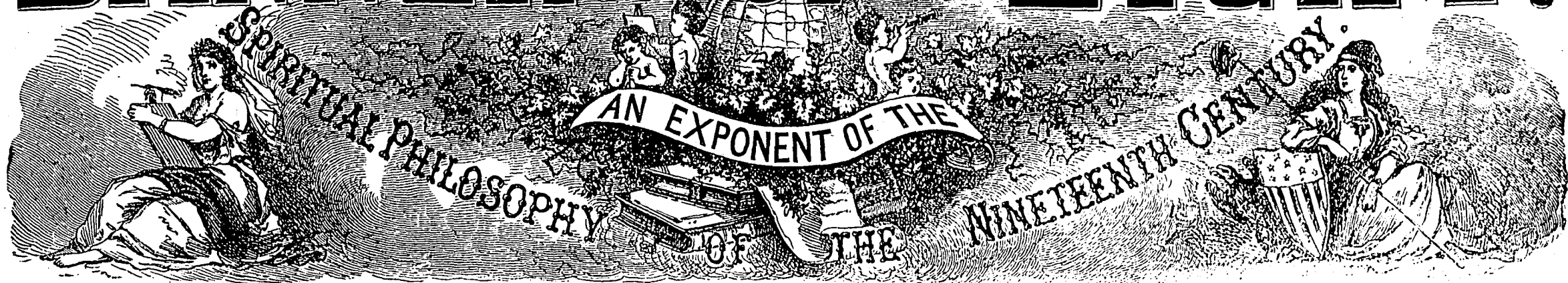


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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF A HARVARD STUDENT.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light.

PART ONE.

Some time ago a young man was quietly pursuing his studies in the Divinity School connected with Harvard College. He belonged to one of the oldest families in Cambridge. His maternal grandfather was one of the founders of the First Baptist Church of that city, and for a long time the meetings for religious services on Sundays were held in the large parlors of the old homestead—at that early day quite a stately mansion.

In his boyhood he was a quiet, reserved child, sensitive to the last degree, very delicate in organization, and rather effeminate in tastes.

His mother died at his birth, and all the circumstances attending his pre-natal development conduced to make him as sensitive to all influences, both physical and spiritual, as the mimosa is to contact.

He was reared by a devoted grandmother in the strictest tenets of the Calvinistic Baptist faith—the real close communion, iron-clad form—but he was a born heretic, and before he was fourteen years old he had reasoned himself entirely away from the stern theology of Calvin, and the works of Channing and Parker having fallen into his hands, he read them with avidity. They opened up to him a new world, revealed to him a new gospel, and so filled his young soul with enthusiasm and zeal, that his one aspiration was to go forth into the world as a preacher of this new gospel of love in place of hate, of tender compassion instead of vindictive vengeance.

He became acquainted with some of the prominent Unitarians of the day, who became interested in him because of his enthusiasm in his new faith, and felt that he had talents eminently fitting him for a liberal clergyman. This resulted in his preparing for Cambridge, under the supervision of the brilliant and lamented Thomas Starr King, with whom he was a student nearly four years.

Finally, when ready to enter Cambridge, after four years of preparation, his health failed, and physicians said only a voyage to a foreign clime could restore it. Bitter was the disappointment. He was examined and accepted at Cambridge, and then sailed for South America, to be gone a year.

On the voyage he was excessively sea-sick for many days, was reduced to a shadow, and brought very near to the immortal life.

During that illness on shipboard, he had many strange experiences. He heard raps about on the walls of his state-room, and on his berth; saw tender, loving faces beaming upon him from clouds of mist. And on several occasions felt the soothing touch of gentle, magnetic hands, upon burning, aching brow, and tired, restless limbs.

On recovery, all these strange experiences were set aside as the fantasies of a sick brain, and nothing more was thought of them. And yet the young man was conscious of a subtle, mysterious change having taken place in him during this severe illness. He began to be conscious of the thought of absent friends; knew when a letter was on its way to him, just when it would arrive, who it would be from, and in several instances its exact contents. He found, also, that he had become strangely sensitive to individual spheres. Taking a person's hand in the ordinary ceremony of introduction, he would receive a revelation of the mental, moral and physical condition of that person that would fill him with wonder and awe, and at times make him feel that he was the victim of some satanic influence.

After a year's sojourn in the sunny, magnetic climate of Brazil his health seemed fully restored, and he returned to Cambridge; and while quietly pursuing his studies in the cloistered seclusion of Divinity Hall, having heard nothing of Spiritualism save condemnation, never having witnessed a manifestation, not knowing a person in the entire circle of his acquaintance who was a Spiritualist, and sharing fully the intellectual contempt cherished by those about him toward the pitiable delusion, he was suddenly awakened to the startling fact that he himself was its victim.

Like a flash of lightning from a clear sky came

the revelation that he was a medium for startling phenomena that he had regarded as fraud or delusion.

The first manifestation of this strange power was wholly unexpected. He was sitting, one afternoon, with some friends, in conversation upon his travels. The western sunlight was shining broadly into the room. To the amazement of all present the heavy table upon which he was resting his hands rose from the floor entirely, and remained suspended several minutes, then gently fell to the floor.

This was followed within fifteen minutes by mechanical writing. While thinking of the strange thing he had seen, against his will, stricken with amazement not unminged with terror, trembling violently, he felt his hand seized by this mysterious power and compelled to write sentences that his mind took no cognizance of, filling the four sides of a large sheet of paper.

This writing proved to be a series of communications purporting to come from different individuals in spirit-life, all entirely different in style and chirography, each addressed to some person present and signed by the name of some friend of the person addressed who had left the mortal life. The signatures proved to be *fac similes* in several instances, and one entire communication addressed to the young man himself, proved to be a *fac simile* of the handwriting of the young mother who died giving him birth, and whose handwriting, up to that hour, he had never seen.

From this one accidental sitting his development as a medium went on with wonderful rapidity, passing through all the various phases of mediumship known as physical, rapping, writing, trance, clairvoyance, clairaudience and healing.

At the house of the late Alvin Adams, large and brilliant assemblages thronged his drawing-room one night in each week for months, to witness the marvelous exhibitions of spiritual power through this frail-looking young student from Harvard. Scores of Boston's upper ten, who would have scorned the proposition to visit a professional medium, were delighted to avail themselves of the opportunity so generously afforded by Mr. Adams to witness these startling phenomena.

In the rear of Mr. Adams's spacious drawing-room stood a grand piano-forte, weighing ten hundred pounds at least. At this instrument the medium would take his seat, and running his fingers over the keys, the whole instrument would rise from the floor, and keep perfect time with every variation of the player. Four or six heavy men would seat themselves upon it, without in the least impeding its movement. Again and again have over two thousand pounds in weight been lifted by this invisible force, and swayed about as if it were a feather.

One evening a gentleman advanced the idea that the medium got his knees beneath the instrument, and obtaining a purchase lifted it by leverage. Immediately rising, the medium pushed away the music-stool on which he was seated, and knelt upon the floor in front of the instrument. Breathlessly the company, who had drawn about the piano, watched for the result, and when the heavy instrument began to rise with its burden of heavy men upon it, the lightest of whom pulled down one hundred and eighty pounds, and kept time apparently with as much vigor as ever, the medium kneeling in full view upon the carpet, they could not refrain from vigorous and hearty applause.

On another occasion a gentleman said: "Oh, this is plainly biology. You don't see the instrument move, you only think you see it. You are biologists."

"Very well, sir," said the medium: "the next time you think you see the piano move, won't you please put your foot under the leg of it?"

The man was sincere in the advancement of his theory, and so he did as requested; but alas for his theory, it suddenly came to grief, and so also did his foot, and he limped for a week as lame as his theory.

Scores of people witnessed this, and other startling and beautiful manifestations, at the house of Mr. Adams.

On one occasion, while a circle was formed about a table, a lady present who had heard that green leaves had been presented at a séance, thought that flowers could be brought as well, and she questioned the spirit of a little son whom she held communion with by means of the raps, if he would bring his mamma some flowers.

"Yes," was the response.
"Will it be to-night?"
"No."

For five or six successive weeks this question was put, with the same response.

Finally there came the response, "Yes, I will bring them to-night."

The séance had continued from eight o'clock till half-past eleven, in a warm room, with closed and locked doors and windows, and although the manifestations had been many and varied, there had been no sign of flowers.

Disappointed, the company rose to separate for the night, when suddenly the medium was seized with a deathly chill and sank into his seat. The members of the circle re-seated themselves. The medium grasped a pencil and a sheet of paper lying upon it, and writing something upon it very hastily, carried it beneath the table and placed it upon the floor. All eyes were fastened upon it. Suddenly a dark shadow was observed to fall upon it, and as that shadow struck the paper, the fragrance of fresh flowers filled the entire room. The medium was impressed to take up the paper and carry it to the mother, who sat at the opposite side of the table from him. On it was a large handful of heath, heliotrope, and fragrant geranium leaves, as fresh as if just cut, and beneath the spot where

they lay was written the sentence, "Darling mother, Johnnie has brought you flowers."

