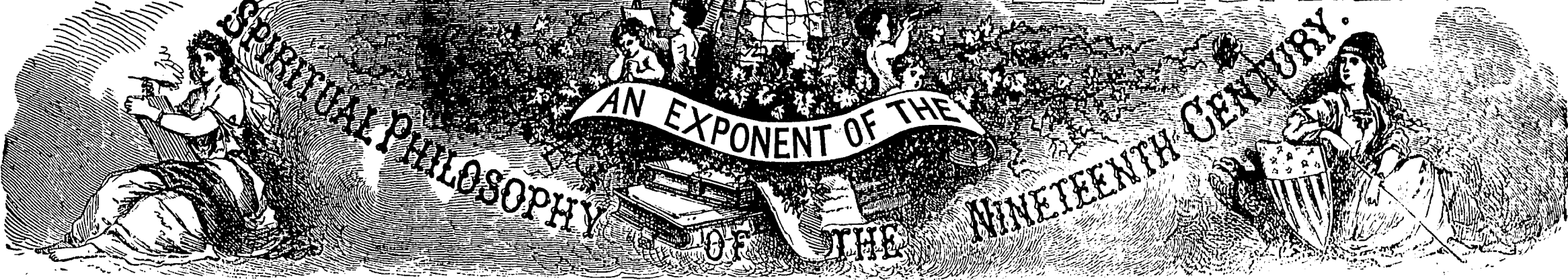


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLV.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1879.

\$3.15 Per Annum.
In Advance.

NO. 7.

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The Rostrum.

HAS SPIRITUALISM A MESSAGE TO THE WORLD—WHAT IS IT?

Being a Trance Discourse Delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, Ill., March 30th, through the Medium Instrumentality of

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

"Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all."

Humanity is a temple; the superstructure of the universe, whose foundations and dome are alike and invisible to man, but whatever tends to the perfection of this structure is intended from the beginning by the Divine Architect. He knows what foundation stones are needed, and the breadth and height intended; he knows wherefore the lines must be cast so deeply, because the structure rises to such height; but whatsoever pertains to its upbuilding is that which relates to the infinite purpose.

Man also in the aggregate is like a sea, whose tides pulsate with the infinite heart, swayed by powers which the infinite has fashioned, but whose ultimate shores only can be known by the immeasurable; and that sea, whether rising or falling, whether beneath the tidal influence of the sun of truth or depressed by the magnetism of earth, still is surrounded and encompassed by the infinite. Whatsoever pertains to its existence must be known to the infinite possession, and within its power and purpose must lie all the possibilities of man. Man is a planet whose ultimate purposes and beginnings few can attempt to fathom, but whose existence upon the earth's surface is unquestioned as a moving, absolute entity, beyond which lie the infinite purposes of eternity.

Whatsoever unfolds man and brings forth infinite purpose is provided for in the divine economy, and even though it may seem the furthest from his present possessions the ultimate good will follow to the ultimate perfection.

I count it therefore no accident that in this century a voice from the world of spirits speaks to man. I count it no casual discovery of the experimenter on the field of exploration, who, perceiving some line of communication, announces that fact to his fellowmen. I count it not even the result of human advancement in the aggregate, but rather the simultaneous combination of coalition of the advancement of man, and the intention of the Supreme Power. I mean by this "spiritual power"—not individual spirits merely, who are disenthralled from time and space, but the divine intention of the Supreme Intelligence, who knows the point of junction between the created human purpose and the uncreated infinite purpose, and knows at what point in the universal unfolding the rays of light from the sun of truth will be required to the perfection of this infinite purpose. If we account the visible structure of the universe something that is governed by laws, if it is moving worlds and spheres systems have regular motion or divine perfection, mathematical order in their unfolding; if all that pertains to the universe itself as seen by man and understood by his intellect must of necessity be the result of a power equal to what is intended by the universe, then surely that in man which portends a higher state must be answered by something equivalent to the portentous, and that potent must manifest a response in the power which alone can respond to it. I mean by this, that if material science and the solution of it were adequate to satisfy the mind of man, he would be satisfied with it. The pursuit of science would be sufficient, and external knowledge flowing into the mind in all grand achievements would satisfy and sustain the soul. But as material knowledge is aware, while this may occupy it does not satisfy; while it may employ the mind and give fervor and brilliancy, it does not sustain the soul, and there are cravings more lofty, more grand, more wonderful, than the cravings of genius or of gigantic intellects of earth. These are they who pray audibly through science, through art, through whatever achievement they may acquire on earth for grander perception and loftier possession.

The man of small vision may be contented with little; the man of feeble aspirations may for a time be satisfied with poverty of possession, but he who has much craves more, and he who has largeness of mind also knows the vacuum existing between that mental power and the infinite possession which he covets. In the schools of subtle thought that have pervaded the world this truth, that whatever the intellectual splendor of a period, has only served to show the contrast between itself and the possession which spirit alone can give. I refer to the subtle philosophies of the German schools that so define and captivate the intellect as to enslave it, perchance without satisfying, as to give it scope without liberty, power without knowledge, and a certain kind of majesty without sublimity of spiritual grandeur. I refer to the school that preceded the Christian age, and to priests who succeeded it, who have captured the sunlight of truth but the semblance of it, and have worn false gems for reality, dazzling the world with splendor but not with truth. I refer to the material sciences of the present hour that dwell so far in the truths of Nature as to make fabric for mental raiment and intellectual unfolding without feeding the soul that un-

derlies; and as a tree might be embodied or a life might be pictured, so this superficial structure answers a purpose but does not satisfy the cravings of the mind. Christianity could do this in its essential sense if its spirit pervaded where the claims of its word and letter go, but the spirit does not so pervade it, and the result is an intellectual splendor and a feebleness of spiritual power. I can well understand, therefore, that in the present glittering age of intellectual sophism, in the present age of grand achievement of material facts, in the wonders of commerce, in the freighted powers of general intelligence, the one longing cry of the soul of humanity must needs find response in the only other source from whence an answer can come—namely, the disembodied spiritual power of the universe. The embodied soul is doing its utmost, the embodied intellect is solving problems daily, is meeting face to face the rules of Nature and solving the riddles of past ages. But the great riddle remains unsolved, and must remain forever unsolved except there is individual testimony, given by individual testimony, to the answer that can only satisfy the individual mind. No one can partake of food for another; no one can be warmed and clothed for another; no one can be sheltered for another, and that which the individual spirit hungers for is spiritual truth. In whatsoever manner that voice may come, the answer must be to itself and none other. I may break the bread of life to you, but cannot compel you to partake of it; I may show you the pathway to its solution, but I cannot point to the experience that will give it to you; it must be your own individual state, your own individual acceptance, your own individual perception, and it is not my province to determine by what methods you shall arrive at the daily bread that shall sustain your souls; if you have it, it is enough; if you have it not, it is your misfortune; but I can solemnly aver that there is bread for you just as soon as the spirit shall be in the condition to receive it, or shall have awakened to the consciousness of its need. Stretch forth thy hand, oh man of might, and see if thou canst level the forest tree and bring the ocean to thy subjection! Stretch forth thy mind, oh man of thought, and see what vast fields are exposed; what wonders are discovered; what problems solved! Stretch forth thy hands, oh soul, if thou art enlivened in spirit, and see what response is there awaiting, as the fountain waited for Moses to strike the rock in the wilderness—waiting as the truth waited for the silent hand of love to unfold it in the star of Bethlehem; waiting as the firmament waits in its solemn splendor, fulfilling the laws of its being, until man's feeble vision shall have attained knowledge of its life—the bread of life, the knowledge that is to satisfy each soul, is waiting, not in idleness, but in activity, pulsating toward you forever, gathering strength and power until the benign day arrives.

