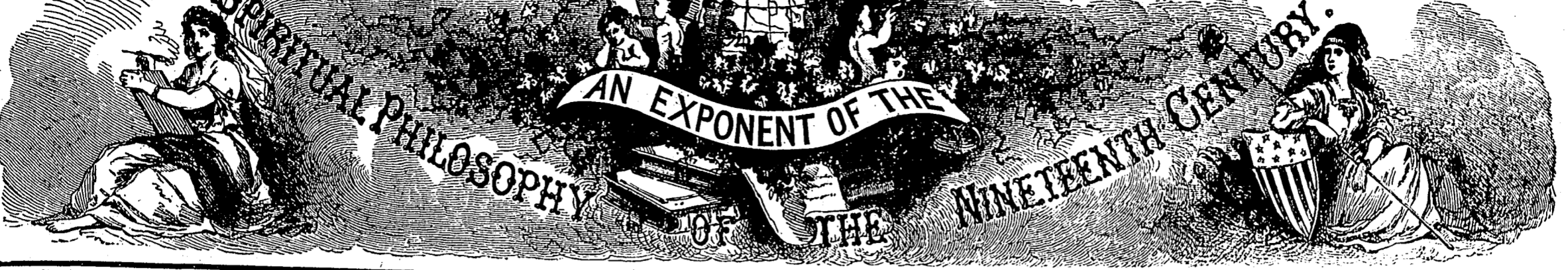


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Free Thought.

OUR MEDIUMS, AND HOW TO TREAT THEM.

BY J. J. MORSE.

It is by no means a fortunate occurrence for the majority of individuals who investigate the phenomena of spirit communion, if, in so doing, they should develop signs of mediumship. Not only are they often alarmed thereat themselves, and for the time being thrown alarmingly out of balance, but the conduct of their relatives and friends is such as at times really complete what has already been run the risk of personality, &c., a final overthrow of mental stability. Should however, the individual be strong-minded enough to prosecute the development of the mediumship, and afterward be forced into a public position as a medium, it is then that the onerous nature of the charge comes fully home, in such a manner, too, as will test the endurance of the person to the very utmost. Friends and relatives will think you demented, or else generously taunt you with knavery, and the public at large will accuse you of imposture, and, being a new medium, Spiritualists will too often receive you but coldly and with suspicion. And as you go through it all you will sometimes feel forced to say with the poet,

"Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun."
And the experience of many mediums has given color to another verse from the same source:

"It was pitiful
In a whole city full
How he had none!"

Indeed, mediums are the Christs of this age, and their crosses are heavy in very truth. They are for a great and mighty purpose; their lives are strange and sad enough to themselves without our increasing their burdens by unwise, unjust or ill-natured criticism; and when that criticism comes from quarters least expected, an added poignancy is given to it, which only those who feel it can describe.

Without the aid of mediums where would have been the evolution of spiritual phenomena, which has conferred so much happiness upon countless thousands in the world during the last twenty-seven years? Echo answers, Where? And have not these very mediums often been abused and traduced as much within our ranks as outside thereof? No wonder, then, that mediums refuse to come out; that they prefer to remain unknown, when, did they but appear upon the stage, the audience would probably amuse itself by pelting them off.

Why, just think of the time when your souls were filled with anguish and despair, and when your hopes were "all gone cold," and you turned for consolation in the hour of your bereavement to the Church! Ask yourself how much the Church ministered to you then? The hopes(?) it held out to you were indeed poor, for without some proof of the immortality of the ones you had lost, the consolations(?) of the Church could never have appeased the hunger of your souls. Contrast that time with the present! Now you know that immortality is an eternal truth. Does not that fact confer a happiness and peace upon you the like of which you never received before? Your sufferings are assuaged, your investigations crowned with success, and you thank God that you have had the courage to press on along the path that some kind finger pointed you to.

It is not to be expected that those whose life is but mere existence feel the need of these proofs of a future life; it is to those who live and love that these matters appeal to most; the facts proving spirit communion come home to them, and they discover the *cui bono* in the happiness and knowledge it brings. Thus it is the weary are rested, and the upgushing tears of joy irrigate the arid plains of the inner life, and cause the flowers to bloom with a brighter beauty and an added fragrance.

What are the means whereby these results, so beneficial to those who experience them, are brought about?—results, too, that materially alter the aspects of all questions affecting the nature and destiny of the race, and as such, are of the utmost importance to humanity at large. What is the machinery involved? The machinery is composed of the mediums, and the means are the sensitive conditions pertaining to them bodily, mentally and spiritually.

