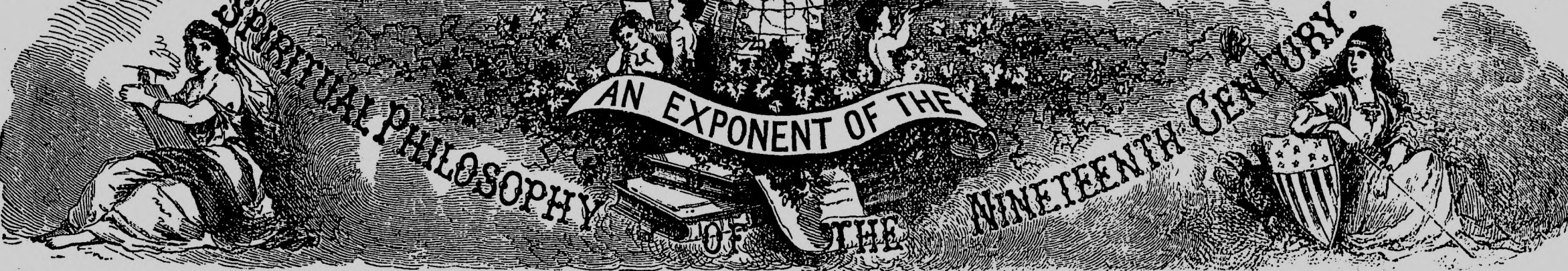


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The Rostrum.

THE NATURE OF DEATH:

THE SPIRITUAL BODY—THE SOUL—WHAT OF INFANTS, OF IDIOTS, AND OF SUICIDES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD?—THE DIFFERENT SPHERES AND EMPLOYMENTS IN HEAVEN.

A Lecture Delivered in the Free Course of Spiritualist Meetings at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Mass., Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 27th.

BY DR. JAMES M. PEEBLES.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

"There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."—Paul.

"There is a world, it is said, full of treasures, lost treasures to earth; a great storehouse of pearls and of pleasures; Where gems of the purest and fairest formation Exist; and 'tis said that the way to that station Is through the dark valley."

"In that world, it is said, there are streets paved with gold, And beautiful gates, all of pearl, which unfold, And admit to green meadows within, near that river Which gushes and plays through the mountains forever, Beyond the dark valley."

"In that world, it is said, there is bliss; oh, what bliss! We shall find the lost treasures of earth, and we'll kiss Their pure forms; we shall leave them, ah! never, But live in the sunlight of glory forever, Beyond the dark valley."—[Anonymous.]

Life is a musical ripple upon the measureless ocean of existence. It is eternal because killed to God. Death is the shadowy attendant of life; and each in its time and turn is equally beautiful. Before the fresh blade and the full corn in the ear, the kernel must die in the damp earth; before our gardens and groves can be clothed in spring verdure, they must be stripped by autumn gales; and so, before we can be clothed upon with immortality, and dwell in the perpetual presence of the loved in heaven, our bodies must go down one by one to swell the great city of the dead. Man, it must be remembered, is a trinity—soul, spiritual body, physical body! Judge Edmonds gave the following definition of soul:

"The soul is an independent entity or existence of itself—possessing its own individuality and identity independent of all other existence, whether connected or disconnected with it."
"It has its own peculiar attributes of thought and feeling, which it can exercise independently of, as well as in connection with, the body."

"Science has long spoken of the duality of man, conveying the idea of two separate and distinct entities belonging to him. . . . These two parts of the entire man are connected together by a third being or entity, which has no separate attribute of thought or feeling, but whose office it is to connect the other two parts together in the earth-life, and to give form and shape to the man in the spirit-life."

"Thus there is in man the soul—an emanation from God—the animal nature in the body, and the connection of the two in what I will designate as the electrical or spiritual body."

"This spiritual body has, among others, two attributes applicable to the matter in hand. First, in death it leaves the body, and passes with the soul into the spirit-life, and lives with it there. In the earth-life its presence is manifested by that odd light of which Reichenbach speaks, and in the spirit-world it causes, or rather is, that pale and shadowy form which the seer beholds when he sees spirits. Second, it has a power of elasticity, which enables the soul to pass to a distance from the body, and yet retain its connection with it."

It is as natural to die as to be born. The change pertains to all physically organized things and beings.

What shall we do with our dead bodies?

Shall we imitate the Persians and expose them upon "towers of silence"? Shall we thrust them into chemical caves to petrify? Shall they be buried? Shall they be embalmed? Shall they be burned, or buried in the ocean? The angel of the winds or the waters—the angel of earth or the angel of fire, which—when the soul has fled—shall take the mortal casing and safely resolve it back into the original elements?

These inquiries were forcibly impressed upon me while witnessing the burial of a corpse in the Pacific ocean. It was quick work. The ocean was calm, the air soft, and the sun golden. There was a stillness, a thoughtfulness among the passengers, almost painful in pensiveness. It was a child. The innocent spirit had gone up before the perishing body went down to be devoured—or, possibly, to rest upon green seaweeds. I sorrowed with the Hindu mother, but had no sympathy with the mumbling of an outworn church service by a captain more given to profanity than prayer.

"Oh," said a fellow-passenger, "it is so terrible to be buried in the sea and eaten by fishes!"

But who eat the fishes? Does not the disorganized human body become reconstructed in finny tribes and the lowing herds that load our tables? And so the physical elements run their endless rounds, becoming modified and more and more refined by the action of the psychic forces.

Any method of disposing of the dead is preferable to confining the body in a metallic coffin to be placed in a damp vault. These decaying bodies generate gases and mephitic vapors of the most deadly nature. The living are often poisoned by the buried dead. There are few more unhealthy places upon earth than a modern graveyard. Graves are deposits of putridity. A corpse is a crumbling shell—nothing more. Then why visit shells? Why look upon them mournfully? And why put up expensive marble slabs to point where crumbling shells were concealed, that are no longer shells—only dust!

The dark drapery, the deathly exhalation, the useless mourning trappings, the measured tread of the undertaker, the dismal, gloomy surroundings, the hollow gaze of spectators, the echo of clods upon the coffin-lid, the officious grave-digger, the sepulchral tones of the solemn-visaged priest—all combine to constitute a Christian burial scene as fashionable as it is offensive to the genius of the nineteenth century.

If burying the dead be persisted in, let the cemeteries be located upon high lands, and far away from thickly-inhabited cities. Let the chamber of the dying be calm, pleasant, prayerful. Place in the dead hand a fresh white lily. Strew the coffin with snow-white flowers. There should be no change in the apparel of the living. There should be neither feasting nor fasting, nor immoderate grief. Dying is the process of being transplanted. And accordingly, cemeteries should be called gardens of repose and fields of rest, with everything inviting and beautiful as are groves in the evergreen tropics.

As the Orient returns to more and more influence our Western civilization, the burial of the dead will gradually give place to cremation. It is cheaper, and a far more natural way of transferring the elements back to mother earth. Fire is a symbol of purification. I often witnessed the burning of the dead while in India. It is in no way repulsive. The pyre is symmetrical in construction. The sandal wood, the spices and the precious oils, displace all disagreeable odors. After the burning, there remain only pure white ashes. These are gathered and treasured by the mourners as precious keepsakes.

Observation recognizes three methods of dying: death by accident, purposed death, as in the case of suicides, and death by old age. The last named only is natural and normal to humanity. Every person should live to a good old age, and go out gradually, as does the lamp for lack of oil. Every furrow in the face is a warning. Every white hair is a dead hair. Death generally commences at the extremities, and the process may continue for years. The memory becomes treacherous, the instincts become dulled, the passions die, the digestive powers die, the heart beats irregularly, there are a few beats and then a cessation, the pause between the beats increases, the pulse is no longer perceptible, the hands and feet are cold, the spasmodic action has ceased, the heart-beats are finished, the cycle of life completed—and all is stillness in the death-chamber save the half-repressed sobs of the tearful watchers! So the aged sleep away into death—rather into life immortal! Nature, as a tender loving mother, rocks the cradle, and darkness fades away into the radiant brightness of eternity!

Accidental death, being a shock to Nature, usually commences at the heart or brain. This condition is technically called coma, and the dying first lose control of their physical sensations and volitions. The muscles lose their power of action; the heart fails to get its nervous supply from the brain; the physical contortions increase till death closes the scene. And yet, in these last hours there was probably no consciousness of pain. The physical organism is so constituted that it can endure only a certain amount of pain and suffering; when these limits are reached, unconsciousness mercifully ensues. There is no pain in physical death. The dread of death is educational—the fear is only comparable to the fear of the young bird to trust its wings. The spasms, throes and seeming anguish attending the last hours of earthly life are no proof of pain, but rather do they show the struggles of the spirit to release itself from the impaired, out-worn body.

"If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." Montaigne in one of his essays describes an accident which happened to him, leaving him senseless. He was taken up for dead. On being restored, he said: "Methought my life only hung upon my lips, and I shut my eyes to help thrust it out and go."

"Children, as soon as I am released," said the mother of John Wesley, "sing a psalm of praise to God."

"Do you not hear that great and wonderful music which is in Heaven?" exclaimed Servulus. "Do you not perceive the surpassing fragrance of the odors from Heaven filling all the air?"

"I see," said the dying Bertine, "a brightness so great that the sun pales before it. I see the heavens opened, and a glory above the noontday sun."

Is death the last sleep? "No," said Sir Walter Scott; "it is the last final awakening." And an Indian chief, simple child of nature, said: "Death does not kill; it only makes our brave invisible till we meet them in the happy hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit." Victor Hugo, whom I never met but once, and then at a spiritual séance in Paris, said, in writing of death: "Oh, whoever it may be who have seen a beloved being sinking into the tomb, do not think it has left you. The beauty of death is its presence—inexpressible presence of a soul which smiles upon our tearful eyes. The being that we mourn has disappeared, but has not departed."

