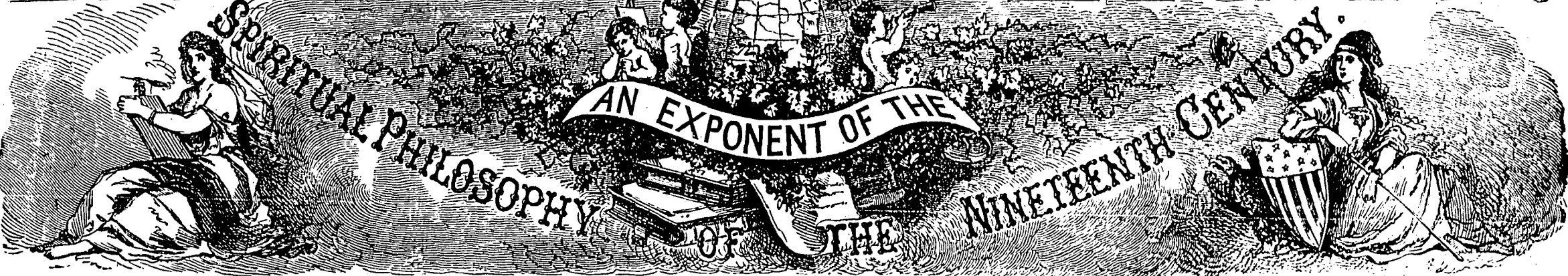


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—*Spiritual Phenomena: A Compend of Experiences.* "Welcome Home." Literary Department: Only a Medicine.  
SECOND PAGE.—*Banner Correspondence:* Letters from Illinois, Massachusetts, and New York. A Mistaken Criticism. The World of Song.  
THIRD PAGE.—*The Reviewer:* Views of Our Heavenly Home. The Rev. Joseph Cook on the Spiritual Body. Baxter's Lectures. Public Meetings, etc.  
FOURTH PAGE.—A F. Chance, Palm Hall and Liberalism. Rev. John Tyerman Coming to America, etc.  
FIFTH PAGE.—Short Editorials, New Advertisements, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—*Message Department:* Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Ridd and Mrs. Sarah A. Danekin. Obituary Notices.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—"Welcome Home!" Return of Dr. J. M. Peebles to Boston.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### A COMPEND OF EXPERIENCES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 20th, 1878.  
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I had occasion to address the following letter to a lady in a distant city a few days since. As the brief summary of my experiences may interest some of your readers, I submit it for publication, suppressing, of course, the name of the person to whom it was written, and of others to whom allusion is made.

D. LYMAN.

My DEAR FRIEND—Our friend M.—W— informs me that she has written you in regard to certain communications which she thinks were addressed to herself and me by your departed husband some days ago through a medium now in this city, and she requests me also to write you on the subject.

This is to me a somewhat distasteful task, for the facts relating to the subject that have come to my knowledge during the last thirty years are to me very sacred, while to many of my friends they are exceedingly unwelcome, not to say repulsive. If I held to nothing but doctrines upon the matter of a future life I might be inclined to become a propagandist of my faith, as it is easy to defend or oppose with zeal opinions and dogmas that admit of no sensible verification. But when one maintains that the reality of a life after death is being daily proved by sensuous illustrations originating with the so-called "dead" themselves, one is very properly challenged for the facts. When, however, the facts are received with ridicule, suspicion and even aversion, one is disposed to keep silence and wait for the facts to come to the knowledge of the doubters in their own good time, even though that may not be before death overtakes them.

This is my attitude. I say to myself, The truth can wait. If my friends are disinclined to recognize the facts, if certain preconceived religious theories affect them with a welcome blindness to realities, that is their business and not mine. When the proper time shall come, the eyes will open in spite of themselves.

My faith in "Spiritualism," so called, antedates the existence of the name, and it is not likely to be shaken when the number of those who credit the existence of the phenomena has augmented from a few hundreds to hundreds of thousands.

Let me enumerate certain classes of facts that have fallen within my experience during the last few years, some of which have occurred within a few weeks, or even days.

1. I have received long communications written upon slates, when either there was no hand but my own upon the slates on which the writing was done, or when double slates were shut together.

2. I have seen in perfect darkness lights produced, varying in size from a point to that of a human face, which were caused by no known chemical agency, and which left no odor or residuum.

3. I have had a tangible detached hand in the full light of day fondle my watch-chain when no embodied person was within four feet of me.

4. I have witnessed a great number of so-called "materializations," and within the last three months I have had the same female figure come to me from a dark cabinet, in a sort of twilight, thirty-five times, the medium meanwhile being locked in a cage. I have seen the same figure vanish away upon the floor.

5. I have had paraffine molds of human hands produced in a dark cabinet, in a box locked by myself, to which I held the only key, within twenty-five minutes from the time the paraffine was put in the box. I still have the molds. I will give any human being one hundred dollars, that with the same materials and the same appliances will produce in darkness similar molds (as regards perfection of workmanship) in six months' time. This feat was performed for me in Vineland, N. J., on the 8th ultimo, at about 8:20 P. M.

6. I have conversed by the half hour *via voce* with spirits over a hundred times. Twice a week of late I have been in the habit of listening to the *via voce* singing of three spirit-children, one of which has learned from me a few lines of Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality," and who repeats it to me occasionally, upon request.

7. Within three weeks I have had a spirit-friend write for me in English letters a Greek passage taken from the New Testament, which for a special test I had neither written down nor spoken aloud in the presence of any living person. The writing was direct, wrought by no mortal hand.

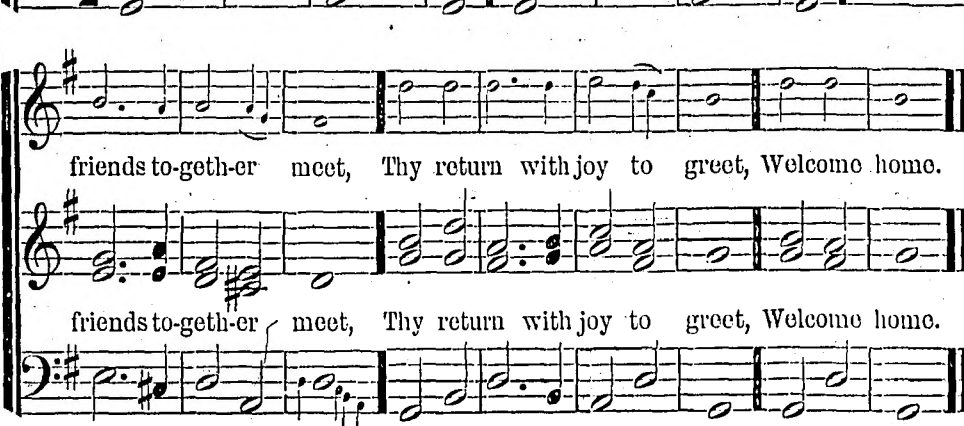
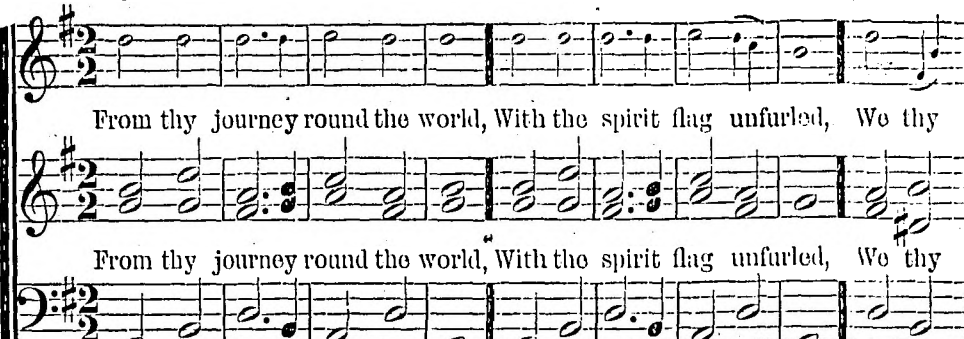
8. Through the hand of a "medium" on Wednesday evening of this week, this sentence was written me by what purported to be my father: "You know I spoke to you, or impressed

## "WELCOME HOME."

CONGRATULATORY TO DR. J. M. PEEBLES,  
ON HIS RECEPTION IN BOSTON, JUNE 1st, 1878.

Words by JOHN S. ADAMS.

Air, "PEEBLES' HYMN."



I. From thy journey round the world, With the spirit flag unfurled, We thy friends to-gether meet, Thy return with joy to greet, Welcome home.

II. Thou hast borne o'er land and sea, Truth—the truth that makes men free, Once again, as in the past, 'Mid familiar scenes at last, Welcome home.

III. Thine the mission was to bear Blessings all the world shall share— Unseen threads that yet shall bind As one people all mankind, Welcome home.

