a law deprived of all hope of recovery unless he could find some one to relieve him who could not be driven out of the field by the administration of the law, administered as it would be by men anxious to perfect their monopoly and crush all competition.

Under such a law there would be a sudden and lamentable diminution in the resources of the healing art; for it is no secret that in addition to the diversified medical resources of the Independents, which are unknown and unused in the fossil schools, there is a vast amount of healing power in the human constitution, the application of which requires no profound study of medicine. The triumphs of Mesmerism and of Mesmeric Hospitals are amply recorded in works of unquestionable reliability. The mesmeric healers, who have a natural vocation to the curative art, become a proscribed class under the law, and benevolence becomes a crime. Against such laws rebellion is a duty, for they are null and void under the Divine law, and under every Republican constitution.

But there is something more than this. Religion in its purest form and highest manifestations is a fountain of healing power. The promise of Christ that his faithful followers should do what he did in the healing of disease, has been true throughout the centuries. Wherever vital piety has been glowing with the warmth of the apostolic age, healing power has been present in the church. It would extend these remarks too far to quote the multitudinous evidences of this great truth—the constant evidence ever in the



world of the power of God and his angels dwelling among his faithful worshippers.

The truly pious soul, ever attended by good angels and the holy spirit, is a moral and physical blessing wherever that soul may be present, diffusing love and righteousness, healing the infirm soul and curing the infirm body—sometimes by prayer—sometimes by the simple ministrations of the hands and the eyes.

And all this overflow of divine love, this practical Christianity, this introduction of the kingdom of heaven, is to be made unlawful by human statutes in order that the mercenary pursuits of pill-vendors may prosper, and mammon grow great while the divine power is placed under an interdict.

If there can be any more anti-republican, mercenary and impious scheme than this devised, what can it be? The good woman whose nursing, prayers and ministrations have raised your wife from death to life, may be robbed of her all and turned into the streets a pauper, while her property goes to the benefit of the scoundrel (whom it would be flattery to call a thief) who has been base enough to bring suit against her.

Are the sovereign States of this nation to be made parties to this vile business, and offer these rewards for a form of scoundrelism far below the level of highway robbery?

Pitiable, indeed, must have been the malignity of a mind that could have invented such legislation as this, and, conscious of the baseness of the penalty proposed, could have sought the slums to find one base enough to enforce such a law, for instance, is provided for in Section 8 of the law just defeated in Massachusetts, and in Section 8 of the statute now unhappily in force in New Hampshire. Shame, where is thy blush? Not on the cheeks of the champions of the Medical Trades-Union who devise such laws—laws against which humanity and decency revolt—which must enlist in their enforcement the most abandoned wretches in society!

But surely all this discussion is needless if we are living in a Republic where all men have equal rights. If the right to earn a livelihood in any honest, well-meaning way is self-evident, and the right to deal in all our business with whom we please, without the interference of governments, police or soldiers is equally self-evident, what need is there to discuss for one moment these pragmatic and tyrannical schemes to regulate public opinion and practice in reference to healing? They are all of the same pestilential brood of despot heresies which we supposed was buried on the 4th of July, 1776; and if they are now to be exhumed from their foul graves to stand at the head of the second century of the Republic, it will become a curious question how far we have degenerated from our Revolutionary sires, and whether the Republic may not, after all, prove a failure, since we have so soon forgotten the fundamental principles of Liberty.

What pret-xt can there be for such a tyrannical law, which is not equally good for the regulation of other crafts as well as the medical? Do we not need protection against both carpenters and builders, humbug architects, tricky butchers, blundering speculators, bankers and merchants, ignorant of financial laws, who are continually sinking millions of their victims' money in bankruptcy, humbug engineers, without education, who build worthless bridges, and explode sound boilers, half-educated legislators who understand neither political economy nor the rights of man, inexperienced ship and steamboat captains, and the host of incompetents whose shortcomings go so far toward making up the sum total of human misery? If the world is to be regulated by the wisdom of a Legislature, its sessions should be perpetual, and every man and woman should be put through an apprenticeship before they can earn a living at anything, and should then be examined by a committee of a Trades-Union interested to keep them out of employment as long as possible. It is strange that we have to discuss these seventeenth century notions to-day in this enlightened nation at the demand of a medical clique, not the leading or best educated members of the profession, (for they do not depend on law,) but a lower grade of doctors who want its help against a competition too strong for their limited abilities.

Let us now consider the origin and nature of the proposed law. If the people considering themselves victimized by frauds had petitioned for some such protection against fraudulent medical impostors, there would be some plausibility in the claim that medical practitioners, as a class of suspected felons, should be put under governmental surveillance, and all the vigilance of French police, *gendarmes* and passports brought into play.

But this is not the fact. The employers of Independent practitioners are not a dissatisfied class, complaining of imposture and asking protection. The trouble is just the reverse—they are too well satisfied, and every day they tell their satisfaction to some one who has been victimized by regular quackery and tell him where to find relief—tell him of some clairvoyant, some spiritual doctor, some magnetic healer, some eclectic, some homeopath, some hydropath, some electrician, some pneumatic practitioner, some gymnastic curer, some Turkish bather, who has vanquished with magical celerity diseases that have baffled regulars and emptied their poor victims' purse. This is the difficulty—"hence these tears"—these frantic appeals for help. It is a sad thing for graduates with two square feet of diploma parchment to have the man whom after a year's attendance they have given up to die, consult a clairvoyant and recover in a month—or get a few vials of the well-known "Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam," and recover health—a thing which has happened with distressing frequency.

If we appeal to the people to learn who have been imposed upon—if any legislature will appoint a commission to investigate this subject as thoroughly as the labor question has been investigated, and collect statistics as they have been collected in vital and mortality matters—the result will be more alarming to the Trades-Union combination than anything that has ever happened. It would show that under regular practice the expenses are great, the recoveries slow, the percentage of mortality large, and the satisfaction small—not only patients themselves being skeptical as to its success, but the practitioners also being profoundly skeptical as to their own power to combat disease—skeptical as to the value of medicines and the value of their own services, and inclined to believe all other practitioners humbugs mainly because many of them know themselves to be such, and believe like Dr. Jennings that their medicines are of little value, although they have not the honest courage like him to substitute bread pills and colored powders, and confess the fact.

As "conscience makes cowards of us all," so has the medical conscience, which is skepticism or a consciousness of its own incompetence, perverted and paralyzed the "regular" organization, which everywhere is sending forth young men without faith or hope to encounter disease with meagre resources.

The very den of this miasma is a bigoted and "regular" medical college which ridicules the success achieved by Independents, and teaches its pupils to laugh at statistics! Harvard College Medical School is helpless, doted and rotten with internal skepticism. The skeptical teachings of Prof. Clark, however, are hardly as discouraging as the witty confession of Prof. Holmes that if all the medicines were thrown into the sea, it would be worse for the fishes but better for mankind.

It is many years since the highest authority of Regularism surrendered their cause at the bar of public opinion. Dr. Forbes, of the British and Foreign Medical Review, manfully faced the statistics of homeopathy which displayed the superior success of the disciples of Hahnemann, and taking as his postulate that homeopathy was worthless or nothing at all, drew the fair and honest inference that allopathy too was a failure. There was nothing remarkable in the inference but the courage and honesty of Dr. Forbes in publishing it to the world.

Further discussion of the validity of the claims of Regularism to dominate over the people would be entirely useless, for intelligent people everywhere are profoundly skeptical as to medical science. An insurance company in the city of New York, finding fewer deaths among its patrons who adopted the homeopathic system, offered life insurance on much better terms to all who were willing to use the homeopathic practice, following in this matter the results of their statistics.

Such statistics as these, the public welfare does require, and their collection would be a most beneficent and legitimate action of the Legislature, and is indeed an indispensable preliminary to all enlightened legislation on this subject.

I ask, therefore, in behalf of the Independent practitioners of the country, the appointment by its Legislature of an honorable medical statistical bureau in each State, composed of persons of capacity for research and impartiality, not belonging to the medical profession or in any way interested in it by business or family ties, who shall register and publish, as far as possible, the medical practice of said State—first recording every death, the nature and duration of the disease, the name of the attending physician and his mode of practice; secondly, if found possible, to record all cases of disease, the time lost to the patients, the recoveries and deaths, with the name and practice of the physician. From such a record the people may learn who are the quacks or pretenders to skill, and who it is that can relieve a patient most quickly, safely and satisfactorily. I ask this, feeling, like all others, that if I call in a physician for myself or my family, I would like to know the true record of his success. The Independent practitioners are unanimously and earnestly desiring this test as their opponents dread it. With all their boastful confidence and assumption, the Allopathic practitioners generally would feel an interior and shuddering dread of the results, and would protest loudly against the degradation of weighing themselves and their rivals in the same scales of blind, impartial justice. It is doubtful whether one allopathic physician in ten would dare to face this ordeal, or would make any reports if not compelled by law. Skepticism and a dread of free investigation are the characteristics of the Trades-Union, while cheerfulness, confidence, a conviction of their own superiority and a readiness to meet any practical test, are the characteristics of Independents generally of every class. The homeopath generally has more confidence than the allopath, and courts comparisons. The eclectic is perhaps still more confident. The electrician, the pneumatic practitioner, the cancer-curer and the clairvoyant would hold a jubilee if you would give them the opportunity, by a legislative commission or bureau, of appealing to the stern arbitrament of authentic facts, and refuting the cloud of slanders uttered by their opponents.

It is to preclude all such investigations, to disgrace their rivals and blindfold the public, that the bill for a monopoly, the violation of equal rights, is urged upon your attention. But we cannot believe that a legislature of any State (if it fairly represents the people) will unsheath the sword of arbitrary power to settle by brute force a question of justice and benevolence, which can be settled only by fair statistics. You cannot honorably vote to exclude all evidence before you legislate in answer to the selfish demands of a clique. Let us, then, have light—the light of science, which is systematized facts, which you can obtain by the appointment of a commission.

We ask, therefore, in place of the tyrannical legislation proposed in behalf of the medical Trades-Union, which would rob every citizen of one of his inalienable rights, the appointment of a commission of non-medical men and women of high standing for intelligence and integrity, to ascertain and report every six months the deaths occurring in the State, with the nature of the diseases and the names and styles of practice of the attending physicians, with authority, also, to investigate and report wherever practicable the amount of sickness in any population, the time lost thereby, and the number of recoveries and deaths, with the names of the physicians concerned.