On another occasion, the medium had been to the theatre with a friend, who was also a Harvard student. As it was late, they did not return to Cambridge that night, but stopped together at the house of a friend, and shared one bed. It was a bitter cold night in midwinter. At about one o'clock the medium, who had been chatting with his friend, turned from him saying, "Good-night," when he was struck with the same deathly chill just described, and clinging to his friend, who was frightened, thinking he was going into convulsions, they felt something moist and cool, and charmingly fragrant, dropping about and upon them. Springing from the bed, the friend lighted the gas, and there upon the white counterpane were thickly strewn roses-buds and violets. It was at a time when it was next to an impossibility to find these flowers in the city in any profusion, as they were exceedingly rare.

On another occasion, the medium rapped upon a young lady, the daughter of a friend, who was dying of consumption. As he stood over her at parting, there came dropping, as if from the atmosphere about her, the loveliest flowers, that were literally showered upon her. It was a beautiful manifestation from the angel-mother of the dying girl, who in a short time was with her in the land where flowers never fade.

One very stormy Saturday night, the rain descending in torrents, a few friends gathered at the house of a well-known merchant in Indiana Place. After sitting an hour or more, a variety of manifestations having taken place, there descended upon the table, as if dropping from the ceiling above, several white camellias. Their petals were loaded with rain-drops, which fell off upon the table as they came down. It was as if they had been borne through the rainy atmosphere outside, and brought into the room covered with rain-drops.

Instances of this form of manifestation were of frequent occurrence with this medium, and often under conditions that rendered collusion utterly impossible.

At an early period in the history of the remarkable mediumship we are considering came the materialization of hands of various sizes, from the tiny hands of little children to those of brawny, muscular men. Repeatedly at the house of Mrs. Gov. Davis, and also at Dr. Benjamin Heywood's, in Worcester, the exquisitely-formed hand of a lady was seen sweeping the strings of a guitar.

On one occasion the medium was so shocked and horrified, on looking beneath the table during some of the manifestations, to see a hand, perfectly formed, streaming as it were, from his foot, that he nearly fainted.

The hand was delicately and beautifully formed, and seemed connected with his foot by long, slender, phosphorescent rays that seemed dense and elastic, so that the hand could reach to the remotest points of the circle without breaking the connection with the medium. What shocked the medium was not alone the weird, strange appearance of the manifestation, but the feeling that if any one else should see it they would suppose at once that the medium produced this effect by means of some apparatus concealed upon his person.

These materialized hands were often so perfectly formed as to seem like human hands in every respect save that usually they were cold as marble.

Occasionally, probably owing to conditions connected either with the medium or his sitters, they would be misshapen and deformed, so that it was unpleasant to touch them. For the most part, however, they were perfect.

On one occasion a gentleman present drew a knife from his pocket with a long, keen blade, and taking no one into his counsel, watching his opportunity, pierced with a violent blow one of the psychic hands. The medium uttered a shriek of pain. The sensation was precisely as if the knife had passed through his hand. The gentleman sprang to his feet exultant, thinking he had made a most triumphant *exposé* of trickery, and fully expected to find the medium's hand pierced and bleeding. To his utter chagrin and amazement there was no trace of a scratch, even upon either hand of the medium; and yet to him the sensation was precisely as if the knife had passed through muscle and tendon, and the sensation of pain and soreness remained for hours.

On one occasion, a gentleman was present who, a year before, had lost, as he supposed forever, a beloved wife. He had no faith in immortality, and to him death was indeed the blackness of an endless night, and the grave an abyss that had swallowed forever his most precious treasure. A hand was formed and placed in his, and he started with the exclamation in thrilling tones of "Oh, my God!" and burst into tears. He recognized the hand of his wife, and felt upon two of the fingers *fac similes* of the betrothal and marriage rings he had placed thereon in those days when life was a bright and joyous morning with him, ere death had changed it to a rayless night.

After his agitation had subsided, he received from this phenomenal hand test proofs, one after another, of the most convincing nature, that he could not resist, and the night of his sorrow became illuminated with the beautiful rainbow of hope, and before long he was a new being in his new faith. The stone was rolled forever from the door of the sepulchre, and a radiant angel had shown him that the place was empty. "Oh, blessed Spiritualism! The work thou hast done in this one direction reveals thee as the Comforter promised to sorrowing hearts ages ago. 'I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you,' is the eternal promise of the spirit so tenderly, so lovingly, so gloriously fulfilled in the manifestations of Spiritualism."

It was twenty-three years ago that these materializations of hands occurred. Did they not occur under the great law of form materialization that has been operative through all the ages from the days older than Abraham, who had three full form materializations at one time in his tent upon the plains of Manure, down to the materialization of Moses and Elias upon the mount in Judea?

And if a hand, or even a finger, can be materialized, can the workings of the law be limited to that, so that it shall be pronounced impossible for the full form to stand out in the perfection of human proportions? Is not the one the sure prophecy of the other?

Independent writing was frequently obtained at this early day, by placing paper or a slate upon the floor beneath the table, all hands being joined above it.

On one occasion the medium was at the house of the late Mrs. Gov. Davis, in Worcester. It was midday. Having had a remarkable séance the night before, in the presence of a brilliant company of Mrs. Davis's friends, he was much exhausted, and was lying upon the lounge in the sitting-room asleep. Mrs. Davis sat sewing at a table the opposite side of the room. Seeing that the medium was sleeping she thought she would place paper and pencil upon the floor, and see if she could not get independent writing. She placed the pencil and paper at least six feet from the medium, and as many from herself, and returned to her chair. Looking toward the paper occasionally she, after a time, saw the pencil moving, and going to it she found, on taking it up, that the sentence "God is love" had been written upon it in a remarkable *fac simile* of the handwriting of her father, Rev. Dr. Bancroft.

On another occasion, while at Mrs. Davis's, one morning at about ten o'clock two lady friends of her's, who had been present at a sitting the night before, called to talk it over.

One of the ladies was a Spiritualist; the other, her sister, was not; and she was advancing, with a good degree of positiveness, the theory of the reflex action of mind upon mind, or that nothing was ever obtained from a medium purporting to come from spirits that did not exist either in the mind of the medium or of the recipient of the communication.

The medium had been answering her objections by relating facts from his own experience that her theory could not be made to cover, when Mrs. Davis, who was always ready to assist at a séance, proposed that they sit at the table, saying, "We can converse just as well there, and perhaps the spirits will vouchsafe some explanation of the matter."

So saying she took a sheet of foolscap and a pencil and laid them in the centre of the table, and the company took their seats about it—Mrs. Davis, the two lady guests and the medium. It was a large, old-fashioned, mahogany dining table at which they sat, with fall eaves, both of which were raised. No human hand within two feet at least of the pencil and paper.

The discussion was resumed. Suddenly Mrs. Davis exclaimed, "The pencil is moving!" All eyes were turned toward it. Distinctly it was moving, with an arm and hand near it. Gradually it rose until it assumed the position it would occupy if held by a human hand in the act of writing, and before the astonished gaze of those present commenced to draw, with a great deal of delicacy of touch and skill in shading, a pestle and mortar. On a line with the base of the mortar were the letters *en-min*, separated by a blank space between the syllables. The pencil then fell to the table.

The paper was eagerly seized by Mrs. Davis, who examined it, and could make no interpretation of it. She passed it to the two ladies, who in connection with the medium could make nothing of it. It was an enigma to all present.

At Mrs. Davis's suggestion, it was returned to the centre of the table, when the letters "ja" were inserted, and the mystery was revealed. The pestle and mortar formed the capital letter B, or rather was drawn in the place of it. The missing link having been supplied, the name stood forth recognizable at a glance as Benjamin, the name of the spirit-father of the two ladies present, who in earth-life was a druggist, and took this ingenious method to convince his skeptical daughter that her theory could not be made to cover the facts. Nothing could have done it more thoroughly than this remarkable and beautiful manifestation.

On another occasion, at a séance on Mount Vernon Street, in Boston, at which the late Hon. Anson Burlingame was present, there occurred a striking instance of independent writing. A sheet of paper was selected by Mr. Burlingame, who satisfied himself that there was no mark of pencil or pen upon it, and then made his own private mark upon it, and with a pencil it was placed upon the floor beneath the table, and the company joined hands, the room being brilliantly lighted, as was the case at nearly all the séances given by this medium. Under these circumstances, a loving message of comfort was written, addressed to a young lady present, who mourned with inconsolable sorrow the death of an only brother, to whom she was devotedly attached. The message was signed by the full name of the spirit-brother, which was known to none present but herself and father, and to them it was indeed a voice from beyond the grave.

Many of the mechanical writings of the medium were very remarkable. Repeatedly, to give proof of their independence of his own mind, he would engage in conversation with those about him, while his hand was rapidly writing out a message addressed to some member of the circle. Several times he took a book in his left hand, and read aloud page after page, while his right hand was engaged in writing an essay or a poem, or a personal communication.

At the house of a well-known merchant then residing in Hayward Place, on a certain even-

ing a large and brilliant audience was assembled. Among the number was one of Boston's most noted physicians. The manifestations on this evening consisted for the most part of written communications. The medium was suffering from a headache, and for this reason the gas was turned down so low, that while every movement of the medium was plainly visible, it was impossible for any one to see the rulings upon a sheet of paper. This dim light was an exception to the general rule. Communication after communication was written more rapidly than thought can be eliminated from the mind by the most rapid thinkers. Every line of the ruling was followed exactly. The movement of the medium's hand under the control was like lightning in its rapidity.