IV. Not alone we meet to-day; Those who've led thee on thy way, All unseen though they may be, Join with us to give to thee, Welcome home.

V. Welcome home! While life shall last, Whoso'er our paths are cast, If to Duty's mandate true, We shall find, earth's journey through, Welcome home.

the medium to do so, regarding a certain Fourth of July. It was the one in the past when you helped me to remove (what was left of better days) into my new quarters, when with whitened hair and broken spirit I left the home which had been endeared by so many associations." This is an allusion to a former communication, in which I was asked if I remembered what occurred on a certain Fourth of July. The day was too vaguely specified to enable me to answer. But the question now appears to have been asked in order to furnish occasion for a test. The Fourth of July referred to was that of 1849, when I did help my father remove from his old home to a new one. My father completed his sixtieth year fifteen days later.

9. Within the last four days I have had a voice, not that of a mortal, join with me in singing "John Anderson, my Joe."

The voice announced itself as that of J.—S.— in the early part of July, 1877, I heard a voice in whisper, not that of a mortal, announce itself to me as J.—W.— I—, and thank me for calling upon you two days before. The "medium" had certainly never heard the name of your mother, much less that I had seen you. In the same way within three days a living voice not mortal, giving the same name, has earnestly requested me to write you. Of course all these seeming facts are delusions, or the mockery of evil spirits; at least so I ought to believe, if I were to follow the teachings inculcated in the Rev. Dr. C.—'s last Sunday evening's sermon.

This sermon has been handed me by Mrs. R—, and I have perused it with some care. Pardon me if I am amused myself with imagining him in conversation, after the style of a modern clergyman, or of Tyndall or Huxley, with James, "the Lord's brother." Transporting Dr. C.— to the vicinity of Jerusalem, and to about the thirty-third year of our era, we will suppose that James has asserted in his presence that the crucified Jesus had risen from the dead. Dr. C.— may be imagined testing James's faith; something in this way:

Dr. C.—How do you know that Jesus rose?

JAMES.—I saw and touched him.

Dr. C.—When and where?

JAMES.—In a room at night. He came in when the doors were closed, and vanished before they were opened; but all present saw him.

Dr. C.—Was he really tangible, and are you sure you touched him?

JAMES.—He was really tangible. I am sure that I saw and touched him.

Dr. C.—My dear James, that is all delusion and illusion. Either some one was in the room, slyly personating him in dress and features, or some evil spirit presented himself, or you were in such a state of "mental expectancy," all of you, that you saw and touched only what you wished to see and touch. No spirit can come in the semblance of flesh into a closed room and vanish while it remains closed. This is hallucination pure and simple. Your Jesus never rose from the dead; and James, neither you nor any other person saw him as if alive after death. But if you did see him, remember that "no severer denunciations are found in the Bible than those against necromancers, sorcerers, &c." Turn to

Deut. xviii: 10-12. If you saw a real spirit, it was not Jesus, but some demon personating him for the time being. You teach, James, a "doctrine of devils," in teaching the resurrection of Jesus.

If Dr. C.—'s sermons were put into dialogue I think I fairly represent the language in which he would be bound to address a "witness of the resurrection of Jesus," had he lived in the first half of the first century. It is interesting to see that no section of the Christian world, except a small body among the Shakers and Swedenborgians, has one word of welcome or any kind recognition for this class of phenomena. When the great scientific minds of all countries are strenuously maintaining that the possibility of a future life is altogether dubious, the Church is doing its best to suppress the evidence that demonstrates to the very senses the reality of such a life. It is unfortunate that her guides, blind leaders of the blind, are always opposed to the disclosure of any new truth. They imprisoned Galileo for teaching the verity of the Copernican system; they earnestly resisted the diffusion of all true knowledge of astronomy or geology; and now, when the telegraph, telephone and phonograph at least suggest that we may reach our departed loved ones, these same blind guides are the first to discourage the effort and to disseminate suspicion in regard to the only known modes of access to the invisible world. First, they hold that the mediums are all deceivers; secondly, the inquirers are all deceived or hallucinated; thirdly, if the mediums do really open the veil between this world and the next, demons alone may be expected to be the only visitants. This is all the fruit the Church can reap from the wonderful array of facts that show the world to be entering upon that period when, in the language of the unknown author of the Apocalypse, "there shall be no more death." That is, practically, no more death, because our loved and lost ones are to be found to be still alive under higher and more desirable conditions for all modes of sentence than when in the body.

The urgency of voices dear to you, though not spoken through fleshly lips, impels to this communication, the first and probably the last upon this subject with which I shall ever trouble you. Pray receive it kindly, and hereafter we will speak only of the things that perish, as those that belong to the immortal world are seen by us from points of view so dissimilar.

Very truly your friend always, D. L.

The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbor's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has for it—and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbor poor. —*Twain.*

A newly invented mariner's compass, designed to overcome variations of the needle due to local causes, employs four thoroughly insulated magnets, which can be so grouped as to neutralize the distracting magnetic currents in any given case.

It is with a pious fraud as with a bad action. It beguets a cautious necessity of going on. —*Thomas Paine.*

## Literary Department.

## ONLY A MEDICINE:

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

Written for the Banner of Light,

BY GRACE LELAND.

The April sun streamed brightly into the room. It seemed to bear a richer blessing even than was its wont, and to nestle gladly amid so much beauty and sweetness; it touched lightly the brown hair of Edith Percy, changing it to gold, and entering her heart bore its message there, and the young wife looked up and smiled with a happy, thankful spirit. She glanced around the room. Its furniture was all that exquisite taste with moderate means could desire for a lady's boudoir. Books, pictures, piano, birds and flowers, with a few gems of statuary, met her eye and thrilled her heart, each bearing its part in the symphony of "Home, sweet home." She glanced out upon the pleasant grounds around the house, which would soon burst forth in bloom and fragrance, over the fields to the village beyond, and on to the distant hills. A look upward into the fathomless depths of ether revealed the spirit's search for the Divine Author of all this good, the child's loving recognition of its Heavenly Parent. The eyes dropped, and as they fell on the piece of fine cambric which she was daintily embroidering, her full heart overflowed with tenderness for the little life unfolding from her own, and happy, grateful tears fell upon her work.

"I did not dream a few short years ago that life could be so rich, so full," she mused. "Not many of these swift, happy weeks before our hopes will find their glad fruition, if Heaven be willing. And oh! how tenderly we are led through life's brightest sunshine! Dearest Howard! It is for him, even more than for myself, that I rejoice."

A rap at the street door interrupted her thoughts; for this April morning smiled on that happy home more than thirty years ago, and bells had not then been introduced into the quiet country town of Melford.

"Ah! good morning, Mrs. Percy." The village physician stood before her, and as he took the proffered seat he said blandly:

"I just met your husband, and he wished me to call and see you. He says although you are quite comfortable you are not very strong, and I told him perhaps your system needed *toning up* a little."

"Indeed I am very well, Doctor; but Mr. Percy is so careful that I think he is needlessly anxious."

"That may be; still I have great faith in stimulants in cases like yours." Then, after some inquiries, he added: "I will tell your husband to get you a bottle of whiskey at once, and you will find that it will make a new being of you. You will feel stronger and more like yourself."

"But, Doctor, I cannot! I must protest against taking whiskey, even for a medicine. My principles are strictly for temperance."

"Oh, yes, I do not doubt that. So are mine. I don't believe in alcohol as a beverage—not at all. But it is a valuable medicine—as mercury and arsenic and many other poisons are, you know. You do not need much medicine; you only need to be *toned up* a little and you will be all right."

"No, Doctor, do not urge me. I cannot take whiskey. With care I shall do well, I am sure, without medicine."

Then followed a wordy if not sound argument, by which the Doctor strove to convince Edith of her need of the stimulus.

"Well, just try the whiskey," he continued, "and I'll warrant that it will do you good. It won't hurt your temperance principles to take it for medicine. I'll call again in a few days, and hope to find you feeling stronger. Good morning." And he left the house.

"But a shadow had fallen on the happy spirit. Something had driven out from it the peaceful sunlight of an hour ago. What was it? Did the future years for a moment unveil a dread, dark specter from their silences—a shadow of the Coming Ill?

She knew not what it was; only that it was a gloom and a weight!

Haunting shadows! how little do we know their meaning when they thus steal into our hearts. Only through the process of refining which the years work out in us do we become their interpreters!

When Howard Percy came home to dinner he brought a bottle of whiskey, which the prompt physician had ordered at once.

