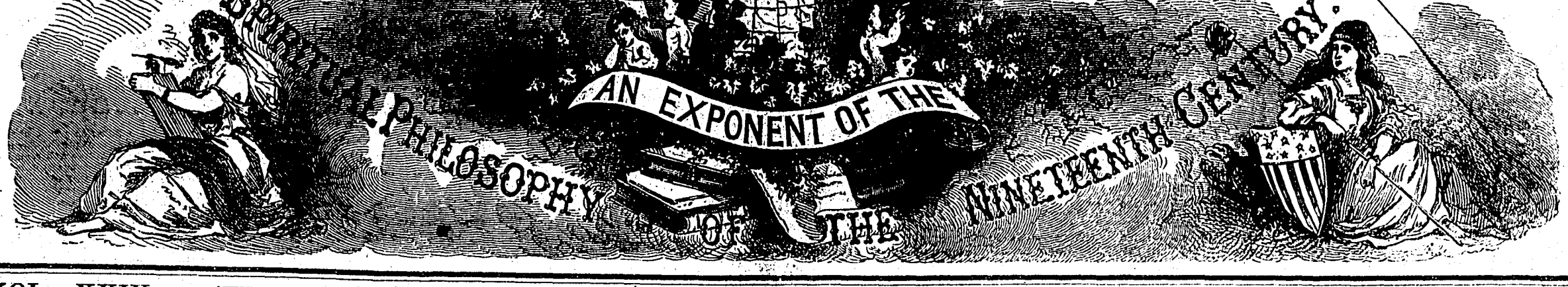


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Original Essay.

### OPEN DOORS.

BY S. B. BRITTAN, M. D.

Strength is to be found in action, not in ease; yet multitudes prefer the repose of indolence and consequent weakness to a life of honorable activity and manly power. There are pious souls in old armed chairs who read the Bible and prayer book, with no ideas of human advancement except such as they may have derived from the "Pilgrim's Progress." In their ignorance they imagine that whatever they cannot readily understand is wisely concealed by the Creator. Implicit faith in the letter of ancient revelations rather than in the living spirit of inspiration is the first duty of man. His immediate danger of perdition may be presumed to originate in a presumptuous determination to inquire into the great mysteries of Nature and God.

The writer has a vivid remembrance of a devout old lady from whom he received many early and excellent impressions. She had read her Bible through in course over forty times, and if she did not thereby increase in knowledge she at least appeared to grow in grace and to find immeasurable consolation. Her moral rectitude and religious life, if judged by the standard of her deeds and motives, were blameless before God and men. Her zeal for the Lord was steady and intense, and never limited by her own feeble conception of his works. Every question that concerned the mystery of the Godhead, the laws of Nature, the order of Providence and the economy of the Divine government on earth, that did not admit of instant solution was, in her judgment, concealed for wise purposes. It was the simple duty of mortals to reverently believe and not vainly seek to discover such things as are past finding out. The writer, perhaps, evinced an early and irrepressible disposition to ask questions, and thus often puzzled and shocked the venerable matron, who of course ascribed this profane curiosity to the influence of original sin and the still unregenerate nature of childhood.

But of the emancipated mind every problem in the natural world is a question, from the Creator which man is at liberty to answer. The questions are many and addressed to the human mind in all ages. They came to the great poet in the deserts of Arabia while he contemplated the formation of the world; the variety and splendor of its meteoric phenomena; the unapproachable grandeur of the heavens; and the sublime-mysteries of Life and Death. And he recognized the voice of God thus speaking to him "out of the whirlwind."

"Gird up now thy loins like a man, for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? Or who laid the corner stone thereof when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy? Who shut up the sea with doors when it broke forth, as if it issued out of the womb; when I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band; and said, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?' Hast thou commanded the morning, or caused the day-spring to know his place? Or hast thou entered into the springs of the sea, or walked in search of the depth? Where is the way where light dwelleth; and as for darkness, where is the place thereof? Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow; or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail? Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters; or a way for the lightning of thunder; to cause it to rain on the earth, in the wilderness where there is no man? Hath the rain a father; or who hath begotten the dew of dew? Out of whose womb came the ice; and the hoary frost of heaven, who hath generated it? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou guide Arcturus and his sons? Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven? Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth? Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and say unto thee, 'Here we are?' Have the gates of death been opened unto thee; or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?"—Job, chap. xxxviii.

It is not merely a poet's fancy that the Author of the world thus questions man. The simplest object in Nature is an invitation to exercise his faculties in the discovery of its elementary principles, its precise relations, peculiar qualities and ultimate uses. Every objective form involves some problem, the solution of which is within the compass of the human faculties. It is given to man to hold the keys of the terrestrial arcana. If there are mysteries in earth and sea and air, that resemble sealed books, he is commissioned to break the seals and disclose the secrets, "for there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known." If there is a closed door in the way, he is instructed by a commanding voice to "knock and it shall be opened." If a curtain, impervious to mortal vision, overhangs the portals of life and death, it is still his privilege to penetrate the solemn mystery by "entering into that within the veil." The essential elements of two worlds and the grand results of time and eternity are wrapped up in his constitution, for in man are the deep springs of life and the sublime issues of immortality.

But the Author of the Universe has in fact concealed nothing from his rational offspring. There are no closed doors in Nature that Man may not open. There are neither seals nor clasps on her vast folios. The geologist is free to peruse the stony chronicles that embrace the history of the earth. The products of the soil and the surf are spread out for our examination. The watery way is open and men go down into emerald halls and coral caves, and listen to the deep

"Music that dies not of the sea."

We ascend into aerial chambers where the winds chant their wild symphonies. The treasures of the rain, the hail and the snow are poured out in our presence. The lightnings travel un-

covered in the midst of the tempest, not in secret paths but along a visible track of flame. Those swift-winged couriers are sent through all the earth on errands of business and with messages of love. Our silent volition governs their speech. Verily, the ancient Arabian poet was no visionary enthusiast; he was a true prophet, since the lightnings now come and go at our pleasure and virtually say, "Here we are!" The doors beneath heaven's high architrave have been wide open from the beginning. Uncounted worlds travel unveiled along the shining causeway of the skies. Those illuminated Scriptures, studded with innumerable suns, were never sealed books, but always an open revelation. The glittering pages of that sublime testament are all exposed, and we are left to study the Divine record while

"A million torches, lighted by His hand,  
Wander unweary through yon blue abysses."