Those who have not doubted a future; those in whom the strength of human position or of human reason has not obfuscated the vision of the soul; those whose wild natures have no longings that are not satisfied with daily opportunities and daily duties; those who look upon birth and death with tranquility, or with tears that rather seem to wash away the clouds, leaving a serene sky, can have no conception of the state of that mind torn with unrest, shattered with doubt, abiding in the midst of continuous darkness of unbelief, longing for light and answer. Few natures are strong enough to understand the depth and breadth of despair; few natures are strong enough to comprehend the magnitude of a profound unbelief; few, and happily so, are aware of the longings of a perpetual doubt—and yet these few are so strong of mind upon the earth as will sway the multitude in their wake; as will kindle fires of revolution; as will create epochs of thought; as will throw the banner and blight of unbelief over the milder rays of many generations.

There are they who through sublime fervor lead the nations to hope, or through sublime scorn lead them to despair. There are those who kindle the fires of prophecy, light the torches of belief, set all hamlets in a blaze of fervor over the divinity of some sacred saint or shrine, or who, as the mildew upon the verdure, cast a damp and a blight upon the whole human landscape. The fires of inspiration have sometimes been kindled in the human mind, and humanity has dwelt in perennial summer-land. Unbelief has likewise had its day, and under its blighting curse error has reaped the results of revolution and despair, the mildew of unbelief, the fruitful source of crime and darkness, the very strength of bigotry, the cause of that same blight. As the too fervid rays of the sun may produce reaction upon the earth, so sometimes bigotry and the absolute conflict and strife of belief have produced the opposite of unbelief. But I am speaking now of unbelief that is thought not dominated culture, but wherein not human reason, but human unbelief, has been exalted; wherein the powers of the mind have expressed death and desolation with regard to immortality and the love of God; the splendor of the material universe, the infinite sovereignty of nature, tortured into scourge and lust, the tempest often seen, and the serene calm of summer-time forgotten. I have seen periods in human thought when those who believed in nothing have absolutely tortured their brain into consciousness that in all the visible and invisible universe is nothing but darkness and destruction, when winter seemed to fill the entire year, when sorrow and disease seemed the prevailing occurrences of life, and all blooming flowers, all beauty and loveliness, all human affections and love, seemed blotted out in the fearful horror of annihilation.

Such I conceive to be the period that filled and followed the French Revolution. Such I consider a portion of the period when under the dominion of priestcraft the human empire fell victim to intellect and dogmatism. Such I conceive to have been the period just preceding the Reformation; and such, in milder form, the period preceding the advent of the spiritual truths of to-day. Not that the blight is wholly removed, and that the mildew is universally departed; civilization is larger; the world has more avenues of intercommunication; there is no sublime bigotry and no sublime skepticism to blot the world with terror on the one hand and destruction on the other. But unbelief, though it was, it cast its shadow over the surface of intellect, pervaded community, threatened religion, based as most modern religions must have been upon the superstructure materially, instead of the foundation spiritually, and so identified itself with every system of modern thought, as to be inhaled in the atmosphere and to pervade the entire fabric of society.

Christ upon Calvary, veiled in the misinterpretation of the past, could not be the living Saviour to all; but the living voice, however humble, that speaks to the living man, spirit to spirit, soul to soul, heart to heart, mind to mind, consciousness to consciousness, is the daily bread that the spirit needs. Happy are they who have found that voice no longer lean against the barriers of heaven with breathless hearts and souls unnumbered. Happy are they whose dead being buried out of sight do not yearn in silent agony over the sepulchre asking for a voice that never comes from thence, but wakened instead to the glad song of birds, to the blooming of springtime flowers, to the sweet voices upon the atmosphere that herald the advent of divine life. Happy are they who have awakened from this mildew of unbelief with revivifying showers of tears, tears that have been caused to flow by no strong hand of man, by no contemplation of wars in Church or State, by no deadly blow of possessions cast away, but by the sweet sounds of childhood from the world unseen, or the gentle vibrations that tell of a life beyond.

How subtle, how beautiful, how perfect this arrangement, that the simple means bear the greatest message and the burdens of the world by sounds that would not disturb a philosopher in his study. How wonderful that the power that can move the universe adapts itself to human understanding, draws tears from the eyes of the unbeliever, dries the tears of the mourner, sets the captive spirit free, wakens the world from its lethargy by such gradual stages of advancement as that it takes its place in the world of human thought, to-day almost unseen, almost unheeded, but there, ready to be recognized, ready to feed the hungry soul, ready to minister to those who come—not aggressive, not triumphant, not complaining, not denunciatory, but bitter because earth has starved her own children spiritually, not bitter because the spiritual head of the Church upon earth has left them stranded upon the sea of unbelief, but patient and willing, as the mother is patient and willing to feel her wandering son when he comes home at night, having lost and torn upon the sea of human passion. As the mother waits, saying, "The light is always ready, the love is always here, the food is always at hand, my child; come to me!" so truth, with such unseen ways and such simple methods, arrives to supply your daily need, takes its place by your fireside, enters the mind and lips of a little child; speaks to you the word last familiar to you, the word of a departed loved one at night, having lost and torn upon the sea of human passion. As the mother waits, saying, "The light is always ready, the love is always here, the food is always at hand, my child; come to me!" so truth, with such unseen ways and such simple methods, arrives to supply your daily need, takes its place by your fireside, enters the mind and lips of a little child; speaks to you the word last familiar to you, the word of a departed loved one at night, having lost and torn upon the sea of human passion.

There is nothing in all the broad realm of philosophy; there is nothing in all the wonders of a superficially-created religion; there is nothing in the sublimity of human art or mechanism; nothing in the majesty and wealth of invention, that can at all compare with this impalpable yet palpable voice from the world of spirits. Its import we may not measure to-day, nor in another year, nor in a century of years, nor in a century of centuries; but if you know what it was to lack that message; if you know what it was to hunger beside the door of eternity; if you know what it was to watch the spaces and find no responsive form, then you understand what I mean—that it is not simply a voice to satisfy your yearning for the time being, to quench the love of nature that would not be assuaged when death came, but a voice that peoples eternity; that sets the stars in their places with intelligence; that counts the orbbed spheres, aware that they are numbered; that fills the living vital air with consciousness, and makes the gradations of eternity possible of beginning by establishing one step that lies beyond.

I have said that humanity is a temple—that its foundations and dome may be known only to the infinite who purposed the structure. Shall I not say now that human life, individually is a temple of that temple, and that you each may be fitted to adorn that temple by the paths of life and the ways wherein you move, and that a knowledge of its vastness and its power and import is just so much value in the structure itself?

I have seen a tree that would rend a rock in twain in its growth. I do not know that it was a misfortune to the rock, but I do know that the tree was a greater blessing. It cannot be said of spirituality that it destroys anything in its growth; truth can destroy nothing beyond itself. If it destroy that which is beneath it, does it not supersede it? Is not the tree more valuable than the rock which it rends in twain? And shall we not say that whatever this truth may break asunder it gives somewhat in its place, not only somewhat but more than it has destroyed? Nor can it tear away a previously formed structure of truth until by expansion that structure is overthrown and the new one is all that remains.