We ask, also, that the statute be so framed as to compel a fair investigation—compel every physician to make an honest report when called on, and not permit those who are conscious of practical inferiority to retreat behind their dignity or their Trades-Union rules, and suppress the facts.

In conclusion, we would respectfully suggest that when full statistical results shall have been thus obtained, and the value or superiority of any method of practice definitely established by unanswerable statistics to the satisfaction of all impartial persons, it would be highly proper that all institutions authorized to confer a medical diploma should be required to give thorough instructions in that method of treatment, appointing for that purpose a professor or professors nominated by the practitioners who follow the successful method.

It is self-evident that by such a law we should immensely enhance the respectability and usefulness of the medical profession, giving them a broad instead of a narrow education, and cleaving in two the ancient glaciers of eighteenth century bigotry which now surround the fossil schools, and exclude the sunlight of modern progress.

PETITION FOR A MEDICAL COMMISSION.

To the undersigned, petitioning your honorable body, respectfully ask the establishment of a commission composed of men and women of high standing, integrity and intelligence, not connected in any way with the medical profession, or medical societies, or hospitals, authorized to collect exact and reliable statistics of all the deaths occurring in this State, the diseases or causes of said deaths, the names of the physicians and systems of practice followed by them, and the length of time of the disease, and the treatment thereof, and to report the same semi-annually. Also, so far as may be practicable, to report for any population in this State the amount of sickness, the time lost by the patients, and the names of the physicians and their schools of practice, believing, as we do, that such a commission would result in the increase of medical knowledge, and the diminution of medical fraud and quackery.

JUSTICE.

## Foreign Correspondence.

### A Medium in "The Holy Land."

NUMBER II.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"Fate weaves for us all a shroud," would seem to be a proverb which had thoroughly demonstrated itself in relation to this once great land. The sun may shine as brightly, but there is no brightness to reflect back its rays; the birds may sing as sweetly, but their music falls on the dull ears of those who, hearing, hear not, and seeing, see not. The spirit of desolation is abroad in the land, and rules supreme. If, in the old time, God favored this people, in the present time he has cursed them. These and kindred thoughts flit through one's mind as we climb the staircase that leads to the outer wall of Mount Zion; and having reached the highest point we mark out our pathway for the day; below us is the valley of Jehoshaphat, and beyond that Mt. Olivet, and still further on, the Jordan winds its way. Mt. Zion is simply a hill enclosed by a wall, from which rises the tower of David. There is a magazine of tribute very much to our enjoyment.

We now pass out through the city gates to the valley; the road must have been the original "narrow and straight" one in which few could walk, for I found it the narrowest and the rockiest path I ever saw—we were compelled to walk in Indian file.

We soon descended a few steps and stand before the celebrated Pools of Siloam, where, in those ancient days, so many wonders were performed; the large, square basin, built by Hezekiah, is still perfect, and it was here the baptisms took place; there is also an entrance into a rock in the hill, where the water bubbles up clear and fresh; the ministers filled their vials, which they had brought for the purpose, with the water, which I presume will be used for future generations. I went in and baptized myself, and remarked it was the first baptism I had ever received, and soon found I had got myself into hot water. "Never been baptized why, are you all heathen in America?" Who will bury you when you die? "I could only remark," I answered, "No fellow can tell." These pools are connected with the Virgin's Fountain, which, at a certain hour of the day, rises and falls several feet, and no cause has yet been found for the occurrence; in this fountain Mary used to wash the linen of Jesus. Passing along the valley we soon came to the tomb of Absalom; he built the tomb himself, since he had no son; but his body was never placed in it. The tomb is some thirty feet in height, surrounded with a Greekish edifice; there is an opening in the top of the tomb, and through this opening stones enough have been thrown to fill it quite full by the Jews—for every Jew, man, woman or child, throws a stone at Absalom's tomb to express their hatred of his conduct. One of the most saint-like of the ministers said he "should like to stand behind the tomb and throw them all back again"; but you know, friends, the "seventy times seven" forgiveness was never any more intended for the use of ministers than the shovel or the pickaxe. Somehow we were glad that Absalom was buried in his tomb, and also glad that he built it, for the walking was much easier for several rods, the pathway being free from stones.

Before us rises a high, white wall; we knock at a low, small door in the wall, and soon a clanking of chains and a jingling of keys are heard, the door swings open, and an old Franciscan priest stands before us. As we cannot make the doorway any higher, we have to make ourselves shorter to get in; as we enter, the guide whispers: "Get down, as low as you can, as close as you can, and make it; the lower you lie the better; directly inside the wall is a graveled walk around the garden, shrubs are set in the wall, illustrative of the life of Jesus, and before these shrubs devotees are kneeling. Then the garden is enclosed by a high iron fence. Everybody carries a key that will unlock its gate in his pocket, if he happens to have a franc, or an English shilling. The gate swung open for us, and we found ourselves in a lovely little garden with a high, well-trimmed low border, and the beds fresh and bright green; the olive trees, there are also many trees here; the one under which Peter slept, the one under which Jesus prayed during the long, weary nights, and the one under which Judas gave the kiss, are still standing; the tree under which Jesus prayed has a carpet of English violets in bloom all the year round, and we could but feel that in sofer cushion could be found, and no sweeter incense could rise to heaven than these fair blossoms. We gathered a few—for memory's sake; it is a little to see the spot in which Jesus lay, yet perhaps it is as well, for the voiceless language of these flowers is better attuned to sing the praises than human tongues can ever be. The Catholics own the ground, and the Greeks have lately had a quarrel with them, and now the Greeks are to have a Gethsemane of their own, and try and frown this one down; they will probably choose the spot but short distance removed from the present situation, and near the Grotto of Agony, which is a sort of cave fitted up as a chapel, where Jesus is said to have "great great drops of sweat" fallen before the crucifixion; this is the Virgin's tomb—price of admittance to both, one franc. Well, after all is "done and said," the Gethsemane in our own mind, the ideal garden, is the only fit one for the Prince of men, and these spots are only catch-penny side-shows.

Leaving the valley, we turn our faces toward the city, and before entering St. Stephen's Gate we come to the sherry-pool where the sheep were kept before being taken in to the sacrifice. I think all the good stock were killed off then, for during my stay here I haven't seen a piece of mutton worthy the name. After entering the gate, which is the same way by which Jesus climbed Mt. Calvary with the cross, we pause before a modern building. In the wall is a piece of granite; on this piece of granite Jesus is said to have rested his elbow when weary with his burden. It is worn smooth with the kisses of foolish people. Following this same street, we come to a very large building, called the Sisters of Zion; this is the Catholic convent. In building it they found the arch of Ecce Homo, built in Solomon's time, and so constructed their building as to make this arch the entrance to their chapel. Over it has been placed a fine marble statue of "Christ as King." Here in this convent children are educated. The building is perfect, and as clean as ever one could desire. As we entered the school room the little girls rose in their seats and said "Bon Jour" (good day), and when we left sang a short hymn. The workings of the convent are admirable. The children gather wild flowers from the noted spots in and about Jerusalem, and press and arrange them in most artistic manner upon cards. You are invited to purchase a few at very reasonable prices, the proceeds to go toward the support of the school, no charge being made for admittance. There are also many marvelous subterranean passages under the convent. After examining these for some time we left, each saying, "Long live the Sisters of Zion," and realizing how much we owed to their instruction and discipline.

We returned to the convent, and the children gathered round us, and we could but praise the neatness and order which everywhere prevailed. We offered to contribute something, but the offer was peremptorily refused. We have all read "that it is as easy for a rich man to enter heaven as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle," and some of us have comforted ourselves in our poverty by looking up at the money kings and feeling we had got the Bible on our side, and I have often wondered why some change was not made in this to benefit the rich; but I came to the conclusion finally that it was a dog-eat-the-dog world, and that by preaching this notion they would get more in the contribution box. However, ye who live in Beacon Street, tremble no more; ye who count your money by millions, count away; the ingenuity of man has devised an explanation for even this decree. I remember hearing some free-thinker say, "Put a Yankee in hell and he'll discover his way out," and it was a Yankee who hit upon what God meant when he told the rich man what he might expect, and I write it to you, men, formerly rich, who have contributed so abundantly to the support of Spiritualism, feeling that otherwise they were shut out of the kingdom, you are now saved from the necessity of your laborious charities. There are four large gates placed in the walls of Jerusalem, and in these large gates was a small gate called the Needle's Eye! These large gates were closed every night at sunset, and also on the holy day, but the small gate was opened, if required,

at any time. It was just large enough for a camel to pass through. If the merchant arrived after the large gates were closed, his camel was forced to kneel down, the burden removed, and then he could go through the Needle's Eye! So it is as easy for a rich man to enter heaven as a poor man, but he must leave his burden behind! Now, ye millionaires of America, give this man a place in the next Centennial! He deserves it.

The worst form of disease is that of leprosy, which still prevails to a great extent in Palestine; it is supposed that the lepers are kept by themselves, and a hospital has been erected where they can be cared for; yet there are an endless number of these unfortunate creatures who meet you at every turn. These were two persons from England, a Dr. and Mrs. Tapley, who came here to devote their lives with the hope of benefiting these lepers, and hoping in time, as they should die, the disease would become extinct. Their efforts have not been crowned with much success, it being impossible to keep them within bounds; but at every street corner and every gateway they stand, holding up their swollen limbs, their hands with fingers dropping off, turning their faces toward you, from which their eyes have fallen; their lips, teeth and noses have all suffered from the ravages of this fearful disease, and their piteous cry of "Howdill leprosy!" will ring in your ears for hours; indeed, the more swollen and bursting the body—the more unsightly and deformed the limbs, the larger capital these people seem to have, and parade them before your eyes with all the pride of a merchant exhibiting his wares. Such sights I have never seen before, and trust may never see again.

There are some who are waiting for the promise of God to be fulfilled, who expect Jerusalem to be the future seat of glory, and are waiting in all patience for that day. They say, "We cannot tell when it will come, but God has sent the cloud, he will also send the sunshine." And in this simple faith, and the ashes of this once great power, they wait for a day which will never dawn. Jerusalem on earth has failed to picture upon the mind of the mortal a very great evidence of Infinite Power. Missionaries here are all the evangelists that bring any tidings of the new gospel, and I leave this faded land filed with the deepest sorrow that my fellow creatures should thus be forced to wait the fates, and registering anew the vow to never rest with tongue and pen so long as strength lasts, to fight in the battle of truth. Yours for the work, J. Wm. FLETCHER.

Mediterranean Hotel, Jerusalem.

Written for the Banner of Light.