Nature never bars her doors, but leaves them open day and night. We may enter her secret chambers at all hours; we may go down into the deepest and darkest recesses or go up and stand in the astral dome of the Universe. If we do not discover all things it is because our intellectual and moral standpoint is not sufficiently exalted; in other words, our powers are limited in their development. We may fall short for want of a more subtle training of the faculties; we may fall for the reason that the range of observation is too narrow, or because we do not grasp great subjects with sufficient energy. But the vast, though seemingly impervious, does not so much enshroud the fair face and form of Nature as it darkens the human understanding. It is not like a garment round about the objects offered for our contemplation; but it is rather subjective—the obscurity is within, and resembles a murky atmosphere where in the most imposing forms and scenes are rendered either shadowy or invisible.

Our discoveries in the outside world never transcend the measure of our inward growth. At most we only observe in external nature such things and qualities as have a vital existence in ourselves. This power of perception, and the forms, attributes, and properties perceived, have a correlative existence. Every living idea has its time and place in the progress of the world. Each newly discovered truth sustains a specific relation to some particular plane of thought and degree of intellectual life and growth. Hence we may determine the mental and moral attitude of the individual by his ideas, and thus trace the advancement of races and nations up from barbarism to the highest civilization.

I have observed that only such things as have a place in the individual consciousness are perceived to exist in the external world. This idea will admit of familiar and forcible illustration. The merely sensuous man sees only the surfaces of things; but as his faculties are unfolded, they gradually discover and comprehend the inward principles of natural objects. Each succeeding degree of mental illumination and power enables him to penetrate still deeper into the mysteries of the world, until at last he is qualified to fathom the profoundest depths of being. The man whose only power is in his muscles, may dig a pit so deep as to penetrate the several strata of the earth's crust; but when he has finished his work he discovers nothing but a hole in the ground, and the nether darkness that deepens at every step as he descends. On the contrary, let Lyell or De la Beche descend into that pit, and its ragged walls are found to be an illuminated record of the earth's formation. The aqueous, igneous and metamorphic rocks; the sparkling gems and precious mineral deposits, and revelations of the still-life of paleontological science, are all significant illustrations of that history. Such men discover light and the elements of a profound science even in the regions of darkness, because the elements of that science already exist in their own minds. We discover as objective realities the things which have found a place in the individual memory and consciousness. More than this we rarely find; and hence the man who is merely qualified to delve—who has no geology in his brains—may dig until he is gray, and discover nothing of the kind. The truth is openly revealed, but the veil is on his mind.

The meteoric miracles of the air and the curious processes of crystallography, are all exposed to view; yet one may, after all, perceive only what is presented to the eye. But there are grander revelations to the understanding. The hoar-frost on the mountains sparkles like diamond-dust on a royal tiara; the mystery of the dew and the snow is pure and beautiful, and these are all plainly disclosed to those who have eyes to see, and minds to comprehend. The poetry of the crystals is expressed in the wintry air, in the freezing waters, and in the depths of the earth. The aqueous vapors of the atmosphere, descending in the stelliform and hexagonal crystals of the drifting snow; the fine spicula that cover the window-panes in winter with a delicate tracery that no art can imitate; the siliceous deposits of the Geysers of Iceland; the aqueous solutions of sulphate of lime, percolating through the fissures of cavernous rocks, and hardening into alabaster forms for the sculptor; the crystallized cavern of Derbyshire; the white, translucent wonders of Antiparos; the massive concretions of the Mammoth Cave, where the huge stalactites resemble inverted spires and minarets; and the precious gems of the mines of Golconda—are all illustrations of this beautiful chapter in the open volume of Nature.

But so long as we look at the mere outlines and superficial aspects of that book, we know but little of its contents. True, the diamond is beautiful to look upon, and reveals all its brilliancy to the eye of the untaught savage; but he knows nothing of its intrinsic nature and commercial value. It required the science of the Florentine Academicians to find out what it was made of. They settled the main question by burning it in the focus of a powerful lens. Lavoisier found that the only product of this combustion was carbonic acid, and thus demonstrated that, in spite of

its real and imaginary value, it was only the crystalline form of charcoal.

If we look into the organized world, we shall discover that its plastic creations are not beyond our reach, nor its illuminated mysteries such as to elude the possible grasp of our faculties. These constitute a glorious revelation of the inward life in external forms. The foliage, fragrance and bloom of the trees and flowers in Spring; the aromatic exhalations and prismatic hues that charm us into the fields and meadows in Summer; and the Tyrian splendors that in Autumn come up from the great alembic of the world—are all uncovered. The earth itself is suspended in an illuminated atmosphere; that we may see it as it is, and be enabled to solve the problems of cosmological existence. The animal world, with its wonderful powers of vital and voluntary motion; its subtle instincts, and the precise adaptation of every living thing to its place in the air, the earth and the waters; the open doors of sensation, through which external objects are perceived by every beast of the field, and the great world—animate and inanimate—enters into the human mind and lives in the consciousness—all these things, above, beneath and around, are clearly revealed. It only remains for man to awake and open the windows of his soul, and then his "whole being shall be full of light."

I summon an individual who knows nothing of Anthropology, and place a man in his presence. All the great facts and sublime mysteries that belong to human nature are before him, but he sees them not. If I speak of the principles of Organic Chemistry and the laws of vital motion; if I discourse of the sciences of Anatomy, Physiology and Psychology, and ask him to notice the living illustrations before him, I am sure he will not understand me. He only discerns the outlines of the human figure draped with linen and broadcloth. His observation enables him to discover only so much of man as enters into his own mental conception. Beyond this all is exposed to view and yet all is seemingly inscrutable.

Thus it appears that the things most clearly disclosed to the man of science may be invisible to multitudes; for the reason that they are all unknown. In other words, such elements have not entered into the mental structure of their instruction; the composition of their mind, and feeling, and the growth of the mind. Of such men it may be said, that they have eyes but see not! What if the doors that lead to the central realities of this vast macrocosm stand wide open, so that angels and men are free to enter; the ignorant man still gropes his way in darkness from which the light of ten thousand suns cannot deliver him. He is not conscious that those doors are open. Over all the avenues of perception in this man there hangs a veil that the slumbering faculties have no power to penetrate. It is only when the facts and principles of the science of man assume their proper place and relations within the mind—thus becoming a part of our mental possessions—that the veil is rent in twain and we behold the Divine revelation in Humanity. But we do not reveal the truth; we only discover what was revealed from the foundation of the world. We, surely, do not "cause the day-spring to know his place" when we merely open our eyes at the dawn, and throw back the blinds from our windows, that daylight may enter and scatter the darkness from our dwelling-places.