The physician already alluded to asked permission to attempt to hold the hand and arm of the medium, for the purpose of seeing how much force it would take to restrain it. Permission was granted, and he—a strong, muscular man—used all the force he dared and not risk breaking the arm; and under those circumstances a poem, some thirty stanzas or more in length and of marked intellectual merit, was most rapidly written, the lines of the ruling accurately followed, every i dotted and every t crossed, and the whole correctly punctuated. During the whole process he had hold of the medium's arm, endeavoring with all the force he dared use to prevent the writing, but without avail. When the poem thus marvelously produced was read to the astonished witnesses of the transaction, Dr. L.—who went to the house entirely skeptical upon all such matters—exclaimed: "All I can say is, it is a miracle!"

A gentleman, one evening during the progress of these mechanical writings, suggested that the medium take in his right hand by the closed blades a pair of scissors and put a pencil down through one of the bows. He did so, and, to the astonishment of himself and all present, a communication was written out under those conditions.

Hundreds of these communications were given under varying circumstances and conditions, from spirits of whom the medium never heard; many of them wonderful in their strongly marked individuality, and containing positive and convincing test-proofs of identity; and by them hundreds of hearts have been lifted from out of the gloom of the shadow of death, and made to rejoice in newness of life through a demonstrated immortality.

We have found in our intercourse with sorrowing hearts, first as priest and then as physician, that a theoretical immortality is of very little account in the dumb presence of death when the soul sits desolate in the midst of its gloom. And outside of the demonstrations of Spiritualism there is nothing but theory and speculation concerning the hereafter.

(Concluded in our next.)

At the close of Mr. Charles Bright's course of free-thought lectures (which have been well attended) on Sunday evening, Feb. 14th, at Dunedin, New Zealand, he was presented with a purse of gold amounting to £24 2s, by the chairman, Hon. B. Stout, who in the course of his remarks said:

"In making this presentation I may state that we all recognize the difficult position in which a free-thought lecturer is placed. Any one who ventures to address the people on religious or on philosophical subjects, untrammelled by creeds, must always expect to meet with some kind of persecution. This has happened in all times and in all countries of the world. History tells us that, when Christianity began, the early Christians were subjected to a very direct persecution. They were accused of teaching doctrines that tended to immorality, and tended to subvert the whole social and political system of the world, and those who kept on Christians believed that they would be doing God a service by having them put to death. And I have no doubt that if we could get here in Dunedin some of the old Pagans who persecuted the early Christians they would tell us that the Christians shocked their sense of propriety, and that they did right in persecuting them. The attitude that has been taken up in regard to scientific subjects has always been the same also. From Galileo, when you have mentioned to your able lecture, brought down even to the present time, we find that some churches fancy they are doing God a service by sneering at and if they had the power by persecuting any man who proposed a new theory or new view of Nature's workings. Free-thought lecturers know, then, what they have to meet. But I am glad that in this community there is such a tolerance present; that the persecution which some of our young friends would have subjected to him, but been received very well in Dunedin. I think the attitude a free-thinker should take to those who imagine that truth can be advanced by persecution is a pitying one, and we should, therefore, strive to show those who think that they are in the dark and require more light, and in fact that we should treat them just as we would a blind man groping about the streets—no quarrel with them for not walking erect, but try and educate them to our view."

But the multitude of immature children which die, what of them? Are their souls lost? Why, if they continue to live, have they been deprived of the benefit of this world's education?

It is a proverb that all sorts of people are required to make a world. It would be a degradation from creative fertility to conceive a possible character which did not exist. Nevertheless, we must admit that there are limits of spiritual possibility. Certain general principles of human nature must be diffused through all souls which are intended for mutual intercourse. Such is mathematical truth, which wise men accept as absolute. Experience justifies the assertion that all forms of mind required in this world are here to be found. How will it be with the greater demands of the future world? Where is the supply to come from? Why not from the immature spirits which begin their existence here, where there is marriage and offspring, and are ready for a different training, and, perhaps, under our own guidance in the different circumstances of the celestial world?—Prof. Benj. Pierce of Harvard College before the Lowell Institute, Boston.

Mr. Tibbles, who befriended the unfortunate Ponca Indians, and secured through legal assistance the decision of Judge Dundy that the Indian possesses the inalienable right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," is the editor of an Omaha newspaper, who conceived the idea that the treatment of the Poncas was not exactly in accordance with that profession of liberty so loudly made by this country among other nations. All honor to the name of Tibbles!—Boston Herald.

Free Thought.

COMMENTS ON DAVIS'S "NEW DEPARTURE."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of April 5th, 1879, I read with great interest Mr. A. E. Newton's communication on Mr. Davis's "new departure." It seemed to me to be a calm, clear, brotherly, judicious and able comment on the great "crisis." When closely looked at, however, neither the "departure" nor the "crisis" seem to be so momentous after all. But it is with feelings, nevertheless, almost akin to pain that I perceive that Mr. Davis thinks that there is a "crisis," and that there ought to be a "departure." But I think he is mistaken, and if led to see his mistake his manliness will compel him to own up to it. This he has done already. Whatever his words may seem to imply, I do not believe that he thinks himself the "cornerstone" of Spiritualism, although if any man had a right to assume so much, which I do not believe, few men would have a better right. Nor does Davis in his soul believe that he is an infallible spiritual oracle. I have personally known him for a considerable time; I have read and studied his works for years; they have been my delight. And the little I know of the spiritual philosophy I confess I owe in a great measure to him. I am, therefore, grateful to him. I respect and love him. But all this cannot induce me to think that his new determination is either right in principle or judicious in act. If Mr. Newton's statement of the case be correct—and after careful examination I see no reason to doubt it—there is really no "house divided against itself," no "crisis," no "departure" between the "Harmonical Philosophy" and "Modern Spiritualism," unless one chooses to so see.

That everything is as harmonious in our spiritual house as we could wish, I find no judicious reason for claiming; but that everything is tending in that direction almost every one capable of taking a comprehensive view of the movements of Spiritualism believes, and that the object and effort of all good men within its ranks is to bring about that happy time when "God's will shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven." This is not to be brought about in a day, nor a year, nor even in thirty years. But it will come to pass, and we believe in a great measure, at least, through the spiritual philosophy.

When a man for the first time enters a vast machine-shop and looks at the various movements of the machinery, it all seems to be running, as we say, at sixes and sevens—one wheel running in one direction, another in another, apparently no unity of motion, yet we know there is a unity and a design in all. One motive power gives action to all the work.

Notwithstanding all the manifest harmony of the universe, we are surrounded with so many apparently discordant elements it is sometimes hard to persuade ourselves that there is an infinite, beneficent design at the back of them that will ultimately bring everything into harmony and happiness for the human race. Nevertheless, we believe that is the ultimate design. Such, too, we believe will be the result of Spiritualism, in spite of all the seeming discordances and distractions in the movement of the spiritual philosophy.

The longer I live, and the more I reflect, the clearer I seem to see that we are *building up our human frame and improving its powers*. Now what is it that seems to be troubling the pure soul and elevating the honest heart of Bro. Davis? These "manifestations"? These "physical manifestations"? I cannot confess I care but little for such things today. But I once did, and I thank God for it; and if for nothing more, because they first led me to study the works of Bro. Davis.

Physical manifestations laid the foundation; Davis's works put some of the corner-stones on the building and are helping to complete it. I am aware that spiritual things are spiritually discerned. But frequently the spiritual is seen through the physical, and still more frequently can only be seen through the physical. Jesus taught his truth, not infrequently, through signs and wonders. And so long as the bulk of mankind remain on the physical plane they must be met on that plane by physical manifestations, against which I think I shall never have any reason to lift my voice or to use my pen. It may have been that I had but little of the faculty of spiritual discernment, but I am free to confess that the study of Bro. Davis's works alone would never have converted me to Spiritualism. Once converted, they have been my food and my delight ever since. I pray God, therefore, to multiply and protect physical manifestations, and purify and bless our mediums. For them I have an inextinguishable sympathy. They are like harps, on which every wind that blows, whether laden with the sweetest of odors or burdened with debility, miasma, breathes—and influences for good or for evil. Such is the susceptibility of their natures, in virtue of which they are mediums. The wonder to me is that there are so few morally bad mediums—so few tricksters. How soon all would be changed for the better, were our mediums cared for as Orthodox ministers are. Why should they not be so cared for, and put beyond the fear of want? Mediums are left to shift for themselves as best they may; if they can make a living, well and good; if not, they are left to starve.

God is said to have been willing to save ungodly Sodom if only five righteous were found in it. I know there are more than double that number at least of righteous mediums; for their sake I would save and protect all the rest. I am no more in love with the unholiness or disharmony that may be found in our ranks than Bro. Davis. Therefore it does not seem to me that his action is going to mend matters, but rather augment the evils; therefore I am opposed to his movement. Remain with us, Bro. Davis. We will work with you, and have been working with you as a body to bring heaven on earth; and in time we can do it. Suppose we cannot all run in your groove, what then? Perhaps we may be working at different tangents of the same arc of the circle, but it is the arc of a true circle, and therefore when produced and completed will form a perfect sphere. We may not see it to be so now, but it must be so in the end.