Great faith in the efficacy of alcohol as a medicine had Dr. Phillips. He seemed to think that man had excelled the Almighty Creator in preparing a healing balm for nearly every ill; but water—the pure, crystal element, from Deity's own hand—he considered unsafe, nay, absolutely dangerous. His fever-stricken patients called in vain for cold water to moisten their parched lips, while by every means in his power he nursed—not the patient, but the fever! Was it strange that so often the church-bell tolled solemnly, at sunset, the ended years of young and old? that again and again, in quick succession, a new white marble shaft gleamed in the churchyard? And yet Dr. Phillips meant well. He had not a scientific turn of mind, was neither a student nor an observer, but was in all things narrow and

contracted. He had only mistaken his calling, as many do.

While we have been glancing at Dr. Phillips and his mode of practice Howard Percy has been meeting and overruling his wife's objections to the doctor's prescription; for in his great anxiety for her he trusted too blindly in the judgment of their medical adviser, who, he thought, must know better than they could of the strengthening properties of stimulants. And as they passed into the dining-room he added:

"I fear your strength will give out, for you have always been so delicate, you know. Try the whiskey, darling, for my sake if not for your own. The doctor must know best."

Although Edith was not convinced, she at last, through her love for her husband, yielded to his wishes, and gradually the haunting specter of the unknown evil vanished, and the sunlight again streamed into her soul.

Thirty years ago hygienic laws were but little understood by the common people, and even the medical faculty groped sometimes in darkness from which modern thought and science have evolved the light of truth.

Ere we again enter Edith's home we see that October has written its wonderful idyls on maple and birch, which November's blasts and keener frosts will soon erase from field and wood. We find Edith with the same happy look which her face wore when we first saw her, only that it is deepened and chastened into a holier meaning now. She smiles as her husband plays with the babe in her arms, whose infantile laughter is music to their ears. His face is hidden for a moment against his mother's bosom, then the bright, roguish eyes peep out for a glance at his father, and the little voice gushes forth in a trill of childish joy. He coos, and talks, and tells a wonderful story in his baby language, the *spirit* of which, if not the letter, the delighted parents catch. It is not strange that they are proud as well as fond of their little one. His brain is large and well developed, yet his physical development is as good. The features are promising, the organization fine and firm. Let us listen a moment:

"Howard, I often look into the future of our little Allen. He seems so promising! Think of his ancestry: no crime, no vice, no bad habit, even, tainting either branch of our families as far back as we can trace. A line of ancestry so free from vice must prove a blessing. I often look into his innocent little heart, and rejoice that it is not marred by any dark, hereditary stain!"

"Oh, you foolish little dreamer!" The fond kiss accompanying this appellation robbed it of any implied reproof. "The little Corporal is about right in his father's estimation; but, bless you! I do not suppose there is much difference in babies. Every parent's first-born is a prodigy."

"But you know, Howard, that the parents form the character of the child, and that physical, mental and moral traits descend from generation to generation."

"That is true. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation, and probably their virtues also descend in the same manner."

"For example: How many become victims to intemperance because their father or grandfather filled a drunkard's grave. Oh, thank God that our little one has no such chain forged on his innocent spirit!"

"Yes, thank God!" reiterated her husband, who fully shared his wife's views and feelings on the subject.

Reader, we may be excused, perhaps, if we pass into the adjoining room, and open the door of a small closet. On a shelf stands a bottle half filled with whiskey. Edith no longer protests against the use of it as a medicine, for Dr. Phillips has convinced her that it is necessary to meet the demands upon her strength while she nurses her babe, and that the child, as well as she, will be the better for it.

The little Allen grew and thrived, a busy little fellow, for whom the days were not long enough, so much he had to attend to. The least carelessness on the part of the older members of the family was at once taken advantage of, with a quickness of thought and motion that was surprising. Now delving into his mother's work-basket with mute delight; now diving into some just opened drawer, turning its order into a bewildering confusion in a twinkling, with the charming unconsciousness of mischief which belongs only to infancy; now, when on rare occasions allowed the range of the dining-room, hastening into the pantry or store-room, and diving into the mysteries of flour, and meal, and molasses; a little rogue indeed!

He went through the usual infantile processes with zeal, got his teeth with ease, and crept, walked and talked much after the usual baby fashion. He was truly a sunbeam in that happy home. But there came a change. This little hero of a year and a half, who had passed through



The usual routine of babyhood's experiences with wonderful equanimity, at last faced his first great trial. Deprived of the maternal sustenance, the tiny system of the child felt a cruel craving, which no one suspected, for the stimulus which had been a portion of his daily food. Sadly he pined. Often his cries rent the air, and wrung his parents' hearts, with a grief, a want that he could not tell. He knew not what he wanted, but the deep, cruel craving would not be appeased. The Infinite Father saw it all—the beginning and the end—and in his inscrutable wisdom and tenderness he marked out the tortuous way of the child to himself. The angels looked down, and saw the hidden serpent at its work, and perchance their tears fell on the golden curls of the innocent babe! But the parents knew nothing of all this, and they called in their physician, who prescribed a soothing opiate, which stilled the child's cries, but left its hurtful traces on the brain and nervous system.

Notwithstanding all this the little Allen grew into boyhood, a beautiful, promising child. His home influences were pure, bright and loving always. Parental affection sheltered him from every known evil, and sought ever to develop and strengthen the good in him, and to check the faults of his impulsive, ardent nature. He was a good child, with a strong love of truth and of right, and a tender affection for his parents which was truly unselfish. His chief fault was an occasional irritability, which sometimes burst forth into a violence of temper which caused his parents great uneasiness, as they could not divine its cause, and could only with a shudder check its expression. After these outbreaks of passion, Allen would promise through bitter tears to try to control his temper, and boy that he was, he won many a victory on the unseen battle-ground of the soul, fighting there an Apollyon, so marked that he could not know what it was. His was that quick, impulsive temperament which feels intensely, but is able to throw off sorrow easily. In everything he was earnest. Study, work and play, each had its charms for him. It was not strange that all who knew the earnest, warm-hearted boy, predicted for him a noble manhood.

"Hurrah for the cold water army! Hurrah! hurrah!" And Allen rushed into his mother's boudoir, waving his hat in air, and flinging his books upon the sofa, ran to her for the accustomed kiss.

"Well, my little son, I think you have some news for me, but first lay your cap in the hall and lay your books in their place, then come and tell me all about it."

"Yes, in less than a jiffy, mamma," singing, as he left the room.

Allen returned. "Mamma, isn't it jolly? We're going to have a Cold Water Army, and wear badges, and carry banners, and march to music, and sing the pledge, and never drink any—any—what I've called it 'rum, or wine, or anything' that can intoxicate." "Oh, won't we have jolly times!" And Henry Seaver and me."

"Henry Seaver and I?"

"Oh yes, mamma. But I can't stop for grammar. Henry Seaver and I are going to march together, and I want you to make me a banner. Will you, my nice, little, good mamma?"

"Certainly, my dear. And what shall it be?"

"Oh, I don't know, something first-rate, you know, that you can get up. You always think of tip-top things. John Bowser's sister is going to make him one with 'Away the Bowls' on it, and we're going to have some temperance songs, books, and one song—'Away the Bowls'! You'll hear me sing it 'like a house afire' one of these days."

"Yes, I don't doubt that, Allen. I think I can paint you a pretty banner—a picture of the 'old oaken bucket.' There will be a well with a sweep, and a boy drinking water from the bucket. How will you like that?"

"Oh, that will be tip-top! Won't that be jolly? 'T will be the best one of the lot!"

And by way of emphasis Allen executed various wondrous gyrations around the room, after the usual fashion of boys when they toss away speech as too tame and insignificant for use, and have recourse to heels and toes as a more fitting and natural expression of the exuberance of their feelings.

"And, mamma"—stopping suddenly—"we are going to have a picnic in the woods, and we shall speak pieces and carry lots of good things to eat, and you and papa must go, won't you?"

"Yes, we will go if possible. Where will it be?"

"Over in Mr. Grant's woods—there by the big oak, you know. Oh, mamma!" lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, although they were only in the room, "only think! we are going to learn 'Away the Bowls' to sing, and then when we come home from school we boys and girls are going to stop and sing it to poor Tim Jones, and then perhaps he won't drink rum any more, and we're going to get him to sign the pledge, and then he'll get poor Johnny some new clothes; his are all ragged, and I think his mamma has mended them till they can't be mended any more. I'd give him some of mine, only they are n't big enough."

There were tears in Mrs. Percy's eyes as she looked down into the earnest little face uplifted to hers; for he was leaning his arms now on her knee, while the restless feet were still beating time to his thoughts on the carpet. She glanced into the future. Would not this earnest, brave spirit that looked up to her out of little Allen's blue eyes find in that future a grand and noble work to do? With a mother's fondness and pride tingling her vision she saw him a friend and helper of humanity, working for the good of others, bestowing help and comfort and blessing on the needy souls of earth. Then—a shudder—a shiver—what was it? It seemed, as she gazed upon that beautiful picture of future years, that a dark pall suddenly dropped before her eyes and shut it out, and a strange foreboding touched her heart and left a chill where the warm sunlight of hope and happiness had smiled a moment before.