The senses, in their outward relations, are chiefly employed to survey the mere surfaces of things. Unaided they afford us little or no information respecting either the chemical elements and subtle forces of matter, or the internal constitution and laws of the Universe. It is the special province of the developed intellect to grasp the essential principles of the subject. Of all the senses sight is perhaps the most wonderful in its exercise. The other organs of special sensation are comparatively limited in the range of objects and qualities they respectively embrace; while with our hands we can only lay hold of the few things that chance to be in our immediate presence. On the contrary, the natural vision is not subject to such narrow limitations, but penetrates far into the depths of space. But only the shape, color, and other superficial aspects of outward forms are visible. If, therefore, man were far-sighted enough to discern the most distant objects in the natural world, there would still be immeasurable realms which the utmost reach of his mortal vision would not enable him to discover. Indeed, if the eye could compass all space and matter within the broad field of its vision, there would yet be room and opportunity for endless research and boundless discoveries. When our footsteps have encircled the earth; when we have surveyed all orbs in space and all outward forms of being on their surfaces; and even looked through the last open door in the stellar heavens into the outer darkness beyond, we have yet to penetrate the inner mysteries of being. Then the faculties, by a kind of introversion, begin to open in a new direction. We look inward and reach centerward; and at every step the mind is introduced to a new and more interior sphere of being. The shadows that float in the dim atmosphere of our earthly life gradually disappear; the translucent forms of a superior creation hover about us; and, from the loftiest summits of this world, we behold the immortal day-spring!

The grandest of all human discoveries is made when the senses are opened from within, and we are brought into conscious relations with the vast realm of the invisible and eternal. How does the spirit thrill with amazement and ecstacy at the grandeur of the scene presented, when the great veil that seemed to cover the world is suddenly drawn away and we are made to realize, that in the wide Universe there is nothing concealed—that all doors are open to MAN. Before the vision of the philosophical Seer everything is transparent as the luminous ether. He dwells in a region of ineffable light, and can know no darkness save the obscurity that depends upon moral conditions, or the existing state and relations of

the soul. The solid earth becomes a crystal sphere; the rugged mountains stand out in the clear air white as alabaster forms; and the fathomless depths are discovered to be illuminated ways where the spirit may dwell in light and walk alone with God.

If we gradually enter upon the inner life we at once begin to see those divine realities which before were only objects of faith and hope. The stormy passions of this rude world are hushed, and sweet peace soothes the unresting heart. The music of glad voices and the universal harmony are precious realities to our waking consciousness; radiant forms people our day-dreams or glide before us in "visions of the night when deep sleep falleth on man." Through rifts in the clouds of our mortal sphere we catch glimpses of happy faces, whose entrancing smiles are the attempered glories of God and his Angels. If by a sudden and strong development of this vision we are "caught up into heaven," things are revealed which the laws and limits of human speech do not enable us to communicate. But with reverent and grateful hearts we remember, that, at the approach of the humblest soul, the everlasting doors of the inner temple are freely opened.

If we regard man with special reference to the superior faculties and capacities of his nature, we shall perceive, that while he is manifestly alive, he is apparently sleeping. Ignorance curtains the windows of his earthly tabernacle. He shuts his own doors and imagines that the grandest realities of the Universe are all concealed by the Creator and forever inscrutable by man. Yet the world is something tangible, and all its treasures are submitted to our inspection. Why should the sleeper repose in darkness, when the sun is up in the heavens and the world beneath is full of light? Let the sluggard arise! open his doors and windows, that the darkness within may be dissipated. Through every avenue that connects him with the world without and the world within, he may see Nature and Deity, whose light comes in at every uncurtained window, and whose presence fills every open door.

The man who has not yet witnessed the dawn of the new day of his spiritual existence is like the babe in the womb; he waits in darkness for the fullness of time and the wild throes of parturition to usher him into light. But it is ignoble in man to wait without effort. Even the chrysalis bursts its own cerements; the feeblest chicken assaults and demolishes the walls of its prison; the little sparrows break their shells and assert their freedom; and shall Man wait for some mighty Angel to roll away the stone from the sepulcher that entombs his faculties? Oh, slothful man, arise! Come out of the darkness that is in thee! Open thine eyes, and thou shalt see all things—thou shalt see more than these—even GOD, WHO IS "ALL IN ALL."

Newark, N. J., Feb., 1871.

### MADALINE.

It fell when the crimson began to shine  
In the round of the robin's breast,  
That the feet of the maiden, Madaline,  
Came not to dance with the rest.  
And when the splendor shone in the grass,  
And the head of the rose was high,  
She sang of love, though the song, alas!  
Was only a lone-some cry.  
But, ah! when the drifts of gold in the air  
Betrayed where the broom was sweet,  
She took the comb from her silken hair  
And let it fall to her feet.  
And in the days when the woods grew brown  
And a red haze fringed the skies,  
She wound it back, and wound it down  
From her poor bewildered eyes.  
And by and by, when the snows were white,  
And a shadow sat in the land,  
She lay on her bed from morn till night,  
And turned the ring on her hand.  
The midnight moon was blind with storms,  
But her heart with dreams was light—  
For she cried, "He has come! let me go to his arms!"  
And passed away from our sight.  
We searched the valley, far and wide,  
For the print of a step—but no!  
And we combed her hair like the hair of a bride,  
And made her a grave in the snow.  
And we took the amule with trust so sweet—  
And we took the ring—for a sign,  
And the name we graved at her head and feet  
Was FARRIN—not Madaline.—Scribner's Monthly.

### The Uses of a Priesthood in Government.

The object, the end of a priestly order, is to keep the lower classes in subjection to the rich and aristocratic classes. The priesthood, therefore, in all religions, have always formed a kind of spiritual mural wall around kings and aristocratic power, keeping the people in awe by appeals to their ignorance, superstition and fear. Kings and aristocrats of all grades instinctively feel that the priestly order is essential to their existence, and they always rally around the mitre, and sustain the church, however infidel or atheistic they may be in their private opinions. In this country the church and the priesthood have always been dragged along in the wake of every popular movement, making all the time whatever resistance they could, until the object of the movement was attained, and then boast of the progress of civilization as the result of bible, church and priestly influence. A government of liberty, equality and fraternity cannot exist with such an order of men. Their instincts constantly tend to the undermining of all popular institutions, and building up of aristocratic privileges and priestly power. We must have a religion without a priesthood before we can have a government without kings or aristocratic control.

FREDERICK ROBINSON.

Marblehead, Mass., Feb., 1871.