Compare the trust and resignation of these enlightened souls with those who mentally writhe under the influences of a priest-made and God-dishonoring theology. A young lady connected with the Episcopal Church in Baltimore exclaimed, on the day of the funeral, "I'll never love God any more—I never will, for he has taken away my dear papa!" And when they put the ice around the corpse, she shrieked, "Do not, oh, do not put ice on my papa! you'll freeze him! you'll freeze him!" Such wild exclamations reveal not only the ignorance, but the weakness and wickedness of pulpit teachings. Wisely said Socrates, "The body is not the man."

A recent *New York Observer* said: "Almost every one has at least one lock of hair out from the head of one now dwelling in that silent land whence come no messages, no letters, no tokens of any kind to tell of love or of remembrance." This is the status of the so-called Christian world. If not "without hope and without God in the world," they are certainly without any cheering knowledge of a future conscious existence, and may well sing with the Orthodox poet, Dr. Watts:

"The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie,
Their memory and their sense are gone,
All like unknowing and unknown."

Harriet Beecher Stowe buried the form of a promising son several years since, after which she is reported to have written: "Who shall roll us the stone away from the door of the sepulchre? There it lies, cold, hard, inexorable, the stone of silence—since the beginning of the world, there it has been; no tears have melted it, no prayers pierced it. Nothing about the doom of death is so dreadful as this dead, inflexible silence. Could there be, after the passage of the river, one backward signal—one last word, the heart would be appeased."

The Rev. J. G. Smith, Baptist clergyman of New York, published his doubts of a glorious immortality in these

words: "Death chills every fibre of my being; I do not even see through a glass darkly. I have hope in Christ; but the future looks dark and cheerless, and I will not disguise the fact."

The Rev. Robert Collyer, a Chicago clergyman, said in a discourse printed in one of the daily city journals: "The silence of the two worlds has not been broken. . . . What proof have we that there is a life to come? None! Not a word has come to us, not a sound have we heard."

Genuine Spiritualism is good to live by, and better still to die by; because it proves conclusively that the silence of the "two worlds has been broken," and that "sounds and words" have come to a cloud of living witnesses. And these words corroborate those of Jesus: "Because I live, ye shall live also."

When that devoted Spiritualist, Mrs. Fenn, was about to leave her frail, feeble body, she said: "They are coming for me—they are! My long-gone companion brings a white robe. Oh, how pleasant his features are, and how bright he looks! In a few days I shall come," he says, "in a few days!" The next week she passed over death's peaceful river.

The Rev. J. W. Bailey, a very spiritually-minded man, would sing at times before his death. Mrs. Bailey said:

"Does it not tire you to sing so much?"
"Oh, yes," was the reply, "but I am so happy I can't help it."

A little time before he left the body he exclaimed smilingly, "I can see over the river. I can see on both sides. It is beautiful here, but glorious, glorious over there. They beckon to me to come. I see Ellen. I see many loved ones. I am going. . . . I am happy, happy!"

E. H. Sears nobly, inspiringly says: "In the other life appears the wonderful paradox that the oldest people are the youngest. To grow in age is to come into everlasting youth. To become old in years is to put on the freshness of perpetual prime. We drop from us, the debris of the past; we breathe the ether of immortality, and our cheeks mantle with eternal bloom."

The philosophy of death when rightly understood is beautiful. It is simply a separation of the physical and spiritual bodies. These grow up together, the soul being the molding force. It is well known that an aura surrounds and that a spirit-substance permeates every object and entity. And so the grape, the peach, the orange—all fruits and all foods are dual, constituted of physical and spiritual substances. Cutting open a delicious pear one day in my library, I said to the spirit, "Aaron Knight, will you have half of this?" Smiling through the medium, "Thank you, sir," was the prompt reply, "I've already eaten the real pear; that is, I have imbibed and appropriated the refined spirit-substance, which was the life of it—the exterior remains for you." The grosser physical parts of fruits, and divers kinds of foods, satisfy the earthly body; while the spiritual portions of these foods, together with the auras, invisible emanations, and other realized essences of the spirit-world supply and build up the more permanent spiritual body. The reaper death cuts these two bodies asunder. That is, as the physical birth of the infant is death to its placenta-envelope, so birth into spirit-life is death and disintegration to the physical casing. The process, as natural as beautiful, involves no disorganization of the spiritual body. Clairvoyants should not mistake the vapory, cloud-like atmosphere around the dying for fragmentary particles of the spiritual body. The spiritual body does not die all to pieces, like the physical. The pulpy orange remains perfect in shape though the peeling be removed. The bird in hatching does not leave the shell in parted fragments to assume shape and consciousness after a time; neither does the spiritual body become disintegrated, passing up in a vapory, cloud-shaped mist over the head of the dying to re-form or reorganize into human shape. The soul—a conscious magnet—is so interrelated to the life-essences of the spiritual body, that it holds it in a continuous organized unity. The analogy of reason as well as the testimony of spirits confirm this position.

A writer in that admirable volume, "The Unseen Universe," says:

"The spiritual body being a perfect resemblance and reproduction, under altered conditions, of the natural body, it might be expected that it should retain the material impressions in which memory is supposed to consist. Successive acts of consciousness leave indelible traces within us. Every thought that rises in our minds is accomplished by some molecular motions and displacements in the brain, and parts of these are in some manner stored up in the brain-cells so as to produce what may be called our physical memory. Other parts of these subtle motions are communicated, we may believe, to the spiritual or unseen body, and are stored up there, forming a memory which may be utilized when that body is set free by death and better able to exercise its functions. It will thus retain its hold on the past, and serve the grand purpose of maintaining a continuous, intelligent existence. Every shade of knowledge and of ignorance, of virtue and of vice, of happiness and of misery, will be found in that illimitable country whither we tend. The spiritual body also will, by its extreme subtlety and perfect subjection to the rule of thought, have means of exhibiting varieties of feeling such as at present we can but faintly imagine."

Memory, like will, must have an organ, or it is a cipher. We shall carry with us into eternity the elements of our own bliss or woe. Heaven and hell spring out of the nature of things. They are indeed present as well as future. They begin in time. We are all even now in one or the other of these states. In the spiritual body the condition of the soul will only become more defined, more intense. Remorse, despair, impotence, a disturbed conscience—these are hell. The sufferings, however, of the world unseen will be spiritual."

Those who have lived calm, truthful and Christ-like lives do not for a moment lose their consciousness in dying. The change is more real than dreams ever are. It is passing out of a semi-dark room into one more brightly illuminated. It is moving up one step higher. It is leaving the schoolhouse for the academy.

"It is that grand triumphal arch
Through which the good to glory march."

We dwell in the suburbs; they in the kindly metropolis of immortality. We are in the basement; they, if good on earth, are in something like the royal chambers of princes. We are on this, they are on the thither side of the crystal river, shaded by the tree of life and lighted by the sun of righteousness.

Judge Edmonds was the warm personal friend of Isaac T. Hopper. This good Quaker finally became ill; and it was evident that his useful pilgrimage was ending. The Judge, naturally social, frequently visited him. Calling on a Thursday about four o'clock, he found the invalid friend very weak and low. He thought, however, he might rally and survive several days—possibly months. This was the evening for the Judge to hold his weekly séance. The party assembled at eight o'clock. All seated, and the séance opened in an orderly manner, a member of the Judge's family became influenced, and it was written with considerable rapidity, "I am in the spirit-world," and signed I. T. H. Who is that? was the passing inquiry.

None seemed to know, until the Judge, adjusting his glasses and looking closely, exclaimed, "These are the initials of Isaac T. Hopper, but it can hardly be possible, for I left

his residence a few hours since; he was very feeble, and yet comfortable."

Judge Edmonds throwing on his hat and cloak, and repairing to the residence of his Quaker friend, found the body a corpse and the friends weeping. Returning after a little time to the circle he had left, the medium's hand was again controlled, writing the following: "I am in the spirit-world, and I now understand what the apostle meant when he said, 'We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye.' I have not slept. I have not been unconscious for a moment; but I have been changed. I have changed the earthly for the spiritual body. I was met by those whom I knew and loved. I. T. Hopper."

Those who die through purposed violence, or accident, remain utterly unconscious for a shorter or a longer period of time, depending upon their state of spirituality. The first thing usually cognized after death is the fact of life. I live, is the first perception—I maintain my identity, is the dominant recollection. Of these grand realities I am conscious! exclaims the resurrected soul.

The pale, gaseous, cloud-like flame seen by seers above and about the dying, is there placed by guardian spirits during the time of receiving and clothing the newly-born spirit. Spiritual bodies are clothed upon as well as physical. As there were those expecting and awaiting our ingress to this world, so are there thoughtful loving ones ready to receive us at our second birth and clothe us in garments immortal. The beauty and texture of these vestures will correspond to our moral purity. They change according to the changes of the mental state. They are of different styles, according to the taste, the rank and office of the wearers. In the higher spheres of angelic life these garments are not made with hands. They come to the angels something as the leaves come to the tree, or as colors come to the purpling clouds. The angel that appeared at the tomb was clothed in "raiment white as snow." And so our spiritual bodies, if we live kind, charitable, self-sacrificing and Christ-like lives, will, upon our entrance into the heavenly world, be arrayed in a beauty and glory above the lilies of the field or the brightness of the sun, and we shall be welcomed by our angel names. Florence Percy, in writing of her earthly name, says:

"I have heard it all too often
Uttered by unloving lips;
Earthly care, and sin, and sorrow,
Dim it with their deep eclipse.
I shall change it like a garment,
When I leave this mortal frame,
And at life's immortal baptism
I shall have another name.
For the angels will not call me
By the name I bear on earth;
They will speak a holier language
Where I have my holier birth;
Syllabled in heavenly music,
Sweeter far than earth may claim,
Very gentle, pure and tender—
Such will be my angel name."

What of infants in the world of spirits?

These are the unripe fruit of the garden. Nature tends to maturity. Though innocent, it is nevertheless unfortunate for infants and children to die in the morning-time of their being. They require those experiences that pertain to this preliminary school of existence. There is this recompense, however—their care and education give delight to the angels.