"Allen," she said gently, "I think we can find some way to provide some clothes for little Johnny, and we will hope that his father will sign the pledge, and you may try to persuade him. You make your parents happy, my son, when you try to do good and to help the needy. God gives us all a work to do in helping each other all we can."

"Isn't it queer, mamma, that drinking such stuff makes folks act so and look so bad? What makes it?"

"Because, my child, it is poison. It injures the health in many ways and produces different diseases; but it affects the brain the most, so that those who drink much lose their senses."

"Did God make rum?"

"No, God made the pure, cold water, but man makes rum and whiskey and wine."

"Well, I think the first man that made rum and such stuff would better have been planting potatoes. Oh! there's Joey Wilson down the road. May I go and tell him about my new banner?"

"Yes, but don't be long."

The years sped on and Allen was eighteen. One of nature's grandest paintings was hanging in the western sky—a July sunset. The great Master Artist, the good Father Spirit, is not negligent of his gifts of beauty to his children, but hangs throughout his vast studio of nature his choicest works for all to gaze upon. Allen Percy and Laura Stevens sat hand in hand, enjoying the beauty of all that gold and amber.

"What is it like," he asked.

"Like the portals of Heaven," she answered; "and they seem to be ajar! I can almost see the white robes of the angels as they pass to and fro through the glory!"

"It seems to me like a glorious picture of things we cannot comprehend," said Allen; "as if we were sitting in the grandest of art studios. And what is art, Laura, but an approach to Nature? It never can fully express Nature, let it do its best. In art we become creators in our little way, yet what can we originate? We cannot go beyond—we cannot even reach Nature!"

"Because," said Laura, her eyes still on the glowing western sky, "one is the work of finite, the other of the Infinite Mind."

The young man's eyes were fixed upon her face. He did not answer. He was thinking that no work of the Divine Artist could be more lovely than his young friend herself, whose little hand lay in his so trustfully.

And in truth Laura Stevens was very lovely. Her face, almost infantile in its sweet purity of expression, yet indicated a strong and active intellect, and a high mental and spiritual culture. There was a pause, and then Allen spoke:

"Laura, only a few weeks, and I shall be a freshman at Yale."

"So soon?" mused Laura. Then, after a pause: "Don't you dread the commencement of your college life, Allen?"

"Not at all. I have habits of application so well formed, thanks to my good parents, that the routine of study will be a pleasure as well as a labor. And as for the tricks that they play upon freshmen, you see I'm posted on all those things. Uncle David has told me how they serve the freshmen, and I shall be ready for them. And if anything comes, in spite of my caution, I shall receive it with a 'Come right!' or else good naturedly join in the laugh at my own expense, as the case may be. Never fear for me, Laura."

"Oh, you will have no trouble, Allen. You always get along so nicely with everybody and everything."

"But what makes you look so sober, Laura? I shall write you every week."

"I hope you will, Allen; but I shall miss you; and I was thinking that now I cannot keep up with you in your studies."

"Yes, that is too bad! If you only lived near Yale you should have all my lessons second-hand, and then you would beat me!"

"Oh, no! you know you are so much better than I in mathematics and the physical sciences."

"And you—little tiny girl that you are—take the lead in history and metaphysics!" Laura, you must call and see mother very often, for she will be lonely, and you will be a great comfort to her."

"Yes, I will call and see her often."

"Seven years of hard study, and then—and then! I look into the future often, Laura, and you are always the angel of the picture. Am I wrong? Do I hope too much?" As children we loved each other. In my heart the boy love is deepening and intensifying into a higher and deeper affection. How is it with you, Laura? Have I counted too much on our having been child lovers?"

"Let me keep my place in your heart. I have no wish to leave it, Allen."

A month of happiness passed. At the request of Mrs. Percy, Laura was often with them, and it seemed to Allen that each day flew by on silver wings of magic sweetness.

It was late in August when one day Allen went to a neighboring town on business. As he passed Laura's home he caught a glimpse of her sweet face, and stopped for a moment's chat with her at the door; then, springing into the buggy and touching his hat with that grace which was in-born, he rode swiftly on. Laura stood a moment in the doorway, looking after him. Her love for him was so pure, so childlike in its nature, that she had never been conscious of any feeling of pride connected with him; but now, for the first time, she uttered in the silence of her own soul:

"Oh, dearest Allen! well may I be proud as well as thankful to call you mine!" And as she passed into the house tears dimmed her eyes.

Those tears! She did not stop to analyze the emotions that called them forth. She was too young for that. She thought they were tears of joy, and that the burden pressing upon her heart was only the eager throbbing of her love for him. Perhaps that was all; and perhaps a shadow from the future just touched her spirit. Who can tell?

The remainder of the day wore on happily with Laura in her own home. Not so with Mrs. Percy. Her spirit had entered shadows for which she could not account, and ever, ever her heart was calling after her absent son. Allen's rich tones, and light laugh, and tender kiss at parting were repeated again and again in her mind, and a haunting fear that danger was near him tinged every thought. Often her prayers arose for her boy, that he might be saved from evil, but each time the truth pressed sadly upon her heart, that

"Our prayers are answered from the skies Ofttimes in strange and dark disguise!"

With this came the utterance of Holy Writ, with its wondrous comfort for fainting souls: "Be still, and know that I am God." And grasping in her spirit need the ever-present hand of him who once trod the hills of Palestine, she strove to utter, with him, that divinest of prayers:

"Father, not my will, but thine, be done!" She strove to feel that whatever danger might threaten her child, he could not stray away out of the love and care of his Heavenly Father. Evening came, and pale and anxious she awaited her husband's return from his office.

"Edith, what is the matter? You are ill!"

"No, only anxious, Howard. I have been haunted all the afternoon by fears for Allen. I fear that he is in danger."

"Oh, nonsense! This is nervousness, my dear wife. He went off well and happy this afternoon. His business cannot lead him into any

danger. He will be here speedily, and will laugh your fears away."

Edith tried to think it was mere nervousness, as her husband had said. She tried to rally from fears which seemed so wholly without foundation, and for her husband's sake strove to be cheerful. She talked with him on various subjects, but she could not rest. There was a cry of pain and dread in her heart which she could not still by force of will or reason.

Yet when the village bell rang for nine o'clock, and they still listened in vain for the sound of Allen's coming, as they sat on the piazza, Mr. Percy, too, began to feel anxious, for Allen had never in all his life stayed away so late when absent on business.

"If he doesn't come by ten o'clock, Edith, I will take the horse, and start out to meet him; that is, if you feel like being left with only Ann and Jack in the house."

"Yes, I wish you would go at once," replied Edith; "but hark! what is that?"

"It is only some young men in the distance. They have been drinking, doubtless, by the sound of their voices."

"They listened, as the sounds came nearer. Suddenly they ceased, and the steady, yet swift tramp of a horse was heard."

"Why did those parents listen so eagerly for every sound?"

"They are driving into the yard!" exclaimed Mrs. Percy. Her husband had already recognized the tread of his own pony, but had said nothing.

The horse came swiftly to the door and stopped. In truth the trembling hands that held the reins had been less a guide to the noble animal than his own instinct.

"Whom upon, you beast! Here, Percy! Percy, I say! come along!" This was uttered in a hoarse whisper, the speaker not having observed the two standing in the darkness in the piazza!

"What is the matter?" was asked in the calm, firm tones of Mr. Percy. "Are you there, Allen, my son?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other, striving to put some appearance of respect into his drunken speech, "he's here, but he's—he's a little—boozey; he took a—little too much, you see."

Angel eyes, looking through the darkness which mortal vision could not pierce, saw a white statue standing on the piazza with clasped hands and straining, tearless eyes, peering into the darkness.

Mr. Percy had sprung into the house for a light.

"Here! Percy—I say—wake up! Thunder! he's tight as a loon! I say, Sampson, help me—get him out!"

But a firm voice answered: "Hold the horse and I will help my son." And with the assistance of the young men Mr. Percy drew from the buggy the unconscious form of his son and bore him into the house. Edith, herself half unconscious, led the way into their own room with the light, and Mr. Percy laid him upon the bed. One moment he looked down into the unconscious face, then turned, and clasping his wife to his heart pressed on her forehead a kiss, and dropped on it at the same time the first tear with which she had ever known grief to dim his eyes. Then he left the room to look after the horse. The young men had gone; he could hear their drunken voices down the road. He called Jack to put up the horse. Then, weighed down and heart-broken, he returned to his wife and son.

(Concluded in our next)

Banner Correspondence.

Illinois.