NATURE'S VESPER HYMN.

BY BELLE DUSH.

Hear the twittering of the birds,  
Hear the merry, mellow twittering of the birds;  
Was ever music heard  
That made such sweet accord  
With the sound of loving words  
As the merry, mellow twittering of the birds  
Singing themselves to rest?

There's the robin in his nest,  
With the stain upon his breast  
That the dear Lord gave to him;  
Ah! hear his vesper hymn.  
He is saying, "Let me rest,  
I have love here for my guest,  
And surely I should rest  
In my deftly woven nest  
With so fair and sweet a guest."

Where the purple shadows swim  
O'er the heavens that shelter him,  
In the dewy twilight dim  
Hear the robin's vesper hymn—  
How it rises, how it floats,  
Till the softly warbled notes  
Seem to mingle in one gush  
Of the wildest, sweetest sound.  
Then there comes a sudden hush,  
And a stillness most profound  
Shows the robin in his nest  
Has found the truant guest,  
And the sweetest, fairest guest  
Lies asleep upon his breast.

Hear the twittering of the birds,  
Ah! the merry, mellow twittering of the birds  
In the early twilight heard;  
How soft the air is,  
By the twittering of the birds,  
By the merry, mellow twittering of the birds,  
Singing themselves to rest.

There's the blue-bird in his nest,  
With the diamond on his breast  
That a star-beam gives to him;  
Oh! hear his vesper hymn—  
He is saying, "Let me rest;  
I have love here for my guest,  
And truly I should rest  
In my soft and downy nest  
With so fair and sweet a guest."

Every bird that folds its wings  
In the early gloaming sings,  
Till through arches vast and dim,  
Rises Nature's vesper hymn;  
Far and near it falls and floats,  
Till the softly echoing notes  
Seem one silvery stream of song  
Rolling on with joyous sound,  
Then, with rapturous strains and long,  
Sinking into deeps profound.  
Thus the world in stillness rests—  
Weary hands and troubled breasts  
Find at last the truant rest,  
And through her an angel guest.

Oh! the twittering of the birds,  
Oh! the merry, mellow twittering of the birds!  
Whoever music heard  
That made such sweet accord  
With the sound of loving words  
As the merry, mellow music of the birds  
Singing themselves to rest?

Belvidere Seminary, New Jersey.

A Wonderful Spirit Communication.

It has often been charged against the spiritual manifestations that they do no practical good, says the Burlington (Iowa) News: "They can play banjos and ring bells and cuff people's ears, but that do not help anybody or prove anything." Mr. J. W. Giles, of that city, comes to the front, now, with a remarkable tale of his own experience, which tends to show that the spirits can be of some use when they feel disposed. His statement is as follows:

A relative of his, who was an officer in an Iowa cavalry regiment during the war, died several years ago, leaving a wife and children. A part of the money due him from the Government was paid to his widow. A few months since Mr. Giles was at a spiritual séance in Chicago, when the spirit of the dead soldier communicated to him, through a medium, that about \$500 was still due to his heirs, but had not been collected, because the necessary papers had been lost. The spirit said the papers were in a wooden box in a certain drawer in a bureau at home, wrapped up in a bundle of three newspapers. Mr. Giles afterward went to the house, inquired of the family, and found that the money was due from the Government, but the papers had been lost. He then told what the spirit had said to him. The box was found in the bureau, the newspapers were in the box, and the military papers were rolled up in the newspapers. They were immediately sent forward to the proper authorities. Not long since the widow received the full amount of money due.

A philosophical exchange, in commenting upon the reform in the English language induced by advanced morality of the times, says that the old-fashioned, unpolished word "he" has passed out of existence. It says: "A statesman's life is 'diplomacy,' a soldier's is 'strategy,' a society man's is 'politeness,' a merchant's is 'business,' a politician's is 'patronage,' and when a reporter is found so unscrupulous as to tell one, it is called an 'item' if it cannot be called 'humor.'"

## Banner Correspondence.

California.

ST. HELENA.—Warren Chase writes, May 3d: "The fruit crops in the State will be good generally; in the south part the grain and grass are a failure, but in the north an average and in Oregon a large crop. We had a very pleasant visit at San Jose, where I gave ten lectures in Central Hall, which is the headquarters of liberalism, and is under the control of our earnest and intelligent friend, Walter Mansfield. I also had three evening discussions with Dr. Truesdell, in Music Hall; and all of which, with the successful séances of Mrs. Chase, made our stay of three weeks a busy and interesting one. April 24th we returned to San Francisco, where I was engaged two more Sundays, and we spent the week between in the wonderful grape and wine fields of Napa Valley, at the home of our old friend, Dr. J. B. Crane, at St. Helena, in his immense grape and fruit ranch. The Doctor is an old and true friend of the Banner, personally acquainted with many of our popular mediums, and we have few more earnest, intelligent and elevated friends to our cause. We were most hospitably and interestingly entertained by himself and his estimable lady in the renewal of old friendship. I gave two lectures in the school-house, as the churches were closed and we escaped the license by making them religious, as all lectures that receive pay at the door have to pay license to the authorities as a tax on science, literature and general intelligence, which seems that a majority of the citizens of this little village and valley do not want intruding upon them. The Doctor and a few families are opposed to such restrictions, but it is in the charter. The laws of the State have been largely enacted for a few monopolies, but they will soon be changed, as the people will not much longer submit to the tyranny that now exists of a monopoly of land, gold mines, laws and power."

DUTCH FLAT, PLACER CO.—E. G. Anderson writes as follows: "We have in this vicinity a very remarkable character—an old lady who is at times gifted with wonderful powers as an artist. I had often heard of her before I went to see her; and, indeed, I found the half had been told me. She is an inspired artist, an illiterate Raphael or Correggio! She shows us a great many specimens of her skill in sketching faces. To examine her pictures and study them, and then to look upon her who draws them; to observe the great contrast between the characters of the art and the artist, fills one with wonder and surprise. Her pictures are in the highest style of portrait-painting, while she is an ignorant old woman, who never had any opportunities for acquiring even a common school education, to say nothing of practicing drawing to such an extent as would be required to enable a born artist to equal her productions. Some of her pictures (and she has hundreds of them) are truly remarkable. They all have a peculiar indescribable, classic appearance which we may imagine would be possessed by a high order of spirits. The greater part of them seem by the dress to represent persons who lived in past ages; many of them, I think, belong to the reign of the English Queen Elizabeth. Some of them are evidently portraits of our revolutionary heroes. Lately she has been drawing some of more recent date. She has two which we easily recognize as being those of Commodore Vanderbilt and George Peabody.

Her manner of drawing is very peculiar. She seems to see a picture upon the wall, on the floor, in the window—in fact, in any place—and she is impelled to draw it, which she does with a speed which is as astonishing as anything else about her, an elaborate portrait being finished in fifteen or twenty minutes, which another artist requires hours to complete. Sometimes she sees a picture near a visitor, and draws it. I know of several who have thus received pictures which they recognized as likenesses of deceased relatives. The best specimens of her skill, however, belong to the age of Raphael and Correggio; and I firmly believe that they control her.

Her story is like this: Some five years ago she was impressed that she had a work to do, which was to point the people of California to a higher life. She resided in the midst of the masses, but its power kept increasing, till at last she was compelled to cry, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" (She is thoroughly Orthodox in her religious views, and firmly believes it is her "dear Jesus" that helps her.) Almost instantly she beheld a picture, and her hand was moved to draw it, which she did upon a piece of brown paper with charcoal. Since then, when the influence comes upon her she cannot resist it. Her first efforts were upon coarse material, and were rude and uncouth; but when she procured good material to work with, she developed a skill which I may safely say is unsurpassed, by any portrait painter of the day.

Thinking that your readers might like to hear of so strange a person, I have written briefly concerning her; but my pen can convey no adequate description of her works. They must be seen to be appreciated. I subscribe my own address, that if any wish further information they may know whom to consult."

Pennsylvania.

MOUNT UNION.—B. Wolf writes: "On Saturday evening, April 14th, in company with Mr. Fred Eckert and my brother E. C. Wolf, both of Philadelphia, we wended our way to the home of the Blisses, in that city, to enjoy a few hours with our spirit-friends. When we arrived Mr. Bliss was not at home, and there was a disappointment. Nevertheless we took seats in the circle-room, and Mrs. Bliss was controlled by one of her guides, the Scotch girl "Rosa," who said we need not feel disappointed, as she would take Mrs. Bliss and put her in the cabinet. After she was controlled in the cabinet, and all necessary arrangements made, we formed a circle, about six feet from the cabinet. We had only to wait about ten minutes, when the spirit of "Blue Flower" appeared, and told us to extinguish the light by Capt. Hodge's order, (as the light was very nearly in full blaze.) In a few seconds the spirit of my sister (who by the name of Clara is well known by nearly all the Spiritualists in Philadelphia, and independent of the Blisses), appeared at the aperture several times in a full spiritual light of her own. She also came out of the cabinet, and stood by the door in the same light about five minutes, and then disappeared. The gas was then lighted again by spirit direction, and my sister appeared again (with an aunt that passed away in New York about eight years ago.) She occupied the entire evening except for about a quarter of an hour, when Mr. McCarthy, and Billy the boot-black, appeared, and wished me a safe journey. During my sister's appearance she walked out to the circle and talked with us, the same as if she was in the form. So did our aunt, who brought each of us a rosebud. My sister brought me a flower-pot, with a flower in full bloom. She was fully materialized; her eyes were as perfect as any human being's. The séance lasted till 11½ o'clock."

Maine.

AUBURN.—Dr. G. Amos Pierce, clairvoyant physician, healer, and inspirational speaker, says: "Perhaps you will excuse a few words from an old correspondent, whose name for the past fifteen years has been in the column of list of lecturers in the Banner. To-day but few names remain that were recorded fifteen years ago. Where are they now? Some have passed on to celestial homes, to occupy a more advanced position there than circumstances would permit them to here. Others have been compelled to lay aside the mantle of speaker, from physical necessity, to work in different conditions of life. Those who remain are battle-scarred by a critical and crucial test exacting community. We shall all do our work somehow and somewhere. It cannot be avoided. \* \* \* I have ever been ready, willing, and most anxious to be employed lecturing (but have not had the pecuniary resources to pioneer hither and thither



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## Spiritualistic Reunion in Chicago.