"The angels have need of these tender buds
In their gardens so fair;
They graft them on immortal stems,
To bloom forever there."

When the infant dies it is received by gentle, matronly angels and borne to the sensitive sphere of innocence, to be cherished and cared for by the angels of God. Here it ultimately attains the full stature of a perfected manhood or womanhood, and is often brought by these guardians back to the spheres of earthly friends and mortals, to obtain by and through them such observations and experiences as become necessary for its harmonious unfoldings.

A precocious child in spirit-life communicates thus to its parents:

"In dying I was conscious of an overpoweringly soothing influence, hushing, soft and tender. My room became invested in a cloud as of the purest downy appearance, which gradually gave place to ineffable brightness. All things earthly receded, and I found myself alone with one resplendently-beautiful person. He was clothed in the brightness of a dazzling whiteness, and stood gazing at me with a face full of love and sweetness. At first I shrunk with fear; but his tender, musical words of love drew me to his bosom. He was my guardian angel, and soon conducted me to beautiful gardens, where all the happy spirits suited to my capacity thronged around me. I was laid upon a couch of flowery essence, yielding a supporting perfume, and my soul was thrilled with songs of welcome. I soon learned things that I cannot explain to you. There are no words that can describe my lovely home. Everything ministers to my happiness, and yet I feel an inexpressible longing to be with those I knew and loved before the transition. My guardian, who helps me write, informs me that my early exit from earth will retard my progress for a season. He often brings me to you in night-time. It is then more calm and quiet. I speak to you, but you do not answer. In the morning you say you dreamed of me. I am brought to you often, and can know all you do. I will come again when permitted, and tell you more."

Beautiful and impressive are such child-like ministries. They are not idle in those heavenly homes.

"They come on errands of love from the mansions above
To the dear ones that linger below."

Am I asked, "What month, or at what period the unborn becomes an immortal being?"

Important inquiry! The embryo fetus is immortal from the sacred moment of a well-defined conception. When in marital life the positive and negative relational forces and fluids blend, then and there is the divine incarnation—the implantation of the conscious soul-germ! And Nature takes no retrogressive steps. There is no law of absolute retrogradation. If the sensitive bud is purposely blasted thereafter and violently torn from the maternal tree of life, the case is clearly criminal. Ignorance of facts and consequences on the part of parents is a palliation, but physicians have no excuse. They who do this business are murderers! And to advocate the notion that the premature infant has no soul, or is not immortal till the fifth month, or "twelve weeks previous to natural birth," is teaching immorality by indirectly encouraging feticide. Only the guilty take offence at this plain talk. I speak and pen what the angels of wisdom say upon this subject.

What of the idiotic in the future world?

There are no idiots in either this or the future state of existence. The sabbie "blind Tom," though so called, is no idiot. He has rational conceptions of right and wrong, and

the character of the reports appearing in the public prints concerning Mr. Slade's work in this part of the world.

We are now in Ballarat, having arrived here a day or two ago. The weather since our arrival has been very unpropitious, so that I have been unable to see much of the town. It is a pretty place—more so than any place in this colony, and it is well endowed with schools and public institutions. In the year 1851 Ballarat was an unknown name, except perhaps here and there to a few shepherds, and it is wonderful how it has sprung up in so short a time, with every convenience and appliance known to our great cities. Spiritualism is growing with the growth of the place. There are many mediums and several organized circles. The papers seem well disposed, as they have given very good reports, but the churches are still fighting against it.

A young trance lecturer of great abilities, Mr. Walker, is now in Melbourne delivering lectures in reply to one given by some reverend gentleman against Spiritualism. I cannot understand why the theologically educated should be so prejudiced of heart as to be unwilling to at least investigate the subject of Spiritualism. Is it because they wish to keep the masses of their church in ignorance of all questions, save those that pertain to their own narrow level of thought? Spiritualism responds to the inner inspirations of the soul, which are sustained and strengthened by the sunshine and dew of the Infinite sympathy. Hence it is no part of Spiritualism to ignore the teachings of the past, nor yet deem them superior to the inspiration of the present. Since all things are progressive in our nature, and human agency fallible, we do not look for infallibility save in the Holy Scriptures of nature's divine revelations, where God's words are laws, made manifest to us and through us by the unfoldments of "wisdom, love and truth." The clergy seem to take more pains to grasp at an error, or newspaper gossip, than they would to grasp a well-substantiated truth regarding Spiritualism; they would rather take up with such people as Bishop and his class than to adopt the facts given by the eminent professors of Europe and America, who have spent time and money in its investigation. It seems the clergy take delight in showing to the ignorant how very wise and powerful they are; just as the Pagan gods were supposed to show how very powerful they were when they sent an earthquake or a thunder-bolt because a pig of the wrong age had been sacrificed. Why do they not teach as the true Nazarene taught, as they claim to follow his example? In my opinion one must do more than preach religion, he must practice as well in his field of labor and soul enterprise, in the haunts of humble and degraded life, as well as in the higher circles of society.

Very sincerely yours,
Ballarat, Nov. 1st, 1878. AGNES L. SLADE.

*The alls referred to are from the *Bonding Advertiser*, *Independent*, and *Avoca Mail*, and give the views of investigators who have attended Dr. Slade's seances. The descriptions are much like those already published in these columns, and the writers announce themselves fully satisfied that Dr. Slade is at least not a fraud, and a powerful instrument (to do with the production of the wonderful phenomena occurring in his presence.—ED. B. or L.)

Original Essay.

METHODS OF SPIRITUAL CULTURE.

By what means may the unfoldment of the inner spiritual nature, with all its lovely characteristics and its wondrous capabilities, be promoted?

Since man is intimately related to the external universe—in fact an epitome of all things therein—no doubt something valuable may be learned on this question from analogy. All growth or evolution throughout Nature seems to depend upon the conjoint action of two forces, or two sets of forces—the *internal* and the *external*. If either of these is wholly lacking, there is no quickening, no expansion of any germ. Let us look at the practice of the skillful gardener. If he would bring out the choicest capabilities of plant or tree, he is careful in the adaptation of all surroundings—soil, sunshine, air, moisture, warmth, cold, etc. He shields the young shoots alike from biting frosts and blasting heat. He studies to give the evolutionary forces, both internal and external, free play, and to afford them their fullest action. Thus the highest qualities and capabilities of the plant in due time show themselves. Neglect to supply these favorable external conditions is sure to result in either sterility or stunted growth, unlovely appearance, inferior, crabbed, or poisonous fruit. Even the luscious peach in its wild, uncultured state secretes a deadly poison.

So the growth of human plants doubtless requires the conjoint action of both inherent and external forces. Assuming the inmost germ to be essentially the same in all, yet to attain its loveliest, noblest development as a spiritual being it needs suitable external conditions and surroundings. These may vary at different stages, yet at all stages must be *adapted*, or the best growth does not result. The spiritual selfhood cannot be expected to unfold and flourish in the cold soil and arctic climate of a hard materialism. There is little in such surroundings to appeal to and quicken its latent energies. Neither will it expand healthfully in the darkness of ignorance. The chilling atmosphere of indifference or hate will stunt its tender shoots, and the hot blasts of anger and passion will wither them. It needs the clear light of intelligence, the genial atmosphere of human affection, the warm sunshine of unselfish, spiritual love, and the penetrating dews of silent spiritual force emanating from those who have already attained some good degree of interior growth. These genial impregnative influences from without act upon and awaken the inherent forces within, and growth, expansion, evolution, or a "new birth," if any prefer the term, is the natural (i. e., orderly) result. Here is a rational philosophy of "regeneration," which religionists have so long been blindly groping after, but have mistakenly imagined to be a miraculous process. Instead of being a dogma of superstition, as many suppose, it is an eternal verity.

Every family and every school should be a nucleus or focus of such genial, quickening influences as have been described—in other words, a nursery for spiritual plants. All Spiritualists, surely, should seek to make their homes centres of spiritualizing force, alike for the higher culture of themselves and their children; and they should endeavor to establish schools or lyceums where the children of others can, to some extent, be brought under the same spirit-quickening influences. Were this done, we should soon witness such a development of true spirituality, with an increase of all the lovely "fruits of the spirit," as the world has not yet seen.

But in addition to these more general influences, certain special methods or exercises may

be mentioned, which tend to promote interior growth. Religionists and spiritually-minded persons, in all times and countries, have stumbled upon, or, perhaps more correctly, intuitively adopted some of these methods, without probably understanding the *rationale* of their use. Among these may be named the practice of assembling together in public or in private and engaging in singing or music, with recitations, addresses, and devotional exercises of various forms.

It is universally recognized that music, whether instrumental or vocal, has a harmonizing and soothing, or an inspiring and stimulating effect, according to its nature or quality, upon the whole being. Most mediums and sensitives know that music of the right kind (at least in certain stages of growth) aids to produce the state of mental quietude and passiveness necessary to the action of the finer senses, and induces an increased susceptibility to spirit-influences. Especially when adapted to and accompanied by words expressive of elevated and noble thoughts, or profound spiritual emotions, does music tend to produce that mellowness and passivity which are favorable if not essential to the reception of spiritual impressions. Hence it is made use of to a large extent in the religious assemblies of almost every sect in Christendom—and heathendom also—even though the devotees may be utterly ignorant of any philosophy of its use; and it is almost universally employed in "circles" and "seances" for spirit-communion and manifestation of nearly every phase.

The religious body known as Quakers, it is true, are an exception to this rule, in that they wholly discard music from their religious gatherings. But they substitute for it another method of attaining the same result, perhaps better adapted to the very interior condition of spiritual growth to which the early Quakers (and perhaps some of the later ones) had attained, namely, that of quiet mental abstraction and "silent waiting for the moving of the spirit."