I BELIEVE that the great realm of life goes on without the body very much as it does with the body. And, there, as here, the mother not only is the guardian of her children whom she loves, but foresees that bad associates and evil influences threaten them, and draws them back and shields them from the impending danger.—Henry Ward Beecher.

## The Lecture Room.

### THE UNSEEN CITY.

A LECTURE BY NELLIE J. TEMPLE BRIGHAM,  
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Feb. 5th, 1871.  
Reported for the Banner of Light.

We believe the name of the sweet song to which we have just listened is "The Unseen City." We will choose, then, these words for our subject: "The Unseen City." How very many times in the past you have journeyed over the same ground—the consideration of the life to come—yet however much you may have gathered from that unseen country, however much you may consider the darkness removed, still the truth is, the work is not accomplished; so grand and broad is it, that you never can make a pilgrimage that will not leave something behind which will repay you for another journey. For in this vale of flesh you cannot have too much evidence; you cannot have too much light to guide you in the way, and when you strive earnestly for the truth, you may be always sure that your prayers are not offered in vain.

The preachers tell us that all we can know of immortality was given to us in the past. And they say to-day, if there is a single doubter, or an unsatisfied spirit, let such go to the records of that past and find the Comforter which our Elder Brother promised when he was about to depart. He then said: "Behold, I send you the Comforter." Now, how to-day can we find that Comforter? Has theology compassed it in its folds? Can it give it to us in our hours of direst bereavement? Suppose Spiritualism was not in the world, with all its interior and elaborated truths, (which no church is entirely without) where could the inquiring spirit find the evidence of immortality? A mother, anxious for this evidence, goes to her preacher to find what is the truth concerning it. And he reads: "Behold I send you a Comforter," and also: "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." She hears the saying of St. Paul that "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," and then her religious teacher says she ought to be satisfied. But still this is no evidence to her directly, though it is pronounced ungrateful or even sacrilegious to attempt to know more. She reads in that same book, "There is no knowledge or device in the grave whither thou goest." She reads also of the long sleep of death, and that some of those sleepers shall awake. She listens to that old, unanswered question of Job: "If a man die, shall he live again?" and she reads the declaration of that "man after God's own heart," when he said:

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh up as a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

And furthermore, she reads in the words of this exceedingly patient man that:

"As the cloud is consumed and vanisheth away; so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more."

And it seems to her that as God was giving Satan the opportunity to test the faith of his servant, at least he should have imparted some kind of peace and knowledge to his trembling query, when he asked, "If a man die, shall he live again?" And then the wisest man that ever lived on earth—so we are assured—furnishes something which casts a gloom over all those who believe, when he says:

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?" According to Solomon this is the end of man: "All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own work; for that is his portion; for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him?" Thus he answers abruptly this question, which rises so often in the heart of the searcher after truth, by proclaiming "All is vanity," and that man should abide in the little moment that ever lived on earth—so we are assured—furnishes something which casts a gloom over all those who believe, when he says: "Now, where is the Comforter? What encouragement is to be found in all this? There seems only to be neutralization here; one half contradicts the other exactly. Where is that 'Invisible City,' of which we are told that 'the angels see, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive' its glories? So we are told, and yet would be blamed if we did not believe that in our 'Father's house there are many mansions.' In all the prayers of the past, we hear this old question of Job speaking in a thousand voices, and all waiting for the timely answer. Our angels—our fathers and our mothers, our brothers and our sisters—could give to man the evidence that should forever silence his doubts and fears! And now, without ever attempting—if it were possible—to prove that mediums are deceivers, theology denounces them, and society seems to generally array itself against the new light, and to reject the testimony of the angels without giving them an honest hearing, saying: 'The angels are so far away that they do not care for us; and if they did, it would not be possible for them to approach us and make us conscious of their coming.' And yet the Bible itself professes to believe is full, from end to end, with the testimony of the truthfulness of angelic communion. Do they reflect or know that the best and grandest of its truths are spiritual truths—that every one of them is based upon the truths of spiritual inspiration? And yet the theologians, while taking these very same proofs from the Bible, declare that modern Spiritualism is tearing it down; that Spiritualism is something really evil. But deep down under this hardened crust of human hate and ignorance burn the volcanic fires of old doubts; and deeper yet, man's intuitive nature speaks, saying: 'There are truths in these things. Investigate, and be satisfied.'

And so, as one after another has gone forward and examined the subject, he has been made glad by its revelations. Some have been led to it because they were mourning when their friends left them, and because in all the world they found nothing to comfort or satisfy them as to their ever meeting them again. They were told their loved ones were dead—possibly were in heaven; but whether they saw or recognized them or not, could not be told. The priest said: "Yea, loved ones are there, and you ought to be satisfied because God has taken care of them." And the preacher has even been astonished that then—after this assurance—the mourners should still ask for more—something far above them, as he considered it. A pearl may be dropped in the fath-

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ms; 'doing nothing.'



## Spiritual Phenomena.

## SPIRIT PICTURES A REALITY.

BY MRS. A. DOW.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT—Having, during the last year, become somewhat interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and being urged to do so by a request which I do not feel at liberty to decline, I have, according to the best of my ability, noted down the prominent items of my experience, hoping they may give encouragement and increase the confidence of those whose minds have not yet become settled on the subject.

I will remember the time when the phenomena of spiritual manifestations were first introduced by the Misses Fox, of Rochester, N. Y., and I did not, even at that early day, when Spiritualism was so little known and its promulgation so new and wonderful, do as many others did and now—acquire its pretensions, for I saw the germ of a new era—one in which the human mind would become more free and more expanded, and that it would do away with many false and cruel tenets. In most of the popular creeds of the day, I was desirous, however, that others should study its reality and its claims to public confidence, as I had neither the time nor the inclination to search into its mysteries, for I had some fears that I might go too deep and that the subject might involve my meditations as to unit me for the actual duties of life, of which I had many responsible ones.

It was in the early part of 1870 that circumstances brought me in contact with some spiritual manifestations, and what I saw and heard at those meetings set the doors of my understanding ajar, and the probability of the truth of such manifestations was indelibly impressed on my mind, and it was not very difficult, for the results of my observations, after research, made me a sincere believer in the doctrine that the spirits of our departed friends come back to us, and, through proper media, communicate hope and consolation to their nearest friends and those whom they loved on earth.

It has not yet become sufficiently popular for a man somewhat known in a community to stop forth and avow himself a believer in Spiritualism, much less to advocate its promulgation. But, if he truly, consciously and understandingly believes anything that courts investigation, especially one so important as this, and dares not acknowledge that belief, he is not imbued with the spirit of liberty and free discussion which our institutions should have implanted within his bosom.