I am in hopes that Bro. Davis will have reason to change his mind. If so, we will rejoice; if not, we shall yet say, Go your own way, and God bless you in your work. We shall meet you on the other shore and smile over our mistakes, and wonder that we could have been so shortsighted and so full of unbelief that we could not persuade ourselves that the powers which are at the helm of the spiritual ship could guide her over the sea, although the storm raged and rocks were near, and bring her safely into port.

One word more, Mr. Editor, and I am done. I do not often trouble you with communications,

but there are times once in a while—and this is one of them—when I feel deeply, and must write my thoughts. For many years I have been a reader of the *Banner of Light*, and shall probably continue to peruse it as long as I live. Permit me to say here and now that I have ever been in love with it. Take it all in all, I am persuaded that there is no paper published in the interests of the Spiritual Philosophy—and I am acquainted with several—that is to be compared to it, whether we regard its matter, its appearance, or the wise spirit in which it is conducted. Continue, sir, to conduct it as you have done, and fear nothing. No schisms in our ranks can ultimately and permanently harm it. So long as it is faithful to Truth and true to the cause of the Spiritual Philosophy, all will be well.

W. L. THOMPSON.

BASIC PRINCIPLES IN SCIENCE.

BY FRANKLIN SMITH.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

William E. Coleman, in alluding to Dr. Babbitt's great work on the "Principles of Light and Color," says that "his foundation-principles are not therein for the first time announced." No writer upon scientific subjects, before Dr. Babbitt, that I have ever heard of, has gone down into the realm of the atoms, and shown their exquisite mechanical structure and the refined forces by which they are vitalized and actuated.

There are plenty of writers upon science, both in as well as out of the spiritual ranks, who have told us of positive and negative forces, of attraction and repulsion, and of electricity and magnetism, but not one of them has explained their *causes* or their constitution. We also have philosophers who have talked of ultimate principles, how everything could be traced down to force, and back of that we must try to go, as that in itself was "unknowable," but they all stop in some occult principle that would be, if it could be made the resting point, the annihilation of all progress in science. And we know no more of the invisible operations of Nature, of the hidden springs in the atomic realm from whence all material phenomena flow, for all these learned and wordy dispositions.

If science is the explanation of things by revealing their causes, then to find their foundation-principles we must know something of the mechanism by which these phenomena were evolved, something beyond the mere fact that certain properties are manifested in the process of evolution of these phenomena, which are the products and results instead of basic and primary causes.

To tell us that material phenomena are caused by electricity and magnetism does not enlighten us much without they can tell us something of how these elements work and by what mechanical principles they move matter. And the same is true when writers upon science talk of attractive and repulsive and positive and negative forces.

But Dr. Babbitt, in his "Principles of Light and Color," has penetrated to the very atoms themselves, revealed their exquisite mechanical structure, with the refined and subtle ethers which flow through them, making the universe alive with those wondrous and beautiful processes which give the flowers their bloom, everything its appropriate form, and clothed the whole with a mantle of living beauty in the form of an endless variety of colors.

He has shown how, from their peculiar spiral mechanical structure, they are joined and fastened together in diverse ways, for the various chemical compounds that compose all objects, by the fluid ethers which circulate through these mechanisms, and radiate their distinctive influences. And further than this, he has also shown how, through the medium of the refined ethers that hold them in their embrace, at the same time act upon our organs of sense, giving us a knowledge of their existence, and properties and characteristics. His work also exhibits the relation which different kinds of atoms, with their corresponding ethers, sustain to the several departments of the human organism, and shows the connection and relations between the colors of different substances and their chemical and therapeutic qualities. The practical benefits arising from this branch alone cannot be highly enough estimated. See his article on this subject in the *Banner of Light* of May 19th.

And in all this he has, for the first time in the history of science, discovered the foundation-principles upon which the whole scientific structure must rest, and they must revolutionize the prevalent conceptions of force and matter upon which the great circle of concrete sciences are based. This work inaugurates a new era in science, and it becomes a most momentous and interesting question as to how ready scientific men may be to forsake their present and past ideas, founded upon the most material view of Nature, together with a basis of metaphysical abstractions. But it is only a question of time.

It overthrows completely the position of many leading scientists, that all our scientific inquiries must be confined to matter with which our external senses alone come in contact, and demonstrates conclusively that the realm of Nature extends far beyond what our senses realize, by showing the scientific modes of its action. Indeed, these discoveries of Dr. Babbitt's open up an infinite and entirely new field of scientific inquiry in all departments of science, because they exhibit to us the mechanism by which the refined ethers, the messengers and agents of the living God, seize upon the atoms which constitute all matter, and combine them together into all the forms which compose and adorn the material universe. They enable us not only to investigate the hitherto locked and sealed departments of atomic action, but also even to extend our inquiries into the beautiful sphere of psychic influences, by whose operations the great living world of human souls is pervaded and controlled.

Dedham, Mass.

ACCOMPLICES IN POSSIBLE MURDER.—Meantime, some children are dying of vaccination, and a much greater number are deformed and diseased. We have one number before us of *The National Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Reporter*, which contains particulars of eighty-eight cases of "vaccination murders." For less than this Parliament passed an act against inoculation, which had previously been accepted and enthusiastically advocated. It is admitted on all hands and by the highest medical authorities, that fatal blood-poisoning has followed vaccination in many cases; yet it is made compulsory by law. Parents are fined or imprisoned, not only once but dozens of times, for refusing to be accomplices in the possible murder of their helpless offspring.—*Dr. J. L. Nichols, in Herald of Health.*

Scene in a horse-car: A roughly-dressed man, a new-made husband and his wife, are the occupants. Car jumps off the track, and rough man says "damn." Up jumps "hubby," saying, "How dare you say damn before my wife?" "How did I know your wife wanted to say damn first?" was the reply.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE PRELUDE.

Wafted down from spheres celestial,
Through the corridors of space,
Are the poet's thoughts and fancies,
Threads—with which his song to grace.

I was dreaming, fondly dreaming,
That an angel bright and fair
Walked and talked with me in silence,
In the fields of light and air.

Girding over hill and valley,
Not of earth we seemed to be;
Fields Elysian were around us,
Filling us with harmony.

Moving onward, by direction,
Till at last there came to view
Belongs of such sweet perfection—
Joyful faces that I knew;

Came they forward all to greet me,
Each a flower within the hand,
Saying: "Bathell, peace be with thee,
Welcome to the spirit-land!"

Even as one were all their faces,
Yet within the mirrored sphere
I beheld the sweetest graces,
Signs of welcome everywhere.

From the harmony between us,
Lo! the sphere became a shrine;
Then I saw as in a vision
Glimpses of the great Divine.

Thus transplanted to Elysium,
I beheld in burning flame
The great record of creation
Lambled by its mighty fame.

While I stood entranced before it,
All my hopes and fond desires
Flashed across my *Souls* Spirit,
As it vivified by fires.

Until all the sphere around me
By attraction's law had drawn
Every kindred thought about me,
Ready for the coming dawn.

While unenchanted, beaming faces
Of the *Souls* Spirit state
Shed around my sphere their graces,
Graces of the *Maid* state.

Until all with one accord
Flashed a *united* thought of worth,
Which shall open out the Word—
And spread its brightness o'er the earth.

Are the fancies all ideal
Which the poet loves to sing,
And which seem to him as real
As the beauteous flowers of spring?

Kindred Spirits will uphold me
When I say the poet sings
Of the undiscovered planet
Where the thoughts are real things.

If our fancies lead us heavenward,
Onward, to the Spirit shrine,
Who can say that we are wayward
When we seek the great Divine?

Thoughts are primal and supernal—
Who can solve the subtle chain?
Only He who is eternal,
He who rules the great domain.

Dorby, England. T. W. WALSH.

The undiscovered planet does not refer to what is generally known as the "spiritual kingdom," the world therefore may be literally taken as they stand.

Light at Last—What Dying People See.

Frances Power Cobben in an article in the *Contemporary Review* gives the following interesting narrations:

A few narrations of such observations, chosen from a great number which have been communicated to the writer, will serve to show more exactly the point which it is desired should be established by a larger concurrence of testimony. The following are given in the words of a friend on whose accuracy every reliance may be placed:

"I have heard innumerable instances of dying persons showing unmistakably by their gestures, and sometimes by their words, that they saw in the moment of dissolution what could not be seen by those around them. On three occasions facts of this nature came distinctly within my own knowledge, and I will, therefore, limit myself to a detail of that which I can give on my own authority, although the circumstances were not striking enough to be known to me, which I believe to be actually true.

"I was watching one night beside a poor man dying of consumption; his case was hopeless, but there was no appearance of the end being very near; he was in full possession of his senses, able to talk with a strong voice, and not in the least drowsy. He had slept through the day, and was so wakeful that I had been conversing with him on ordinary subjects to while away the long hours. Suddenly, while we were thus talking quietly together, he became silent, and fixed his eyes on one particular spot in the room, which was entirely vacant, even of furniture. At the same time a look of the greatest delight changed the whole expression of his face, and, after a moment of what seemed to be intense scrutiny, he said to me, in a joyous tone: 'There is Jim.' Jim was a little son whom he had lost the year before, and whom I had known well; but the dying man had a son still living, and I was not aware of it. He said, and I concluded it was of John he was speaking, and that he thought he heard him arriving, so I answered:

"No, John has not been able to come."
"The man turned to me impatiently, and said: 'I do not mean John. I know he is not here; it is Jim, my little lame Jim; surely you remember him.'"