No Spiritualist can doubt that every assembly of persons, especially such as have any spiritual object in view, is attended and brooded over, as it were, by another and probably vastly more numerous assemblage of spirit beings, seeking to infuse their thoughts, their life, their spiritualizing emanations, into every member of the mortal group. In fact, every individual is no doubt attended by an invisible guardianship that is practically unremitting. Spiritual presences thus form a part of the actual surroundings of every gathering and of every person, and these are ever ready to impart, in moments of receptivity, the quickening forces that shall aid our spiritual growth, just as the ever-shining sun in the heavens is ready to impart his life-awakening beams to the vegetable world whenever and wherever circumstances favor. The state of *mellow receptivity* on our part is the important, and in some sense the difficult, thing to be sought for and attained. If that is reached, the impregnative spiritual forces, which are ever pressing upon us, will penetrate and awaken the germs of the inner life, as do the forces of sun and atmosphere the seeds buried in the soil of earth.

Music, then, of appropriate kinds, and especially the singing, with proper feeling, of truly spiritual songs and hymns (not merely sentimental or frivolous, or even doctrinal compositions, but those expressive of the emotions, purposes, aspirations, etc., of the inner life), furnishes one powerfully aid to the unfolding of the better nature, at least in the earlier stages of the process. And where the members of a family or a group of children can be induced to gather and spend even a single hour in this simple exercise, under the guidance of some spiritually-minded person, a good work in spiritual culture will no doubt be effected. For in it will be sure to participate the ever-present angels of good, in whom is embodied and personified the universal and All-quickening Spirit, which is ever seeking to infuse a divine life.

Another aid is doubtless to be found in the impressive repetition, in chants, readings, recitations or responses, of spiritual maxims and vital truths, in either poetry or prose; also in the contemplation of the worthy lives and noble doings and teachings of spiritual men and women of the past and present—those who have given the best examples of unselfish devotion to truth and the welfare of humanity. These are the true *saints* and *saviours* of the race, whatever may have been their creed or nation. But it should be ever remembered that such exercises will profit only as a lively interest can be aroused and maintained in them, so that deep and lasting impressions shall be made. Nothing should be done in the way of meaningless ceremony, tedious routine, or compulsory performance.

Corroborative of the above views, it may here be noted that Dr. Buchanan, the distinguished anthropologist, claims to have discovered, as an important educational (i. e., evolutionary) principle or law, that while Intellect is developed chiefly through the *eye*, the Emotions and the Moral faculties are appealed to mainly through the *ear* and *larynx*—(the animal nature being called forth through the grosser sensations and appetites, and physical force.) In a letter recently received by the writer, Dr. B. profoundly says:

"Light, Sound and Force correspond with the Intellectual, Moral and Animal elements of character. The second (sound) has been greatly neglected, and the third (force) most inappropriately used for moral culture, to which it is antagonistic. The practical bearing is that we must cultivate the moral and emotional nature by the voice of the pupil and teacher, chiefly by its exercise in song, aided by declamation and reading, and by instrumental music; but singing is worth all the rest. It is almost OMNIPOTENT."

[Concluded in our next.]

And now comes the *Peoria Transcript* with the new pronoun that we asked for recently. Hear what it says. We confess its suggestion rather grows on us:

The suggestion was simply none. "e" poss. "es," obj. "em." The use will be readily seen, thus: "If anybody trespasses on these premises 'e' shall suffer the penalty of 'es' transgressions. It will not be well for 'em.' Nothing is needed but use to make 'E' just as good a pronoun for the third person as 'I' for the first, and it will hardly be denied that the various cases, as given above, are etymologically good and harmonious. For example, let every brother and sister examine 'emself,' and looking into 'es' heart find out 'es' besetting sin and resolutely cast it from 'em.'—Chicago Alliance.

Parents are often puzzled to help their children when they get beans, buttons, etc., in their noses. The *Medical Record* says, "Blow the patient's nose for him, by closing the blowy nostril with your finger and blowing suddenly and strongly into the mouth—an efficient method which has often succeeded when instruments have failed. The glottis closes spasmodically, and the whole force of your breath goes to expel the button or bean, which commonly flies out at the first effort."

Children's Department.

THE HORNETS' NEST.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

"When I was young," said cousin Tom, "At the old house that I came from A honey-suckle used to grow. That chambered round the portico. How sweetly, I remember, were its yellow blossoms used to smile; And how one summer, in its shade, Their great, gray nest the hornets made."

"Around the rooms they buzzing flew, And wandered all the garden through, And always knew precisely where Grey sweetest plum and choicest pear. With their dull drone and cruel stings. They seemed such idle, spiteful things. To drive them off, I said, one day, 'I'll tear their ugly nests away!'"

"No, Tom," my mother said; "no, no! You must not think of doing so; You foolish boy, 't is never best To meddle with a hornet's nest."

"Her good advice away was thrown; The moment that I was alone I climbed, and hold of it I caught To pull it down; when, quick as thought Out flew the hornets, great and small, And full of fury, one and all, About my neck and ears they clung. Nose, eyelids, ears and mouth they stung! I tried to beat them off in vain, And shrieked aloud with fright and pain. But started hastily and ran out— 'What could the outcry be about? My burning, smarting hands they swathed With linen cloths; they sent me bawling With swollen face and throbbing head, And laid me tenderly in bed. And then my mother talked with me— 'You've been a naughty boy,' said she, 'I told you that it was never best To meddle with a hornet's nest.'"

"But all your pain to good will turn. If you will now a lesson learn, And keep it, when you older grow, Wherever you may chance to go— To aid the wronged, to help the weak, One should not be afraid to speak; But every wise and prudent man Keeps out of quarrels if he can; For in this world 't is never best To meddle with a hornet's nest." —The Nursery.

TALES OF THE EVERLASTING MOTHER.

Written down through the Mediumship of ADELMA, BARONESS VON FAY, Of Gombitz (in Styria), Austria, and translated specially for the Banner of Light.

ROMANCE OF THE WOODS.

You must not think because the frogs are so wet and cold that they have no heart. God forbid. A frog feels in its way, and there is even much resemblance between the heart of a human being and that of a frog. The frog lives between flowers and grasses, he washes himself in the dew, and even draws tears from heaven by his croaking. I once knew a frog who fell in love with a slender wood-lily. She stood in an alder wood, in tall luxuriant grass, where all kinds of other flowers grow. There shone the deadly nightshade, the gentian hung its blue head; there stood modest bell-flowers of the woods; there lilies of the valley and violets exhaled their perfume. And among them all the lily of the woods stood upright in her purity. She had a guardian to whom she was married after the manner of the woods; this was the fine alder tree which grew in the damp marsh, and stretched its branches lovingly down to her. So they stood in the wood, in purity and love. There came, on a certain day, a pigmy. Was it a human being, a frog, or a scorpion? I observed the strange being curiously. He had already appropriated to himself all the flowers. Allured by the bell-donna he had broken her off, and thrown her away; he had smelt out the fragrance of the violet, and then left it to wither; the simple bell-flowers he despised, but a lily he had never possessed, and now he longed for the purity of this queen of the woods, whose mysterious existence charmed him. He began to croak to her all sorts of things, this frog, for he was a frog. He related to her tales of mankind, of their love, of passion, and desire—things which the lily could not comprehend. With questioning wonder she looked up to her guardian, the wise alder tree, but the croaking of the reptile under him had not reached him, and he only caressed her with his boughs in a fatherly manner. The frog continued his discourse; he spoke in a very learned manner, and yet so flatteringly, and he begged so sweetly. Then he hopped ever nearer and nearer to the poor inexperienced wood flower. I saw how his piercing look raised a warm glow in her, while inward fear and an uncertain anxiety thrilled through her every fibre. Sorrowfully questioning she looked at the wavering, glittering creature, anxiously imploring help of the homely alder tree. "I will gather her," said the frog; "she shall lie weeping before me. Down with thy confiding, proud purity! Down to the grade of all other flowers! I will make her bend. I give her a kind of love for it too." The poor solitary lily of the woods felt so unhappy she could have torn herself up by the roots, and she complained to all the breezes of her sorrow and distress of mind at hearing such words addressed to her. The good old oak tree from over the way looked on earnestly and threateningly, the grasses grumbled, and beetles and elves listened anxiously. The frog, however, perceived the conflict in the lily's mind with diabolical pleasure, and laughing to himself, thought soon to gain his object. But the sun-rays hear the half-choked cry of the loved lily. They unite and gather the clouds together, so that a fearful storm is discharged from them. It shakes the whole wood, even to the deepest roots of its trees; rain pours down, and thunder and lightning follow each other in quick succession. At the outbreak of the storm the chivalrous frog crept away in cowardly anxiety, and left the lily to her fate. But the alder tree remained as her true, protecting guardian. Lovingly he surrounded her with his branches and twigs, defending her carefully from lightning and rain. Then she confidently opened to him her bleeding flower-heart, and implored him for help and light. The storm is over, the sun shines brightly through the trees; alder and lily, inwardly united, are lost in a whispering dialogue. The birds sing, the grasshoppers chirp, the beetles shake themselves again, all drops and glistens in the sunbeams which break out anew. Pleased and inwardly strengthened and refreshed, the lily turns her head again proudly toward heaven, while her stem leans gently against the alder tree. And where is the frog? Puffed out, with full angry eyes, he is there again, staring gloomily at the alder and lily. "You marble heart! You unfeeling, haughty angel!" he bursts out at last.

"What!" said the alder tree. "Heartless, because she did not allow herself to be bruised on the ground? Know that here, in the pure woods, the sins of thought are quite as bad to us as the sins of deed to your fellow creatures. Go, troll yourself out of the wood, tempter. March! Away with you to your slough!" And the alder and wind immediately lashed him, and drove him away out of the wood, the ugly, croaking frog! Yes, they banished him from the temple of pure, spiritual love and sensibility,

the tempting, staring, cold frog, that would hop over all. See! this is the tale of the frog, that now only croaks in the slough, in mire and slime—the tale of the nature of temptation, of sensuality, that everywhere creeps in to defile purity, and cover all in its spawn.

[Continued in our next.]