BUSHNELL.—E. E. Chesney, Esq., in remitting for a renewal of his subscription for the Banner, says: "I am especially pleased with your moderation and yet firmness, as also your kindness in dealing with mediums, even when they go some-what astray from the path direct, under some terrible temptation. Your remarks concerning the Mott affair I especially commend. Seven nights I attended his seances, and upon each and every occasion I was overwhelmingly convinced by test after test, and by cross tests, by physical phenomena: but by physical phenomena not so much as by mental. I caused my first read of the redoubtable Patter. When I first read the feeble of unbelief for my belief, not the slightest ripple of feeling gave mingled pity and scorn for so rude and crass a person, who would weigh sunbeams on the hay-scales. There is an amusing phase of the business of exposition. The exposers don't seem satisfied with their own work. If 'Spiritism' is dead, why bother the corpse? If Mott has been so often exposed, Mr. Patter's bare labors are works of supererogation. Really none know better than the exposers how vain and futile is their work. Banquo's ghost will not down. Hence the spirit of exposition is rampant, rancorous, acid. Hence Patter and all his ilk really cannot tell the truth. They impeach themselves. The TALE of their TALE will have no agreement with its head."

Mark how the scorpion, Fabled, coils round its own perplexity, And fasts its sting in its own head."

When will men learn that they cannot make truth, and a little unmake truth? Let them show denial till hoarse. Let them be in love with death and dust and nihilism madly as they may, they cannot unmake any truth. Can a thousand Patters with their little squirt-guns convince me of Mr. Folger (see Banner of May 10th.) that we did not see a hand write at Mr. Mott's which was a spirit hand, and which, now visible and tangible, in an instant was neither visible nor tangible? It was the most wonderful and one of the most beautiful of all his life I have yet seen. The hand was marvelously shapely, almost perfect, and shone with a light of its own. Again: I have seen a full-bearded man at Mr. Mott's, in an instant give place to a man with 'Burnsides' who stood aside for a third, wearing simply a moustache, who in his turn gave way to a friend of mine with perfectly beardless face, when quick as the apple of the eye a gentleman appeared vividly, wearing chin whiskers only, for my wife in the spirit world. All this within less than three minutes! All these spoke to me clearly and distinctly in whispers, and very intelligently."

ROCK ISLAND.—A correspondent writes: "We have been having some remarkable manifestations in a family circle, where there was not a believer a month ago. One person has become developed as a materializing medium without the use of a cabinet. When first controlled she gave tests, etc. Another one is developed as a physical medium—an Englishman, about forty years old, now in government employ. Our spirit-friends have it all their own way, as we are novices in spiritual phenomena."

Massachusetts.

WORCESTER.—M. A. Howes writes: "How glad I am to meet dear old Banner each week, for the light and truth it brings to me; and I feel like clasping the hands of those who have so long labored to send forth this 'herald of truth' to the homes and hearts of the people, the ever-living truth—the return of our spirit-friends. (Thou sands no doubt have been blest in reading those

messages from their dear departed friends from time to time.) The more I look into this philosophy the more I am amazed, for it is so vast and far-reaching; its phenomena so varied; its light so brilliant at times, illuminating beautifully the very background of eternity, and revealing plainly the friends that have left our side. But we must search further and know more. I claim it is a science, and if rightly understood, would bring the whole world at its feet, because it takes hold of those finer and more subtle laws in Nature; laws we do not sufficiently understand yet, but which will be very much better understood ere another quarter of a century rolls over our heads. Science will yet be made to blush at her obstinacy; she now stands aloof, afraid to touch it for fear it will tear from her beloved embrace her would-be non-belief in a future existence and an Overruling Power that governs and holds all things by certain laws. The spirit-world is alive with thought that is constantly being thrown off by great luminal minds—minds that are grasping for truths that are out of our reach, and they are constantly imprinting those grand, mighty thoughts upon receptive brains, and we hold that by study and investigation and research into Nature's laws we can bring the soul-world into rapport with this world and know more. This giving spirits a chance to reach us. Spiritualism is a grand and glorious principle that, if rightly lived up to, would bring peace to every household, would bring to the mind of man pure and elevating thought, and would clothe us with an unseen power that would help to throw off all demoralizing influences and link us with the angel-world. I feel that the soul of man is immortal; that it lives beyond this earthly existence. It is our birthright, given to us by the Great Immortal Spirit (Our Mind). Then should we not take good care of it? Should it not be our first thought, morn, noon, and night, how to provide for and nourish and feed this immortal spirit? The soul is an emblem of purity, a spark of the Divine Life, placed in these bodies of ours to be developed into God-like manhood and womanhood. Let us feed this spark with love."

New York.

BURLINGTON FLATS.—Whitman Town, in renewing subscription, says: "I like the Banner. It contains food for all well-wishers of humanity and progress. Spiritualists in this vicinity are few and far between. We have no lectures, little literature, and no circles, except the family circle. Brother Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., delivered a funeral discourse at Edmeston Church, this County, a short time since, to a good audience of Orthodox hearers. Would that more such seed could be sown broadcast over the land. I am sure some of it would fall on good ground, spring up and bear fruit. It is to be lamented that on funeral occasions people have to listen to the old Bible doctrines of the creation, the resurrection, and endless punishment, when they don't believe anything of it, and half of them don't know what they do believe."

A Mistaken Criticism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is currently reported of Col. Ingersoll, the eloquent iconoclast of modern superstitions, that when defiantly asked by a clergyman with whom he was holding a discussion, "Will you be good enough to put your finger upon one single law of nature which your puny wisdom could improve?" the orator turned upon his questioner with this prompt reply: "With all the pleasure in life: I could make health catching instead of disease."

It is probable that the reverend disputant had no effective response at hand for this rally, since the theory generally in vogue in the modern Christian church, bearing on the point in question, would preclude a successful reply. At least no response is reported.

The writer has little disposition to take up the cudgels in behalf of ignorant and conceited clergymen, and is no blind worshiper of Nature, in the sense of holding that everything in the universe is now at the highest point of perfection— but is convinced, on the contrary, that the grand plan of Nature is one of evolution, or progressive development, which plan necessitates the existence of lower or less perfect conditions from which higher and better are being continually evolved. Nevertheless I feel prompted, in the interests of truth and human enlightenment, to inquire whether the gifted iconoclast above referred to is right in his imputation against Nature. In other words, is it not the fact that health is equally "catching" with disease?

It may seem a novel proposition to those who have not been accustomed to look upon it in that light; yet I am confident that abundant evidences, of both ancient record and modern experience, go to establish the truth that health may be as really imparted by either contact or infection as is disease of any kind.

Surely no Modern Spiritualist, acquainted with the facts of healing by the laying on of hands and other modes of personal contact, and by means of magnetized paper, water, or other substances—also in some instances apparently by the mere impartation of an atmosphere or healing emanation, without touch—surely, no person acquainted with the overwhelming mass of facts of this nature developed of late years in almost every part of the civilized world, can question the existence of a "law of Nature" under which such results occur. And every Christian clergyman, with every attentive reader of the New Testament, ought to know that numerous facts of the same character are affirmed in the pages of that book, as having occurred hundreds of years ago. The trouble, however, with clergymen generally, and their followers, is, they have assumed all facts of this nature to be miracles, in the sense of phenomena, contrary to or above the laws of Nature, and never to be repeated. Hence such are estopped from making a true and effective answer when the wisdom and beneficence of the Author of Nature are called in question on this ground.

It is a little surprising that a student of human nature and of history, of so independent and comprehensive a stamp as Col. Ingersoll, should have overlooked a class of facts so patent and so potent as those above alluded to. True, they have been persistently denied, declared, or ignored by those interested in maintaining the established order of things, in both the theological and the medical worlds. But the bold thinker and philanthropist, laboring for the emancipation of his kind from the chains of ignorance and superstition, as Col. Ingersoll claims to be, ought to be able to see that the popular theory of health, which makes its restoration or preservation depend on the virtues of pills, powders and potions from the apothecary, is a gigantic superstition against which he may well level his most effective batteries.

No; it is no part of the plan of Nature that disease should be "catching," and health not equally so. On the contrary, it is the province and function of every really healthy man and woman to impart health and vigor to all about them, just as every diseased person imparts more or less of disease to all associates. And this they constantly do, to greater or less extent, either consciously or unconsciously. This follows inevitably, from the universal law of impartation and reception—the giving off, by every living organ-

ism, of subtle emanations partaking of the qualities and states of such organism, whether healthful or diseased, and the absorption, more or less, of these emanations by surrounding organisms, dependent upon their conditions of receptivity at the time.