Spiritualism is no iconoclast; it takes away no altars, no shrines; it supplies altars and shrines to those who have none, and if it shall reveal that yours is a mockery, is that the fault of revelation? If certainly takes the place of belief, and knowledge takes the place of faith, it is not a misfortune. Upon no shrine or altar of truth does it lay hands, but as the verdure springs from the sterile soil when watered by sun, and as the dew descends upon the earth when sun dews descend, so upon hearts long unused to belief and unaccustomed to bright hopes, it descends with the power of sunlight and of summer showers. Oh, if those immersed in sepulchres hear its voice and come forth, shall you blame them? If their eyes are wild and they stagger uneasily in the new-found birth, rather assist them that they may be adjusted to its brilliancy, and say, You will be strong when accustomed to the brightness. Oh, if those who have been in the thralldom of that fear, talk incoherently and grow delirious, seemingly, with joy, blame them not. Have you seen a man released from prison? Do you know how the sunlight seems and the air, and how strange his freedom seems? Let us rather conserve the power that lies in truth to fold and shelter him about until he shall be strong enough to walk; clothe him with such raiment as truth has fashioned for you, and provide him with vision till he is able to bear the light.

From such dungeon-cells and charnel-houses of fear has humanity come forth that we need not think it strange if there be wild talk in the air and gesture of joy; but could you see the air peopled above you, the spaces smiling upon you, with the souls ensphered therein, you would have no fear; for does not the greater encompass the less, the larger truth unfold that which is beneath it, and God the universe? Beings souls speaking through channels of intermediate spheres may not speak so audibly nor so distinctly as you might wish, but consider that you could not hear it if they spoke their highest thought; that each stage of your pathway is a stage of growth wherein higher vistas and greater borders of truth are discovered, and that the angel-world, working all the while, perceives that these growths are essential, and smile upon you with their endeavors, their assistance, their character, their truth and their patience.

Spiritualism is a living voice, not a manifestation merely; it is a power, not a semblance of it; it is a truth, not a weakness; it is a knowledge, not a belief; it is a certainty, not a faith; it is eternity, not annihilation; it is supreme and absolute consciousness, instead of Lethe. Its message is unending, its voice daily activity, its power is the power of human life; it unfolds as spirit unfolds, and it is visible and palpable as your soul grows toward it. When you arrive you are a portion; when you see, understand, perceive its existence, it beckons all powers to

your aid, reveals to you the answers to all questions, but sets your mind free and at rest in exact proportion as its knowledge becomes your possession and your daily life; speaks all voices, interprets all tongues, is Christian, Hebrew, Parsee, Mohammedan, not according to creed, but according to the breath of love infused into those who minister to the spirits of men.

On Monday evening, March 31st, a public entertainment, consisting of recitations, music, etc., was given by the Children's Lyceum, upon which occasion Mrs. Richmond's control improvised the following poem, which was kindly reported for the *Banner of Light* by A. M. Griffin:

ANNIVERSARY POEM.

A few short years, and the atom's life
Faded in the shining stars of space.

A few short years, and the star is life
With the sun's rays from afar.

A few short years, and the lightning's breath
Earth's messenger has become,
Speeding with phobos swifter than death
To every fair earthly home.

A few short years, and the iron steed
Has borne the burdens of life,
Far over broad continents with his speed—
The sea is with commerce rife.

A few short years, and the sweetest sound
That ever mortals have heard
Has come and dashed the whole world around
Pleeter than platoon of bird,
Brighter than star that within the sky
Abideth never to die.

Thirty and one are the harvest moons
That have sunk into the dark sea,
While out of the distant Southern lagoons,
And from the low fields of pain,
Glad souls have arisen to heavenly life
All freed from earth's cares its sorrow and strife,
And the subtle message flies to and fro
That teaches man whither the soul must go.

Small are the uses of sands on the shore,
Small are the star-dusts in heaven,
But the sweet pulsations that evermore
Unto mortals here are given
Breathe a life and a distant land
Far beyond earth's most darkened strand.

So ultimate truth shines at last to the soul,
And messenger's swift, swift, swift,
Put forth all their power and earnest control
To-night this message is given,
That speaketh not only from land unto land,
But from heaven and earth and the air below,
And rouses each nation by inward command
To the fervor of heavenly glow!

Sad hearts, who have folded their loved ones from sight,
Oh think of the message this day bringeth forth,
That out of the darkness of death's gruesome night
They waken to living and glorified birth,
Oh ye who have wept by the dark angry grave,
And heard what his palsied lips can tell,
Oh think of the blessings souls *renewed* gave,
The heart-warming clime of that silvery bell
That proclaims of all things that the earth has seen die,
Of the flowers that were dead on the ground,
Of the hopes that all blighted and vanquished must lie,
This one latest joy has been found,
That of all the old errors the earth has seen die,
Of warfare and hate, even death could doth die,
This terror is dead, even death could doth die,
And your loved survive—love you again.

With magical motion the swift coming years
Will bear you away from earth's pains,
But evermore down from the sun-brightened spheres
This magical motion remains,
And the message repeats with life's blessed command
It passes from ocean to land.

Oh, blessed is truth, and as far as the soul
Of the infinite, white and made clean,
Oh, blessed is harmony, whose sweet control
Forever in spheres of bright sheen
Moves like the pulsations of music's blessed sound
That the angels have woven around.

Thirty and one are the magical years,
In the bright golden cloth of this light;
Thirty and one are the thoughts that through tears
Flew the way to the heaven of light;
And angels in blessed magic numbers send forth
Their words of sweet command and peace—
"Joy, sweetest of joy is now borne unto earth—
Death's fear and Death's thralldom shall cease!"

PENUMBRAL COGITATIONS.

II.

BY JOHN WETTERBEE.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

"The Sage of Texas," one of my inspirers on this visible and mundane plane, says to me, "My dear philosopher, is not 'penumbral' a little strained for a heading? Is not the word 'spiritualistic' a good adjective enough with which to qualify your 'cogitations'?" Yes, too good, my dear Sage; I assure you I shall never tire of the word "spiritualistic" or "Spiritualism." Still, you know the best of times become monotonous and tiresome if sung too often and made common. I have heard people say that the "Sweet By-and-By" and the "Grandfather's Clock" are getting a little over-used, but I do not think the adjective spiritualistic is. I thought, however, the word "penumbral" was newer, and did not cover so extensive or limitless a field as spiritualistic does, and so, perhaps, would be more definite, especially for the use I intended for it, in the matters I proposed to treat under its head. Besides, it always appeared to me that writers of mediocrity got attention to an article or a book by its title. If the one I have chosen ceases to be fit, or explanatory, I shall lay it aside and appear out in a "new bonnet."

The *penumbra* is the semi-lighted shadow around the *umbra* or complete shade; one familiar with the phenomenon of an eclipse will understand what I mean. In a figurative or mental sense this material world may be considered the *umbra* or shade, and the environment of the spirit is its semi-lighted border, its *penumbra*, so to speak. No one in the form knows anything immediately of the perfect light of the spirit-world; our intellect, through our senses, connects with the material or objective universe, but, in the language of Renan, "in the soul there rises a sacred voice which speaks to man of quite another world—the world of the ideal, the world of truth, of goodness, of justice." This spirit-world is very near us, and seems to be, as I have said, in a figurative sense, the lighter border, the "penumbra" of this visible world of shadow. I think all the intellectual lucidity, even in the realm of materiality, which is the domain properly of science, is born of this penumbral boundary where are heard the footfalls of the angels, or inner light of the soul, or subdued gleams of spirit-light adapted to our condition, which at best is but seeing through a glass darkly; we might call it an *aurora borealis* in the soul, or a twilight

of the coming day that will open eventually or all; the flashes of lustre in that border-light are some of the omens, dreams, the visions, the inspirations, the premonitions, the influence that more or less make up our psychical life, and in this latter day, since the advent of Modern Spiritualism, are summed up in the various phenomena known as spiritual manifestations, leading so many of us in our hearts to feel as well as often audibly to say, as Coleridge wrote, and perhaps wrote wiser than he knew, these lines of spiritualistic poetry:

"Blest spirits of my parents,
Ye are around me now, ye shine on me,
And, like a flower that calls forth from a ruin,
I feel and seek the light I cannot see."