The Progress of Science.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"I prefer to sit at the feet of Gamaliel," said a lady the other day; to which I replied: "That is the position that we should all occupy. When we cease to be pupils—cease to receive freshly from the Infinite Teacher, we are like a tree that is dead in the heart, and it is time that we should be removed."

A large portion of the world is thus dead—living on the past—living automatically by the force of established habit; and they who should be most alive of all, the cultivators of science, are, if not absolutely dead to intellectual growth, possessed of a very feeble intellectual vitality.

Knowledge is infinite and universal as is its divine source, and the soul that is not developed in its universal relations, but turns away from their greater half, ignoring the entire invisible realm of life and causation to fasten itself upon dead matter, like the lichen upon a rock, occupies no higher rank in universal humanity than does the lichen amid the beauty and grandeur of our gardens and groves.

Sometime these truths will be recognized and acted on, and there will come in consequence a flood of light into human intelligence, and a flood of love into the higher powers of the soul, which will make this world an appendage of heaven.

The discoveries which are daily developed in my progress are marvelous and astounding indeed—too much so to be given forth indiscriminately at present; but they are merely the achievements of one solitary, unaided individual. How meagre and limited must they be in comparison to the knowledge that will come hereafter in bewildering copiousness, when the path now trodden by a solitary pioneer shall be occupied by thousands, equally intent on the acquisition of the richest, rarest and most fascinating view of the grand cosmos that comprehends all realms of life.

As a portion of my more recent discoveries I would mention the solution of the problems which mechanical physiology has in vain attempted to master from the earliest development of science; I refer to the functions of the

1. THYMUS AND THYROID GLANDS.
2. THE PINEAL GLAND (so called).
3. THE CORPORA MAMILLARIA.
4. THE CORPORA QUADRIGEMINA.
5. THE PONS VAROLII.
6. THE FORNIX AND SEPTUM LUCIDUM.
7. THE HIPPOCAMPUS, MAJOR AND MINOR.
8. THE CORPORA STRIATA.
9. THE THALAMI NERVORUM OPTICORUM.
10. THE CEREBELLUM AND ITS PROCESS.
11. THE MEDULLA OBLONGATA, and
12. THE INTERIOR CONVOLUTIONS OF THE CEREBRUM.

Of these twelve discoveries, which I now mention by way of caveat before publication, physiologists have no knowledge at present, excepting a medley of rather indefinite and unpropitious as to the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th. They have some partially correct ideas in reference to the Cerebellum, Medulla, Thalami and Striata—knowing least of the Thalami, and nothing of the eight remaining structures.

I do not send this statement of discoveries to Medical Journals, for under the present policy of the profession important discoveries are ever unwelcome—are looked upon with suspicion and hostility, and create an unfriendly feeling against the discoverer. I might have held a high position in the conservative ranks of the profession if I had been content with the monotony of old ideas, and avoided discoveries, or had carefully concealed all discoveries from my professional associates that were essentially novel and marvelous.

It is a singular fact that neither literary, scientific nor medical journals are in sympathy with real progress, and that our spiritual papers alone welcome all new truth, whether it relates to science or to social amelioration.

The special interest of the foregoing discoveries to the readers of the *Banner of Light* consists in the light that they throw upon our supernal relations, and the new methods that they offer for the promotion of that Divine influx which is ever elevating humanity.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

No. 1 Livingston Place, New York City.

For the Banner of Light.

TO JANE.

No way that breaks on life's full sea.

However weak may be its mean.

Is lost in God's eternity.

Where lives are gathered, one by one.

Your spirits here do sense and feel.

Even in the realms of blinded eyes.

The truths that ages will reveal.

Where angels live without disguise.

Of men and women angels are.

The wings unfolded erewhile they plume.

Divining light of distant star.

By its pure beauty led straight home.

Oh, dearest friend! I love you well.

And all your better self I know;

I hear the music of the shell.

That sings of seas and winds that blow.

Afar from earth's too changeable tide.

Where better natures all unfold.

And where the hearts time's sorrow fret.

Are held as only God can hold.

RACHEL HAWKINS.

Through the mediumship of Mrs. M. L. B. Everett, 139 Dixwell Avenue, New Haven, Conn.

IS MATERIALIZATION TRUTH? AND OTHER LECTURES. Through Mrs. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

THE PSYCHO-PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES AND THEIR ASSAILANTS. Boston: Messrs. Colby & Rich.

We have here two good substantial pamphlets—each in its way about as useful a book as could just now have been published. In the first named we have a dozen of the choicest lectures which have been delivered through the mediumship of a lady well known and esteemed in Great Britain as Mrs. Tappan. Some of them are marvels of eloquence, as well as of argument. The second pamphlet in reference to various phases of the Spiritualists' faith. In the second pamphlet there have been brought together into a portable and convenient form the replies of some of the ablest minds—including Alfred K. Wallace, Prof. Buchanan of New York, Darius Lyman of Washington, and Eges Sargent of Boston—to the gross misrepresentations and fallacious reasonings of Dr. Carpenter and others of a kindred school. These pamphlets ought certainly to have a wide circulation, and Messrs. Colby & Rich have done excellent service by their publication in so cheap a form.—*Spiritual Notes*, London, Eng.

A BURLINGTON PERSONAL.—Will the young man in blonde overcoat and a live-colored hat, who sang "The Heart Bowed Down with Grease and Hair," out on West Hill, at 1 A. M., please repeat his concert this evening at the same place, and stand a little way from the lamp-post, so the audience can get a good crack at him, without endangering the property of the gas company?—*Hawkeye*.

The human heart is 6 inches in length, 4 inches in diameter, and beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day, and 36,817,200 times per year.

Banner Correspondence.

Michigan.

DETROIT.—S. B. McCracken, Esq., writes, Dec. 10th, as follows: "The spiritual and liberal work progresses in Michigan quite heartily. Since the State Association changed its style last March, taking the name of the 'Michigan State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists,' it has widened the sphere of its influence very much. The spiritual and liberal work therefore go hand-in-hand, as they ought to do. In Detroit, our Society, though small, seems to be in a more healthy organic condition than ever before. The first lectures of the fall course were by Mr. John Tyerman, formerly a clergyman of the Church of England, from Australia. Mr. Tyerman is one of those few accessions from the ranks of the Orthodox clergy who has left behind him all the formalism and fossilism of the Church, who has grown to a full comprehension of the scope of the Spiritual Philosophy, and who realizes that a true manhood is the highest stamp of nobility. It would be well for the cause, if he could remain long in the country to give us the benefit of his learning and thought, but I believe that his purpose is to sail for England as early as practicable, thence to return to Australia."

Following Mr. Tyerman, Rev. J. H. Burnham, of Stoughton, in this State, occupied the podium. Mr. Burnham is another of those who has fully outgrown the garments of Orthodoxy. He attests this in a single sentence, namely: that "There is not a single proposition of the Orthodox creed that I can assent to." He speaks of the Spiritual Philosophy as the only rational philosophy of a future existence, and is a close and interested observer of its facts, although his observations are not yet led him to the point of conviction, and hence he does not claim to be a Spiritualist. He is, however, a Liberalist in the broadest sense, and his logical arguments, drawn from extensive reading and research, must prove of inestimable value in opening the mental vision of his hearers to investigation and inquiry. Mr. Burnham is open to lecture engagements either at the East or West, and can be commended no less for his ability than for his consistent, firm and upright character.

Our State Association meets at Lansing in March, of which formal notice will be given in due time.

New York.

COWLESVILLE.—W. L. Hawes writes, Nov. 19th, as follows: "I notice by the *Banner of Light* of the 10th inst., that the Spiritualists of Philadelphia have perfected an organization and have adopted articles of faith, of which the following is the declaration: 'Spiritualists believe in our God, who is a spirit. The declaration then speaks of 'His laws,' and that 'He should be worshiped,' etc. And further on speaks of him as 'the one living and true God,' and also affirms that 'the government of the universe flows from laws, by which we should govern our lives.'"

Now does not this idea of a God imply a personality; and if a personality then attributes, including form, sex and intelligence? For the sake of the argument, grant that the laws of the universe are impersonal. I follow that these laws are intelligent, or that it requires an intelligent being to create them? Is the principle that makes twice two four, or the law that makes water run down hill, intelligent? Or is it a certain extent, be fallible, or be either true or false? That the person they are so unerring is because they are not intelligent, for I cannot conceive of any degree of intelligence, however great, but that would, to a certain extent, be fallible. I believe that the universe to be governed by an intelligent being, I should have constant fears of failure from a lack of sufficient intelligence."

Who has ever felt, heard or seen God, or ever expected to? Who even knows anything about him? All must readily answer, No one. Then why this everlasting speculation about 'the unknowable'? It further says, 'God, through Nature, exhibits himself to man, but fails to show us just what he is.' I believe Spiritualists claim superiority for their faith from the fact and I believe it is a fact that it is supported by positive proof of immortality, and they reject the old systems for the reason that they afford positive evidence to sustain them. This I regard as the correct position, and while requiring positive proof on this vital question, why accept the old superstitions notion about an imaginary God, which never can be shown to be either true or false? While I can cheerfully subscribe to most of their articles of faith, I reject this idea about a God; and though I believe there is a Supreme Power, I do not believe there is any Supreme Being."

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—J. P. Lanning, Secretary, writes: "The columns of your paper in its latest issues certainly bear witness to the faith and labors of those in our city who believe in Modern Spiritualism. It is a real pleasure to see the interest now manifesting on every hand. The First Association of Spiritualists, holding morning and evening services every Sunday at 8 and 10 o'clock, Garden Street, is ever active during the month of November a series of very interesting meetings—our platform having upon it the carefully-gifted and highly-esteemed medium and gentleman, Mr. J. Frank Baxter, who unites in his personality the exact, clear, song and accurate, if not meriting, clairvoyance and clairaudience, together with his now conceded ability as a speaker. We had overflowing audiences. God bless Baxter! for he and his faithful helper silent and unseen, to us all, but to him, a very good and excellent awakening a profound interest among the great outside world."