True, certain persons are so constituted that they generate and give off health-imparting emanations in greater quantities and of purer and more potential qualities than do others. Such, if they recognize the powers they possess, and intelligently exercise them, become noted healers, therapists, "medicine men." Of these almost all ages and nations within the historic period have furnished examples, among whom may be mentioned Æsculapius; Apollonius, of Tyana; Plotinus; the ancient Egyptian priesthood generally, also that of Greece; Jesus of Nazareth and his early disciples; the Roman emperors, Vespasian, Constantine and Hadrian, with many others; and, in more modern times, Greatrakes in England, Gassner in Switzerland, the Curé d'Arz and Zouave Jacob in France, with others too numerous to mention, in our own time.

No doubt this power of imparting health, for the cure of disease, may, like all other powers, be greatly increased by proper exercise and cultivation, and it may be impaired or lost by over-use, neglect, or disuse. And doubtless numbers who naturally possess the power to a useful extent, are ignorant or skeptical in relation to it, and hence seldom or never attempt its exercise. To this prevalent ignorance and skepticism, together with the fact that comparatively few persons have genuine health to impart, must be attributed the general unbelief in the contagiousness of health.

It is well known that certain physicians are far more successful in practice than are others who are guided by the same rules and administer the same supposed remedies. Indeed it has been noticed that the mere presence and touch and cheerful words of some medical practitioners are far more potent as health-restorers than are any quantities of drugs scientifically administered by others. The same is true of nurses and other attendants upon the sick. The difference no doubt results chiefly from the fact that the one class possess and impart a healthful vigor which is caught or absorbed by the patient, while the others are either destitute of this element, or lack the faculty of impartation. The first are natural healers, and may, as they sometimes do, dispense with drugs altogether; while the latter class should never enter the sick room.

It is true that many diseased persons do not "catch" health from any source, and so continue to suffer. But it is equally true that many healthful persons do not "catch" diseases—that is, they may be exposed repeatedly to the most infectious maladies without being affected. This is doubtless owing to certain conditions of their systems, either constitutional or induced, which render them unsuceptible to the contagion. The writer's observation has been that persons who, through negativeness or a certain quick impressibility, are most liable to take infectious diseases, also to be sympathetically affected by the sufferings of those around them, are the ones who are most easily relieved of suffering and cured of disease by the laying on of hands and other simple processes used by "healers."

In fact, physicians in general know how, by the practice of simple rules, to render themselves impervious to contagious disorders. They avoid exposure while fasting, exhausted, or in a negative condition. And there are good reasons for believing that mankind, when sufficiently enlightened and spiritualized, may not only become fortified against all such diseases, but also to resist the action of virulent poisons. "They shall take up serpents" without harm, "and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them," said one of old, and doubtless it was all in accordance with a "law of nature" but little understood as yet.

We submit, therefore, that Col. Ingersoll's implied indictment against Nature, to the effect that she has erred in not making health "catching" instead of disease, is an entire mistake, and should, in legal phrase, be quashed.

Ancona, N. J. A. E. N.

THE WORLD OF SONG, by Mrs. Josephine Walcott, of Santa Barbara, Cal. Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1878.

The above-named book of some one hundred and sixty pages is filled with pleasant reveries, hopeful prophecies and earnest pleadings for truth's own sake, which cannot fail of enchain- ing the attention of any person who may feel to give it even a casual examination. The contents of this fine volume have found their present shape in response to the oft-repeated request of the author's many friends, both in the Atlantic States and on the Pacific slope. Mrs. Walcott is one of the most valiant and indefatigable workers for the advancement of the woman suffrage cause in California, and for the upbuilding of the Spiritual Philosophy. The beautiful climate and grand scenery of Southern California seem to permeate these poems with a strong local coloring, whose warm light sifts across the mind of the peruser like a bar of sunshine. Read the following choice piece of versification as a specimen, and see if our statement is not borne out:

A DAY OF GLADNESS.

The light wind lifts the tasseled corn,  
And ripples in the golden sheaves,  
And o'er the wide sward, warm and brown,  
The lustrous orange swings its leaves.  
The glory of this perfect day.

The constant roses bud and bloom,  
The lilies gleam along the way,  
And all the fair land glows beneath  
The glory of this perfect day.

The lowing herds browse on the hill,  
Or eager seek the cool, still stream;  
The bleating of some distant flocks  
Falls on the sense, like some dim dream.

And high athwart the ether space  
The wild bird carols to the sun;  
And drowsy, golden-crested bees  
Hum softly through the pastures dun.

The azure sea smiles to the sky;  
The azure sky smiles on the sea;  
The air is glad with laugh and song;  
The warm, sweet sunlight falls on me.

And I am glad, oh, wide, sweet earth,  
For sometime through the mist of tears  
I saw this landscape and this sea,  
Adown the vista of the years.

I will be glad, for true as thou—  
Oh warm, sweet earth, and wide, sweet sea,  
A soul knelt at my soul's white feet,  
With love that answered love to me.

I will be glad, the tropic sun  
Shines on the land this perfect day,  
And orange buds and orange blooms  
Lie strewed athwart my sunny way.

Our Old Settler's Creed: Kind words for the afflicted; a lot of bread for the hungry; love to God and charity to all.—Elder Estlin, in Fox Lake Wile, Representative.

None are so old as they who have outlived enthusiasm.—Frederic R. Martin.







**TO BOOK-SELLERS.**  
The attention of the public is respectfully called to the fact that the *Banner of Light* is now published by the *NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY*, 100 Montgomery Street, Boston, Mass. The paper is published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays, and is sent to subscribers by mail, free of postage. The price is \$1.00 per annum in advance, or \$1.25 per annum in arrears. Single copies are sent free of charge. The paper is published by the *NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY*, 100 Montgomery Street, Boston, Mass.

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wherever it exists, and enabling the common mind to become conscious of the wealth which lies waiting about it for lack of due appreciation and appropriation. What we all need together is a deeper and quicker insight, and a larger capacity for true sympathy.

### Paine Hall and Liberalism.

There is a certain ear mark, so to speak, about liberalism of sentiment and sympathy, by which it may be known as soon as it is seen, and by which it is particularly distinguished from the article that exists only by profession. Whatever agents offer for the practical emancipation of the human mind from superstition are readily welcomed by truly liberal persons everywhere. Spiritualists are glad to see any contrivance operating to batter down the walls of superstition and bigotry, confident that when that is once done the light of heaven will be let in. They therefore do not content themselves with grumbling and growling because a structure for the proclamation and exchange of free thought, like Paine Memorial Hall, is not exclusively their own; but are heartily thankful that it is another avenue opened for the entrance and exit of liberal sentiments, that it is an enlargement of the common ground on which all men may freely compare and debate their opinions, and that it is practically significant of the progress which liberalism is making in men's minds at the present time. If this is not all they could wish, it is at least something. The symptom is a healthy one. It shows that there is a breaking up of blind prejudices on all sides, and at such a time it would ill become professing Spiritualists to seek to excite their animosity.

We cannot, therefore, but regard the elaborate assault of the Religious-Philosophical Journal upon the management of the Paine Memorial Hall property, to rescue it from the auctioneer, as inspired by something very different from a truly liberal sentiment, and calculated to excite hostilities in quarters where it is entirely unnecessary to provoke them. If, as the Journal asserts, the publishers of the Investigator are blank materialists, while Paine himself believed in a God, it can certainly allege no complaint that they have been so far warped in their faith as to desire to preserve this merited memorial of a man who held to better things than they do. It only shows, taking the Journal's assumption for granted, that Thomas Paine's character and teachings have benefited those whom the Journal condemns. If they are guilty of inconsistency in desiring to magnify the name of a man who believed in what they do not believe in, the punishment be upon their own heads. For ourselves, we can only say in all modesty that we do not feel specially called to administer it to them. We are only rejoiced if it is true that the contemplation of Thomas Paine's life and character has had the effect to change infidels into deists and worshippers of matter into worshippers of God.

The assumption of the mortgage on Memorial Hall by the proprietor of the Investigator was undertaken at the risk of all the property he had in the world, and at the last moment when it became apparent that it otherwise would be lost to free speech forever. For assuming such a responsibility no one deserves to be abused with to his face or to the public. In the eastern section of the country we are in the habit of welcoming all agents and agencies whose cooperation helps on the dawn of the great day of mental emancipation; and we will refuse to believe that the people of other parts of the country look at it any differently. If Paine Memorial Hall is used for purposes that seem inconsistent or incongruous, so is the Boston Music Hall used alike for the teachings of Col. Ingersoll and the preachings of Mr. Murray—for masquerade balls and the singing of the children of the public schools. A public hall is practically devoted to public ends. Whether it be professedly dedicated to Music or Liberalism, it is practically for the use of the public, and the rental it is willing to pay help toward the support of the property for the chief object for which it was erected. It is in this sense, and in this manner that we have repeatedly expressed a wish that Paine Hall might be preserved from the hammer of the sheriff for those uses on the side of Liberalism which are in such increasing request.