It has been my privilege, during the last twelve months, to enjoy the most positive tests of the truth of spiritual manifestations that any one ever had, and I propose, in this important narrative, to give to the public, in plain and unqualified language, that shall neither confuse or mystify those who may honor me by their perusal. I am the publisher of a literary paper in Boston, and in the year 1869, through the office of a young lady, apparently a recent graduate of our highest school, I received some manuscripts for publication in my paper. She was reserved and dignified in her speech and manners, and she seemed the very ideal of what the most imaginative mind would deem almost perfection.

Her writings made a favorable impression, and I received several specimens of them during that year. After becoming acquainted with her intellectual ability, and having seen the proofs of her experience, as well as the manner in which she made by a little experience, I made arrangements with her to take a permanent place in my office as an assistant on my paper.

The situation which she was to fill was that of assistant editor. She was a fine writer of both prose and poetry, and her good taste proved to be a valuable acquisition to my editorial circle. Her amiable disposition, unselfish nature, and graceful manner, as well as her faithfulness and honesty in performing the duties allotted to her, gave her an object of admiration to all her acquaintances. She filled the place to my satisfaction for seven or eight years. Her name, as we will call the young lady's name, was taken in on the 12th day of July, 1870. After a few days of severe suffering she peacefully and quietly passed to the spirit-land. I will not attempt to give a description of the lady, for I do not think it seems like a dearly beloved daughter, but she seemed like a dearly beloved daughter, for she was a fine writer of both prose and poetry, and her good taste proved to be a valuable acquisition to my editorial circle.

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years ago. He died a member of the Orthodox Church, and believed in all the tenets of that church. He expressed a fear to me that my Universalism was not true; but, said he, "I hope it is." And now to have him tell me in his first communication from the spirit-world to "have no fears for the future" was very gratifying, for it confirmed my previous convictions that the idea of pain or sorrow after the death of the body was only the fabrication of a false theology.

I then said that I lost a friend in Boston, a few weeks before, and had communications from him, in which he said he should always be with me; and that I should like to know whether she had come to Barata with me. The state was held under the table, and when taken out these words were plainly written on it:

"She is here!—O. Dow."

Then I said I should like to have her write to me; instantly there was written on the slate—

"I am always with you."

The medium then held the slate on the top of my head by his right hand, while his left remained in the center of the table, and on it was written in Mabel's handwriting, as follows:

"I am glad you are interested in this beautiful truth."

At Mrs. D. to come, and she will be convinced—Mabel." Taking hold of his wrist and pulling it, I expressed a wish that she would manifest herself to me in that way, and soon the side of my coat was jerked quite hard, and the feeling of a hand was on my limb, which was under the table.

The medium took an accordion and placed it under the table in the same way he had held the slate. He took hold of the back part of it, and held the bellows and keys hang down below. The bellows were pulled out, and he began to move backward and forward to take in wind, and the tones of "Sweet Home" and "The Last Rose of Summer" were played as sweetly as they could possibly be played on that instrument.

The medium also took a silver fruit-knife and laid it on the slate with the blade closed, and held the slate under the table. Instantly the knife was thrown across the room on the floor, with the blade open, and it fell to the ground.

On the last evening before our leaving Barata, I called with another gentleman to have a sitting with Dr. Slade. After witnessing some phenomena, I said that I was going to leave Barata on the next morning, and I would like to know whether my friend Mabel was present. The slate was held under the table, and on it was instantly written:

"I am glad to meet you; you are very dear to me—Mabel."

Mr. Baker informed me that if I wished to know of a good medium in Boston on my return home, I had better call on Mrs. M. Hardy, No. 125 West Concord street, as she was one of the best mediums he had ever seen, and she had been a week, and a few days later, she arrived home in a very good way, and she was very much improved.

As almost every hour of the day is previously engaged, I could only engage to call three days later. I did not see her until the 12th day of July, 1870. At the time appointed I called and saw her, who was occupied. At the time appointed I called and saw her, who was occupied. At the time appointed I called and saw her, who was occupied.

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first time I sat about three or four minutes, when he took the slate and went out for the second time. In a few moments he returned and said it was a failure, and that sometimes it required half-a-dozen trials before a picture could be secured.

The second trial was not much better, though he said he saw traces of something, but rather indefinite. I told him I had just conferred with my friend, and she said she would be there.

Well, then, we must persevere," said Mr. M. The next time I sat just five minutes by his watch, while he kept his eye on, with his back to me all the time. He took the slate out as before, and Mrs. M. came into the room. She looked as if she was under spiritual influence, I asked her:

"Do you see any spirit present?" "Yes," said she; "I see a beautiful spirit," and immediately she was entranced, and under the control of Mabel, who was sitting by her side.

"Now I shall give you my picture; it will be here in a few moments. I shall have a wreath of lilacs on my head, and a dress that will not be positively striped, but the lights and shades will indicate stripes. I put into it all the magnetism which I possessed."

Mrs. M. then came to herself, and at the same moment Mr. M. entered with the plate.

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## Banner Correspondence.

## Observations and Criticisms.

DEAR BANNER—With each weekly look upon thy bright face I feel how the glow of pleasure springing from the genial response to the many cheering words of wisdom, logical statements and evidences of the grand progress of the cause of truth and humanity—SPIRITUALISM—reflected therefrom.

Always in the front rank, as to typography, judicious selection and arrangement of matter and editorial acumen and variety, it seems as if a steady progress—improvement, marks thy succeeding numbers. This is as it should be, and were I to undertake to point out a flaw, it would be (in my judgment) too much "fine print." This objection is not in my own behalf; I have eyes which have always enabled me to "read numbers by moonlight"—but in behalf of the many older people who are your patrons. You see I am sympathetic—I am a psychometrist. But we know that the fine print is not the only thing that counts in a paper.

Let us hope that your increasing patronage may soon warrant the enlargement of the *Banner of Light*, and thus obviate the need of that resort to "small type."

I see in your issue of the 12th inst. a very kind and timely notice of our paper, and I am glad to see that our friends are so much interested in our work. I am glad to see that our friends are so much interested in our work. I am glad to see that our friends are so much interested in our work.

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 The will of Robert Barnes, bequeathing over half a million dollars to the Indiana State Association of Spiritualists, for the education of children of the poor, will be found on our second page.