*"Office of Religio-Philosophical  
Publishing House,  
Chicago, May 12th, 1877."*

*Dear \_\_\_\_\_:*

We take pleasure in stating that the well-known author and scientist, Hudson Tuttle, together with his talented wife, Mrs. Emma Tuttle, also a writer of ability in the field of liberal thought, have kindly accepted an invitation to pay us a short visit. We have decided to accede to the request of some of the admirers of their writings, as well as personal friends, in giving an opportunity to meet our guests socially.

We have selected our editorial rooms as the most fitting place; and this should be pleasant to you, though, with such a visit, you may desire to invite, on the afternoon of Thursday the 17th inst., between the hours of three and six o'clock.

The occasion will be entirely informal, and we hope pleasant and beneficial to all—the

The occasion will be entirely informal, and, we hope, pleasant and beneficial to all who may honor us with their presence.

Very respectfully yours,  
JOHN C. BUNDY,

It is proper to state at this point, that the new offices of the Publishing House and of the Journal are in the Merchants' Building, situated at

the corner of Washington and La Salle streets diagonally across from the Chamber of Commerce, and opposite the Union National Bank building, and the headquarters of Lieut.-Gen. Phil. H. Sheridan, and are fitted up in the most modern style, convenient and elegant, large

After an hour of pleasant conversation and inspection of the various offices and circle-room, the assembly was called to order by Judge Hol-

the assembly was called to order by Judge H. H. Brook, who, in his usual pleasant way, expressed his pleasure at meeting the distinguished guests and his admiration of the new home of the Journal; then calling on Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond for an invocation. It was given cheerfully, and in

that incomparable style and language so well remembered by hosts of Spiritualists on both continents. After which he appealed to Hudson Tuttle as their guest to make some remarks which we hope to find room for in our next issue.

Mr. Tuttle responded in his usual felicitous manner, giving pleasure and satisfaction to his hearers, and at the same time expressing many important truths. He was followed by Dr. Kayner, of St. Charles, Ill., Mrs. Emma Tuttle (with a

original poem), and Dr. Avery, after which Judge Holbrook announced that the remaining time would be given to social converse and the examination of spirit pictures and paintings, engravings and other works of art found upon the walls and ceiling throughout the Mesmerium.

walls, and scattered through the offices, editorial rooms, and in the circle-room; and that any who desired to visit the wholesale and packing departments of the Publishing House, in the lower stories of the building, would be conveyed by the elevator.

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### The New Hampshire Medical Law.

The friends of free thought and untrammelled action in regard to methods of medical practice are looking to you, Spiritualists and Liberals of New Hampshire, and hoping that as in your State

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A Complimentary Testimonial.

The friends of Mr. Prescott Robinson, and their name is legion, tendered him a "surprise party," which took the form of a public meeting at Nassau Hall on the evening of May 19th, in recognition of his several years' service as chairman of the spiritual meetings which have been held in this city at Temple, Lurline, John A. Andrew, and Nassau Hall respectively. The affair originated with and was successfully carried out by a committee of ladies. The hall was handsomely draped with flags, flowers, cages of singing birds, &c. Mr. R., on entering, was received with applause from the large company and appropriate music by the band. At the request of the committee, Mr. G. A. Bacon, acting temporarily as chairman, in a brief address stated the object of the meeting. It was simply intended as an expression of grateful remembrance to Mr. Robinson as a man and a brother, and for his numerous acts of disinterested kindness, of sympathy and assistance toward mediums, and also for his consistent labors in spiritual and humanitarian fields of reform. These efforts had been made in a very becoming and modest manner, which enhanced their virtue. Many of those present could bear grateful testimony to these facts, and were glad to unite with others in this public acknowledgment of what was eminently his due. For himself, the chairman said, he entered into the spirit of the occasion, and felt to congratulate both the worthy recipient, on this manifestation of approval, and the large company who had thus convened to do him honor. A varied programme had been arranged for general entertainment, and as the ladies had engineered the affair thus far, he thought it but just that they should continue the good work, and accordingly introduced Mrs. Maggie Polson to take the chair and conduct the remainder of the exercises.

Remarks of a character more or less pertinent followed from Mrs. Polson, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Hatch, John Wetherbee, Mr. Seaver, Dr. Richardson, Mrs. Hattie Wilson, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham and Mrs. Nelson, the latter on behalf of her spirit guide presenting to the guest of the evening a basket of beautiful flowers, Mr. Robinson feelingly responding; recitations from Miss Ella M. Carr, Lizzie Thompson and Mrs. Wilson; songs by Mrs. Bryson, Mrs. Prince, Miss Ellen Sawyer, Miss Minnie Foster, Mr. Baldwin, and a select quartette. Floral offerings were also extended to Mrs. Polson and Mrs. Carr, after which an agreeable hour was devoted to Terpsichore. The occasion proved from first to last eminently pleasant and satisfactory to all concerned.

German Spiritualistic Works.

We have just received by steamer from Germany an invoice of the following named books, which treat upon the subject of Spiritualism: The first is entitled, "SPIRIT, POWER, MATTER," by Catharina, Adelma, and Oedon Vay, published by A. Holzhausen, Vienna; price fifty cents. This volume, neat and compact, has its origin in revelations upon the above subjects which emanated from minds of learning and deep thought in the spirit-world, explaining its theories, giving truths and doctrines through the authoress, a famous medium. The other volume, neat in typography and execution, published by A. Mutze, Leipzig, is the second edition of "ESSAYS ON THE SPIRIT-WORLD," by Adelma, Baroness von Vay, nee Countess von Wurmband, with a fine likeness of the authoress, and many drawings and explanations, given through the mediumship of Madame von Vay; price seventy-five cents. This volume, full of startling facts, illustrations, and interesting communications and indisputable evidence, is well calculated to shake the skeptical mind upon the subject of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Both volumes are very valuable contributions to true religion, displaying a high sense of morality and convincing candor. The authors are celebrated mediums, belonging to old, distinguished families, whose examples and precepts are beacon-lights in the communities known to them.

Rev. M. J. Savage talks well. He preached last Sunday on the connection of knowledge and religion. We can give but a brief synopsis of his noble remarks. Knowledge, said he, has made man free—has created the whole vast world of civilization, in the midst of which we are placed. Organized religion, of whatever name or nature, has, almost without exception, set itself in the pathway of obstruction to all forms of intellectual advancement. Knowledge means simply finding out the truth of things. If religion be not a part of the truth of things, most certainly we do not want to spend our lives in a vain delusion, and wake up at the end to find ourselves awakening from a dream. After working out this line of thought, the preacher concluded by saying:

"The grandest and most glorious religion that I can conceive, that God can suggest, is summed up thus: 'To be good and to do good.' So that we to-day care nothing for the bits of the true cross, for pilgrimages to distant and sacred shores, for the hair of some religious martyr, for the rags of some old saint. We care nothing for the religious institutions of the past, not because we know less, but because we know more; because the religious knowledge of the present day has advanced from the days when God was to us simply a delirious ancestor, a big man in heaven, an angry, a despotic God, more tyrannical than any earthly tyrant. We have progressed from that idea to the contemplation of a God infinite in his universal loveliness, beautiful beyond the conception of the poet, transcendently good. This much has knowledge done for us. It has given to us a vast religious conception, and we require a God as vast as our conception."

In conclusion, he said it was plain, therefore, that praying, going to church, and complying with the other forms and institutions, do not necessarily imply a religious man. This is merely the staging upon which he grows up to a religious character. The one important thing consists in "being good and doing good."

READINGS AND DISCUSSIONS ON SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.—Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten will give her next Sunday Evening Reading from "Art Magic," May 27th, at New Era Hall, 176 Tremont street, Boston. Subject: "The New School of the Prophets." The reading will be succeeded by a short address, after which the audience will discuss the subject in ten-minute speeches or questions. The proceedings will be summed up by Mrs. Britten. These meetings are very interesting.

We are informed that the series of séances for materialization which has for several months past been held by Mrs. Brightman, (formerly Seaver) at the house of Mrs. Hancock, on Burroughs street, Jamaica Plain, has been discontinued for the summer season. Mrs. Brightman resides at Marlboro', Mass.

Prayer and Work.

It is well stated somewhere by Mr. Beecher, that while prayer is a "means of grace," with which he also associates Sunday services, it need not arrogate to itself, nor need Sunday worship, either, the claim that it is especially and organically the means by which men grow gracious. It is an agency, he asserts, that must take a second rank. And why? Obviously, he answers himself, because the Creator has provided that the necessary duties of life shall themselves be the schools in which men shall find virtue, truth, honor, nobility. It was not meant, he holds, that men should leave the street, the store, the shop, the ship, the warehouse or the forum, and huddle together in churches or cathedrals that they might have a religion which they could not have elsewhere. God puts a man, says Mr. Beecher, in circumstances, so that his duties are where his business is every day; and there is to be his religion, or nowhere.

This habit which priests have hitherto taken pains to inculcate on the common mind, that in order to be religious they must regard everything else but going to church profane, is being slowly broken up. That is just what all this absenteeism from church on the part of the people means. They would flock to the churches again if there was to be found any new and larger truth there, anything but that partisan spirit which seeks to secure the most numbers on its side. People are not the naturally irreligious beings that the preachers have long told them they are. They like what is good for their souls as well as what is good for their bodies. But they do not see why religion is not just as good and necessary on Saturday and Monday as it is on Sunday.

Aid the Lyceums!

In the interests of the children, I write to ask you to devote one column of your valuable space for items of interest connected with the Children's Progressive Lyceum cause, and in that column I would propose that the names and addresses of the Conductors of these useful organizations throughout the country be kept standing, so that they may correspond with each other, and that they may contribute weekly such news as may be interesting to those engaged in the Lyceum movement, and likewise to the general reader. We are beginning again to flourish as of old, and I think I sense a general awakening in this direction.

Conductor C. P. L. of Cleveland, Ohio. We concur in the above suggestions of Bro. Lees, and invite the presiding officers of these schools throughout the United States and Canada to forward their names and addresses to us, together with any matters of interest connected with their work which they may deem worth reporting.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

As will be seen by his card on our seventh page, has taken up his residence for the present at Old Orchard Beach, Me., where patients may consult him personally or by mail.

D. D. Home's New Book

Is for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Sardou, the French playwright, said: "I admit that I believe I owe my best pieces to invisible and supernatural collaborators. I write in a state of hallucination; in it I see an imaginary theatre where the actors dictate the dialogue to me. Their acting gives me the plot, which I transplant from the imaginary stage to the boards that mean the world." That is my whole secret—my entire art.