We opened our lecture season with the becoming of the fall—the first Sunday in September, Mr. Edward S. Wheeler delivered a series of ten lectures, the last of which, with increasing audiences to the close. The month was very warm, and a superadded drawback was our experimental admission fee at the door. Our evening lectures, which, however, were a brief treat. Mrs. F. O. Hoyer followed Mr. Wheeler on our platform during October, and spoke—always to questions propounded by her audiences—with such consummate force and elegance as frequently called forth the most highly expressed delight of her hearers. At the annual election and organization of our Board of Management, held Oct. 20th, Mr. Henry B. Champion was elected President; Wm. H. Jones, Vice-President and Treasurer; Ed. S. Wheeler, corresponding Secretary, and J. P. Lanning, Secretary."

Massachusetts.

MATFIELD.—James Madison Allen writes as follows: "Permit me to call the attention of your readers to the case of James H. Young and family, of 235 Gasquet street, New Orleans, La. Bro. Young some time ago issued a small work of forty-eight pages, entitled 'Rules and Advice for Teachers of the Human Trinity,' together with a Declaration of Principles (by J. M. Peebles) with Hymns and Songs for 'Circle and Social Singing.' The work is well worth the small price asked—fifteen cents. Many of the hymns were written by Mr. Young under spiritual influence. The family have lately been visited by the yellow fever scourge, are now in very destitute circumstances, and all persons who wish to aid a worthy family without making them feel that they are objects of charity, especially directed to send on to the above address the amount they spare, as an order for a corresponding number of books. During my two months' lecture engagement in New Orleans, three years ago, I boarded mostly with the Youngs, and found them to be a very good and excellent family. To the public I would say: send for the books, friends; and when you get them use them in your circles and homes, and thus help all concerned, yourselves and spirit-friends included."

Ohio.

AKRON.—The subjoined letters tell their own story: "As a duty I owe your medium and the angel-world, I cheerfully comply with your oft-repeated request, that of acknowledging recognized communications. The one purporting to come from the spirit of OWEN W. MERRILL was from my husband. I have not the slightest doubt, too, that the form in which it came to me, was then resident. It contained a test for me where he speaks of his beautiful home on the hillside, the sun shining all around it, and the porch with vines twining around the columns. All that I saw in a beautiful vision just four weeks before his transition, and his last words were, 'I was strong and firm in the glorious faith before, but this has lightened every rivet in the golden chain of evidence and increased my heavenly faith.'"

MRS. ELEAN E. MITCHELL.

"Let me also add my testimony to that of my sister, as I am certain the communication is not only characteristic of my brother-in-law, but also contains a test. We are satisfied of its genuineness."

HARRIET G. PAYNE.

Florida.

TAMPA.—John L. Binkley writes: "In the *Banner of Light* some time since appeared a message signed S. W. M. When I read that message I at once thought it must be from Samuel McDonald, of Terre Haute, Ind., who died near that place recently. I was not aware, however, that he had a middle name. I subsequently received a paper from Terre Haute, in which his full name was given—Samuel W. McDonald. These who knew him in earth-life will at once recognize the message as characteristic of the man. I am well satisfied it is from him."

The *Banner of Light*, the prospectus of which appears in our columns this week, is the ablest and most conservative as well as the oldest exponent of Modern Spiritualism now published in this country. It has outlived scores of lesser lights, among the organs of that faith, and continues to shine with unabated vigor. We commend it to the attention of our Spiritualist readers.—*The Vermont Tribune*.

Hawthorne describes a snowy landscape, with the moon shining on it, as "a lifeless copy of the world, in marble."

An Advance.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The report of utterances through Mr. Colville, at Charlestown, published in the *Banner of Light*, Dec. 14th, states that "rising and falling regarding the public platform utterances for Spiritualism, was due to waves that rolled in from the spiritual sea—that the waves of thought concerning meetings in past times had brought their force, had expended it, and the services depending on that force had gone down. The present season another spiritual wave had rolled in, and a grand awakening in behalf of the cause was the result."

The report contains no specification of differences in results following or to follow this year's awakening, from such as the force of preceding waves has produced; but, as my mind reverts to the highly logical, scientific and at the same time devoutly and fervently spiritual utterances from Dr. Buchanan in the spring, and from Brothers Peebles and Colville, and from Mrs. Richmond more recently, the glance backward demands inference. That the incipient operations of this year's force—of the present spiritual wave—is far less iconoclastic, far less contentious, far less colly logical, than was a large part of the prior "platform utterances for Spiritualism."

The aim of the force of this year's spirit-wave indicates belief by those who ride to us upon it, that their former operations have been breaches enough through the walls of creeds, faiths, educations, prejudices and the like, which opposed their advance, to secure to them permanent hold upon avenues to the human mind and heart; such result gives them freedom to prosecute aims which there was little wisdom in attempting to push vigorously until they had quite firmly and widely established faith that they could and do, from out their abodes in spirit-realms, put forth their powers, their thoughts, their affections upon men in mortal form. Many among earth's ablest scientists have tested and found genuine some of Spiritualism's phenomena; thus that faith's hold upon the world is secured. The force of the waves of the spiritual sea have accomplished thus much—and a vast much it is—in thirty years. This the thirty-first year witnesses the beginning of a welcome change.

Spirits have taught us that every human being will survive the body's death, and at some time in the endless future attain to a state of heavenly joy and peace. But that state must be won. Release from the body does not bring peace to the wicked, nor to the selfish, nor to the bigoted, nor to any one whose love and good will to his fellow beings have not reverently and gratefully been unfolded and exercised. The hell of Christendom has not been found by the departed; but a spiritual hell, a state of anguishing unrest, regions of cold, of desolation, states of mental torments have been entered and have laid firm and torturing hold upon many departed ones. What each sowed in this life he continues to reap till he sows other seed and grows a new harvest upon the fields beyond; and much testimony declares it to be more difficult there than here to start such change in culture as shall obtain the peace-bringing fruits of righteousness and beneficence.

If I read the year's indications aright, the supernal supervisors of our Spiritualism are purposing henceforth to furnish us with more instruction upon what may be called the positive religion of Spiritualism, and incite us to its practice, than was wise for them to press upon large public audiences until such assemblies might be composed almost exclusively of persons who already had full faith in spirit-return and control, and that the occupant of the rostrum was in fact their mouth-piece. The force of past waves has obviously accomplished much toward such preparation, and I doubt not that many, very many, are prepared to join with me in rejoicing at the past progress and the future prospect.

The day has dawned in which our kindly sympathies must prompt us to plead earnestly not only with the thoughtless and ignorant, but also with very many of those reflecting and intelligent ones who cherish belief that the merits of another—that the atoning blood of Jesus—is to gain for them admission to heavenly peace. Thousands, yes, millions of such hold sincere belief that our faith is all a delusion and a snare, and no doubt in deep and genuine sympathy pray for our conversion to their faith. The almost unanimous testimony of returning ones who held the Orthodox creed here up to the hour of departure, confess to sad disappointment and to the unfavourable action of that belief upon their condition in spirit-life. The day has dawned in which it is to be our duty, by word and deed, to labor earnestly and kindly to turn them from the error of their creed, and many of them from the error of their ways, and bring them to absolute conviction that each is to be his or her own saviour—own judge in the day of judgment, own inflictor of punishment, own bestower of rewards; our duty to teach all that what each sows that must he reap. Our own lives must be our chief convincing arguments. And for the wisest ordering of our lives we need the lessons of experience by the most unfolded and glorified departed ones who can reach us.

ALLEN PUTNAM,
426 Dudley street, Boston, Dec. 15th, 1878.

A correspondent in Batavia, N. Y., writes, inquiring about the inhabitants of the earth, and the number connected with each of the world's religions. This is the estimate:

Petichism and Sabaism.....100,000,000
Religion of Zoroaster.....20,000,000
Followers of Confucius.....15,000,000
Brahmans.....60,000,000
Buddhists.....350,000,000
Mahometans.....200,000,000
Judaism.....4,500,000
Greek Church.....62,000,000
Roman Church.....130,000,000
Protestants.....60,000,000
Spiritualists.....20,000,000

But few Brahmins, with other Hindu sects, are found outside of India. Ceylon, Burmah, Thibet, Siam, China and Japan are the countries in which Buddhism prevails almost universally. It is generally conceded by travelers that there is less intemperance and less of the war-spirit in "Heathen" than Christian countries.

Under the head "Phrenological Instruction," in another column, will be found the card of Prof. J. R. Buchanan, wherein it will be seen that rare advantages are presented to those who wish to acquire information on phrenology, psychometry, and kindred sciences. The Professor is a master mind in matters of this kind, and fully deserves the appreciative countenance which he has won wherever he has lectured.

RARE HOLIDAY BOOKS!

Many of our readers will no doubt take occasion to signalize the advent of the holidays by the interchange of gifts and appropriate remembrances, according to time-honored custom. And what more appropriate, we would respectfully suggest, for a seasonable gift than a volume replete with spiritual interest and truth?

Elsewhere will be found the announcement by title of some individual books among the mass of intellectual gems, which so illuminates the counters and shelves of the *BANNER OF LIGHT* BOOKSTORE, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. In addition to those cited, Colby & Rich have a full line of miscellaneous and juvenile works, from the pens of "OLIVER OPTIC," PROF. DR. MILLE, LOUISA M. ALCOTT, ANNIE DENTON, BRIDGE, PAUL CORDEN, GEORGE M. BAKER, L. MARIA CHILD, ADELAIDE F. SAMUELS, SOPHIE MAY, REV. ELIJAH KELOGG, MRS. H. N. GREENE BUTTS, HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, F. M. LEBELLE, and others.

The following named books are also recommended as, in our opinion, worthy of extensive circulation and careful perusal:

PROOF PALPABLE and PLANCHETTE, by Epes Sargent. These works elucidate in a masterly manner the phenomenal phase of Spiritualism.