## Apollo Hall Meetings, New York.

The course of lectures delivered by Mrs. F. O. Hizer, during the month of January, before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of New York, has been fruitful of good results to those who loved the cause sufficiently well to brave the inclemency of the weather in order to attend the meetings.

The subjects proposed by the audiences involved many questions concerning the physical, moral, mental and spiritual nature of man, and their relative bearing upon each other. The following are some of the themes selected: "The Origin of Life and the Destiny of Man," "Life and Immortality," "The Manifestations of the Angels," "Spirit and Matter, from whence are they, and where do they lead?"

These questions were treated by the speaker with an earnestness of expression, an aptness and fullness of illustration, with a logical simplicity and exhaustiveness of argument, combined with the delicacy of cultivated appreciation and fluency of language, rising frequently to the highest degree of oratorical power and eloquence.

To the shallow minded, or more surface thinker, incapable of reasoning from cause to effect, or following step by step any proposition in its various stages of proof, Mrs. Hizer's ministrations may have appeared a "mass" of words, with a great deal of "poetry and very little fact." To such minds, the rising, even for a moment, above the simplest phrases used in the every-day affairs of life, disturbs the course of their thought, and as the ignorant are always conceited, they reflect their own weakness upon the speaker. But to the philosophic mind, to the man or woman who finds the highest use in delving down into the region of causes and principles, the inspirations through Mrs. Hizer brought a fund of suggestive thought applicable to every department of man's nature, and calling it up to a higher and nobler standard. In her teaching, no room was found for condemnation of the past, but everything in the past accepted as the pedestal upon which the present stands. We need more such teaching, involving no tearing to pieces and destruction of old creeds, old dogmas, old Bibles, because the progress of to-day rests upon whatever good there was in them. And proud as we may well be that reason has at last asserted her right to control, we must ever recognize that we are just as faulty, just as weak, just as ignorant relatively as those we so severely condemn; for they who are far in advance of us must look down upon us with the same sorrowing gaze with which we regard our predecessors, doubtless exclaiming like us, "Poor suffering children, they know not what they do."

The special strength of these inspirations lies in their practicality and their adaptability to the common-place, every-day duties of life, and if the charge may be fairly brought against Mrs. H., that her facts are full of poetry, it must also in fairness be acknowledged that her poetry is full of fact.

Were it not that our hall, of magnificent proportions, is deficient in acoustic properties, the services of Mrs. Hizer would have been secured for the month of March, but as a removal is contemplated to a more suitable place of meeting, her second course of lectures in New York will be deferred until the month of May, when we may hope for a renewal of the mental and spiritual feast which has been productive of so much instruction and enjoyment.

BONO PUBLICO.

## Prof. Denton in New York.

EVER-WELCOME BANNER—I take this moment to write you a few lines to let you know how we liked Prof. Denton in New York last month. Well, we think he is one of the biggest guns we have ever had here. I have heard Beecher, Chapin, and all the other church-guns, but alongside of him, they are only pop-guns. The adherents of Old Theology felt so bad while he was here, that they sent one of their number to reply to him, but the effort was feeble and ineffectual compared to Denton's crushing logic. Prof. Denton has got a band of brave spirits around him that all the world cannot shake off; he will have his say in spite of all the churches in the land, and be heard, too.

EDGAR M. RYDER.

New York City, 1871.

## Let the Truth Catch the Lie.

MESSRS. EDITORS—In your paper of March 4th I see an item, taken from an exchange paper, that "the infatuation of Spiritualism caused the suicide of Abraham Samuelson" of this place. I herewith inform you that there is not a word of truth in the assertion.

Mr. Samuelson wrote two letters before he committed the deed, and in each he says that, "having been swindled out of all his property, he had no desire to live any longer."

Respectfully yours, SAMUEL BAER.

Loutsville, Ky., Feb. 28th, 1871.

## Spiritualist Lyceums and Lectures.

DORRIS.—*Elliot Hall.*—The Children's Progressive Lyceum will repeat the entertainment they gave some time since, which included the opera, "Grandpa's Birthday," on Saturday evening, March 18th, at this hall; proceeds to be added to the Fair fund. Mr. T. M. Carter will on that occasion conduct a full orchestra, and a fine entertainment may be expected.

CHATELAIN.—*Granite Hall.*—Ed. S. Wheeler spoke at some length at this hall, Sunday evening, March 5th. His address was attentively followed by a good audience.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.—*Harmony Hall.*—An entertainment consisting of singing, declamations and dialogues was given at this hall, for the benefit of the Lyceum, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 28th, under direction of Chas. H. Guild.

MIDWAY.—*Washington Hall.*—Henry Anson writes: "Sunday morning, March 5, the Lyceum opened with the usual exercises, after which we had speaking and reading by Eva Wallis, Freddie Road, Notta Anson, Hattie Draper, Flora Cheney, Minnie Williams, Mary Read, Ada Hill, Ella Howard, Mr. Eben Brown and Henry Anson; after which the Lyceum paper was read by the editor, Mr. Henry Bacon and assistants, Miss Nina Spencer and Carrie Adams; remarks by Henry Anson, closing with a Grand March, in which fifty-three took part."

NEWBURGH.—*J. T. Loring.* Secretary of the Spiritualist Society of this city, writes us that Dean Clark has been speaking there of late. He says: "The Clark's first Sunday labors had but one day's notice, but a good audience assembled, all of whom were delighted." Mr. Clark spoke there again Sunday, March 5th, giving general satisfaction. Mr. Loring further says: "His lectures are so scientific, logical and highly spiritual, and his delivery forcible, eloquent and captivating—holding the audience in rapt attention." Our correspondent denies the statement that the city authorities had interfered with the Society in any way.

HYDE PARK.—*Abernethy.*—G. H. O.—Informs us that Mrs. A. B. Burnham spoke at this place, on Sunday evening, March 5th, the hall being filled to repletion. Our correspondent further says: "The Banner of Light is being circulated quite freely here, and is doing a great deal of good." We need the assistance of good text mediums and speakers to help us start our meetings. If there are any who would volunteer to come and labor with us we will bear their expenses and make them comfortable while stopping with us. The town is seven and a half miles from Boston, with access to the city by two railroads.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.—The public debt reduced last month \$318,000—at the rate of \$400,000 annually. We pay eleven taxes.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER OF THE BANNER.—First Page: "Open Doors," an original essay by S. B. Britton, M. D.; Poem, "Madeline," "The Usenon City," a lecture by Nellie J. Temple Brigham. Second: Lecture continued; "The Howl of England," by J. M. Peabody; "Will of Robert Barnes," Poem: "Winter Thoughts," by B. F. Chandler, Esq. Third: Spiritual Phenomena: "Spirit-Pictures a Reality," by Moses A. Dow; "A Remarkable Test," by D. W. Hill; Poem: "Barbara's Vision," by Mrs. Eliza M. Hickok; Banner Correspondence: Letter from J. K. Bailey, Baltimore, Md.; Fall River, Mass.; Beaver Falls, Pa.; Girard, Kan.; Blooming Prairie, Minn.; Shingle Creek, N. Y.; and from Hoshoe Run, W. Va.; "Religion vs. Agriculture," J. O. Barrett's "Card to Spiritualists Everywhere," Looking Beyond, and Occultaries. Fourth and Fifth: Editorials, Items; Movements of Lecturers, &c. Sixth: Messages; Donations; and Opinions of the Press on Spiritualist Publications. Seventh: Business Cards. Eighth: Correspondence, by Warren Chase; "Western Localities," by Ophelia B. Lynn.