This much by way of explanation should any have in their minds the thought that troubled the Sage. I think the spiritually-minded soul who reads this cogitation will see the fitness of the title even through my ambiguity.

This semi-lighted border around matter, or mortal life, (I speak of it objectively, but the reader of course sees that I am but projecting a subjective thought,) is more apparent to some people than it is to others, the perception of it is not confined to Spiritualists; I do not know as they are blessed with it on the average more than those who are in the dark on the subject of Modern Spiritualism; I have met with people who had a very vivid sense of this light before Modern Spiritualism dawned on the world, and the Bible and history is full of instances of a perception of it, even though the observers, or recorders of them, may have thought it supernatural, and perhaps of a divine source. I had an ancestor—she is dead now, but by no means lost, for she has manifested many times since her departure. She was a sickly, nervous woman, and full of fears, was often laughed at for her imaginings, (3) but her inner senses were open to this spirit environment, and her forebodings so often proved premonitions, or predictions, that even the earthly minds in her social surroundings quaked at her orphic prognostications, and in their hearts would bet on her chances that she spoke as one having authority. She was a seeress, and at times, and often too, her inner eyes opened on a world that we did not see, and the room to her would be full of the departed; she could describe them, name them and their movements; they were our kindred who had shuffled off the coil; when she thus saw them clairvoyantly she had a way of knowing what they would say, for they symbolized rather than talked. At other times her inner eyes were not open, but her ears were, and she could hear the angels sing, and repeat their words to us, and she would say, "Hush! the angels are singing," she not wishing to be disturbed. The reader can hardly imagine with what pleasure I, who am earthly, if not sensual, or devilish, receive the sensuous proof to-day of this invisible intelligence, first proving to me that death is not the end of us, and proving also to me that these ancestral manifestations to which I have referred were intelligent and natural phenomena, full of meaning, and being what they claimed to be, visitants or communications from the spirit-world. I am as sure as I am of any fact in astronomy that there is this "penumbral" surrounding, at least in a figurative sense; that a spiritual world environs and permeates this, and is as palpable a fact as that Jupiter has four moons; a telescope reveals the one fact, and a condition reveals the other, and though both are invisible to ordinary human senses, both are unmistakably real facts.

I had written thus much when duties called me to other ways, and before taking my pen again a little incident occurred, not by any means for the first time, but it seems to have made an impression on me, and though it may not be exactly what this title calls for, it would be likely to shade some what I might otherwise say if I should hold this thought back, so I had better write it; and after all, it may not be altogether out of order. Why is it that a declaration of a belief in Modern Spiritualism makes one's stock in public estimation decline? Robert Hare, the able scientist, in the early years of Spiritualism examined the subject and became a believer; but he lost caste thereby with his fellows, and never regained it. I saw him when thus in eclipse; he was wise, able and happy, for he had in him the light of truth. Had he acted the Nicodemus, and attended to it by night, nobody would have ever discovered any weakness or decay in him, for there was none—he was one of the clearest-headed men I ever met. The same of John Pierpont; his speech at the National Spiritualist Convention, when in his 82d year, was one of the ablest productions I ever read from anybody, and yet for the last decade of his estimable life he was a slighted man by his reverend brethren in the pulpit for his acceptance of that unpopular truth; and dying soon after that aged effort, the D. D.s gathered to do him honor at his funeral. They remembered his early prime, his efforts for temperance and other reforms, his "Airs from Palestine" and other poems, his ability as a Christian minister; but the marked and prominent feature of his later life, his adherence and advocacy of Modern Spiritualism, was never even hinted at. Other similar examples in multitude could be quoted. But this was long ago; still, the prejudice exists to-day, and is visible in a thousand ways. I have no doubt, numerous as are the believers in Spiritualism at the present time, the unknown believers in the Nicodemus of Spiritualism outnumber them five to one. What a pity it is that every one does not hoist his flag, for mutual protection and encouragement, if for nothing else. The incident that I have referred to which has made an impression upon me and inspired the latter part of this cogitation, I will now briefly relate.

I lead, as many know, a State-street life, and I have many times in that *riado* of materiality had to bite my lips at weak remarks by weak

* We are indebted for this fine discourse to the *Chicago Times*, to whose remarkable liberality of sentiment in this placing Mrs. Richmond's lectures and other spiritualistic matters before its readers, we have had frequent cause to refer in the past.—Ed. B. or L.

Illustrated,
Paper, 25 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

"A NEW PHILOSOPHY OF CURE."—Under this heading we print elsewhere a well-written article by Edwin D. Rabbitt, D. M., setting forth the writer's views in regard to his new method of medical treatment. Two of the elements he makes use of are light and color, the application of which it will be seen by reference thereto he explains in his essay. This subject is one of vital importance to the human race, and all classes of people should investigate it. Dr. Rabbitt's address is Science Hall, 111 Eighth street, New York City.

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler offers to Gen. Conway, who is endeavoring to render such help to colored refugees as to furnish them homes and to be self-supporting, twenty thousand acres of good farming land in Wisconsin, to be divided into small farms and given to these freedmen.

As rain breaks through an ill-fated house, passion will break through an unrelenting mind.—*Dhammapadam.*

THE RIGHTS OF INDIANS.—Orders have been issued by the Secretary of War to Gen. Pope, commanding the department of Missouri, to furnish such military force as may be required, to enable the Indian Department to keep trespassers out of the Indian Territory and enforce the President's recent proclamation.

Makart's gorgeous picture, "The Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," to which Anthony Comstock, the reformer, objected, is at present being exhibited in Berlin, where it attracts crowds daily.—*New York Sun.*

A little boy living in Roxbury was recently cured of the diphtheria, with which he was very sick, by the caresses of his pet dog, that gained access to the room and layped the boy's face and mouth. The dog died with every symptom of the disease soon after. Who will say after this that *top-dogs* are not useful?

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK.
"I would puzzle a pagan, a Hindu, a Turk,
To solve this nice question in morals,
Why is it that eminent Christians at work
Get up such unchristianly quarrels?
It can't be by pursuing the savage's trade
That the work of the Christian advances,
And hands that write sermons were surely not made
For fighting with poisonous lances.
Much better it doubtless would be could they all
Abandon unworthy ambitions,
And leave these vile mixtures of acid and gall
To people who have no sense of the sacred trade.
There's quite a temptation to favor the cult
Of Egyptian, or Grecian, or Roman,
When Christians can work with so sad a result,
And common fame grows so uncommon."
—*New York Sun, in re the Talmage Court of Inquiry.*

Anger is ever ready with the tongue, while prudence waits to weigh her words.

Montreal recently had a visit from the fire-fiend. Loss \$100,000.

A non-phrased theologian is said to have sat up until a late hour fruitlessly trying to get the tangle out of the following anecdote, which is related in Mr. Conway's recent book on the "Savage's Trade":
"I have had some acquaintance, a little boy who had used naughty expressions of resentment toward a playmate, was admonished that he should be more like Christ, who never did any harm to his enemies." "No," answered the youthful child, "but he's a going to!"
—*Duluth (Minn.) Tribune.*

DUELING.—Antiquated idiosyncrasy.

Now that the warm season is rapidly approaching, we shall hear of many new departures. But, the stray sheep will return to the fold when the cold weather again sets in, we suppose.

Epictetus said: "What would I have death find me doing? Something benevolent, public-spirited and noble."—How much finer to die thus than to die thinking only of one's own soul!