MAN AND HIS RELATIONS, by S. B. Brittan. One of the finest works in the English language. It should have an extensive sale.

MENTAL CURE, MENTAL MEDICINE, and SOUL AND BODY, by W. F. Evans.

ARCANA OF SPIRITUALISM AND ARCANA OF NATURE, by Hudson Tuttle.

PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, and REAL LIFE, by Maria M. King.

VITAL MAGNETIC CURE AND NATURE'S LAWS IN HUMAN LIFE, by a Magnetic Physician.

BRANCHES OF PALM AND ALLEGORIES OF LIFE, by Mrs. J. S. Adams.

DISCOURSES THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. C. L. V. Richmond.

NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS, by A. J. Davis. A beautiful edition of this wonderful work for the holidays. Price \$12.00.

ISIS UNVEILED, by H. P. Blavatsky.

CLOCK STRUCK ONE and THREE, by Rev. Samuel Watson.

INTUITION, by Mrs. F. Kingman.

DEBATABLE LAND, FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD, and THREAD-ING MY WAY, by Robert Dale Owen.

PEOPLE FROM THE OTHER WORLD, by Col. H. S. Olcott.

TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM, by E. V. Wilson.

OUR PLANET, and RADICAL DISCOURSES, by Prof. Wm. Denton.

THE LIFE HISTORY OF OUR PLANET, by Prof. Wm. D. Gunning.

STARTLING FACTS IN MODERN SPIRITUALISM, by Dr. Wolfe.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE, by Frances Brown.

OUR CHILDREN, by Mrs. H. F. M. Brown.

A catalogue of the publications of Colby & Rich will be sent free to any applicant, and the public is earnestly invited to call and examine our stock, where will be found the alphabet of the new faith and philosophy, and the records of its latest discoveries and developments. To all liberal persons such a list of publications as we offer to the reading public ought to be a boon, for the opportunities are few for finding so wide and rich a collection.

Christmas Greeting.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
My Friend—Stopping in a pleasant home on this beautiful prairie, in Southern Michigan, and waiting for the Sunday meetings in the Free Church, I think of the coming holidays, and remember the people I met at the camp-meetings in Massachusetts last summer. What a host of earnest men and women come up before me, real yet impalpable in my thought! I see them by thousands, at Lake Pleasant, and Walden, and Onset Bay, and on Cape Cod. I can hear the soft music of the wind in the pine-trees, and the beating surf on the ocean's beach.

Many of these read your *Banner of Light*, so let me send to one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

We will let criticism go as to the origin or exact meaning of these festive days, and take them and use them as festivals of human brotherhood and days of good cheer. Thanksgiving day has gone by, the festive day of my Puritan ancestry, now spreading over the land, but not in the rich fullness of its joy and warmth outside of dear New England. It called up the family gatherings in the grandfather's farm-house, that has stood, solid and homelike, under the great elms in old Hatfield for a hundred and fifty years. I was there, in spirit, and saw gray-headed men and youths and maidens and prattling babes around the long and well-laden table in the old kitchen. And now comes Christmas, kept on every continent of this great globe, helping, let us hope, to the spiritual fraternity of man which shall live when dogmas, Pagan or Christian, die.

But I must be brief and only send my message to those I speak of, through you, and wish you and all the *Banner of Light* workers, from basement to attic, A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR! Truly yours,
G. B. STEBBINS.

Sturgis, Mich., Dec. 20th, 1878.

A petition is now circulated in New York addressed to the Legislature of that State, and praying that "Honorable Body to repeal the present laws of the State that exempt church property and 'ministers of the gospel and priests' from taxation." The circulation of such a petition would do good in Massachusetts—or so it seems to us.

G. A. Haynes writes us from Council Bluffs, Ia., that "Prof. H. Cooke, the renowned anti-Spiritualist," is now engaged in throwing into spasms of delight the "prominent divines, editors, literati and notables" of that region; but that the people themselves scout his "exposition" (?) as farcical and the furthest from satisfactory.

We regret to learn that Mr. Burns, editor of the *London Medium and Daybreak*, is so ill as to be entirely incapacitated for work.

New Year's Present to Dr. J. M. Peebles, the "Spiritual Pilgrim."

Funds previously acknowledged.....\$424.85
J. G. Wait, Sturgis, Mich.....5.00
L. K. Joslin, Providence, R. I.....5.00
A. Friend, Brooklyn, N. Y.....25.00
Mrs. J. Davis, Watertown, Mass.....1.00
Sam'l McClellan, Baltimore, Md.....1.00
O. R. Boss.....1.00
Geo. M. Prichard.....1.00
Ellis Kaufman, Chicago, Ill.....5.00
A. Friend, Central City, Neb.....1.00
E. P. Goodrich, M. D., Boston.....2.00
Total.....\$475.85

William Denton

Will inaugurate a course of illustrated scientific lectures in Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, Boston, commencing on Sunday evening, Jan. 12th, and on succeeding Sunday evenings to the close. The subjects of the lectures will be: 1. The Fiery Beginning of Our Planet; 2. How the World was Made; 3. Law of Progress as Exemplified in Geology; 4. Glacial Period and Advent of Man; 5. Man in the Stone Age; 6. What the Scriptures of the Earth Reveal. Tickets for the course with reserved seats, \$1.00; course tickets 75 cents; single admission 15 cents. Tickets may be obtained at the *Banner of Light* office.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

Mrs. Rudd, who has been very ill, is now convalescent, and the Public Circles at this office will be resumed Thursday, Jan. 2d.

Speaking of the Afghan muddle and the European complications likely to arise out of it, the *Boston Post* says, and we think correctly: "The Fates are at work in this whole business. The soil of Central Asia is unquestionably to be plowed by the returning forces of Europe, as that of Europe was originally overrun by the uncontrollable tides of Asia. It seems to be the law of the great movements of civilization, and that is all there is to it. Beardless is but an agent and actor, the element of imagination with which his mental character is credited only helping to incite and inspire him." Substitute "Spirits" for "Fates" and "mediumistic impressibility" for "imagination," Bro. *Post*, and we think you will be even still nearer the truth of the matter.

An excursion party, consisting of capitalists, merchants, manufacturers and others, with their ladies, will leave Chicago for Mexico on Saturday, the 4th of January next, via the Illinois Central Railroad, and proceed to New Orleans, thence by steamer, on the 8th day of January, for Vera Cruz, where the party will land and take the Vera Cruz Railway to the City of Mexico. The object of the visit is to carry the "arts of peace," by sample, to the sister republic. For full information apply to or address Messrs. Geo. S. Bowen & Co., 4 Ogden Building, Chicago.

Mrs. Jennie Lord Webb is still suffering from disease, and is unable to hold sittings or do other service to meet the pecuniary demands of life. We hope the friends will bear her deserving case in mind. Any desiring to assist her can address her Box 736, Orange, N. J., or can send direct to this office. We will acknowledge all sums forwarded for this purpose in these columns.

Read the words of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten on our second page—especially the closing portion of the missive, where she speaks of her proposed return to the United States, and her farewell tour through this country previous to making her home in Europe. Societies on the Pacific slope and along the eastward route will do well to engage her. Address her as stated in the letter.

Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., for a finely finished photographic likeness of Bro. Peebles. This offering can be found at the *Banner of Light* Public Free Circle Room, and the attention of those visiting Boston is called to it as a specimen of Mrs. Harter's proficiency in the art of coloring these sun-pictures. She receives orders for such work by mail. Why not address her as above?

W. F. Jamieson, Liberal lecturer, is debating in Yates City, Ill., with Rev. John Hughes. 1. "There is evidence affording clear proofs of the existence of a Supreme Personal Being." Mr. Hughes affirms. 2. "The Bible is wholly of human origin." Mr. Jamieson affirms. Mr. Jamieson's address is Lake City, Minn., his new home.

Miss Lottie Fowler, as will be seen by her advertisement, can now be found at 471 Sixth avenue, New York City. She is a grand medium.

We have received and shall print next week the official announcement by the Council, of the aims and purposes of *The Woman's Church*, of New York City.

According to the *Albany Argus* of a late date, Prof. J. W. Cadwell is creating marked interest in his specialty in that city.

Searle, job printer, 202 Washington street, Boston, has issued his annual calendar for 1879, in large figures and convenient size.

Alfred James, the celebrated materializing medium of Philadelphia, is, we understand, in Brooklyn, N. Y., the present week.

Dr. Monck is yet an invalid, and is at present the guest of Sig. Damiani, in Naples.

Dr. Samuel Grover arrived home from his Florida tour Saturday, Dec. 21st.

A. E. Newton's essay on our third page claims special attention.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.
(Matter for this department should reach our office by Tuesday morning to insure insertion the same week.)

Dr. J. K. Bailey still continues in the harness, and is lecturing and healing in North-western Michigan. He solicits calls from any and all quarters. Give him plenty of work, friends. His home address is Muskegon, Michigan.

Mrs. A. E. Cunningham was in Salem, Mass., Dec. 15th and 22d. Will be there again Dec. 20th. Would be pleased to make further engagements as a platform test medium. Address her No. 6 Bond street, Lynn, Mass.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield will lecture for the Spiritual Society in New Haven, Conn., the four Sundays of January. Would like to make engagements in that vicinity to speak week evenings, also for February and March. Address him Greenwich Village, Mass.

J. Frank Baxter will speak before the Brooklyn society during the Sundays of January.

A correspondent, writing from Vancouver, W. T., under date of Dec. 25th, 1878, says: "I am glad to be able to inform you that Dean Clark is here, doing a noble, grand work for our cause. God speed him!"
C. A. Coleman, writing from New York City, Dec. 19, says that Tommie Edley is giving a series of successful light sittings at No. 299 East 16th street, and intends spending some three weeks in that city.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

PARKER MEMORIAL HALL. Spiritualist meetings will be held at this hall, in Parker Memorial Building, corner Appleton and Berkeley streets, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 30th, at 2 P. M. Good lectures, and excellent music. The public are invited to attend free of charge. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond will lecture during the evening. Doors open at 7 P. M. Admission 10 cents. Refreshments at 10 P. M. Congregational Singing Practice at 12 P. M.