### Mrs. Andrews of Springfield.

Mrs. Louisa Andrews of Springfield, Mass., with her son Mr. Lancelot Andrews, (a graduate of Yale, who recently took the highest honors of his class in scientific studies,) also with her sister, Miss Emily G. Jones, sailed for England from New York on the 4th inst. It is the intention of Mrs. Andrews to fix her residence for a time at Brighton, a healthy and pleasant watering place. Both she and her sister have been for many years devoted investigators into the phenomena of Spiritualism, and there are few writers in our ranks better qualified than Mrs. Andrews to present the subject favorably and clearly to the English public. Her contributions some ten years ago to the London *Spiritual Magazine* on the subject of the Slade phenomena are models of exact and graphic narrative; and the readers of the *Banner* have not unfrequently had opportunities of reading her pithy and pertinent comments on matters pertaining to the great subject in which they are interested. We commend Mrs. Andrews warmly to the confidence and respect of our English brethren. She is a lady of the highest character, socially and intellectually. Her son, Lancelot, is a liberal descendant of that Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester, (born 1553, died 1626,) and one of the authors of the common translation of the Bible; that same Bishop Andrews whom Milton celebrated in one of his Latin elegies, bewailing his death in language of the most impassioned regret and adoration. The Lancelot of our day is fair, if he lives, to prove himself worthy of his great ancestor. Wishing Mrs. Andrews and family a prosperous voyage, we again commend them to the acquaintance of our English friends. Mrs. Andrews's address for a short time will be "Care of Mrs. C. Barnard, 6 York Road, Western Road, Brighton, England."

James H. Young, 245 Gasquet street, New Orleans, La., has compiled a neat pamphlet of some fifty pages, whose title-page sets forth its objects as follows: "Rules and Advice for those desiring to form Circles, where Media may be developed through whom they may commune with Spirit Friends, together with a Declaration of Principles and Belief, with Hymns and Songs designed for Circle and Social Singing." The brochure retails for fifteen cents per copy, and may be obtained by addressing its compiler as above.

Ann Tagonism is a naughty woman. She has gone West.

### Rev. John Tyerman Coming to America.

This brave and eloquent defender and advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy has accomplished much good for the cause in Australia, and elsewhere—much of his work having been the severest kind which falls to the lot of the pioneer. Mr. Tyerman was at one time a member of the ministry of the Church of England, and his bold advocacy of the new truth which came to him called down upon him the usual fate of martyrdom—his temporal affairs being thoroughly wrecked in the struggle which followed the loss of his stated employment. He is reported by all who have listened to him to be an earnest, convincing and eloquent speaker, and certainly deserves a warm welcome to the shores of this continent. The following letter from Mr. T. will explain his plans more thoroughly:

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:  
Dear Sir—I sent you a short letter some time ago, which I see you have kindly published in the *Banner*, intimating my intended visit to America. I now write to inform you that I shall come by the mail which is announced to leave Sydney on May 23d, and is due at San Francisco on June 20th. Having received an invitation to deliver a course of lectures in Auckland, New Zealand, before proceeding to America, I shall leave home a fortnight hence, and will catch the mail at Auckland.

With your kind permission I will give a few subjects on which I am prepared to lecture; from which any societies wishing to engage me can choose, if they think proper. I can assure you that it is with considerable diffidence that I offer lectures on Spiritualism, in the land of its birth, in its modern form, and where so much has been said and written upon it, but I trust I shall be able to give something which those interested in the subject may think worth listening to.

I shall also lecture on what are popularly called *Free Thought* subjects. I hardly like, however, to make this distinction between Spiritualism and *Free Thought*, because *Free Thought*, as I understand it, includes all that is worth having in *Free Thought*. Still, as I suppose those distinctions will be kept up a while longer, some of the following will be called *Free Thought*, as distinguished from spiritualistic subjects.

Any society wishing to engage my services will please address me for the present in care of Mr. H. H. Snow, 314 Kearney street, San Francisco, to whom I have written asking him to be good enough to take charge of letters for me until further notice.

The following are a few of the subjects on which I shall be happy to lecture, viz:

1. Spiritualism—its Character and Claims to Investigation.
2. Spiritualism Considered from a Biblical Point of View (a course of four lectures).
3. The Teachings, Uses and Objects of Spiritualism.
4. The World to Come, as Revealed in the Light of Spiritualism (a course of four lectures).
5. Spiritualism as a Destructive and Constructive System.
6. Is this World Man's only State of Probation?
7. Orthodox, Spiritualism and Materialism—Which is the Best Calculated to Benefit Mankind?
8. The Bible—Is it the Word of God? (a course of four lectures).
9. Who and What was Jesus Christ? (a course of five lectures).
10. The God of Christendom, a Human Creation.
11. Is there a Devil? or, the Scarecrow of Christendom Unmasked.
12. Is there a Hell? or, the Doctrine of Eternal Punishment Examined in the Light of Reason, Justice and Benevolence.
13. A Trinity of Distinguished Free Thinkers—Voltaire, Paine and Bradlaugh.
14. Organization and Circumstances—their Influence on Life and Character.
15. The Errors of Modern Christianity Compared and Contrasted.
16. Creeds and Dogmas—a Plea for Theological Revision.
17. The Evolution of Religious Ideas—Human Origin of all Religions.
18. The Popular Views of the Atonement Examined and Disproved.
19. Labor in its Relation to Human Progress.
20. The Church of the Future.

Of course, there are many more subjects on which I can lecture if necessary. Having lectured three years and a half in Melbourne, and nearly three years in Sydney, I have had to traverse much more ground than is indicated by the above list, but that will be sufficient to show the kind of subjects I take up.

In conclusion, I will just add that Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten met with a most cordial welcome in Australia, and has achieved a brilliant success so far. Her visit will do a great deal of good. Could not some good test medium come over from America? Such an one would find Australia at present a fine field.

Yours faithfully,  
J. TYERMAN.  
147 Macquarie Street, Sydney,  
New South Wales, Australia.  
April 25th, 1878.

### Christ, the Corner-Stone of Spiritualism.

This new pamphlet of some 40 pages by Dr. J. M. Peebles is now ready for sale. Price, 15 cents. The edition of 2000 was readily disposed of in Australia, and the English edition met with a rapid sale. The following is a summary of the subjects treated upon: The Talmudic and Rabbinical Proofs of Jesus's Existence. Who was Jesus? And what the Evangelists say about him. What Thomas Paine, Lord Bolingbroke, Rousseau, Diderot, Strauss, Emerson, Carlyle, Max Müller, Sir Humphrey Davy and others say of Jesus Christ. The Estimate that some of the more competent and cultured of American Spiritualists, Davis, Denton, Britten, Watson, &c., put upon Jesus. The Marked Distinction between Jesus and Christ. The Commands, Teachings and Spiritual Gifts of Jesus Christ. The Belief of Spiritualists and the Church of the Future.

The pamphlet, written with the author's usual clearness and terseness of expression, shows a large degree of reading and research. In drawing the distinction between Jesus and Christ, the writer says:

"The two words, Jesus and Christ, should never be confounded, or employed interchangeably. They are not synonyms. Jesus was not called Christ from his birth. The reason why Jesus so positively charged the disciples to tell no man that he was the Christ, was because he was not the Christ, but simply Jesus, the prophet of Galilee, and, as termed by the apostle, 'the Father's Son.' Christ, from *Christos*, in the Greek, and this, some *Kris*, to appoint, signifies anointed, enlightened, divinely illumined. Remember, therefore, that Christ is a principle—an impersonal principle—and a title, rather than so much avoidable in the form of man."

### Mrs. Pickering,

Who has been holding successful materializing séances in Salem, this State, of late, accounts of which have been published in the *Banner*, returned to her home in Rochester, N. H., last Tuesday.

A letter remains at this office for Charles B. Foster, Esq. Will he please forward us his Post Office address?

Mr. and Mrs. Mott left their home in Memphis, Mo., for Colorado, May 29th, to be absent about a month.

### Spiritualist Camp-Meeting at Lake Pleasant.

J. H. Smith, Secretary, writes us as follows, under date of May 20th: "The managers of the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association have perfected their arrangements for the meeting at Lake Pleasant in August. The association has leased the grounds for ten years from the first of January 1879, and have contracted for a large dining hall 25x80 feet long, two stories high. Rooms in the east end of the building will be reserved for headquarters and post-offices. The second floor will be used for circle and lodging-rooms. A kitchen 16x26 will also be built, and the railroad company are putting up a brick oven, adding more seats to the auditorium, and making various other improvements.

Speakers engaged for this season are J. Frank Baxter for two weeks, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, C. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, C. H. B. Lynn, Bishop A. Reals, Giles B. Stobbs, H. C. Lull, E. A. Wheeler, Dr. R. T. Hallowell, Capt. H. B. Brown, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes Snow, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, C. Fannie Allyn, and others; and Prof. Wm. Denton and J. M. Peebles are expected to be present.