"Yes, I said, 'I remember dear little Jim who died last year of the cholera.'"
"Don't you see him then? There he is," said the man, pointing to the vacant place on which his eyes were fixed, and when I did not answer, he repeated, almost fretfully, 'Don't you see him standing there?'

"I answered that I could not see him, though I felt perfectly convinced that something was visible to the sick man which I could not perceive. When I gave him this answer he seemed quite amazed, and turned round to look at me with a glance of indignation. As his eyes met mine, I saw that a film seemed to pass over them, the light of intelligence died away, he gave a gentle sigh, and expired. He did not live five minutes from the time he first said 'There is Jim,' although there had been no sign of approaching death previous to that moment.

"The second case was that of a boy about fourteen years of age, dying also of decline. He was a refined high-bred child, who through out his long illness had looked forward with much hope and longing to the new life to which he believed he was hastening. On a bright summer morning it became evident that he had reached his last hour. He lost the power of speech, chiefly from weakness, but he was perfectly sensible, and made his wishes known to us by his intelligent looks. He was sitting propped up in bed, and had been looking rather sadly at the bright sunshine playing on the trees outside the open window for some time. He had turned away from this scene, however, and was facing the end of the room where there was nothing whatever but a closed door, when all in a moment the whole expression of his face changed to one of the most wondrous rapture, which made his half-closed eyes open to their utmost extent, while his lips parted with a smile of ecstasy; it was impossible to doubt that some glorious sight was visible to him, and from the movement of his eyes it was plain that it was not one but many objects on which he gazed, for his look passed from end to end of what seemed to be the vacant wall before him, going backward and forward with ever-increasing delight manifested in his whole aspect. His mother then asked him if what he saw was some wonderful sight beyond the confines of this world, and he answered that it was so by pressing his hand to his forehead, and from the expression it meaningly, giving an intelligent affirmative to her question, though unable to

speak. As he did so a change passed over his face, his eyes closed, and in a few minutes he was gone.

"The third case, which was that of my own brother, was very similar to this last. He was an elderly man, dying of a painful disease, but one which never for a moment obscured his faculties. Although it was known to be incurable, he had been told that he might live some months, when suddenly, on the day of the summer came on a dark January morning. It had been seen in the course of the night that he was sinking, but for some time he had been perfectly silent and motionless, apparently in a state of stupor; his eyes closed and his breathing scarcely perceptible. As the tardy dawn of the winter morning revealed the rigid features of the countenance from which life and intelligence seemed to have quite departed, those who watched him for a moment or two, then he still lived; but suddenly while they bent over him to ascertain the truth, he opened his eyes wide, and gazed eagerly upward with such an unmistakable expression of wonder and joy that a thrill of awe passed through all who witnessed it. His whole face grew bright with a strange gladness, while the eloquent eyes seemed literally to shine as if reflecting some light on which they gazed; he remained in this attitude of delighted surprise for some minutes, then in a moment the eyelids fell, the head drooped forward, and with one long breath the spirit departed."

A different kind of case to those above narrated by my friend was that of a young girl known to me who had passed through the miserable experiences of a sinful life at Aldershot, and then had tried to drown herself in the river Avon, near Clifton. She was in some way saved from suicide, and placed for a time in a reformatory, but her health was found to be hopelessly ruined, and she was sent to die in the quiet old work-house of St. Peter's at Bristol. For many months she lay in the infirmary literally perishing—meat of disease, but exhibiting patience and sweetness of disposition quite wonderful to witness. She was only eighteen, poor young creature; when all her little round of error and pain had been run, and her innocent pretty face might have been that of a child. She never used any sort of cant (so common among women who have been in refuges), but had apparently somehow got hold of a very living and real religion, which gave her comfort and courage, and inspired her with the beautiful spirit with which she bore her frightful sufferings. On the wall opposite her bed there hung by chance a print of the lost sheep, and Mary S., looking at it one day, said to me: 'That is just what I was, and what happened to me; but I am being brought safe home now.' For a long time before her death her weakness was such that she was quite incapable of lifting herself up in bed, or of supporting herself when lifted, and she of course continued to lie with her head on the pillow while life gradually and painfully ebbed away, and she seemingly became nearly unconscious. In this state she had been left one Saturday night, when the nurse in attendance, early at dawn next morning—an Easter morning—it chanced—the poor old woman who occupied the other beds in the ward were startled from their sleep by seeing Mary S.—suddenly spring up to a sitting posture in her bed, with her arms outstretched, and her face raised, as if in a perfect rapture of joy and welcome. The next instant the body of the poor girl fell back a corpse. Her death had taken place in that moment of ecstasy."

A totally different case again was that of a man of high intellectual distinction, well known in the world of letters. When dying peacefully, as became the close of a profoundly religious life, and having already lost the power of speech, he was observed suddenly to look up as if at some spectacle invisible to those around, with an expression of solemn surprise and awe, very characteristic, it is said, of his habitual frame of mind. At last he spoke, and before the end he had time to utter a few words, the shadow of death had passed over his face, and the end had come.

In yet another case I am told that at the last moment so bright a light seemed suddenly to shine from the face of a dying man, that the clergyman and another friend who were attending him actually turned simultaneously to the window to look out.

Another incident of a very striking character occurred in a well-known family, one of whose members narrated it to me. A dying lady, exhibiting the aspect of joyful surprise to which we have so often referred, spoke of seeing, one after another, three of her brothers who had long been dead, and then apparently recognized, last of all, a fourth brother, who was believed to have died years ago, but who was still living in India. The couple of his name with that of his dead brothers excited such an awe and horror in the mind of one person present that she rushed half senseless from the room. In due course of time letters were received announcing the death of the brother in India, which had occurred some time before his dying sister seemed to recognize him.

Again, in another case, a gentleman who had but a few days before been very ill, and who was recovering from the attack, exclaimed suddenly when dying, with the air of a man making a most rapturous discovery, 'I see him! I see him!'

Not to multiply such anecdotes too far—anecdotes which possess a uniformity pointing to a similar cause, whether that cause be physiological or physical, I will now conclude with one authenticated by a near relative of the persons concerned. A late well-known Bishop was called by his sister, "Charlie," and his eldest sister bore the pet name of "Liz." They had both been dead some years when the youngest sister, Mrs. W., also died, but before her death appeared to behold them both. While lying still, and apparently unconscious, she suddenly opened her eyes and looked earnestly across the room, as if she saw some one entering. Presently, as if overjoyed, she exclaimed, 'Charlie, and then, after a moment's pause, she said, as if in delight, as if she had been joined by some one else, she went on, 'And Liz!' and then added, 'How beautiful you are!' After seeming to gaze at the two beloved forms for a few minutes she fell back on her pillow and died.

How the Women Vote in Kansas.

A Hoosier scene in Kansas many new and unfamiliar sights, but none more interesting than that of the ladies voting. They have the privilege of voting in all matters pertaining to schools. As far as my observation goes, the ladies here have minds of their own. They are called by the husbands and men, nor the one the other husbands tell them to vote for, unless the candidate is, in their own opinion, the proper one. Their votes cannot be bought.

They are universally on the side of morality and temperance, and their efforts in the temperance cause are warm advocates of equal suffrage. Election days pass quietly. If there is any drinking or fighting done, it is not at the polls. Everything is orderly there, notwithstanding the reports circulated by anti-suffragists in the Eastern States.

Candidates keep carriages running for the accommodation of the ladies, but a great many walk up and deposit their votes. As the result, so far, has been very satisfactory, even the men, it will probably be but a short time until equal suffrage is granted.

The gentlemen show their gallantry and faith in the ability of the ladies by appointing them to office. The enrolling clerks of the Legislature are ladies; also a large proportion of the county superintendents, who, in every instance, discharge their duties in a manner that gives universal satisfaction.—*Indianapolis Herald.*

They have in Massachusetts, at a place called Andover, a kind of minister-factory; and every professor in that factory takes an oath once in every five years—that is as long as an oath will last—that not only has he not during the last five years, but so help him God, he will not during the next five years intellectually advance; and probably there is no oath he could easier keep. Since the foundation of that institution there has not been one case of perjury. They have the same exacting first taught when the foundation-stone was laid, and now when they send out a minister they brand him as hardware from Sheffield and Birmingham. And every man who knows where he was educated knows his creed, knows every argument of his creed, every book that he reads, and just what he amounts to intellectually, and knows he will shrink and shrivel, and become solemnly stupid day after day until he meets with death. It is all wrong; it is cruel. These men should be allowed to grow. They should have the air of liberty and the sunshine of thought.—*Col. R. G. Ingersoll.*

Letter from Henry Kiddle, Esq.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of May 17th I find, with great surprise and regret, an editorial notice of me and my recently published book, which I cannot but consider most mistaken and ungenerous. You say that, acting on my "own unenlightened experience, I have precipitately rushed into print." I cannot believe that you have read the book with sufficient care to be able to form a proper opinion of the experience narrated, or to know to what extent it was enlightened or "unenlightened." If you had done this, you would have perceived that the editor had studied this subject of spirit communion for at least five years before this experience commenced; and, as to "reflex of the editor's religious sympathies," &c., the remark appears to me to show a spirit that I do not care to characterize. I must say, however, that if it had emanated from any of the organs of bigoted sectarianism or sneering materialism, I should not have been surprised; but in the *Banner of Light* it appears entirely out of place.