INVESTIGATOR HALL, PAINE MEMORIAL BUILDING, APPLETON STREET. W. J. Colville delivers an inspirational discourse and poem and responds to questions in full every Sunday morning. Services commence at 10 P. M. Congregational Singing Practice at 12 P. M.

THOMAS HALL. Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 holds its sessions every Sunday morning at this hall, corner West and Washington streets, commencing at 10 P. M. The public cordially invited. J. R. Hatch, Conductor.

PYTHIAN HALL. The People's Spiritual Meeting (formerly held at Eagle Hall) is removed to Pythian Hall, 76 Tremont street. Services every Sunday morning and afternoon. Good mediums and speakers always on hand. Free for all. Good music for speaking and tests are held at this hall, 616 Washington street, every Sunday, at 10 P. M. and 7 P. M. Excellent quartette singing practice at 12 P. M.

USONELLE HALL 7 Tremont Row. Meetings continued every Sunday at 10 P. M. and 7 P. M.

ABINGDON HALL. Meetings are held in this hall every Sunday, at 10 P. M. and 7 P. M. every Sunday evening, and a direction of C. R. Marsh.

Amory Hall. It was gratifying to behold the bright and smiling faces at the Lyceum to-day. Upwards of eighty pupils and leaders took part in the exercises. The audience was large and enthusiastic, while the several numbers were being recited. We hardly expected to see so large an attendance after so severe a storm, but nature was propitious this morning, and cast a gleam of sunshine on the clean pavements, thereby inviting the multitude to come out and worship the God of Nature, in a natural and rational way. Our service consisted of the following:

Overture, by orchestra, ten pieces, led by Prof. Bond; singing, responses, and *Banner* March; recitation, "The Old Oak Bucket," Mrs. Francis; piano solo, "The Old Oak Bucket," with variations, Miss Bell; recitations, "Babes in the Wood," George Cutler, "The Children's Hour," Jennie Weeks; song, "The Evening Song," orchestra accompaniment, Alice Bond; recitations, "A Good Rule," Jennie Smith, "I Love to Join the Cheerful Play," Nettie Damon, "Little Robin Redbreast," Nellie Welch; piano solo, Jennie Weeks; recitations, "Once There," Jennie Lathrop; "A Blow in the Dark," Charlie Lathrop; Wagon Movement, led by Mr. Ford; reading, "Christmas Eve," Hattie Collier; recitations, "Gone on Before," Albert Rand, "The Smack in School," Maudie Lord, "Life's Blunders," Arthur Rand; song, "Happy Days Gone By," Mr. Bryant; encore, "Virginity, the State Where I was Born," recitations, "Father John's Sermon," Master Allen, "A Christmas Night's Vision," A. J. Peabody; song, "Pie as a Bird," Florence Dearth, accompanied on the piano by Miss Bell; recitation, "Santa Claus," May Waters. Remarks by Mr. Geo. A. Bacon, recommending that a collection be taken up for the Christmas festival, upon which little Misses Maudie Lord and May Waters waited upon the audience, who responded nobly, the orchestra meanwhile furnishing a very fine selection, closing with the *Banner* March.

Lockwood, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Boston, Dec. 22d, 1878.

Bishop-isms.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:
I doubt not that you will be able to show your readers that [L. F. Crookes's] faith in the phenomena of Spiritualism antedates and is quite independent of his acquaintance with Mrs. Anna Eva Fay. [2.] That the dishonesty of Mrs. Fay was amply demonstrated and exposed by Boston Spiritualists, without the aid of "Dr. Irving Bishop," who is better known in Boston for his dishonesty (?) labors in behalf of the Old South Church than for "his exposures of so-called Spiritualism."

Irving Bishop's latest "expose" is that Prof. Crookes, the distinguished English scientist, has been in collusion with a swindling medium to save his own reputation from the charge of weakness. That swindling medium, by the way, was exposed by Boston Spiritualists about the time that a certain well-known "exposer" was helping to "save the Old South" without much detriment to his own pocket.—*Boston Herald*.

Mr. Irving Bishop, the young exposé of Spiritualism, whom many of his backers in Boston remember with mortification and recollection, is on a rising wave of notoriety just now in London, with his exposure of Eva Fay, in connection with the promises to imitate Professor Crookes in a fraudulent employment of the galvanometer test.—*Boston Transcript*.

This fellow Bishop is great on his "cheek," and should be given the "cold shoulder" by all decent people.

Married:

In Worcester, at the house of her son, Mr. H. H. Flint, Mr. Winslow B. Glover, of Boston, to Mrs. Martha K. Flint, of Worcester.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Fifty cents per line. Minimum, each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line. *Agate* type in all cases in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Electrotype or cuts will not be inserted.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Wonderful Healer and Clairvoyant—For Diagnosis send lock of hair and \$1.00. Give name, age and address. Address Mrs. A. M. L. P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street, N. Y.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 126 West Eleventh st., between 5th and 6th aves., New York City.

Coughs and Colds are often overlooked. A continuance for any length of time causes irritation of the Lungs, or some chronic Throat Disease. "Brooks's Inhalant Trachea" are an effective Cough REMEDY.

J. V. Mansfield, Test Medium, answers sealed letters, at 61 West 43d street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four 2-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. (O.S.)

Dr. F. L. H. Willis will be at the Quinby House, in Brattle st., Boston, every Wednesday and Thursday, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. N. 10.25

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, No. 25 East 14th street, N. Y. Terms \$2 and 3-cent postage stamps. Money refunded if letters sent are not answered.

To Invalids.

S. B. BUTTAN, M. D., continues his office Practice at No. 2 Van Nest Place (Charles) rect, corner of Fourth, New York, making use of Electrical, Magnetic and Subtle Aetheric influences in the cure of chronic diseases. Dr. Buttann has twenty years' experience and eminent success in treating the infirmities peculiar to the male constitution, by the use of *purest method*, and the most efficacious remedies. Many cases may be treated at a distance. Letters calling for particular information and professional advice should inclose Five Dollars.

A Public Reception Room, EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where those so disposed can meet friends, write letters, etc., is established at this office. Spiritualists visiting the city are invited to make this their Headquarters. Room open from 8 A. M. till 6 P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is a cure for all those painful complaints and weaknesses peculiar to women. Sold by all Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. For sale, by express, sent by mail in the form of Lozenges at \$1.00 per box. Address MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, 231 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Send for pamphlet. S. p. 14.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. A. MOFFAT, the well-known English lecturer, will act as agent, and receive subscriptions for the *Banner of Light* at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to so subscribe can address Mr. Moffat at his residence, Elm Terrace, Clarendon Road, London, England. Mr. Moffat also keeps for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* COLBY & RICH.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT. WILLIAM WADE, 236 Market street, and N. E. corner Eighth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, has the *Banner of Light* for sale at retail each Saturday morning.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT. MRS. M. J. BEGAN, 626 North 4th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a supply of the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

BALTIMORE, MD., AGENCY. WASH. H. DANKIN, 25, Calverton street, Baltimore, Md., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light*.

TRON, N. Y., AGENCY. Parties desiring to subscribe for the *Banner of Light* or to purchase the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich, can be accommodated by W. H. VORSTADT, at the corner of Congress and Third streets, on Saturday, or by mail, at Tron, N. Y., through the week. Mr. V. will procure any work desired.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY. DR. J. H. BODDES, Philadelphia, Pa., is agent for the *Banner of Light*, which can be found for sale at Academy Hall, No. 10 Spring Garden street, and at all the Spiritualist meetings.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT. RICHARD ROBERTS, No. 110, Seventh street, above New York Avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a supply of the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT. E. M. ROSE, 37 Union street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the *Banner of Light* and a supply of the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. JACKSON & BIRLEIGH, Booksheds, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & BIRLEIGH, Booksheds, 22 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published at the *Banner of Light* PUBLISHING HOUSE, Boston, Mass.

NEW YORK PERIODICAL DEPOT. S. M. HOWARD, Agent, Bookseller, 31 East Twelfth street, New York City, keeps constantly for sale the *Banner of Light*.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT. D. M. BENNETT, Publisher and Bookseller, 41 Eighth street, New York City, keeps for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

NEW YORK BOOK AND PAPER AGENCY. J. O. STRANDER keeps for sale the *Banner of Light* and other Spiritual Papers and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich, at Republican Hall, 55 West 3d street.

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT. LEONARD HAZARD, Bookseller, 100 E. 12th street, Cleveland, Ohio, keeps for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT. At No. 319 Kearney street (up stairs) may be found for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Works, published by Colby & Rich. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pens, Planchettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Papers, Orson's Aethiograph, Presumptive and Permanent Writing Compound, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed by mail. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps not received in part. Address HERMAN SCOW, P. O. box 37, San Francisco, Cal.

CHICAGO, ILL., PERIODICAL DEPOT. "STANLEY" PERIODICAL DEPOT, 122 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. The *Banner of Light* and other Spiritualist and Reform Works always for sale.

LONDON, ENGL., BOOK DEPOT. W. H. HARRISON, No. 3 Great Russell street, London, Eng., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a full line of Spiritualist and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. He also receives subscriptions for the *B. S. N. R.*

LONDON, ENGL., BOOK DEPOT. J. BERNES, Progressive Library, No. 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, London, W. C., London, E. C.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT. And Agency for the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, W. H. TERRY, No. 31 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale the *Banner of Light*, and other Spiritualist and Reform Works, published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S. A., at all times be found there.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

REPLY BY REV. A. A. WHE

BEAUTIFUL HOLIDAY BOOKS!

He ought to be good by this time. But they do say he is intralopsarian in his habits.—*Boston Post.*

by Colby & Rich sent free.

[illegible]

Year, provided a marked paper is forwarded to this office

Age 5 cents.

All the above books for sale wholesale and retail by GOLBY
& RICH.