The above reminds us of what one of the invisibles said to us several years ago, namely, that one of Shakespeare's best plays was written in one night, when he sat sound asleep (entranced) at his desk. Shakespeare, so our informant added, was confounded, on waking about nine in the morning, to find such a pile of manuscripts before him. He was still more astonished on reading them, on ascertaining that he had a completed play before him in his own handwriting. It was then he fully comprehended the situation, that he owed the piece to invisible co-laborers. But he kept this fact a profound secret, he said, from fear that he might be accused of being in league with the devil!

A standing notice informs correspondents that we cannot engage to preserve and return to the writers rejected manuscripts. Yet we are in receipt of so many letters in this direction, that we are obliged to take this method to answer them, one and all, that we do not preserve manuscripts we are unable to use, and it is therefore useless to importune us in that direction. An editor's life is onerous enough at best; but should he give his attention to one-half of the requests made upon him, he would have neither time to eat nor sleep. In past years we have corrected hundreds of articles that have appeared in this journal, because in the first place they embraced good thoughts, and in the second place, because the corrections and emendations made by us benefited the correspondents whose names were attached to them. But we are about worn out in such "good work"—and, simply ask for rest, at least in this respect.

One of the Dunedin journals states that the next evening after the victory gained by the Davenportists in that city—and which we detailed in our columns last week—their agent called Capt. Barry, the defeated challenger, to the platform, and returned his money to him before the audience, stating that the Brothers did not think it honorable to keep it, since he (the Captain) was led on, in what he had done, by a blind belief, while they felt actuated by a positive certainty of success.

The "Appeal for Medical Freedom" reaches on our first page its peroration. It is a grand affair, and worthy the pen of the distinguished scholar who composed it. His idea of registering physicians according to their success in performing cures, is admirable, and is one, as he truly says, which would meet immediately if put in force with the unqualified endorsement and co-operation of all practitioners save the so-called "Regulars."

Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P., says: "I know of no rule which forbids a Christian to examine into the professed signs of preternatural agency in the system called 'Spiritualism.' But it seems to me his duty to refrain from 'dabbling' in a question of this kind: that is to say—making a shallow and insufficient examination of it."

The Graphic for May 4th contains a number of fine illustrations, in which are depicted the buildings of Dr. Brandreth, at Sing Sing, N. Y.—the laboratory, storehouses, etc., making a fine display, and attesting the enterprise of this world-famed manufacturer of a truly valuable medicinal remedy.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Wm. S. Bell has returned from filling lecturing engagements in the West, and can be addressed at 55 Foster street, New Bedford, Mass. Such an excellent lecturer should be kept constantly in the field.

W. F. Jamieson delivered lectures May 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th in Osceola, Iowa. His address is Glenwood, Iowa.

Prof. M. Milleson will speak in Mansfield, Mass., on Sunday, May 29th, afternoon and evening, for the society of Spiritualists, and will illustrate his lectures with his fine paintings drawn under spirit control, showing the spiritual body, with its currents, its brain waves and spiritual anatomy.

Jennett J. Clark will remain in Plainville, Ct., for the present, to which place all letters intended for her may be addressed.

Geo. A. Fuller will speak in New Hampshire during the summer. He has already made engagements to lecture at the following places: Bradford, Sunapee, Newbury, Sutton, Lake Village, Plymouth and Nashua. He would like to make further engagements. Address during June, Bradford, N. H., care of Geo. S. Morgan, Esq.

Hon. Warren Chase and wife are having a pleasant visit at Santa Barbara, Cal. They will remain there and at Los Angeles till about the middle of June, and then return to San Francisco, after which they will probably visit Oregon. Great success attends their ministrations in California.

Prof. William Denton will speak in Brockton, Mass., on Sunday, May 27th, at 7:30 p. m. Subject—Mohammed and the Religion of Turkey.

In a recent discussion on Spiritualism at Sherman, Tex., E. V. Wilson delighted and Elder Caskey disgusted the audience. The Daily News and Daily Cresset of Denison tell the same story of the debate, the latter paper declaring, "The affair will surely not redound much to the credit of the Christian religion as represented by Elder Caskey."

Mr. Henry C. Lull, inspirational lecturer, spoke at Pythian Hall, Lynn, on Sunday, May 13th, to very large audiences. Will lecture at Harwich Port on Sunday, June 3d. Would like to make engagements for the rest of the month of June. Mr. Lull will be absent from home until May 28th, on account of engagements.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield will lecture in D. F. White's Hall, in Lower Haverhill, south part of Fitzwilliam, N. H., Sunday, June 3d, at 10½ a. m., and 1½ p. m. Would like to make other engagements. Address him at Greenwich Village, Mass.

The literature of Spiritualism is already very extensive and interesting. Not less than thirty periodical publications in England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, Mexico and Brazil are devoted exclusively to this subject. In the United States there are seven or eight weekly publications, of which the Banner of Light (at Boston), which has a large circulation, is at present in its fortieth volume.

Any one desiring correct information as to the facts and principles of Spiritualism can obtain it for a dollar in that most graceful and fascinating work of Epes Sargent, "PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY," published by Colby & Rich, of Boston, or in the pleasing and philosophical works of Robert Dale Owen, the "FOOTFALLS" and the "DEBATABLE LAND," "Mediums," in the Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.

Dr. James W. Greenwood, one of the earliest and most successful of the magnetic physicians of Boston, passed on recently from his residence in Cambridge, at the ripe age of sixty-six years. Memorial services commemorative of his life and character, will be held in Paine Memorial Building, next Sunday, May 27th, at 2½ o'clock. The public are invited to attend. Rev. Mr. Bell and others will participate in the exercises.

At the annual meeting of the "First Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists" of Cleveland, O., held Sunday, May 13th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: F. C. Rich, President; G. O. Shore, Vice President; Thos. Lees, Corresponding Secretary; C. H. Rogers, Financial Secretary; W. A. Lathrop, Treasurer; D. S. Critchley, Watchman; F. C. Rich, N. J. Benedict, W. A. Lathrop, Trustees.

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Thomas Walker, the eloquent trance-speaker, accompanied Dr. Peebles as far as Sydney, where he remained at last accounts, having made engagements to lecture there. He is on his way to England from a tour through America. After he visits Queensland and New Zealand, it is quite probable that he will spend a little time in Victoria, Australia.

We are pleased to see the movement again on foot, with every prospect of success, in aid of the raising of funds to furnish free excursions for the poor children of Boston during the coming summer. It is a worthy enterprise.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Boston, is deservedly popular at the present time. It has about two hundred names of children upon its books, and the names of as many more adults who are earnest workers.

J. William Fletcher is now located at 14 Southampton Row, London, Eng., where he will receive the general public from twelve till five daily. He lectured in Langham Hall, May 21st.

Copies of the latest number of The Spiritualist, London, are for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum at New Orleans, La., is reported as doing good work in its specialty.

The little ones' Monthly, for June—THE NURSERY—is on the counter of Shorey & Co., 36 Bromfield street. It is a capital number.

Subscriptions for the new works on the Phenomena, Philosophy and Present Position of Spiritualism, which "M. A. (Oxon)," our talented English correspondent, proposes to issue when a sufficient number of names is secured, will be received at this office.

To Correspondents.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a guarantee for publication, and to preserve or return communications not used.

New York.—The article entitled "Problem," by a Spiritualist, is on file for publication.

BROOKLYN.—The article entitled "Spiritualism in Brooklyn," by Y., Experimental Science and their Results," has been received, and will appear soon.

For Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly. Price 30 cents per copy. \$3.00 per year, postage 25 cents.  
HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoetic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents per copy. \$2.50 per year, postage 25 cents.  
THE SPIRITUALIST: A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science. London, Eng. Price 8 cents per copy. \$4.00 per year, postage 10 cts.  
THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK: A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism. Price 5 cents per copy. \$2.00 per year, postage 10 cts.  
THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published weekly in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents per copy. \$2.50 per year.  
THE LITTLE HOUSE: A Children's Monthly. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents per copy. \$1.00 per year.  
THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. S. Watson, Editor. Price 20 cents; by mail 25 cents. \$2.00 per year.  
THE GOSPEL OF SPIRITUALISM. Price 5 cents.  
THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published monthly in New York. Price 10 cents per copy. \$1.00 per year.  
THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING. A Monthly Magazine, published in St. Louis, Mo. Per annum, \$1.25. Single copies, 15 cts.

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Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.  
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SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT.—For Diagnosis send lock of hair and \$1.00. Give age and sex. Address Mrs. C. M. Morrison, M. D., P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. My. 12.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS FROM LOCK OF HAIR.—Dr. BURNFIELD will write you a clear, pointed and correct diagnosis of your disease, its causes, progress, and the prospect of a radical cure. Examines the mind as well as body. Enclose One Dollar, with name and age. Address E. F. BURNFIELD, M. D., corner Warren and Fayette sts., Syracuse, N. Y.  
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Change of Locality. Dr. WILLIS may be consulted at the QUINCY HOUSE, in Brattle street, Boston, every Wednesday and Thursday till further notice, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. Ap. 7.

The most Unhappy Person in the world is the Dyspeptic. Everything looks dark and gloomy; he feels "out of sorts" with himself and everybody else. Life is a burden to him. This can all be changed by taking Peruvian Syrup (a proteolite of iron). Cases of 27 years' standing have been cured by it. 2w. My. 26.

Cocoa is the cheapest drink for the working classes. Dr. Lankester says: "Cocoa contains as much flesh-forming matter as beef." There is no Cocoa or Chocolate in the market superior to that made by Walter Baker & Co. All grocers sell it.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 58 Clinton Place, N. Y. Terms, \$2 and 3 cent postage stamps. Money refunded if letters sent are not answered. 4w\* M. 26.

Dr. S. B. BRITTAN treats chronic diseases, especially such as are peculiar to the female constitution, by painless methods, using the best remedies known to modern pharmacy, together with Electricity, Magnetism, Medicated Vapors, and other subtle and psychological agents. Rooms at 232 West 11th street, New York. Patients visited at their homes when necessary. F. 3.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Heating and Developing, office 200 Jordan street, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. My. 19.

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

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

Dr. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Eclectic Physician, No. 87 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MORSE, the well-known English lecturer, will act in future as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to do so should call on Mr. Morse at his residence, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., London, Eng.

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

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. WELD & JACKSON, Bookellers, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, give them a call.