F. A. J. Davis commences his walk in the Exposition building in Des Moines to-night.—*Prairie City News, Iowa, April 11th.*

This is what the poet Whitlister says and what Spiritualism teaches:
The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

When Gen. Grant left Lucknow he was escorted by a long line of big elephants—i. e., they were stationed along the track near the depot, while a battery fired off royal salutes in honor of the General, and a band played one of our national airs. That's to pay us off for treating the Prince of Wales so cordially when he visited Boston many years ago.

All of one long, happy hour, mamma had been reading to the little ones, Sunday afternoon, and talking to them about heaven and the angels, and showing them pictures of angels with their snowy wings. Suddenly Jack shouted, "Mother, when I'm an angel I want to be a shagreen!" "Shagreen?" asked the mother, "the part of the family circle, followed by the explanatory clause by Jack, 'Feathers on my legs, you know.'" Mother dismissed the little congregation without the usual benediction.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

M. Loyson, better known as l'ère Haythine, has just brought out at Paris a brochure setting forth the doctrines of the New Catholicism. This little work is divided into five parts, comprising "Rejection of Papal Infallibility," "Election of Bishops by the Clergy and their Congregations," "Celebration of the Liturgical Offices and Reading of the Bible in the National Tongue," "Marriage Allowed to Priests," and "Liberty and Morality of Confession." M. Loyson's new church, in the Rue Rochefort, continues to be well frequented—so much so, indeed, that on Sunday there is no accommodation for all who are desirous of obtaining admission.

Each day does bring its petty dust,
Our soon-choked souls to fill;
And we forget because we must,
And not because we will.

Chill, it is said, has officially declared war against Fern. The perusal of such news is sad to a peace-man. It makes him feel chilly.

It is said that Queen Victoria was strangely moved when she heard the news of the attempted assassination of the Czar. Well she might be, for there are persons not even suspected who have canvassed the subject of putting out of the way the English sovereign—so says one of our spirit-friends.

Pessimism and Optimism.—When it rains, one man says, "This will make mud." Another, "This will lay the dust."

CHIEFAL MISSIONARIES AT THE BOTTOM.—With reference to the shrewd remark of an officer, "I cannot disabuse my mind of the fact that the missionary spirit had a good deal to do with his (Sir Bartle Frere's) determination to break the neck of the Zulu power at all risks," it is not without significance that he had been four days in Natal listening to the "Interesting Detail" of the Norwegian missionaries before writing his despatch, asking for reinforcements for "defensive purposes" in order to give "reasonable security against attack"—which reinforcements when obtained were employed to make war upon the Zulus without the orders of the Home Government.—*The Indian Spectator, Bombay.*

The *Daily Post*, Atlanta, Ga., for April 29th, devotes nearly a column of its space to a report of a trance lecture delivered in that city recently through the mediumistic instrumentality of J. Madison Allen.

Is an egg shell an ova coat?—*Boston Post.*

A patent has been granted to Joseph T. Clarkson, Amesbury, Mass., for his spring-seat sleighs, which will render riding in sleighs as even and easy as in the best carriage over the smoothest roads. Write to the inventor, as above, for full particulars.

THE NURSERY for May is an exceedingly interesting number. Storey & Co., 36 Bromfield street, Boston, publishers.

"INSANITY: ITS PECULIAR PHASES AND ALLEGED CAUSES."—Edward Mead, M. D., delivered an interesting lecture at Wesleyan Association Hall, on Bromfield street, Boston, recently, his subject being as above. He reviewed the question in a general manner, afterward defining the manifestations of this sad affliction, suggesting that more attention be given to its prevention and cure, and that effort be made to secure an amelioration of the condition of insane patients in institutions established for their care.

Crawling through a rat-hole might be called a trip through gnaw-way.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

ARMORY HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1. Holds its sessions every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, in West and Washington streets, Boston. The public cordially invited. D. N. Ford, Conductor.

ARMORY HALL, HIGH STREET, CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 2, of Boston, holds its sessions every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The public are cordially invited. Admission free. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

INVESTIGATOR HALL, PAINE MEMORIAL BUILDING, BOSTON.—Spiritualist Meetings. Every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock. The public are cordially invited. Services commence at 8 o'clock.

PYTHIAN HALL.—The People's Spiritual Meeting (formerly held at Eagle Hall) is removed to Pythian Hall, 22 Tremont street. Services every Sunday morning and afternoon. Good mediums and speakers always present.

EAGLE HALL.—Spiritual Meetings for speaking and tests are held at this hall, 67 Washington street, every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 2½ P. M. Excellent singing provided.

PARKER MEMORIAL PARLORS.—The Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society will meet at this place, Parker Memorial Building, Berkeley corner of Appleton street, every Friday afternoon and evening. J. W. Woods, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

SCIENCE HALL.—Spiritual Meetings for speaking and tests are held at this hall, 71½ Washington street, at 10½ A. M. and 2½ P. M.

ABOLITION HALL.—Meetings are held at this hall, 140 Broadway Building, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, under direction of C. B. Marsh.

Amory Hall.—While the glorious sunlight is shedding its golden beams upon the face of nature, and a spontaneous worship is manifest in all its ramifications, man, the crowning glory of earth-life, puts on the somber garb of creedal restraint, and goes forth to the altar of duty, ready to worship an imaginary being, whose requirements are manifold and in many cases absurd. Yet how boundless are the attributes of the living and true God! Let us strive to copy Nature, and worship God in purity and innocence, thereby creating a heaven within ourselves, and answering the query, "How can I best make heaven?" which was the question at the Lyceum to-day. The exercises were as follows: Overture, singing, responses, and Banner March; answers to questions, piano solo, Miss Bell; reading, "Trouble in the Choir," Mrs. Francis; song, "Sing and Float," Nellie Welch; reading, "The Welcome Home," Mrs. Nellie Thomas; "Full of Sorrow, Full of Woe," Jennie Bicknell; recitations, "Take Care of the Heavens at Home," Alfie Peabody; "Somewhere or Other," Jennie Smith; "The Littlest Lodge," Jennie Bicknell; reading, "The Legend of March," Mattie Collier; song, "A Hymn of Praise," May Waters; recitations, "A Hymn in Heaven," Helen M. Dill; song, "When the Mists have Cleared Away," Mr. Fairbanks; wing movements, led by Mr. Ford; selections by orchestra; remarks by Mrs. Willis; notices, treasurer's report, and target march.

Wm. D. Rockwood, Cor. Sec.
Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1,
Boston, May 10, 1879.

Amory Hall.—Very orderly and interesting meetings were held at this hall last Sunday afternoon. Mr. Milleson delivered an address on the subject of "Materialization," claiming that the forms so produced were reproductions through the action of the laws governing gestation inherent in all female forms in nature. The lecture was listened to with marked attention. The subject will be continued at a future day. In the evening Mr. Milleson gave an interesting lecture on "Spiritualism," illustrating his subject with fine paintings. At the close of Mr. Milleson's address a few remarks followed from Mrs. Clara A. Field. These meetings will be held next Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., when tests of spirit presence will be given through different media. Also spirit paintings will be shown both afternoon and evening.

Amory Hall.—A beautiful May morning, combined with the general interest manifested by the citizens of the district, was the cause of filling the groups, and a goodly number occupied the seats allotted to visitors, among whom we noticed many familiar faces who were early workers in the Lyceum movement when Charlestown was a city. It is very gratifying to the officers to see so much interest manifested; the large attendance present each Sunday, and the steady increase, far exceed their expectations. The services were opened with an overture by the orchestra, followed by congregational singing; the President, Mr. J. B. Hatch, read selections from the works of Dr. J. M. Peebles; the Banner March was then participated in, at the conclusion of which Mrs. Mattie Richards, of Boston, and Dr. Conoley, of Vineland, N. J., made short addresses, congratulating all upon the glorious success of the new Lyceum. Recitations, singing and instrumental music by the following pupils then superseded: Addie Clair, Arthur Rand, Grace and Bertha Hall, Lillie Wells, Alice Sullivan, Mattie Rice; select reading, "The Last Hyacinth," Miss Ella Pratt; song, Mr. E. F. Pierce; Mrs. M. A. Carnes, of Boston, read a selection entitled "The Young Hero," after which her spirit control made a stirring address, giving words of cheer and encouragement which were fully appreciated. The exercises concluded with an orchestral selection, introducing a piccolo solo by Mr. Willard Conoley. The physical movements were led very gracefully by Miss Ella Carr, assisted by Master Frank Rand.