Why, the spirits themselves, through Mr. Colville, have reviewed the book and pronounced the communications genuine; and can you, a representative of Spiritualism, without discrediting everything you are striving to defend, condemn these messages on the paltry, shallow arguments of the secular press, enveloped as it is in gross and willful ignorance upon every topic pertaining to this grand subject?

Have you properly and fully considered all the facts as narrated in this book? Have you fairly considered the many tests referred to? Have you justly weighed the reasoning by means of which the editor arrived at a belief in the genuineness of the communications written? You cannot have done this. I fear you have read only the garbled extracts given in the newspapers, the editors of which, of course, have striven to throw ridicule upon this book, instead of fairly studying it in its entirety.

It is true that the communications are Christian—they recognize Christ and his teachings, and they fearfully depict the sufferings of the spirits in hell, as they also show the glories of heaven; but none of this more than Allan Kardec's books, which you are commending constantly. I perceive that some persons are interested only in phenomenal Spiritualism, and cannot appreciate the far greater light to be obtained from the impressions and inspirational phases. Spirits of a low grade can work miracles (to us); but those of the Christ-sphere can alone give us the true religious light; and Christian Spiritualism is now, as I see, gradually superseding every other phase.

You, sir, may sneer at the literary merit of these communications; but if their authenticity is to be judged exclusively on this basis—if this is to be the sole test of all such writings, I can show you that many valuable spiritualistic works would have to be condemned; and, moreover, what would become of many of the messages published weekly in your paper? The mode of identifying the spirits communicating is explained in the book; but all this you have chosen to ignore. Certainly, a man who has received so many hundreds of messages—presenting so vast a diversity of characteristics—and from mediums whose reliability cannot be questioned, is entitled to some credence; and his opinion must be more valuable than that of him who has seen nothing of the matter referred to; and that opinion should not lightly be set aside.

As to the messages being unworthy of those from whom they purport to come, that point was well treated in the inspirational words of Mr. Colville (an entire stranger to the editor), a few evenings since; and the messages were accepted as genuine by the spirits themselves. A proper analysis of the thoughts expressed and the information communicated by these messages will show, according to a proper standard, that they are *entirely worthy* of those by whom they are said to have been inspired. They are so decidedly pure and holy, and accompanied with such attestations, and written in such a way, that they cannot be the offspring of "lying spirits"; nor are they the "reflex of the editor's or medium's mind"; for information has been given that was previously unknown. And, besides, why the wonderful difference in the style of writing? Moreover, those that came from well-known persons or relatives are perceived to be perfectly characteristic of those persons.

In condemning this book, dictated as it has been by the spirits, you have put into the hands of your enemies, and the malicious enemies of Spiritualism, a keen weapon which will soon feel; and again I say your article is most unfair and ungenerous, and certainly "precipitately" written; while its conclusions are as false as false can be, as I can show you still more clearly if you will come to New York, and see for yourself.

This book will be vindicated more fully hereafter, and I feel confident will be placed on a foundation so firm that no amount of envy, malice or bigotry will be able to overthrow it.

Respectfully,
HENRY KIDDLE.

New York, May 19th, 1879.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS. 12mo., pp. 322. By Charles Beecher. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1879. It is a curious fact in the progress of thought—and one the full significance of which is not generally recognized—that, despite the most obvious indications of science, the manifold exposures of the charlatanism of mediums, and the antagonistic attitude of the Christian Church, the belief in the interposition of agencies distinctively spiritual, and supermundane, and in a realm of being where the deceased of our race live again, and from whence they are able to revisit us, is on the increase.

The book of Mr. Charles Beecher on "Spiritual Manifestations" will, therefore, receive a kindly welcome. The author makes no attempt to conceal his own views, confessing himself at the progress of thought—and one the full significance of which is not generally recognized—that, despite the most obvious indications of science, the manifold exposures of the charlatanism of mediums, and the antagonistic attitude of the Christian Church, the belief in the interposition of agencies distinctively spiritual, and supermundane, and in a realm of being where the deceased of our race live again, and from whence they are able to revisit us, is on the increase.

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For sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

A Chinaman with blonde hair is the latest San Francisco novelty. Turn him into the lecture-field; is he not by education, birth and nature a yellow-cue-floist?—*Hawkeye.*

Is a sea-bath a surge-ical operation?

The Board of Education, relieved from an unpleasant predicament, pays him a deserved tribute for the good work he did in former years, and the parents and guardians of the children who he cannot now harm, will very cheerfully throw at him dozens of old shoes, which we sincerely hope will bring him good luck.

All this is most emphatically contradicted by the letter and spirit of the highly complimentary Resolutions adopted by the Board of Education, and by the personal testimony of many prominent individuals, who have been long associated with Mr. Kiddle in his private life and public relations. There are some men who vainly presume that they already know about everything that is worth knowing. The amazing effrontery of this Commercial Editor suggests that he may belong to the tribe whose windy warriors

With open mouth, and impudently rail,

The *Advertiser's* closing words show that the writer is not familiar with the polite manners of the better classes of our society. He has no fraternal affection for the good man who comes not to his little communion; and no respect for goodness itself, if it will not articulate his own dogmatic shibboleth. This is infidelity to both God and man. The hollow prayer for the good fortune of one whom we despise, is undisguised mockery. Let the haughty infidel go his way, nor stop to hurl his worn-out sandals at a Christian gentleman.

That I may do the *Tribune* no injustice, especially since it has admitted articles in defence of Mr. Kiddle, I will here introduce entire its editorial, elicited by the Superintendent's resignation:

FROM THE TRIBUNE OF MAY 29th.

Superintendent Kiddle has himself solved the vexed question of his continuance at the head of the public schools, and in the best possible way. His career more than forty years in connection with our school system has been one of singular usefulness, and his efficiency was unimpaired, to all appearances, until the public was astounded by the issue of his book; and there seemed at one time to be a danger that the not unattractive reluctance of members of the Board of Education to wound the feelings of a veteran public servant might result in leaving him in his place, for a time at least. This would have been a misfortune, for the discharge of Mr. Kiddle's mental dislocation had destroyed the public confidence in him, and he would eventually have been forced from his place instead of being allowed to leave it gracefully, as he now does. With his long official experience, he might have continued to discharge the more mechanical duties of his place as well as ever, but a man who is capable of believing that the dogged and press-contained in his book was communicated to him by some of the wisest minds the race has produced, is capable of transmitting to others the contagion of his delusion—indeed is not capable of refraining from attempts to transmit it. When it is remembered that Mr. Kiddle's merely social relations with principals and teachers in the schools must be very extensive, it is easy to see how much mischief he might have honestly worked by purely private efforts to spread the belief which, in his eyes, a new gospel. Every one will be glad that he has taken the manly and straightforward course, and glad also that the Board of Education has thus been enabled to bestow, without inconsistency, the commendation which his long and faithful service had earned.

It will be observed that the Editor distinctly intimates that Mr. Kiddle's "usefulness and efficiency" were impaired at or about the time of the publication of his book. This does not appear from anything in the concurrent testimony of the members of the Board of Education. On the contrary, that testimony shows that both his ability and his disposition to discharge his appropriate duties, remain unimpaired to the present time.

Again, the Editor assumes that had this "veteran public servant" been permitted to remain in his place for a time, it "would have been a misfortune." But how is this made to appear? It surely is not warranted by any authenticated facts in the case; and as the Editor of the *Tribune* is not known to be endowed with the true spirit of prophecy, we are at liberty to reach an opposite conclusion, that the public's misfortune consists in losing the services of a man who has labored for it with great industry and efficiency for more than forty years.

Then the Editor assumes that Mr. Kiddle has experienced a "dislocation" of his mind, which certainly is not apparent from his letter of resignation. This carries internal evidence of the unimpaired integrity of his mental constitution. If anything is really out of joint, may it not be, after all, in the tall tower on Printing House Square?

The *Tribune* is especially exercised about what it calls "the doggerel and prose contained in his book." This is precisely what seems to stand most in the way of its faith in the spirits. Now we should not know where else to look for so much "doggerel and prose" as in the newspapers. If the spirits ever write anything of the kind they are pretty sure to copy it. They are always in want of some plausible pretext for subjecting the whole subject to unmeasured ridicule; at the same time they persistently refuse to publish the more important facts and the ablest expositions of the philosophy of Spiritualism, when the same are offered for their acceptance by writers of acknowledged intelligence and power. Such journals thus make it their business to hide the light and pervert public opinion. Should Mr. Reid resolve to report the gossip of the tea parties, and the familiar conversation of his own sanctum, we might not be greatly enlightened; and those whose ideal conception of the Editor places him on a very tall pedestal might be led to question his own identity.

In the love of Truth, in the demand for even-handed justice, and in defence of the Right, *Semper paratus*, S. B. BRITTON.

Mrs. Annie Loomis, the Clairvoyant.