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT. E. M. ROSE, 56 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT. RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 1010 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

BALTIMORE, MD., BOOK DEPOT. WASH. HANNAH, 70 N. Saratoga street, Baltimore, Md., keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT. B. T. C. MOIGAN, 2 South Jefferson ave., St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a supply of Liberal and Reformatory Works.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT. MRS. M. J. REGAN, 620 North 5th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT. At No. 319 Kearney street (upstairs) may be found the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritual and Reform Works, at Eastern prices. Also, Positive and Negative Photos, Planchettes, Apertures, Tobacco Preparations, Dr. Morse's Nutritive Food, &c. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW YORK BOOK AND PAPER AGENCY. CHANNING P. MILLER keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, at the Harvard Rooms, 424 street and 6th avenue, and Republican Hall, 55 West 34th street.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. H. RHODES, 250 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, at the Harvard Rooms, 424 street and 6th avenue, and Republican Hall, 55 West 34th street, and at all the Spiritual meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, who advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult DR. RHODES.

CHICAGO, ILL., BOOK DEPOT. W. PHILLIPS, 109 Madison street, Chicago, Ill., keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and other Spiritual and Liberal Papers.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT. WILLIAM WADE, 825 Market street, and N. E. corner Eighth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, has for sale the Banner of Light at retail or by mail on Saturday morning.

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT. LEON'S HAZAAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O. All the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

LONDON, ENG., BOOK DEPOT. J. BURNS, Progressive Library, No. 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT. And Agency for the BANNER OF LIGHT. W. H. TERRY, No. 84 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale the work on Spiritualism, LIBERAL AND REFORM WORKS, published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

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A THRILLING INCIDENT

In the mission life of Mrs. Ingalls, in Burmah, is well told in the "Baptist Messenger," relating how she was sent for to visit one of the Buddhist high priests, who had been nearly killed; and how, while in the most holy place in their temple, where none but priests had ever before been admitted, she was permitted to look into the face of the sacred vessels, which none but the high priest dare touch, and to even overturn and sit on one of their gods to rest; all through the magic influence of the Pain Killer, called by them the "God Medicine," so successfully had she used it in curing their many diseases, some of them considered heretofore fatal in that climate, among which were cholera, liver complaint, dyspepsia, the bite of venomous reptiles, &c. This speaks volumes for the Pain Killer—London Times.

Rev. J. E. Clough, Missionary at Ongole, Southern India, writes:—"We esteem your Pain Killer very highly for scriptural script, cholera, &c., and cannot say well get along without it."

Rev. I. D. Colburn, Missionary at Tavoy, Burmah, writes:—"I shall be happy to assist in extending a knowledge of a remedy so speedy and effective."

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, PROVIDENCE, R. I. May 26, 1876

KEROSENE STOVES.

THE BOSTON GEM is adapted to all household uses, and is one of the most perfect stoves in the market, and about half price of other Kerosene Stoves. A superior and perfect heater, called F. MORAND'S, 30c per hour, and one-half hour.

English Spiritual Magazines.

We have on hand a quantity of back numbers of the LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE and HUMAN NATURE, which we will send by mail to any address for 15 cents per copy—retail price 30 and 25 cents, respectively.  
COLBY & RICH, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

DR. JACOB L. PAXSON AND SARAH M. BUCK. MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. HAYES returned to 111 E. 10th street, 102 N. Vermont street, Philadelphia, where they are prepared to receive patients daily from 9 to 12. Persons treated at their homes when desired. The combined force of the positive and negative forces from the two makes most powerful remedy for the cure of disease. May 26.

The Star Medium!

While in an unconscious trance state, controlled by the great Spirit, she clearly examines and treats every disease. Send 40c stamp, lock of hair, give age and sex. Spirit remedies reasonable. Send specific for Generative Weakness, called F. MORAND'S, 30c per hour, and one-half hour. Address, 21 East 21st street, Oswego, N. Y. 4w\* May 19.

ANY reader of the Banner knowing the address of DR. J. C. Y. L. BELL, (healing medium) formerly of New York City, will confer a favor by sending the same to the unders



## Message Department.

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

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

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

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

**The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings** are held at No. 9 Montgomery Place, (second story), corner of Providence Street, every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons. The doors will be open at 2 o'clock, and services commence at 2:30, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor egress until the conclusion of the service.

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

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

Donations of flowers solicited.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

We wish it dignifiedly understood that Mrs. Rudd, the medium engaged at this office, takes no fees for spirit communications. She sits exclusively for us, is paid by this establishment for her services, and the messages given through her instrumentality are printed from week to week in these columns. As we freely receive from the spirit-world, we as freely give to the inhabitants of earth.

### REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

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

#### Invocation.

Father, as we come to earth to-day and behold the bright sunshine and the clouds of days gone by, may we bring with us spiritual sunlight and spiritual strength. May we draw nigh unto the children of earth, and make them stronger and wiser. May they feel that they are holding the hands of their loved ones, and that they will meet them when life is over.

#### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—Mr. Chairman, we will now listen to suitable questions.

**Ques.**—[From the audience.] Can you tell us the signification of Jacob's ladder, as we read of it in Gen. xxviii. 12?

**Ans.**—There are many Jacob's ladders. Each individual has one, on which he can climb, if so disposed. You can ascend that ladder until you reach a point from whence inspiration seems to spring. Thus it was that such a ladder was portrayed to one of old, that he might climb up on it and receive that spiritual light and truth which is ever ready to descend when individuals ask.

**Q.**—What was the cause of the deluge?

**A.**—It is impossible for us to say. The flood did not cover all the earth, as was supposed, but was merely sectional. If you only knew of a certain river—the Merrimac river, for instance—and lived upon its banks for years, and this river overflowed and submerged the adjacent country, you would naturally suppose that a great and mighty flood had taken place. Thus it was in the days of old, in the time of the deluge. It seems to us that the great book of Nature teaches humanity that a universal flood is an impossibility. Then, again, we have met certain individuals who lived at that time, and they tell us that only a small portion of the earth was flooded.

**Q.**—Can our spirit-friends read our thoughts constantly?

**A.**—Not always; but very many times we can do so. They are mirrored to us, the same as if we looked in a glass. Your spirit-friends often take cognizance of thoughts that come and go through your minds. They are often influenced by these thoughts, and try to aid you—to do all they can for you and yours—and yet they are not able to do all you ask.

#### Dr. Joseph Whittemore.

This is something new to me, [spirit return] and yet I have controlled several times; but I have been asked, if it were really myself, to call here at my Banner of Light. I find myself surrounded in the spiritual very differently from what I expected, yet I never was a heaven or hell-man. I was a believer in Unitarianism, and I think it comes as near the Spiritual Philosophy as anything there is. You help to tell every man goes to his own place—that by their works you shall know them, do you not? [Yes.] I was a student; I am a student to-day; yet I don't know as I shall be able to make myself understood. I come here not for the benefit of myself entirely, and yet somewhat so, for I expect to gain strength so that I shall be able, when I return, to take part in the councils of learning and medicine, and to do far more good than I have ever been able to do before.

I have friends on earth. I don't expect them to receive me or to be glad to hear from me. I come here to-day because I am compelled by a power outside of myself to return to earth; and if I must return and make myself manifest, I prefer to do it in a way by which I shall be acceptable to at least somebody. I believe I shall be acceptable to a few if not to my own family. The song says, "a work which none other can do." I do believe we all have a work to do which no other can. I don't think, Mr. Chairman, that I can do your work, or you can do mine. I believe each individual has a work for himself, and that work he must do. I have traveled extensively, through my own country and through Europe. I have visited different lands, and have watched carefully the inhabitants thereof.

I became convinced long before I left the body that there was something beyond life which was immortal. In dissecting, I endeavored to detect the spirit, but I always found it like a will-o'-the-wisp, and when I thought I had got hold of it, it was very much worse than the Irishman's flea. No matter whether I looked at the brain or at the heart, no matter where I gazed, though I knew it was a spirit that had unfolded and developed and held on to the body in the days gone by, and it was that which caused them to walk and talk and be themselves, yet I never could find it; it was a mystery to me. It is no mystery now. I know spirit-life is the real life. Do what you please on earth, go where you will, believe what you may, the spiritual controls the body, and when that body is dead, no less controls itself. It is an identity; it is an individual, and it is all there is of life. Your old boxes that you live in are only something to dwell in. They are houses for you, but when your house is broken up, you still live on. And so it is with me. I am just as much interested in my profession to-day as I ever was; and I am as much interested in working for humanity, in bringing them up higher—more so than I ever was before. I have visited France and studied; I have studied in the Universities here; but up in the Summer Land I have studied more. I have learned more than I ever thought to know.

Give my love to Joseph Whittemore. You may say I shall in due time entrance a medium and bring him to bear my name, and to do my work.

#### George A. Trenholm.

I trust I am welcome here. I know this place is free to all, and rejoice that it is so. I rejoice

that there is one platform in God's great world where man and woman can stand and proclaim his or her sentiments. I am glad there is one place where spirits are not afraid to say, "I dare to do right; I dare to do whatever my conscience dictates to me is right, and I shall receive no condemnation therefor." I come here not as a Northerner, but as a Southerner; one who received favor under the Southern Confederacy, and yet I recognize you all as my brothers and sisters. I have no alien feeling in this heart now; it is all gone, and I know that we are all one in spirit, although there are dissensions in the material world. I realize that in the Southern States, there are feelings that rankle and burn like red-hot iron in the very souls of men and women; yet, as I stand on this shore, I clearly see that LOVE will yet predominate, and will be the one grand link that shall bring you all together. I know that "united you stand, divided you fall"; yet you will recognize our rights in time, as we recognize yours to-day. I have felt since I have been here a desire to manifest, to speak my feelings, and although but a short time has elapsed since I left the earthly form, I felt that I would like to try it on again. I hardly felt at home, yet I clearly understand that I would work I must work with whatever instruments God provides for me; and surely those must be sensitive instruments, for I find them exceedingly sharp as I touch them, and I trust, as I come here and feel the influence, that you will be careful of them wherever you meet them. I want to send this message to my friends: "Dearly beloved ones, I send you greeting from the northern shore. God bless you. The angels are with me, and I am enjoying life." George A. Trenholm, of Charleston, S. C., formerly Secretary of the Confederate Government. [To the Chairman.] I thank you, sir, for the privilege of speaking on this platform.