Finding the party given upon May Day such a source of enjoyment to the children, the Lyceum have decided to repeat it at some future time, of which due notice will be given.

On Thursday evening, May 15th, the Ladies' Dramatic Class will give an entertainment, concluding with a social dance at Amory Hall.

B. F. Burroughs, Sec'y.
Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 2,
Charlestown District, May 10th.

May-Day Party.—A successful and interesting entertainment for young and old was carried out under direction of J. B. Hatch, President of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 2, at Amory Hall, Charlestown District, on Thursday, May 1st. The services of the occasion were arranged in two divisions, viz: for afternoon and evening. In the afternoon over two hundred children met in the hall and participated in marches, songs, social games, dancing, etc.—the music being furnished by the Lyceum orchestra under direction of Charles C. Elliot. At the conclusion of the afternoon's exercises a fine collation was furnished for the children present by the ladies of the society. In the evening a goodly party of adults assembled for dancing, music by C. B. Marsh's quadrille band.

Charlestown District—Abolition Hall.—May 4th a very interesting meeting was held in this place in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. After a song by the choir, Dr. L. K. Conoley, of New Jersey, delivered a short but very interesting discourse. Mrs. M. C. Bagley then occupied nearly one hour giving tests. The services were closed by a song from Prof. Heath, "the blind musician." Next Sunday, 11th, Mrs. Bagley and others will speak and give tests in this hall at 3 P. M. C. B. M.

"The 'Great and General Court' of Massachusetts, in the act of October 17, 1711, for the reversal of the attainders of the individuals punished for witchcraft, refer to 'the influence and energy of the evil spirit, so great at that time, acting in and upon those who were the principal accusers and witnesses' (Official Record, p. 217). This shows that, twenty years after the tragedy was over, it was the accusers and witnesses who were thought to have been the subjects of Satanic delusion. This same act, also, adverts to the fact that some of the principal accusers and witnesses 'in those dark and severe prosecutions' had discovered themselves to be persons of profligate character. In short, the victims who perished are declared innocent, and their death is attributed to mingled delusion and fraud in their accusers."—Sunday Afternoon, (Mag.)

"We beg to call the attention of our friends to the discourses by our indefatigable co-workers, Mrs. Richmond, Dr. James M. Peebles, and others now regularly appearing in the Banner of Light. They are of such a nature that it would be well if every Spiritualist read them. Indeed we should feel glad if this most valuable paper were more generally circulated in this country. Every society and circle should at least take one or two copies weekly for the use of their members. Its matter never grows old, and would afford opportunity for most pleasant reading."—The Spiritual Reporter, London, Eng.

May-Day in Lynn.

The Spiritualists in Lynn held, under the management of Mr. George Dillingham, a May-Day Festival in Centennial Hall, May 1st, afternoon and evening. The afternoon was devoted to music, speaking, and spirit-communication—tests being given by Mrs. Carlisle Ireland, Mrs. A. Hall, Mrs. E. A. Cutting, of Boston, Mrs. F. Dillingham, and Mrs. Nora Barker, of Lynn. It was an instructive, pleasant, and interesting occasion.

In the evening a large and appreciative audience was entertained by select and spirited recitations by Mrs. M. C. Chase, of Lynn, and Mrs. M. A. Carnes, of Boston; piano duets by our young friends, Misses A. L. Orr and A. Lander, Miss A. V. Chase and Mr. C. B. Millett; vocal selections (which were much admired) by Mrs. G. C. Johnson and Miss A. L. Orr, of Lynn; Mrs. Oscar Sanborn, Misses Cora Willis and Miss A. V. Chase, also singing to excellent acceptance. The concert closed at 10:30 P. M., after which the young people enjoyed several hours of dancing. During intermission an excellent collation was provided by the committee, and generally partaken of. All who attended were well pleased with their May-Day Festival.

Mrs. E. A. CUTTING.
32 Village street, Boston.

To Correspondents.
No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return communications not sent.

C. G. O., DURHAM, ENG.—The discourse delivered through the mediumship of Simon De Maun has come to hand, and is filed for publication in this paper.

Mrs. C. E. P., NEW YORK.—There is no circulating library of Spiritualist works in New York City, that we are aware of.

The first fifteen-year endowment policy of \$1,000, annual premium \$6.77, issued at age 20, payable at age 45 or previous death, which contains definite agreement, that (for example) if seven premiums, amounting to \$467.29, are paid, the insurance will be carried under the terms of the policy, to age 45, and if the party insured is then living, the Company will pay him \$22,75 in cash, was issued by the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company. Endowment policies for each age of issue contain a table giving the time the insurance will be carried, and the balance due in cash at the end of the term, from the third to the last premium due on the policy.

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THE RELIGIOUS-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published monthly in New York. Price 10 cents.
THE SHAKER MANIFESTO. (official monthly) published by the United Societies at Shakers, N. Y. 60 cents per annum. Single copies 10 cents.
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THE SPIRITUALIST: A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, England. Price 5 cents per copy. \$2.00 per annum.
THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK: A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism. Price \$2.00 per year, postage 20 cents. Published in New York City.
THE RELIGIOUS-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published monthly in New York. Price 10 cents.
SPIRITUAL NOTES: A Monthly Epitome of the Transactions of Spiritual and Psychological Societies. Published in London, Eng. Per year, 70 cents.

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

J. V. Mansfield, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 61 West 42nd street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. A. S.

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

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS.
J. J. MORSE, the well-known English lecturer, will act as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4. Please send to him all orders for the Banner of Light, and all communications to the Editor of the Banner of Light, published by us. Colby & Rich.

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WILLIAM WADE, 526 Market street, N. E. 1021, Eighth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, has the Banner of Light for sale at retail each Saturday morning.

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HENRY KIDDLE, A. M.,
Superintendent of Schools, New York City.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

MESSAGES FROM THE ETERNAL WORLD, J. C. Particulars, A. T. Stewart, Wm. C. Bryant, Archbishop Hughes, Wm. M. Tweed, Dr. Muhlenberg, James Fisk, Jr., Bishop Doane, Henry A. Raymond, Theodore Parker, Edgar A. Poe, Abraham Lincoln, Phineas, and many other SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED.

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MRS. M. A. GOULD,
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DR. HUGHES, Psychometric Delinquent of the Court, 101 Broadway, Boston. Examination 20 cents. May 10.

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Edited by

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Superintendent of Schools, New York City.

This book contains the record of one of the most extraordinary experiences ever vouchsafed to man. May we say it will appear in the future? No, it has been published in the past, during which time the editor has been placed in direct communication with a large number of spirit intelligences

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Office Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDD, are reported for and published each week in this Department.

We are publishing on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

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

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with the reason. All expressions are much of truth as they relate to the more.

The Banner of Light Free-Office Meetings

Are held at No. 15, Montgomery Place (second story), corner of Prince Street, every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 7 o'clock. The Hall will be opened at 2 o'clock, and services commence at a half past seven, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor egress until the close of the service, except in case of absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited.