Several cottages are to be built this season, and many more will build when they find the grounds are secured for a term of years.

Wm. H. Eddy has signified his intention of being present at the meeting this year, as well as other mediums for materialization. These gatherings have become very popular, and the prospects are that the meeting this year will exceed in numbers any that has preceded it."

### A Buddhist Priest Coming to America.

Mrs. Mary M. Peebles, who came on from Hammon, N. J., to meet Dr. Peebles and attend his reception by the Boston Spiritualists, brought him, among other letters from foreign lands, one from Mr. Donacrolls, a prominent Buddhist layman of Colombo, Ceylon, specifying upon what terms a distinguished Buddhist priest would visit America, and spend a year as a missionary to begin the work of evangelizing the corrupt and war-practicing Christians of America.

This Buddhist, Donacrolls, corroborates what we previously published in one of Dr. Peebles's letters, that two Buddhist priests were already in France, the one teaching the Pali language to some University linguists, and the other laboring as a missionary among the Catholics.

We hope that nothing may prevent the contemplated visit of this Buddhist priest.

### "The Quality of Mercy."

Our Chicago brother does not quite comprehend our meaning when we say: "The *Banner* has been always just, not merciless, toward all fraudulent attempts to help on the phenomena." This, he tells us, is "a nut he cannot crack." If he will turn to the dramatic works of one William Shakespeare, he will find in the following lines the sentiment that prompted our words:

"And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
When mercy seasons justice."  
We pray for mercy.  
And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy."

### Resurrected.

On May 28th Dr. Josiah Jordan, Treasurer of the Free Religious Society of Springfield, Mass., passed to the spirit-world. He was a firm, intelligent and consistent Spiritualist, and was a highly esteemed citizen of the community in which he lived. Death was to him an open door to larger opportunities in high and holy things. Mr. Jordan will be greatly missed by the workers in the Free Religious Society. He was constant in his attendance upon the meetings, and most cheerfully bore his share of all burdens.

**BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY FACE TO FACE.**  
An Oral Discussion between the Rev. Migettuwatte, a Buddhist Priest, and Rev. D. Silva, an English Clergyman, held at Pantura, Ceylon: with an Introduction and Annotations by J. M. Peebles, M. D.

This bulky and deeply interesting pamphlet of 100 pages is now ready for sale at this office. Price 25 cents.

Dr. Peebles's seventeen pages of Introduction, treating of the nature of Buddhism; of its following of 500,000,000; of its notion about Nirvana; its moral influence; the ten commandments of Buddhism, and the death of Gautama Buddha, with the annotations and concluding remarks, are richly worth the price of the work.

The body of the book contains the full report of the arguments adduced *pro* and *con*, and what the disputants thought and said of the other's religion. At times, the two speakers were not only sharp, but severe and terribly bitter. It is plain enough to be seen in reading this spirited discussion between a "heathen" and a Christian, that Dr. Peebles sympathized with the Buddhist priest. In the following paragraph from the 95th page, the Rev. Migettuwatte said that:

"Buddhism inculcated the purest morality and urged the necessity of self-denial, self-sacrifice, and charity. It encouraged peace. It tolerated all religions in its midst. It had nothing to fear. It pleaded for men to follow the example of holy Buddha, and pointed the sick and the sorrowing to the blissful state of Nirvana. Quantities of books could be adduced in proof of these teachings, but it was needless to do so, as he had, he hoped, to the complete satisfaction of his auditory, proved the truth of Buddhism and the falsity of Christianity."

By reference to our third page the reader will find the Haverhill Publisher's report of J. Frank Baxter's closing lecture in that city for the present. The Publisher has shown the utmost fairness and candor regarding the presence and labors of Mr. B. in its neighborhood, also in reference to the spiritual phenomena which have, through Mrs. Pickering and others, fallen under the notice of its representatives, and as a friend of fair play deserves the patronage and countenance of all who love freedom of thought—whatever their specific beliefs—who may make their home in Haverhill or vicinity.

A trustworthy correspondent, who has had several sittings lately in Philadelphia with the Bliss mediums, pronounces the manifestations in their presence unqualifiedly legitimate, notwithstanding all that has been said and published to the contrary.

Be sure and read the letter of Mrs. Mary E. Bond, on our fifth page, concerning the cure of her daughter through the use of Dr. Stone's system of *Condensed Air*. We are knowing to this case, and remarkable though it may seem to the stranger reader, all the statements contained in it are true to the letter.

Much interesting matter prepared for this number of the *Banner* was necessarily crowded out to make room for a full report of the reception given to Dr. Peebles.

### Dr. J. M. Peebles at Amory Hall.

This place of assembly—corner West and Washington streets, Boston—was well filled on the evening of Sunday, June 21, by an audience whose attention was closely held for upwards of an hour by Dr. P., while he depicted his conceptions of what a true life for humanity must be, and interspersed his logical remarks with specimens from a large fund of anecdotes of travel, and the rendition of brief narratives, pathetic and humorous, which served to illustrate his positions in the happiest degree. J. B. Hatch, on calling the meeting to order, announced himself as highly pleased in being the first individual to whose lot it had fallen to introduce the *Pilgrim* to an audience in the character of a stated lecturer since his return to the United States. The reading of selections from the 7th chapter of Matthew, songs by Miss Maria Adams and Miss Collier, and an invocation by Mr. Peebles, succeeded each other, after which the speaker launched out upon the consideration of his theme.

Love, not force, was the spring of reformatory power. The four redemptive agents which were to save the race from error were, to his mind, right generation, right education, right surroundings, and right heavenly influences to impress and inspire us in the proper course as we journeyed along the path of human life. He was gratified with what he had seen during the session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum in the morning, and complimented its officers highly for the work they were doing in teaching the young the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the continuity of life beyond the grave. The Jacobian adage said: "Knowledge is power," but the experience of society was that knowledge was not the best form of power, unless the man possessing it was governed by his moral faculties. He would have the young taught to be honest and sincere; to recognize the necessity of their being and remaining mentally, morally and spiritually, ever in harmony with the provisions of the law of justice. He referred to the great influence for good exerted upon human nature at the acts of the individual pass in procession beneath the eyes of the loved beyond the river of time; also that heaven was a condition rather than a locality, and was to be achieved by personal effort.

So much of our space this week has been devoted to the report of the reception exercises, that the giving of anything more than the foregoing meagre abstract of Dr. P.'s discourse is at present impossible. He left Boston, June 3d, to visit an invalid brother. He will soon return to this city, and at the expiration of his stay, himself and wife will repair to their home in Hammon, N. J., where he will remain till his engagements at the summer camp-meetings bring him again to Massachusetts.

### Dark Séances.

The editor of the *Religio Philosophical Journal* recently sent out the following for answer to certain of the leading lights in Spiritualism: "In your opinion, what is the effect of dark séances (1) in so far as they bear upon the scientific exposition of spirit-phenomena; (2) in so far as they affect the morals of Spiritualism?" To this query several gentlemen replied, including Andrew Jackson Davis. We subjoin the views of the seer:

1. There are visible effects which, according to the unchangeable laws of science, proceed only from causes that are invisible—that is, from causes which, to our bodily eyes, exist and operate by necessity in total darkness. Hence it is strictly scientific to institute "dark séances" in order to correctly investigate certain phenomena in Spiritualism.

2. I am not aware that Spiritualism has evolved any "morals" exclusively its own. But I understand that right and wrong, or aught and crooked, are but "parts of one stupendous whole;" and that the human mind possesses inherent power to discriminate and to choose between them. Upon this principle I hold that



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Publishers who insert the above Prospectus in the respective journals, and call attention to it editorially, will be entitled to a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT a year, provided a marked paper be forwarded to this office.







## New York Advertisements.

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*[The following text is heavily obscured by horizontal black bars.]*



BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1878

\* And when we had taken our leave one of another, we took ship. And when we had finished our course for Tyre, we came to Ptolemais, and saluted the brethren, and abode with them one day. . . . And the next day we departed, and came unto Caesarea, and we entered into the house of Philip. Acts xxi: 6-8.

\* A name given to the Cape of Good Hope by its discoverer.

stirred a world's sympathies, I reached Southern India, a country that has for me a thousand charms, because the birth-land of one of the oldest religions and at present the fruitful paradise of magic. While traveling in the mountainous ranges of India, where the gymnosophists and

As he started on his way around the globe I saw, as it were, diffused through the spiritual

lished, it [the Banner of Light] has continued to flourish amid changes which have wrecked many another like enterprise, and has made its own road to success. Long may its "Banner" wave! For sale at the office of this paper.—*Religio-Philosophica*

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