#### Invocation.

It has been written that the ways of God are oftentimes mysterious. I find a friend here to-day who has handed me a ball of yarn that I might unravel the long-sought-for mystery that I might bring a crown of love and place it on her head, in payment for the cross that has been so long borne. I say, "Friend, God bless thee. Thy hand has been guided in the past; it shall be guided in the future. I will speak to thee, and when the opportunity comes I will make thee feel my presence, and the presence of thy beloved ones, the presence of her who bowed her head and went out working in the service of the Great Master." I will give my name as I—

#### Charles Daniels.

Well, Mr. Chairman, I concluded your circle-room was like an omnibus, always "room for one more," so I thought I would come round. I must much to this thing, mister, but I had a little affair I'd like to settle with a friend of mine. I don't know as this is any place for settlement, only I don't know how else to reach him. I've been trying for the last year and can't get at him, and now I'm going to send him a letter. I have got near enough to an old friend of mine by the name of Brown, who often looks into this thing, and don't like to have people know it, but then he does sometimes find your paper in his coat pocket, and he takes it out very carefully lest somebody should know it. He goes to the Baptist meeting sometimes. I felt as if I'd like to speak through him to this friend of mine—his name is Joseph Noble. I think I can find him round in New Bedford—he was there a few weeks ago. I know that my friend will find him or send him the paper.

I want to say to him that the promise he made me when I was just going out has never been fulfilled. He's got a paper now in his secretary, or whatever thing it is that he keeps it in, which I want him to hand over where I told him, or else I shall be round buzzing, and he'll think that a pack of bumble-bees has been let loose. My name is Charles Daniels. I give him fair warning, and if he don't hear to it then I'll turn the tables on him. I'll get some of these boys up here that like to have some fun to help me, and he'll think I've come then. I happen to know that he's afraid of ghosts.

#### Deacon Alcott Allen.

Please say that Deacon Alcott Allen, of Hartford, Conn., called here this afternoon. Say that I still live, and feel that I have got a strength which I never had before. I now know that I had mediumistic power while here on earth, and that was one cause of my success—why I always understood business. I was connected with bank business. I passed away quite suddenly about four years ago last October, about the middle of the month. I have been seeking this opportunity, for there is one I would like to reach. I cannot say as it will be acceptable to him from this source, but sooner or later he will learn that spirit return is really true. It is of no use to try to crush out Spiritualism. I find it is like small seeds that will continually spring up. I wish to have him understand it as early as possible.

#### Mary Bancroft.

Dear ones, the light has come to me, and brightness and beauty seem all around me, fresh and fair as the flowers, and they are here faint that any I ever saw before. I have met the dear one and clasped their hands, and I have asked them of the days gone by, and learned much of their history, and I enjoy going into the gardens and seeing the children and teaching them. Oh! I have had plenty to do. And I want to say to my friends, that if they will only meet me I will talk with them, and explain all that seems strange. My name is Mary Bancroft, of Natick, Mass. I was twenty-two years old. I went away in 1872, I believe it was.

#### Mary Burr.

I have been gone many years from earth—too long, one would say, to hold revenge; and yet, until within the last few years, revenge has been sweet to me. I cannot tell you all my history. I have been gone away many, many long years. I went out from Baltimore. My name was Mary Burr. My fate was like some others, and for years I have followed the individual up, over the seas, and through the wars, from Maine to Texas, and across the Atlantic, and each step he has taken I have dogged him until I have made his life completely miserable. Even in his old age I have been near and I have been like a dark bush to him and to his family, and when I resolved I would do so no longer, and that I would pray for the light, there came no light to me; and I have been told that if I would return to earth and tell my story, and say that I would try and be true to myself in the coming years, that I would feel better. I have felt friendless and alone, although my sister Jane was with me, and my brother John; yet still I have seemed to be outside. I might compare it to being outside the gates of heaven. I could not rest! I was uneasy and unhappy. Only when following him whom I hated was I exultant. Then, when I stopped to think, all seemed dark to me, darker than ever. I know there are, within the sound of my voice, some who have hated in their souls, and I come here to-day, finding an opportunity to speak to them. As they say, I jumped in to control. I know I am not interesting, but I came to be helped. I have seen many come away from here with their ragged coats mended, and I long to go away with my soul bathed in the light which you impart here. I thank you for this privilege.

#### James Dorrity.

Fa'rh, sir! an' sir, it's the praisht himself that brought me here to-day. It's the one that come to ye that other day, an' he could come, shure a poor body like me might be ather coming, too. An' I come here to say that this thing is bright to me, an' that it's something that I had worked for; but, shure, I could n't understand it while I got out of me body, for, sir, it was an old, worn-out one, anyway. Doye mind that, sir? It was all racked to pieces wid the cough. I worked hard, an' I fared hard, sir, an' I d'n't get the

best food, indade, sir, nor always enough of it; but I always worked, an' did the best I could. I niver was very strong, an' at last I played out, about three year ago.

I come to day, thinkin' I might reach somebody. I come with Father Lynch, sir. I hope I'll tell me story right. I don't know very much, but I tell you, sir, it looked so bright round here, fa'rh! it seemed more like heaven than anything I've seen. I concluded I was well out of purgatory, an' was just goin' to jump into heaven, but I d'n't jump in right off, an' it seems to talk, an' it's like me, only I know it's not me at all, after all. I know I am an ignorant old Irishman, an' it's done me a dale of good comin' here. I only wish there was more places like it. Shure, sir, shall I go back to purgatory when I go out from here? [No.] Thin it's safe to get out, aint it? [Yes.] If I thought I'd got to go back to purgatory I'd stay here altogether; I'd not have at all. If I can find me way back, and I guess I can, wid the good father's help—God bless him!—I'll go.

If I can reach me sister Mary I shall be glad. I've lost track of her, an' the good father—God bless his soul!—said here they can find her, but he would be ably find her for me. My name is Dorrity—James Dorrity, sir. I was born in old Ireland, in the county of Cork. It's many years since I come to this country. I was a little bit of a shaver, not more than ten years old. I'm goin' now, sir, an' I get back into purgatory I'll come here again, an' I'll stay altogether.

#### Lizzie Clough.

I am attracted here by some friends that I knew while here, and I wanted to add my voice and my influence to that of others for the benefit of Spiritualism. It was to me a great blessing. It enabled me to pass through many severe afflictions, which, I am well aware, I never could have stood had it not been for this great power. I was a medium. The angels often talked with me, and came very close to me. Now, I have another work to do, and I trust it will be for good. I have been trying to do and I am doing the best I can, but one of my friends said, "If this is Lizzie Clough to-day, why will she not go to the Banner of Light? I will say to her, I am here to-day. I passed over in the Charlestown District; my name, Lizzie Clough."

#### Hepsey S. H. Wayland.

Will you please state, Mr. Chairman, in your paper, that Hepsey S. H. Wayland, of Providence, R. I., would like to have some of his friends anywhere where they can, and she will try to present? I lived over three-score years and ten on earth, and yet I know little of its enjoyments that I might have known! Oh! if I had only realized that all my life the angels were near me, and that a father, and a mother, and dear loving ones were close by me, and that I could hold their hands, or rather that they held mine, that I had been guided along many times by what I supposed was the spirit of the Lord speaking to me, and influencing me—but it was really the spirits of dear ones gone before—if I had realized this, it would have been a source of enjoyment to me. But, entering spirit-life, or what you call dying, I found my dear one, my companion, ready to hold my hand, although he could not have received this truth when here. How patiently have we both learned together the way of life! It is beautiful in spirit-life; it is pleasant. I know his name is not a strange one—it is Francis. They called him doctor. I feel to-day that I am accomplishing something, that I shall reach some one. If I can only bring God's blessing to earth, I shall feel that my appearance here, sir, will be repaid to me. It is with difficulty I can utter my thoughts, but I am glad to do what I can. I was about seventy-one years old. I have been gone away several years—three or four.

#### Mary West.

My name, sir, is Mary West. I come from Tuscaloosa. I wish to reach my sister Miriam, if it is possible, and I feel that she will receive it if I only can make you understand me here. I am troubled with not hearing quickly. Maybe you hear much more quickly than I do. I am really afraid I am not speaking loud enough for you to hear. If I am, I am very thankful, and I wish you would say that I have come here with good intentions. I have brought a rainbow of promise for the future. Ask her that she will receive me kindly, also brother Joe.

#### George D. Boyd.

Will you please say, sir, that George D. Boyd, of Chicago, returns here to-day, and would be glad to communicate with anybody who would like to talk with him? I have a brother David; if he would like to talk with me I should be very glad.

#### Ed. Graham.

I don't know, sir, as I shall make myself understood by my friends. In fact, I fear very much that I shall not be able to do so, yet I have a great desire to have my name on your books. I don't suppose you will have any objection to saying that Ed. Graham, of Bristol, Conn., called here to-day; and if there are any individuals in that place who would like to talk with me, if they will meet me at a reasonable place, and a reasonable time, I shall be most glad to meet them. If my friend B. will call on me, surely I shall have no hesitation in talking to him, no matter where or when he comes.

I have had strange experiences since I came to spirit-life. I know there is considerable interest in this kind of thing in old places, but I still am aware that there is a great deal of prejudice. I know that to some my coming will cause a little astonishment, but at the same time I feel that it is my duty, and I must come. I have been called here by a power outside of myself. I respond to that power, and I say, if you would hear from me, friends, please call for me. There are mediums in your place; will you not let me have a hearing? If you will not, why, then, all right; but if you will, I shall be very glad. I thank you, Mr. Chairman.

#### Ada Bowen.

My name is Ada Bowen. I come from Murrefreestown, Tenn., and I wish to say to my mother—that I came here, and that I have done the best I could. Her name is Millie. She will hear of this, because Auntie Maria takes this paper. She's not really my aunt, but then they call her auntie. She takes your paper—she buys it, rather, and she'll know all about me, and she'll carry it to mother, and I want to say that I am feeling all right. My throat isn't sore a particle now. I've met Johnnie and Jamie, and I've met papa. I am very happy. I want her not to cry. Oh, I am so sorry she cries nights! I wish she wouldn't. I wish she would take care of herself. The best thing that she can do is to accept the offer that has been given to her—it will make her a happy home. I was only twelve or thirteen years old when I went away, and I've been gone over two years. Have I been naughty to come, sir? [No, indeed.] A little girl came here and helped me. She could n't see very well, and by your kindness she has been enabled to see, so I thought you would n't care if I came.