20—Prof. Britton's "Open Doors," printed on our first page, is superb. Of course our readers will find out for themselves.

20—We thank W. H. Masters for specimen photographs from his gallery at Marengo, Iowa.

20—We have received the Report of the Board of Trustees of Colored Schools in Washington and Georgetown, D. C. We notice that A. E. Newton has again entered upon the duties of Superintendent of the Schools. A better man could not be found for the position.

20—The illustrated story printed in our paper of March 4th, entitled "My Lover Horace," was copied from Reynolds's Miscellaneous, a literary paper published in London.

TELEGRAPHING EXTRAORDINARY.—Not long since, there was an account in the daily press of some gentleman who was desirous of demonstrating the feasibility of dispatching messages from one town to another without wires—the current being sent from one office in a compact form through the atmosphere, and being received by a machine properly placed at the locality desired. We understood that the project did not meet with favor at the hands of the old telephone men, but we desire to warn the inventor that some line in the city of Boston is "stealing" his "thunder" or lightning rather—for a broken string of telegraphic wire has been rattling disconcertingly about our windows in the Parker Building, 158 Washington street, ever since the late gale; and we suppose that owing to the rush of dispatches at the office to which it belongs, the operators cannot stop to repair it—even though it looks a jumble of two or three glass in its gyrations—and so they are engaged in sending out their messages through the air minus a wire, in contempt of all these old-fashioned fogies who believe that an uninterrupted system of connection is necessary to the correct transmission of intelligence. How is this, gentlemen of the broken line? What kind of dispatches have you been sending for over two weeks past?

Rev. Dr. Webb said in his speech at the recent Temperance Convention in this city, "We want another law passed, talked, written up, preached everywhere, and that is the law of individual self-control, which makes a man feel his responsibility to other men and to his God. When we have created that idea of self-respect we may trust a man everywhere, though grog-shops may be as thick as holes in the ice on the physical."

A good physical or musical medium is wanted to give a series of entertainments at Groversville, N. Y. Inquire of Geo. W. Jeffers, 48 Blocker street, at above.

A telegram from Rome, dated March 3d, says the report that the Pope is to leave the Vatican is not true, if personal violence is not imminent. The question was discussed with Pope by Antonelli, at the instigation of the Jesuits, but the Pope has decided to remain, and cheerfully, because if he leaves the Vatican the Italian Government will confiscate it. The Pope is suffering and in weak health, and fears if he departs the people would say that the Papacy was discarded.

At a lecture in Liverpool, Dr. W. H. Hicman triumphantly asked, "Where is the religiosity of the anthropoid quadrumanus?" And the question still remains unanswered.

"What are you going to do after you graduate?" said a gentleman to a Williams College student, who is "fitting for the ministry." "Damned," replied the youth; "preach the gospel, I suppose."

In a criticism on her works, the *Waterbury Review* says: "No American woman has evinced in prose or poetry anything like the genius of Alice Cary."

THE CONSUMPTIVE'S HOME.—The Fair held at Music Hall, Boston, during the week ending Saturday, March 4th, was very successful. The display of articles was fine, and Gilmore's Band favored the assembly at different times during the session with music. Over \$1,300 was cleared at the refreshment table. The receipts at one table at the Dana Hill—were also, large—set at \$1,325; the table being in charge of Mrs. Dr. L. Chase, Mrs. J. Warren Merrill and Mrs. J. C. Clapp, of Cambridge. The cash receipts in donations, alone, are set at \$1,800.

Boston occasionally has thirty lectures in one evening.

William W. Story, the sculptor, it is said, has come out in a vindication of Julius Caesar, who, he says, believed that he was taking the enemies of the Saviour into the Omnipotent presence, where they would probably be ignominiously punished. And yet, despite this preposterous idea, Julius Caesar "went out and hanged himself," did he not?

Yes; but disappointment and grief on discovering that his "Lord and Master" was a mortal man like himself, instead of being the Almighty Supreme Jehovah, as he claimed, made Julius commit suicide.

"One ought every day," says Goethe, "at least hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and if it be possible, to speak a few reasonable words."

Copies of Belle Bush's beautiful book of poems—now edition, just issued—"Voices of the Morning," can be obtained at J. B. Lippincott's, Philadelphia, and at this office.

DEADLY RESULT OF THE DISOBEYANCE OF NATURAL LAWS.—There is living in Mower Co., Minn., a family by the name of Walt, the members of which are sorely afflicted. Seven out of thirteen children are cripples. Up to five years of age they all seemed to be growing well enough, but at that age the hands and lower extremities quit growing, while the body attained the usual size. They are all naturally intelligent, but lack education. The parents are our cousins.

"Hear the Cry that Comes Across the Sea!"—rallying song and chorus. Words and music by Geo. F. Root. Published by Root & Cady, Chicago.

N. P. Boyer & Co., of Parkersburg, Pa., have sent us by mail specimens of "Chester County mammoth corn," "genuine black Norway oats," "ditto white Norway oats," and "Imported Alsike clover"—all no doubt very excellent articles for those who have land to till; but as we possess nothing of the kind—not even enough to deposit our tabernacle of clay in when we have no further use for it—we have concluded to forward the packages to farmer A. J. Davis, who is the fortunate possessor of a quantity of "mother earth" in Orange, N. J.

The consumers of gas in Boston will learn with pleasure that the Boston Gas Company will reduce the price of gas twenty-five cents per thousand feet on and after April next. The rate will then be \$5.75 per thousand.

"My principles are, that the church shall not meddle with politics, and government will not meddle with religion. Religion is not an institution; it is a matter of conscience."