Every experimenter in psychics, from Reich- enbach downwards, knows how delicate and sensitive are the peculiarities connected with psychical phenomena, and realizes how much is dependent upon the condition of the subject; the necessity of avoiding disturbing elements, the shielding of the subject from antagonistic influences—for so impressive are these persons, that a most successfully commenced experiment

may fail, at a critical juncture, through the variation in the mental state of the participants. Mediumship is but another form of the above science: in the latter case the human operator is supplanted by a disembodied spirit, but in either case a human subject is involved, and if anything, possibly the conditions are more delicate, and the subject far more sensitive. These mediums, but little understood, are not only subject to spiritual influences, but to mundane ones as well—and as all psychological control is simply a question of the positiveness of will-power on the part of the controller over the controlled, the introduction of a third person, with an antagonistic will, would derange the negative condition of the medium, and in all probability spoil, for the time, the best of mediumship.

Often times frail in body and in health, always sensitive in mind and soul, misunderstood of nearly all, shrinking and delicate, the life of the medium is by no means an enviable one. An unkind word or look will often crush them like bruised rose-buds, and though it may be sport to the hand that does it, it is death to those who experience it.

It is not to be expected that the world will have much regard for these tender flowers in the gardens of our cause. The world does not feel to need them, and besides, it has been so trained in the material that it looks upon the spiritual as either foolish or fraudulent; but we should know better.

Poor as is humanity at best, and mediumship making great demands on nerves and brain, how can we expect mediums will thrive if we surround them with suspicion, harshly treat them, or unjustly condemn them upon the strength of it, may be, but one sitting?

How easy it is to blot out a life's record with a few scratches of the pen! Would that editors and writers were more cautious in using the possibility!

Our own papers, at least, should be the first to set the example. Rather let us build up our cause upon its truths, than be forever hunting down and hounding out those who are not so immaculate as ourselves.

As a medium, as one who has felt the need of the sympathies of his fellows, as one who scorns this tendency to hunt down and hound out and damn the weakest—the most wicked if you will—in the world, I protest against this wholesale condemnation as being against the genius of our gospel, no matter to whom the condemnation be applied. Let us set the example of lifting up the erring, and endeavor to lead them into better and brighter paths; let us be full of hope for their future, and inspire them therewith; then we shall win the admiration of the world outside of us, and prove that our confidence in innate goodness and eternal progression is not so much empty mouthing.

I plead that our mediums receive at the hands of our numbers more of sympathy, love and trust; for who needs it more than they? Are not mediums the very pillars whereon our cause rests? Considering the more than priceless boon mediumship has conferred upon all Spiritualists, how great, then, is their duty to love and sustain those agents who have been the means of bringing to them so much good!

How truly does Shakespeare cause Marc Antony to say: "The evil men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." Are we, as Spiritualists, unable to reverse the above? I trust not. For my part I am daily seeing how unwise it is to speak ill; 'tis better to be silent than blame.

"Pause, bold mortal, ere thou dar'st
To ascend the judgment throne;
He whose deeds were purest, fairest,
Was not first to cast the stone."

Albeit, though I believe the sentiment is sounder than the theology, yet I think the advice most excellent.

Our mediums are our hopes. The Conants, Fosters, Hardys, Slades, of America, the Hernes, Williamases, Egertons, of England, and hosts of others in either country, are among the world's best helpers. Stand firm in their defence. For if Spiritualists bear not their testimony when their mediums are maligned, to whom shall they turn?

All Spiritualists of any experience know how much care is requisite in the development and practice of mediumship, and they know it is far easier for an investigator to cry "fraud" or "humbug" than it is for the accused to refute the charges. Shrinkingly sensitive, the accusation paralyzes the accused; the mediumship is thus radically disturbed, and so is closed the very avenue through which the refutation alone could come. Let, then, all writers, Spiritualists and skeptics, use all caution in investigating; but also remember that kindness and sympathy are not inseparable from human nature, and while they do not "ought extenuate," let them "set naught down in malice," and it may be they will reveal that the truth is mighty and must prevail, and mediums may be spared in the future the injustice and unkindness they too often meet with in the present.

GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION.