#### Lewis Fairchild.

I have come a long way, sir. I have worked very hard to get here. I am an old man, some sixty years old. I have lived a hard life. I went away from Galveston, Texas; my name, Lewis Fairchild. I have boys that I'd like to reach. They look to you as a savior, and I don't take much interest in life, because they think their old father might come if he was a mind to. I've tried for five years to come, but never could get a chance before, there was such a crowd here, and somebody always stepped in between me and the medium. It seems very much like ancient days when that pool was open that we read of, and everybody that stepped in, at the moving of the waters, was healed—where the sick man waited so long while others got in before him. It seemed as if everybody got in before me. I've had very little chance until to-day, and now

I've come, and I want to send my word to the folks. I want to tell them I've been with them. I've helped them in their herding, I've helped them in whatever work they have been doing, and I trust they will remember me sometimes, and will pray for me.

What year is it now? [1877.] Then I've been gone somewhere about ten years, for it was in '67 I went away—"died," as folks say.

#### David Le Roy Materond.

Will you please say, sir, that David Le Roy Materond—it's a strange name—wants to communicate; and he would like, if there's any of his Catholic friends, for instance, James St. Croix Maitland, or Susan, would like to communicate with me, and will go to a medium by the name of Chas. H. Foster, I will communicate with them, or if it may send a sealed letter to the medium J. V. Mansfield, I will communicate there. I am very anxious to reach them.

#### Major.

They hung me by the neck, sir; they tied me to the gallows; they thought they had annihilated me, but I never was so much alive as I am now. I wasn't so much to blame as they think for. I said if there was a power on earth that would bring me back and make me write my name on earth's pages, I'd come. I said so many, my cell, before they hoisted me up there. They don't know no more about my private life than the man in the moon. I have suffered enough—suffered innocently in one sense, and guiltily in another. If I was to blame, then my wife was to blame. We understood each other. I don't know as anybody will be willing to print what I've said in the paper, but I want them to understand that I wasn't so much to blame after all, but that it was a complicated affair, understood by both of us. When I give my name as Major, that will be enough.

#### Chandler Carver.

Will you please say that Chandler Carver, of Plymouth, Mass., returns to your Circle-Room to-day, and would be very glad to announce himself as a convert to Spiritualism, and he would like to talk with his wife Harriet and his children? He has clasped hands with his son Edwin, who passed away by drowning, and he has met his wife's parents, her mother and step-father. He has met very many of the old friends. I was about to tell the name of the old gentleman whom we took care of, but it has passed from me now. I think the name was Tilton. I was not a Spiritualist while here; I did not believe in it; I scoffed at it; but since I have passed into spirit-life, and have come back to earth, I have felt that I would like to reach humanity, and would like to speak to them, as in the days of the past I was able to speak in our meetings. I am here, friends, and I will do all the good I can for the world and for humanity at large. I have met my former wife, and I say, God bless all the world. I am glad that I am free from it, glad that the shackles are thrown aside. Say to my wife Harriet, that her daughter Addie has assisted me very much, and I am glad that it is so.

#### Philos P. Tyler.

I thought I should enjoy a short visit here in the Circle-Room this afternoon, both for my own pleasure and gratification, and because I trust it will be a pleasure to some of my friends to know that I can communicate with each of them. I ever tried to be busy, ever tried to do whatever came in my way, and I find that in spirit-life there is no need of a man's being busy; there is plenty to do here. I was much interested in inventions, in mechanics, and I am no less interested in these things to-day. I have changed my ideas very much in regard to many things of earth. I don't know but I look at the country in a different light from what I did before I passed away. I find the spirit-world, as I said before, a very busy one, and I find plenty of room to investigate—plenty of room to realize that this world you are living in is a very small one; and it does surprise me, as I look back to think how strongly we cling to earth, when it is such a contracted place, only a bit of a room, as I may say, while in the great beyond we can work so grandly. At times I pause with amazement, and look around me, saying to myself and sometimes to old friends I meet: "What was it that caused us to work so hard to live on earth, when life here is so much more brilliant?" I was a native of Springfield; I passed away about a year and a half ago; my name—Philos P. Tyler. I am pleased to come, and I trust that some of my friends will be glad to know that I came here.

#### Jesse York.

I wish you would say in your paper that Jesse York, of Winsted, Conn., came here to-day. I am having a pleasant time, enjoying life better than I ever expected to. I was quite an old man, but I feel like a young one now. I certainly wish success to that Society, where they let spirits come in our places, and if I can help 'em any I shall be glad to. An old Spiritualist friend came here with me to-day—he is my friend now, anyway; he was a real worker, and did everything he could to help the cause along; he helped me here to-day, and I'm much obliged to him.

#### George William Jackson.

I went out from Sacramento, ten years ago last July, I celebrated the Fourth of July by getting out, and it was the best celebration I ever made. My name is George William Jackson. I was about forty-seven years old, as high as I can remember. I never have celebrated any day so satisfactorily to myself as I did that day. I'm glad of it now. If I had an old body again I'd be glad to celebrate the Fourth of July by blowing it out, getting rid of it. I don't want it; this one [referring to the medium] is a good deal better, and I come here to-day to learn how I can be better still. I want to reach one of my folks that lives somewhere in Kentucky. I believe it is in Louisville. I didn't know any way of getting to Louisville, but I thought perhaps a letter from here might reach 'em, as I heard 'em say, or rather they wrote to me before I went away, that they had looked into this thing, and they didn't believe anybody died, they only passed away. I send this because I want Helen to get it, if possible, and I know she will. That's all. I am obliged to this institution for the privilege of return.

#### Eliza A. Gay.

I have gathered a bouquet of bright flowers, and yet I find I shall not be able to send them to my friends. I can only send them symbolically. They are bright roses, and I trust that love which they represent will be felt by those I have left on earth. My home here is bright, and I have so many dear ones! I long to tell them about them, yet memory seems to leave me as I try to think. I would that I could tell you of the dear ones I have met, and of the happy homes I have visited. Tell them they know not what home is until they come up here. We have no inharmonies here, for when one becomes inharmonious, he or she leaves. There can be no clashing; it is all bright; no one blames another, but each one tries to understand that all have rights, and that the love-principle is the grand ruling power. I am happy with my companion here. We are cheerful, and certainly we are youthful to-day. My name is Eliza A. Gay. My husband's name is Samuel O. I passed out from Springfield, Mass.

#### Phoebe A. Hathaway.

Will you please say that Phoebe A. Hathaway, who passed away some five years ago, near Quincy, Ill., called here at the request of her brother Henry, and reports that all will be well? I am guiding, and will unfold all the mystery. I passed out with consumption. I was about fifty-five years old.

#### Samuel Wood.

I, Samuel Wood, formerly of Philadelphia, about forty years old, who left this earth with consumption, wish to record my name on your list of visitors. I would say to my friend Alfred,

You were not mistaken. I came to you in a dream and pointed the way to you. If you refuse to hear me, you will be sorry in the future. I stood by your bedside, and I opened that book upon your dressing-table. You need not have been frightened, for it was myself; the dropping of the water was made by my hand. I shall come again unless you listen to me. [To the Chairman.] He is watching for this. I promised to come here. I told him then that if he did n't heed me I would speak to him from this place. I have kept my promise.

### MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

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

#### Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Sixty-Seven.)

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

Many persons, otherwise intelligent, well-bred and free in manner from everything objectionable, exhibit strange notions frequently in a rude manner, in regard to the manifestations of Modern Spiritualism.

A friend of mine who had for years been subject to severe spells of sick headache, was complaining one evening of his distressing malady, when a Spiritualist present proposed to try his mediumistic powers and see if it could not be relieved. After manipulating his head about ten minutes, the pain was entirely removed; and what was more wonderful, has never yet returned, during an interval of fifteen years.

Speaking of this wonderful cure one evening, a lady present remarked that it was a wicked thing to allow himself to be controlled by this diabolical influence, and urged him earnestly to consult his pastor, so that the terrible consequences might be averted. Is not indeed strange that among well-educated people such crude ideas can be entertained?

On one occasion, in my presence, a lady, who had been quite an invalid, said with an air of extreme contumaciousness, "I will permit the spirits to cure me," thinking, apparently, that she was placing the spirit-world under infinite obligations by so gracious a permission.

All, however, among skeptics are not of this class. Early last winter a gentleman, who occupies a leading position among the merchants of Baltimore, called on Mrs. Danskin and requested treatment for scabies—a vesicular parasitic eruption which made its appearance, he said, every winter for six years past. He had been under treatment by the most eminent physicians of the old school, and to use his own emphatic language, had "taken arsenic enough to poison his whole family, and sulphur sufficient to supply his Atlantic Majesty for a season," and yet the eruption had appeared every year as soon as the cold weather set in. He was in a short time relieved entirely of this unpleasant condition, and never fails to speak of it on every appropriate occasion, not only attributing his cure to the proper source, but expressing his gratitude for the great blessing conferred upon him, thus showing that all skeptics are not so obtuse as those I have referred to.

#### Robert DeWitt.

I hailed from Stratford, Conn. I was forty-nine years old. My name was Robert DeWitt. I was a publisher. On the morning of a Monday I gave up the ghost, and went out searching for diamonds, rubies, and golden streets. Now fashion to yourself a mind filled with such thoughts, and compare it with the external disappointment which was upon me upon entering the house not made with hands. Men should not be taught thus. They should be taught to reason from analogy. They should be taught to see the wisdom and the magnificence and the grandeur and the goodness of the all-pervading Soul; then when they die and enter upon the new state they will not meet with disappointment. We are taught from childhood to fear the Overruling Soul. What is there to fear? If you come in conflict with the law, you must feel its severity. If you work with the law, you are an inheritor, and when your faculties become unfolded and you gather in the beauties and the grandeur of the eternal home, then you find the diamonds and the rubies and the streets paved with gold; not until then.

I come back on the wings of time to tell my friends there are no dead. All are live, in one direction or another, according to their own internal aspirations. God speaks not in a loud voice; he speaks in the winds whispering through the trees; he speaks in the grass and in the flowers; he speaks in the murmuring brooks; and if you will but listen he will tell you of the beautiful life beyond the grave. Fear not death; it is a beautiful boon—it gives you that life in which pleasures are eternal.

#### Emily Waugh.

I died at Indianapolis, Ind. My name was Emily Waugh, the wife of John Waugh; he was formerly of Baltimore.

The task to me is not a grievous one, speaking either of the past or of the present. The past is like a dream. The present has all the realities of a new life, a new unfolding, new discoveries and new anticipations, without any disappointments.

In death one sees a change; we scarce know how to describe to the mortal mind what we understand it, grasp it and digest it. All things external pass gradually away. The spiritual is brought closely in contact with the interior senses, and thus all things grow bright.

Some may say that this description of