The London *Spiritualist* of April 4th says: "Mrs. Loomis, of 2 Vernon place, Bloomsbury, London, intends leaving in two or three weeks' time for America. Dr. Wyld informs us that Mrs. Loomis is an excellent clairvoyant for disease, as he has recently tested her powers in this direction. Mrs. Loomis is also a mesmeristic sensitive."

The same paper says: "Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have just published a book by 'Gipsy,' [Mrs. Loomis] entitled *A Marked Life, or the Autobiography of a Clairvoyant*, full of the true history of the career of a sensitive, who is well known to the readers of these pages. We quote a portion, which is interesting because of its proving that these death-bed apparitions which are so common, are sometimes seen by natural somnambulists; also that the discovery of lost property by clairvoyance... is a useful power, and a scientific truth."

Mrs. Loomis has arrived in Boston, and taken rooms, as will be seen by her advertisement in this paper, at No. 36 Dartmouth Place, where she is ready to examine and prescribe for the sick.

CEPHAS'S letter on the forthcoming Campaign Meeting at Lake Pleasant will appear in the next issue of the *Banner*.

Read THE SCHOOL GARDEN. Colby & Rich have the brochure on sale.

The *Globe* calls the reports of the numerous divorce cases in this State in the papers "Moanings of the Tied 1." The facts elicited are too shocking to print, but such matter is the life of the penny press.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

"DIABOLICAL" SIVADISM.

It is so very strange to us That decent men will make a nuisance, When peace should reign supreme, We're at a loss to comprehend The motive, or the final end, It seems so like a dream, But Truth will conquer—have no fears— Although she's draped in many tears.

Leadville, to which many people are flocking for fortunes, is an exceedingly wicked place, if reports from there are correct. All nations are represented, it is said, except Chinamen. The rum-shops and gambling-hells do the most business; are open Sundays, as are the theatres and dance-halls. There is a Gothic structure in the town, and that people may know it is a church it has the name "Little Church" painted on the glass door; but under it appears another notice, viz., "Mixed drinks, 25 cents!"

The Boston *Sunday Herald* contains copious "religious notes" in its first edition for its country readers, and in its last edition substitutes "sporting matters" for the edification of its Boston patrons. If this isn't "whipping the devil round the stump," what is?

The *Post* says that verbal grandeur is the cornerstone for the temple of knowledge. It announces the fact with great verbosity.

A reign of terror exists in Russia, to such an extent that humanity shudders at the recital. The police are tyrannical in the extreme. Professors of the University in St. Petersburg are arrested for no crime whatever, incarcerated in filthy prison cells, and treated with the greatest indignity. Such a government is a disgrace to civilization.

To a correspondent: "Stories of the Old Dominion, from the Settlement to the End of the Revolution," we have no doubt is a charming book for young people, as it was written expressly for them by one whose talent has already gained a wide reputation—at least we hear so—but as the publishers have omitted to forward us a copy, we are unable to tell our correspondent and the thousands of our readers anything about it.

A Burlington blacksmith has just established a "conservatory of horse-shoeing."—*Huckeye*.

The working-men of Boston held a mass meeting on the Common on the evening of the 23rd last, some three thousand persons being present. Resolutions were passed applauding the course of the working-men of California, and condemning the acts of the municipal authorities of this city.

"HIT JINKS IN CANADA."—This is the way the dailies put it when the New York Thirtieth Regiment reached Montreal with Rev. H. W. Beecher as chaplain.

This is "anniversary week" when good-looking men of pious proclivities "relieve their minds" of long-pent up thought.

Gen. Kilpatrick's head was cut severely in a carriage accident in Iowa last week. But they can't Kilpatrick.

The Ark was fortified. There were several pairs of pets about it.—*Er*.

Strawberries are plenty in the market, but we have not seen a "red" on our hotel table yet. That's another "new departure."

Tulips have seen their best days this year.—*Boston Transcript*.

But they may be seen evenings for a long time to come on the Public Garden.

Now that the Old South Church has Edison's talking-machine in it, it grows out in terrible agony. "To what base uses have I come at last!" Sure enough. Now some old women are trying to raise by subscription a sum of money sufficient to paint the defaced edifice. Why don't O. P. M. *again* secure the services of Pettiecat Bishop? He's a capital money-raiser, when he can strike rampant *bigot*—not otherwise.

Paris population is divided as follows: 1,753,000 Catholics, 32,000 Lutherans, and 23,500 Jews.

Can the man who studies the proportions of a stepple be said to conspire?

There is no higher duty than to work for the good of the whole world.—*King Asoka*, 350 B. C.

When a newspaper says a kind word for a man he never knows it, but if it handles him a little roughly, he finds it out in less than a minute.

We naturally suppose it is the fishes' scales on which we see a man wading in the water.

As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower, or its color and scent, so let the sage dwell on earth.—*Dharmapala*.

That prophets are derided in their own countries is a hissed-oracle fact.

THE FLIES! Oh, how I wish that my two broad hands, Spread left and right, Stretched from the poles to Equator's bands, Grabs of night, Some sunny day in my wrath I would rise, Sweeping all space with my hands of size, And smash all the uncounted millions of flies, Clear out of sight.

A young lad of an investigating turn of mind says of the mule: "I like him pretty well; he's real tame in front, but he's awful wild behind."

Patience is so like fortitude that she seems either her sister or her daughter.—*Aristotle*.

The advance in cotton since January last is set down at from sixty to seventy millions of dollars.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. A doubtful token (you'll excuse) Sometimes my friendship must advise— I don't say "and your 's and 's," But "cross your 's and dot your 's."

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because though he is the first in play, he is the last in help.

Henry Gréville's new Russian novel, entitled "MAKORP; THE RUSSIAN VIOLENCE," translated in Paris by Miss Helen Stanley, under the immediate supervision of the author, is in press and will be published in a few days, simultaneously with its issue in Paris, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Oh hope of the world that rises again, New-born from the clod, Oh life that brightens on meadow and fen With the breath of God, Oh dauntless brave whose banners fly At the snow's retreat, Oh sweet warm winds of the south that sigh Over the springing wheat, Oh birds that tell in the branches bare Of the summer days— Read me your lesson; teach me your prayer; Fill my soul with your praise.—*Sunday Afternoon*.

The "diabolical" philosophers are already commencing to lift the first notes of a wail of woe, the full harmony (?) of which runeth as follows: "The world is a dreffle mean place, for our sines; Where their 'ollus is critters about with long pins A-prickin' the globes we've blowed up with such care, An' provin' their 's nothin' inside but bad air."

Jersey Graves, of Richmond has been appointed a member of the Executive Committee of the National Liberal League, as representative for the State of Indiana, the removal of N. D. Watkins—the former incumbent—to Michigan having rendered the step advisable.

A bad cook is like a kangaroo, because he's a mar-soup-fal.—*Undertaker*.

James Russell Lowell speaks thus of a bull-fight which, as American Minister, he was obliged to witness: "I attended officially, as a matter of duty, and escaped early. It was my first bull-fight, and will be my last. To me it was a shocking and brutalizing spectacle, in which all my sympathies were on the side of the bull."

There is talk of the coal fields giving out, in which case we should have nothing to burn. However, fuel believe the story.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

ARMORY HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, 100 Washington Street, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. The public cordially invited. J. D. Ford, Conductor.

ARMORY HALL, HIGH STREET, CHARLES-TOWN DISTRICT.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 2, of Boston, holds its sessions every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. The public cordially invited. Admittance free. J. B. Hatch, President.

PYTHAN HALL.—The People's Spiritual Meeting (formerly held at Eagle Hall) is held at Pythan Hall, 120 South Street. Services every Sunday morning and afternoon. Good mediums and speakers always present.

EAGLE HALL.—Spiritual Meetings for speaking and testing held at this hall, 508 West Street, every Sunday at 10 o'clock. The public cordially invited. Admittance free. J. B. Hatch, President.

ESSEX HALL.—Meetings are held at this hall, in Essex Street, every Sunday at 10 o'clock. The public cordially invited. Admittance free. J. B. Hatch, President.

KENNEDY HALL, WARREN STREET, BOSTON HIGHLANDS.—Free Spiritual Meetings every Sunday at 3:30 P. M. W. J. Colville lectures regularly under special control.

PARKER MEMORIAL BUILDING, APPLETON STREET.—W. J. Colville occupies the platform every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Armory Hall.—There may have been hearts at our meeting to-day, but surely if there were there was no outward manifestation of it; on the contrary all seemed filled with a spirit of peace and harmony. The speakers were inspired with a spirit of sympathy and love toward the little ones, their remarks being adapted to their understanding, and they in turn taking a deep interest in them—particularly in those of Mrs. Shirley, of Worcester. She having called on us once before, came expressly to visit us again. We hope often to hear from just such good souls, as we are enriched by their offerings of encouragement and harmony. Those who are made to feel what an important part they take in life, and how much good they may be in the world. The exercises were rather brief, but pleasing, consisting of an overture by the orchestra, singing, responses, and Banner March, musical selection; songs, "The Bells of Shandon," Nellie Thomas; recitation, "Grandfather's Spectacles," Mabel Howard; reading, "I Do Not Like to Hear Him Pray," Helen M. Dill; song, "Baby Mine," May Myers; recitation, "The Blacksmith's Story," Mrs. M. J. Rehan; song, "The Mountains," recited by Mr. Ford and Miss Dill; remarks by Dr. Richardson, Mrs. Shirley, Mr. Cary and Mr. Damon; notices, Treasurer's report, singing and Target March.