While the question of embodying God in the Constitution of the United States is being so vigorously advocated by the Evangelical Alliance and others, may it not be well to pause and ask the question, what authority have they for saying the Government of the United States is founded on the Christian religion? Certainly no such on the idea is anywhere shown in the instrument. On the contrary, on the 4th of November, 1790, when George Washington was in the Presidential chair, and the other fathers of the Republic were in the

Senate, the United States of America concluded a treaty of peace and friendship with the Bey and subjects of Tripoli, of Barbary. In this treaty there is a remarkable article, the eleventh. It may be found on page 153 of the eighth volume of the Statutes at Large, and reads as follows:

"As the Government of the United States is not in any sense founded on the Christian religion, as it has in itself no character of enmity against the laws, religion or tranquility of Mussulmen, and as the said States never have entered into any war or act of hostility against any Mahometan nation, it is declared by the parties that no pretext arising from religious opinions shall ever produce an interruption of the harmony existing between the two countries."

Written for the Banner of Light.
ALWAYS FAITHFUL.

BY DAISY.

Always faithful; though thy pathway
Shrouded be in darkest gloom,
Of the crystal gates of Heaven
Open widest at the tomb.
Flowers crushed give back rich fragrance,
Sweet'ning all the summer air;
And on all his grand creations
God has written everywhere:
Always faithful!

Always faithful, child of sorrow—
Morning ever follows night;
Dark to-day, but bright to-morrow,
Fills your mourning soul with light.
God, our Father, ne'er forgets us,
How'er lowly we may be;
But his loving hand will guide us,
That the promise we may see:
Always faithful!

Always faithful; thus we bid you,
In your "onward march" of life,
Step up grandly to its music,
Leave behind all wrong and strife;
Angel choirs from heavenly portals
Chant this message unto earth,
Proving truly to each mortal
Thus they estimate true worth:
Always faithful!

Always faithful to each brother,
Be he fallen e'er so low;
Though his sins be like the scarlet,
Love will whiten as the snow.
Then when all life's sheaves are garnered
By the "Angel Reaper's" hand,
We will dwell beside the river,
In that beatific "Summer Land,"
Always faithful!

This and That.

DEAR BANNER—Eastern lecturers are drifting to the mountain towns of Nevada; and why not? Money is plenty, and the people are open-hearted and generous-hearted. Another fact: one's antecedents do not help or hinder. The question is not who was your father? but who and what are you? Some of the lecturers come in the name of the angels, and are accepted for their full value; others are known at home, or among Spiritualists, as Spiritualists, but deny the faith among the "world's people," and seek the protection of Orthodox churches. For these persons I have no rebuke. We all know best our weakness and our strength. Several well disposed speakers have told me of their sweet faith in angels and of their deep desire to be led and guided by them, but they dare not openly avow their faith and hope. Why not? Why, simply because, as a class, Spiritualists are not popular, or without prestige. And then many among us are not without spot and blemish.

Granted that we have broken the dear old decalogue into fragments, what has that to do with those souls who are reaching up and out for strength, and praying for light? Shall I deny my sainted mother because some other soul astray is asking angel aid? Do angels cling lovingly and follow faithfully when they are ignored? Isn't it Peter and the Master over and over again? "We are not accepted if we confess to our faith," say they. Is it possible that this great-hearted, wrong-and-right-going world will taboo a fellow traveler for his faith in angels? Of course fools and bigots are excepted. There is little danger of falling, if one is strong and sure-footed, even if one chances to be counted in among the unregenerate. But, somehow, with all of our short and long comings, those who walk in shining robes select us for messengers, entrust us with their secrets, and, through us, lead the way to heaven. But for all that we are not sinless: as a fault-finder just said, "Read your own papers and see how the brethren denounce each other!" It is true, and the pity is that some of these brethren tell quite too much truth. And, while I have no love for hypocrisy, it is a sorrowful truth that some who claim kinship with the angels are, by unholiness, driving the weak of heart out of our ranks.

What I most want to know is this—Is there any remedy for the wrongs of which these persons complain? Would it not be wiser in each of us to ask, Is it I? Is my record fair? The question is not, Is not my brother a sinner, too? That may be, for

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all!"

but that does not help us a single whit. There is a need of home work; there are the devils of hate, envy, slander, to be cast out, to make room for love, charity, justice. The angels are ready to lead the blind, deaf, and the leper to healing waters. Let us give them our hands and be made whole; then the cry will not be heard: Spiritualists have no reputation. H. F. M. B.
Virginia City, Nev.

Literary Department.