Spiritual manifestations in all parts of the country are on the increase. Francis Howard, writing to the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* from Black Jack, Kansas, says: "You shall soon hear from me about some strange manifestations, which take place at my house daily. They exceed everything on record for so short a time. The medium is a girl about fourteen years old, whom I adopted. The spirits talk, whistle, play music, and move heavy furniture round the room."

The reports of the various Magdalen asylums throughout the country seem to indicate that the social evil is not extending, but is rather on the decline.

Mr. John N. Hatch, Jr., husband of Laura Hastings Hatch, the well-known musical medium, passed to spirit-life, from this city, March 2d.

THE REMARKABLE PROPERTIES OF BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TONIC have been thoroughly and speedily introduced. The demand for them has been greatly increased, and many upon their own merits, they have found favor with those who, from Pulmonary, Bronchial or Asthmatic complaints require them. For Coughs and Colds they are efficacious.

## Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

J. Madison Allen lectured in Quincy, Mass., Sunday, March 5, afternoon and evening. The audiences were the largest of the season, and apparently highly delighted. Subject of evening discourse, "Peace on earth, good will to man."

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan has been granted a Letter of Fellowship and Ordination by the Religio-Philosophical Society of Chicago, constituting her a regular minister of the gospel, "which legally clothes her with all the powers and privileges for solemnizing marriages, and other purposes possessed by 'ministers of the gospel' of the most popular churches in America."

Moses Hull lectures in Baltimore during March and April. Daniel W. Hull is lecturing in Providence, R. I. He starts for the West soon.

Mrs. Laura Smith lectured in Omaha Sunday evening Feb. 14, says the *Herald* of that city, in the old Congressional Church, in Herald's new building. The room was packed to its fullest capacity, the eloquent speaker holding her audience spell-bound by the elegant and well-chosen language with which she clothes her subject.

## New Publications.

THE AMERICAN ODD FELLOW for March has in its attractive contents many valuable and interesting original contributions; also an engraving of Odd Fellows' Temple, Sacramento; Poetry and Miscellaneous; News from all parts of the Jurisdiction of the Order, &c., &c. Published by the A. O. F. Association, No. 90 Nassau street, New York.

INLAND FISHERIES.—The Massachusetts State Commissioners on Inland Fisheries, Messrs. Theodore Lyman and E. A. Brackett, have published their Fifth Annual Report, which has been issued in neat pamphlet form by the State Printers. It is a valuable as well as interesting document.

## To Correspondents.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable, as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications that are not used.

A. KID, BADEN-HEDEX, GERMANY.—\$12.00 received.

C. B. B. WESTFIELD, MASS.—T. L. Harris, as you surmise, is at the head of a Community, at Iroquois, N. Y.

## Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Entrance on Tremont and Winter streets.

March 12, Lecture by E. S. Wheeler.

The fourth course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will be continued in the elegant and spacious Music Hall.

EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2 1/2 O'CLOCK, until the close of April, under the management of Lewis B. Wilson, who has made engagements with some of the ablest spiritualists, trance and normal speakers, the lecturing will be continued. The first course was given by J. M. Peabody, and Prof. William Dutton will lecture during the course. Vocal exercises by an excellent quartet.

Season tickets, with reserved seats, \$2.00—now ready for delivery at the counter of the Banner of Light office, 128 Washington street; single admission 15 cents.

## Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 50 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cts.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBOOK. A weekly paper published in London. Price 6 cts. per copy.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq., Price 8 cts.

THE PRESENT AGE. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 8 cts.

THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cts.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 6 cts.

THE SPIRITUAL MONTHLY AND LYCEUM RECORD. Published in Boston. Price 15 cts.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cts. per copy.

## BUSINESS MATTERS.

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GLU-ENE! the most useful article of household economy ever invented. Once used, always used.

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BANNER OF LIGHT, And a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, At Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pens, Pencil-cases, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powder, Orton's Anti-Tubercular Preparation, &c., &c. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. Box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

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Keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, And a general assortment of SPIRITUAL AND LIBERAL BOOKS, Papers and Pamphlets. Also, Literature for the Conscientious Bank Librarian, a Circulating Library of Spiritual Books. Has for sale Mystic Water from David's Well.

AUSTRALIAN DEPOT FOR LIBERAL AND REFORM BOOKS, And Agency for the Banner of Light.

W. H. TERRY, No. 90 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia. Has for sale all the works on Spiritualism, Liberal and Reform works, published by William White & Co., Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL AND REFORM BOOKSTORE. Western Agency for the sale of the BANNER OF LIGHT, AND ALL LIBERAL AND SPIRITUAL BOOKS, PAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

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Notice to Subscribers of the Banner of Light.—Your attention is called to the fact, we have adopted a plan of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. The adoption of this volume and the number of the paper last taken when your subscription expires, will enable you to send receipts to those who desire the paper continued, should they wish to continue it, at least as early as three weeks before the receipt figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line for first insertion and twenty-five cents for subsequent insertions.

BUSINESS NOTICES.—Thirty cents per line, each insertion, set in Milton, measured in Agate.

Payment in all cases in advance.

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

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Monday.

GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., 40 PARK ROW, N. Y.

S. M. PETTINGILL & CO., 31 PARK ROW, Are our authorized Advertising Agents in New York.

## CELEBRATION

OF THE TWENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY

OF THE ADVENT OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM,

AT APOLLO HALL, Broadway and Twenty-Eighth St., New York,

Friday Evening, March 31st, 1871.

THE afternoon, from two to five o'clock, will be devoted to appropriate Address, Poem, Music, &c. The most distinguished speakers will be present, and will be engaged for this occasion. HON. JOHN W. EDMONDS will preside and make the opening address. In the evening the musical entertainment will be given by the CHORUS AND RECEPTION. Dancing will commence punctually at 8 o'clock, and continue until 2 A. M.

Tickets, admitting a friend or two, will be sent by mail, and by express, and by the afternoon, 50 cts. Single Lady's Tickets, 25 cts. Tickets for the afternoon only, 25 cts.

## Committee of Arrangements:

JOHN J. TAPPAN, President; E. S. WHEELER, Secretary; W. S. HARRIS, Treasurer; EDWARD ROBINSON, Correspondent; DR. C. C. DEVEREUX, Librarian; DR. C. C. DEVEREUX, Librarian; J. V. MANSFIELD, Librarian; N. B. TICKETS may be obtained from any member of the same Committee.

## CARTE DE VISITE PHOTOGRAPHS.

OF THE following named persons can be obtained at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 128 Washington street, New York.

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