Wm. D. Rockwood, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Boston, May 25th, 1879.

Armory Hall.—A large audience was in attendance to-day, and many children were present. The services were as follows: Overture by the orchestra; singing, Banner March; recitations by Albert Rand, Addie St. Clair, Ida Brown; song by Mrs. Sheldon; recitations by Grace Burroughs, Florence Blake, Fannie Moore, Minnie Bray; answers to question: "What does Spiritualism teach?" remarks by the conductor, James B. Hatch; notices; remarks by Mrs. Maud Lord-Mitchell and Mrs. Hattie Richards. B. F. BURTRICK, Sec'y. Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 2, Charlestown District, May 25th.

Essex Hall.—The opening meetings at this hall, 18 Essex Street, last Sunday, were very satisfactory—good order, fine speaking and good music. P. C. Mills gave two earnest discourses; the one on the subject of "Idolatry" was listened to with particular interest. M. Milson spoke twice. Miss K. T. Sinclair conducted the singing, assisted by a voluntary group: Mrs. Thomas, Miss Nellie Thomas, Miss Jennie Smith, and the Misses Clayton, members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Boston. Next Sunday it is hoped a goodly number of test media will be present—meetings at 10 A. M., and 2 and 7 P. M.

Charlestown District—Abbotsford Hall.—On Sunday afternoon, May 25th, the closing meeting of the course which has been held in this hall the past season transpired at the usual hour. The exercises were interesting, and quite a large audience attended. After a song by the choir, Mr. J. H. Bickford delivered an able discourse on Spiritualism and its practical uses. Mrs. M. C. Bagley then occupied a full hour with speaking and giving tests—affording great satisfaction to all. We can cheerfully recommend Mrs. M. C. Bagley to those who wish to secure the services of a first-class test medium. Her address is No. 30 Elford Street, Boston.

C. B. M.

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

Mrs. Abby N. Burnham will mark success in Springfield, Mass., during April; she also spoke in Lawrence, Mass., to a crowded house. She lectured in Selma, N. Y., May 11th, 18th, 23rd and 25th; Potteryville, N. Y., 15th and 20th, and Chester, N. Y., May 21st and 22d. Mrs. Burnham also attends funerals, when her services are desired. Permanent address 20 Porter Street, Boston, Mass.

E. V. Wilson is at his home, Lombard, Ill., gradually recovering from his late severe illness. He hopes soon to be able to resume his labors in the lecturing field.

A. J. Fishback and M. C. Vandereock have just closed a series of enthusiastic meetings in Butler, New York, and Kendallville, Ind. They expect to give courses of lectures in Auburn and Waterloo, Ind., this week. Address them Kendallville, Ind.

Something New! Electro-Magnetic Flesh-Brush.

R. Bisbee has invented a fine steel flesh-brush, which not only proves a luxury to those using it, but has great curative properties in the action upon the surface of the body, and produces friction without irritation, bringing the circulation to the surface and leaving the skin in a more healthful condition. The action of the fine steel bars, on a composition of copper and zinc, generates a delicate electro-magnetic current, which, used before retiring, is found to promote sleep. A. S. Hayward, Magnetist, 5 Davis Street, Boston, has obtained the agency for them, and will, in connection with his practice, supply all persons desiring them. Without question in cases of numbness (as paralytic condition), or with persons using coarse crash towels, this brush would be a great blessing. It is so simple that any one will have reason to rejoice in this new discovery. The brush possesses durability and is applied when the flesh is dry. It contains sixteen hundred fine, elastic, steel bristles, and being soft and pliable, a pleasant sensation is produced in its application. Scarcely it has life similar to a magnetic hand. The brush sells for \$3.00; 25 cents extra required for postage when sent by mail.

Oh, why will you let that invalid friend suffer that Hop Bitters will so certainly cure?

RETAIL AGENTS FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York City.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, 11 Franklin Street, Boston.

THOMAS MARSH, 99 Washington Street, Boston.

W. A. C. S. HOUGHTON, 75 and 77 J Street, Sacramento, Cal.

WILLIAMSON & HIGBIE, 62 West Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

JACKSON & BUREIGH, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y.

G. D. HENCK, 48 York Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

WASILA A. DANKS, 705 Saratoga Street, Baltimore, Md.

N. CHOYSEK, 31 Gary Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SMITH'S PERIODICAL DEPOT, 122 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

DR. H. MOITON, 122 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

S. M. HOWARD, 31 East 12th Street, New York City.

GEORGE L. HINES, 327 Second Street, Oswego, N. Y.

H. B. MILES, 27 Seventh Street, and 84 East River, Washington, D. C.

WILLIAM ELLIS, 130 Wisconsin Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

WILLIAM WADE, 25 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

E. M. ROSE, 56 Tremont Street, Hartford, Conn.

LITERARY EMPORIUM, 23 Union Square, New York.

[Other parties who keep the *Banner of Light* regularly on sale at their places of business can, if they so desire, have their names and addresses permanently inserted in the above list, without charge, by notifying Colby & Rich (publishers, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston) of the fact.]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

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

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line. *Agate* type. The publisher cordially invited. Admittance free. J. B. Hatch, President.

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 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 sex. Address Mrs. C. M. Morrison, M. D., P. O. Box 259, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid Street, My 10.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. HUGHES, is also a Practical Physician. Office 126 West Eleventh St., between Ninth and Tenth, New York City, J. E.

S. B. BRITTON, M. D., has removed his Office Practice to No. 59 West 11th Street, New York, where he employs Electrical, Magnetic and other Subtle Agents in the cure of chronic diseases. Dr. Britton has had twenty years' experience and eminent success in treating the infirmities peculiar to the female constitution, by the use of *pathetic methods 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.

J. V. Mansfield, Test Medium, answers sealed letters, at 61 West 42d Street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. A. S.

Dr. P. L. H. WILLS will be at the Quincey House, in Brattle St., Boston, every Wednesday and Thursday, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. A. S.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGINEER PATRONS. J. J. MOORE, the well-known English lecturer, will act as assessor, and receive subscriptions for the *Banner of Light* at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to see this valuable work, or to receive a copy, should send their names, address, and the name of the *Banner of Light* to J. J. Moore, 100, Tottenham Road, London, E. C. 4. Mr. Moore also keeps for sale the *Spiritual and Reformatory Works* published by Colby & Rich.

PHILADELPHIA AGENCY. DR. J. H. HIGBIE, Philadelphia, Pa., is agent for the *Banner of Light*, which can be found for sale at Academy Hall, No. 122 Dearborn Street, and at all the spiritualist meetings.

G. D. HENCK, No. 48 York Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., is agent for the *Banner of Light*, and will take orders for any of the *Spiritual and Reformatory Works* published and for sale by Colby & Rich.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT. WILLIAM WADE, 25 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. REHAN, Public and Book-seller, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, and a supply of the *Spiritual and Reformatory Works* published by Colby & Rich.

PACIFIC AGENCY, SAN FRANCISCO. The *Banner of Light* and all the publications of Colby & Rich, also our standard Spiritualist Library, and Reform Works, published by Colby & Rich, are for sale at the following prices: Positive and Negative Powers, Storey's, \$1.00; Compound, etc., supplied at Eastern rates; Catechisms and Circulars mailed free. For terms and prices of the *Banner of Light*, send for a copy. Address: HERMAN SNOW, P. O. Box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & HIGBIE, Booksellers, 62 West Main Street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the *Spiritual and Reformatory Works* published by Colby & Rich.

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

CHICAGO, ILL., PERIODICAL DEPOT. "SMITH'S PERIODICAL DEPOT," 122 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., has the *Banner of Light* and other Spiritualist and Literary Papers always for sale.

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

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

OPENING DAY. ONSET BAY GROVE. Thursday, June 12, 1879.

FOLLOWING the usual custom the Association announces that Thursday, June 12, as the opening day, on which occasion there will be a Bazaar, at the Grove, and the proceeds of the Bazaar will be used for the benefit of the poor. The Bazaar will be held at the Grove, and the public are cordially invited to attend. The Bazaar will be held at the Grove, and the public are cordially invited to attend. The Bazaar will be held at the Grove, and the public are cordially invited to attend.

TICKETS AT REDUCED RATES. From Boston, \$2.00 for the round trip, Brockton, Middleboro and other stations, at once leaving for the Grove for sight-seeing. Dr. J. E. HUGHES, No. 126 West Eleventh Street, New York City, has the honor to announce that the Committee at the Grove on the morning of the Bazaar, but not at the Grove, will be glad to receive the Bazaar tickets. An opportunity will be afforded to exchange purchases. For Circular of the Bazaar, send for a copy.

NOW READY.

JUST ONE DAY

In the Life of my Heroine, who may be found in Thousands of Homes in each land.

George R. Lockwood, Publisher, 812 Broadway, New York.

Mesmeric Healer.

ANNE LOOMIS, the great London Mesmeric Healer, has arrived in Boston, and taken rooms, as will be seen by her advertisement in this paper, at No. 36 Dartmouth Place, where she is ready to examine and prescribe for the sick.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

"THE SPEC