The majority of the messages given at the Banner of Light are of the nature of the following:

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93. The nature of the messages given at the Banner of Light are of the nature of the following:

I don't understand this thing. I find myself in a puzzle. I don't know where to turn or what to do. I was told if I came here the mystery would be unraveled. *Thou when I leave here I shall be wiser than when I came. I was thirty-seven and a half years old.* Feb. 18.

Bathsheba Litchfield.

You can say my name is Bathsheba Litchfield. I have been here ever so many years. I can't tell you how many. I've come because I wanted to. If folks did everything they wanted to, and when they wanted to, there would be no more trouble. I don't want to tell you my name. When I died I can't tell you. I was a great many years ago. I don't want to do any harm. I would not hurt any of you for the world. Now, down in our parts we do things the best we can. Of course we don't have things as good as you do, as police, but then we have just as good hearts as you have. I have been up there with spirits of good many years and they've tried to help me all they could, but somehow it takes a good while to get nowhere. Do you know it? It didn't use to take long to go huckleberrying, and blackberrying, and chickberrying, and all those things, but if you want to get anything through in the spiritual, it takes a good while. I don't want to stay forever down there in those old places. I want to get out of them. While I stand down here I see things shining way up under, and I want to get up there. When I asked 'em about it, they said I'd got to come to Boston. I never was in Boston but once in all my life; then it was a small place; now you've got a great big town. I didn't want to come, but they urged me to. After I'd got here I thought I'd do the best I could. I went hunting round, and I found this thing you've got here, the medium. I came round her this morning early. I found I had to talk through a spirit body. I thought you had some sort of a wooden thing to speak through, but I found it had to be a woman. I was glad of that. I wouldn't like to talk through a man; wouldn't if I could. I wanted to come down here this afternoon, and tell you I am bound for the "shining shore"; that's what the minister says, and I see it up there. I am just going to stay in those old places; I'm just going to make for the brighter ones, and I want you to help me.

I'm going now. If I don't get where the shining light is, I'll just as sure come back as my name is Bathsheba. Feb. 20.

Marcus M.—n.

It strikes me, Mr. Chairman, that the time has come when all men feeling as I feel, must take their pathway in life, and do their duty. I don't feel that I can make myself understood as I expected to, but I will do all I can. I have been some years here. There are friends of mine who from time to time call me to them, and ask me why I do not come, why I do not do my work. I answer, simply, because having got through with the earthly I care not to touch it more. I consider the life of the spirit as a more noble one. I care not for the pomp and show, but I care for that which gives me pleasure, whether others receive pleasure from it or not. Ever faithful to what seemed to me my duty, I brought my boys and girls up, and taught them ever to try and do their work faithfully. I wish them to do it faithfully now.

Nathaniel came to the spiritual long ago; several of my other sons have come. I am speaking now my idea of what I feel about the spiritual and the material. The careful, each one of you; step cautiously, tell the truth always, do your work valiantly, with a feeling that you know of what you are speaking, and all will succeed. Please say it is from Marcus M.—n., of Bristol County. Feb. 20.

Frank.

Mr. Chairman, I don't like to trouble you with messages so often. I have joined your band, and am doing what I can to benefit you. We are not pretending to do anything largely, but only to bring little drops of water and little grains of sand.

Let us be ever strong in spirit, doing whatever we can to benefit each one. Now, one who knows and understands me well, asks the question, "Frank, can you come and tell me something?" Will you not send me a word over the spiritual telegraph? I answer, Yes—many words, words of cheer, and say, Do right; be patient; be slow to anger; love all; act from the principle that lives within your soul, not from the principle which actuates you from the outside, neither work from the surroundings. Once dwell in the mortal form. My body was laid away in the earth in a snow-storm, while my spirit had gone to take hold of the spiritual. Life and beauty have been given to me; the door of sweetness and purity has been opened; yet at the same time there are often words which I long to give to sister, brother, mother, father, husband, and others belonging to them. Please say this is from Frank. It will reach my friends. They always read your paper; they will know from whom it comes. Feb. 20.

John Gershom.

John Gershom, of Cincinnati, who left this life in 1865, was attracted by the question placed upon your table. I come, not that I have ought to say, not that I have ought to say, but only to say to you who contemplate suicide, Be careful; make no such mistake, but do the best you can. Life's pathway may be rough, the sunlight of love may seem clouded; but remember every cloud has a silver lining. Tread softly, and all will be well. Feb. 20.

George W. Wesley.

I am George W. Wesley, of Ithaca, N. Y. Time comes with its ever-varying shadows; life often seems dark and gloomy, and so it did to me, but yet an angel-mother watched above the bedside, and when the spirit left the old tenement of clay was ready to clasp it and usher it into the spiritual home prepared for it. Father and sister, remember well the last words, "I see my mother." Feb. 20.

Annie S.—e.

Mr. Chairman, I have no desire to detain you one moment or trouble you in the least; yet I have a short letter to send. I know that she to whom I send it will be more pleased to see it in the *Banner of Light* than anywhere else, and will pay more attention to it than though I came through a thousand mediums. I would like to say to my daughter, M.: I have given you evidence that I am round you; I have watched over you, and in the hours of your sadness and the darkness of your pathway a mother's hand has always held yours. It was my hand that guided you to the home you went to; it was my hand that has held yours wherever you have been. I shall never forsake and never overlook you. The test which came to you through a medium I wish you to subscribe to fully. Acknowledge it, remember it, and understand that you are under angels' care. If you fully do your duty all will be well. I have tried my best to have you improve, and lead a new life and a true life. Please say this is from Annie S.—e, to her daughter M. Feb. 20.

L. H. S.

Mr. Chairman, it is with a great deal of reluctance that I trouble you again. I believe this is the third time that I have asked that a letter of mine be sent through your *Banner of Light*; but if you will now grant me the indulgence, I shall be much obliged to you, because a lady friend, who is in a quandary, hardly knows which way to turn or what to do, and asks me these questions: Was it you who came to me years ago, and told me of the bright and beautiful future? Was it you who said to me: "I will welcome your husband to the shore of time. I will give him strength, and bring a power sublime to guide and guard you through life. You must stay here and do your work?" Therefore I come and say to her: Dear friend, there is sympathy between us. Though in earthly life we may have missed our magnetism, yet in the spiritual we have certainly been one. You ask me if I will return to the home that knew me so long, where his body was laid? I answer, Yes. Though the home where you now are may be pleasant to you, yet, dear

friend, the magnetic power there exerted upon you is sapping away the life element. Go then back to the old home, remain there for a time, and he whom you loved and cared for will be with you, guiding and guarding you. Though he directed you to the home you now occupy, yet he directs you again, with my help, to the home where you formerly lived. Your friend, Amos H., and wife, are with you. An old gentleman tells me to tell you that Lawrence is here too, and soon you will meet one who has lived a long and useful life, who spiritually today gives you strength and love.

Say it is from L. H. S. I would ask, if not too much trouble, that you will advance this, Mr. Chairman. Direct it to F. April 24.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

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

The Divine Philosophy.

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

The Divine Philosophy is simple yet profound. While it appeals to every free mind, no matter how deficient in the culture of the schools, it invites the scientist and man of scholarly attainments to enter the field of practical investigation which it opens before them. Assertion is not philosophy, no matter how positive it may be, nor with how much emphasis it may find utterance.

Speculation is not philosophy, no matter how freely the imagination may have floated upon the ocean of ideality and gathered up images of beauty and sublimity. Assumption and dogmatism have subjugated the minds of men in the past, and the prefix "Thus saith the Lord" has been accepted as equivalent to a demonstration of infallible truth; but in the new era which is dawning this condition of mental slavery must pass away; superstition must fade before the light of unfolding reason, and the fear which has been engendered must give place to that peace and love which will be the outgrowth of a true philosophy.

Philosophy has but one legitimate basis, and without this any superstructure called by its name, no matter how carefully reared, must crumble and fall. The basis of philosophy is fact. When we have mastered the true relationship of even one fact to its immediate surroundings, we have taken the first lesson in the divine philosophy. We have found the key to the mysteries of the universe.

One truth never conflicts with another; truth is a unit, and when we have gained sufficient control over our prejudices or partialities, our antipathies and our sympathies, to enable us to comprehend the exact value of any one fact of our experience or observation, we have acquired the right of admission to this school of philosophy.

It is not necessary that we should, with our newly-fledged phons, essay a flight to those brilliant and beautiful members of our solar system—Saturn and Jupiter. We are not called upon to analyze these far distant orbs, Uranus or Neptune; the proper field of our research is lying all around and about us, and will amply repay the careful scrutiny of every earnest, unprejudiced mind.

Lewis Whitefield Lewis.

My name was Lewis Whitefield. I was the eldest son of Joseph and Deborah Lewis. I was only fourteen years old, and died at White Plains, N. Y. Seeing that I am over here, and finding that others tell me I can come and tell about my condition, I thought I would try and see if I could do it. Though it comes right awkward to me, still I am going to persevere, and overcome some of the obstacles which seem to be right in my way. I thought just like everybody thinks, that when they die they go so far into heaven they can never see or hear from their people. But indeed that is a mistake, for I can see and I can hear and I can feel, and it seems to me I am more alive now than when I was going in and out of my home.

The heaven in which I am now has so many beautiful things in it, and the surroundings are so fine and so grand, that I have not learned yet how to put my thoughts of them together so as to make others understand me. I am happy in this beautiful home. Everything is so calm and quiet that I am not disturbed at all about having died and gone to the other side. Those who have been told by me tell me that you and all my relations will come after a while to dwell here and be clothed in robes the angels wear.

This talking is a comfort to me, and I hope it will be to those who will read what I say. After I learn more I will tell you more about heaven and the things that are here. Good-bye. I feel very happy in this beautiful place that the angels call heaven.

Mathias Taylor.

I died in Bradford, Tenn. I was seven years old when I died, and my name was Mathias Taylor. I want you to write that down on a piece of paper, for I am talking for myself, and nobody's telling me what to say.

My mother and father thought when I died maybe as how I had gone away, but I have come back to tell you that I am living here in a place they call the Summer-Land, where there are a great many angels who are all good to me. To my mother and my father I send a wonderful sight of love. The Summer-Land is filled with all kinds of beautiful birds, and all kinds of beautiful flowers. The birds sing so nicely, and the flowers smell so sweetly.

I am so pleased to find I can come here and speak, and have what I say sent to my father and my mother, that I am glad to tell you. I am being educated in the Summer-Land in a school where there is no scolding or whipping. I am not much acquainted with the teachers down here, but from what I learn from other boys I think they are a different set.

Mark Purmot.

I have a call from earth, if there are no objections. I was from Enfield, N. H. My name, Mark Purmot. I was in my sixtieth year. I died with cancer of the tongue. I left a wife and a child. I was a kind husband, an affectionate father, and from the other side of life I can say, I had devoted attention, diligent nursing and affectionate care taken of me. Kind words were ever given to me by wife and children, and those loving endearments have never lost place in my heart.

Death is only a strengthener, not a destroyer of the faculties, for under the law of death they grow stronger, and better adapted to spiritual unfoldment. My mind was clear on the subject of death. I had no fear. Relying on the wisdom of an Omnipotent Creator, I felt that I would receive all that was necessary for the unfoldment of my soul.

The spirit-land has beauties which the language of earth cannot describe. Accept as divine truth, that intercourse exists between the two worlds. Whenever we, as spirits, find one qualified for the work, we accept the invitation, with pleasure, and come to our friends, and try to free their minds from the fear of death and the terror of the grave—which I know full well theology has thrown over the minds of the many. Ah! the spirit-world is alive to this work; unfolding the perceptions of men to their true relation to that power whom they call God and Father.

Now I go to that beautiful home which I have built, not of the external, but from the internal, not with hands but from thoughts which I have woven.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:

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

Feb. 21.—James C. Ames, A. C. C. A. Lydia Fowler; Thomas A. Gibson; White Fawn; Ezra B. Buckard.

Feb. 22.—Harriet Faxon; Joseph Brant; Chandler C. May; George B. Faxon; Margaret O'Brien; Elizabeth J. Lovell; Whipple.

Feb. 23.—C. Sarah D. Wayland; Lucy A. Brown; Lovell; Richardson; George E. Edley.

Feb. 24.—C. Sarah D. Wayland; Lucy A. Brown; Lovell; Richardson; George E. Edley.

Feb. 25.—C. Sarah D. Wayland; Lucy A. Brown; Lovell; Richardson; George E. Edley.

Feb. 26.—C. Sarah D. Wayland; Lucy A. Brown; Lovell; Richardson; George E. Edley.

Feb. 27.—C. Sarah D. Wayland; Lucy A. Brown; Lovell; Richardson; George E. Edley.

Feb. 28.—C. Sarah D. Wayland; Lucy A. Brown; Lovell; Richardson; George E. Edley.

Feb. 29.—C. Sarah D. Wayland; Lucy A. Brown; Lovell; Richardson; George E. Edley.

Feb. 30.—C. Sarah D. Wayland; Lucy A. Brown; Lovell; Richardson; George E. Edley.

April 1.—Margaret Milk; George M. Dobson; Mary A. Chapman; Mary, to William Potter.
April 2.—Ruth, to C. H. Jones; Whinnie; Louis Way; J. Edwards; Patty.
April 3.—Dr. Walter B. Congdon; Walter Richards; John Leonard; Gus E. Goodard; A. S. to Emily.
April 4.—Emily E. Whitmore; George N. Smith; Gilbert Morris; Dolores; Terrence Martin; Daniel Mason.
April 5.—Dolores; Terrence Martin; Daniel Mason; Sophia L. Wain; D. Morse; Henry A. Snyder; A. Friend; to Hattie Chase; Geo. W. Warren.
April 6.—Dolores; Terrence Martin; Daniel Mason; Sophia L. Wain; D. Morse; Henry A. Snyder; A. Friend; to Hattie Chase; Geo. W. Warren.
April 7.—Dolores; Terrence Martin; Daniel Mason; Sophia L. Wain; D. Morse; Henry A. Snyder; A. Friend; to Hattie Chase; Geo. W. Warren.
April 8.—Dolores; Terrence Martin; Daniel Mason; Sophia L. Wain; D. Morse; Henry A. Snyder; A. Friend; to Hattie Chase; Geo. W. Warren.
April 9.—Dolores; Terrence Martin; Daniel Mason; Sophia L. Wain; D. Morse; Henry A. Snyder; A. Friend; to Hattie Chase; Geo. W. Warren.
April 10.—Dolores; Terrence Martin; Daniel Mason; Sophia L. Wain; D. Morse; Henry A. Snyder; A. Friend; to Hattie Chase; Geo. W. Warren.
April 11.—Dolores; Terrence Martin; Daniel Mason; Sophia L. Wain; D. Morse; Henry A. Snyder; A. Friend; to Hattie Chase; Geo. W. Warren.
April 12.—Dolores; Terrence Martin; Daniel Mason; Sophia L. Wain; D. Morse; Henry A. Snyder; A. Friend; to Hattie Chase; Geo. W. Warren.
April 13.—Dolores; Terrence Martin; Daniel Mason; Sophia L. Wain; D. Morse; Henry A. Snyder; A. Friend; to Hattie Chase; Geo. W. Warren.
April 14.—Dolores; Terrence Martin; Daniel Mason; Sophia L. W