THE LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

OF

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore," "Country Neighbors," "The Two Orphans," "Rocky Nook—A Tale for the Times," "Bertha Lee," "My Husband's Secret," "Jeanie Gray," "Pictures of Real Life in New York," "The Two Cousins," "On Sunshine and Tempest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

As she spoke a slight noise startled her. She turned, and met Davie's eyes fixed upon her. "Davie!" she exclaimed. It was a single word, and there was but an instant of time—one tiny half minute of life, and yet those two would have given ten years of common life for that infinitesimal bit of time over again. Davie stood with his hat off, his high white forehead surmounted by a waving mass of brown hair, his erect, handsome figure, his face, sweet and grave, on which came a smile that played not merely around the somewhat firm lips, but gleamed and sparkled in his eyes, that met hers so full of the wonder and delight which the first glance of him had brought to her face. Our Davie! why, in all her late season in London she had met with no one who had more of the air and bearing of a gentleman! All this, I said, was thought and felt in less than a minute, for the mother's quick ear had caught the word "Davie!" and her arms were outstretched to receive him. Bessie, too, was by his side. Mary stepped to the floor; her hand was grasped, but his eyes fell as he felt the pressure of her hand, and the old kiss of childhood was not given.

Patsie had many questions to ask, and she did not miss her work, for her loving eyes could hardly turn themselves away from the face of her son—"John's boy." "If only the father could see the child!" she said. "Perhaps he does—who knows? John was a loving father, and maybe God gives him this pleasure." After awhile the lifelong care of household duties aroused her. "Now, children," she said, "go and play while I get dinner." There was a merry laugh.

"Well, then," said Davie, "we will be children again. Bessie, will you search for eggs? Have you a descendant of old Speckle Breast, who, you said, used to lay two a day? and, Miss Mary, shall I give you a ride on the pony or draw some pictures for you?"

"Some pictures, if you please," said Mary with a slight tone of sadness in her voice.

"I think if you are children again, you may say Mary, as you used to do," said the mother, "for it will be your last chance. There is a young gentleman up at the Hall—young Roger Morton, of Clapham—and when he carries our Mary away we must call her Lady Mary, I suppose."

"May it be Mary to-day, then?" said Davie, as he took out a piece of card-board and a pencil, and placed a seat for her in the porch.

"Yes, Mary! I ask you to change it," she answered with a quiver of the lips and dimmed eyes which Davie did not see, for he was looking another way.

Bessie had heard her mother's words, and turned on Mary's face a swift, keen glance. She saw the saddened look, and, as she tossed her pretty head, on the way to the garden, said to herself, "The fine young gentleman does not love her, and she is mourning about it."

What wonderful power Davie had acquired with his pencil! The time passed so quickly with these two that they were surprised when Patsie called them to their dinner, and said two hours had passed since Davie had begun to make pictures, and for her part she could see nothing but "broken arches, scrolls, half faces, noses, mouths, not one picture on the paper; she hoped now he had got the first prize at school, he would be able to draw a whole picture!" at which remark Mary laughed, her dear, sweet laugh of childhood, and when it ceased Davie wished his mother would find fault again.

After dinner, which was at the old time hour of noon, they went into the garden, where, in the shadow of the old trees, they made daisy chains and snapped the capsules of the "touch-me-nots," and Davie told a fairy tale of great length and full of wonders, and Mary sang ballads. By-and-by, when all was orderly in the cottage, Patsie came out. She was composed enough now to take her knitting, and she told stories of her own childhood and of Mary's mother, and all the legends of Mount Paradise, which, like most all ancient houses, had its ghost and a haunted chamber. Among other things she told them of an old picture, still hanging in one of the chambers, with thistles and roses intertwined, and this rough rhyme beneath:

"A Scottish knight once sought in vain
A bride from Melton's haughty line;
When next he comes he'll win his spurs,
And thistles with the roses twine."

All too soon came the twilight down, and with it the room from the Hall with the horses. Davie said, as he assisted Mary to mount, "I hope I may finish the day by walking at your side; the illusion of childhood will be complete then."

"Of course, Davie! How delightful it has been. Don't you wish we could always be children?"

"No, Mary; I think there is something still better—a manly struggle with life. I feel strong

and ready for the battle. I hope I may not faint by the way."

"What are your plans, Davie? May I know them?"

"I have an opening in London about which I will consult my 'lady teacher.' If that fails, then—but I cannot tell you that; I must wait."

"You are sure to succeed, Davie. I know it, because you do good work. I believe that in the end all good, thorough, conscientious work meets its reward."

"I believe it, too; but sometimes the struggle is a long one to the poor man whose talents are his only capital; but success, when it does come, is all the more precious then."

Mr. Morton and his wife were as much surprised and delighted as their daughter had been, with the quiet refinement and gentlemanly air of Davie.

"Why, I should suppose he was a gentleman born," said Mr. Morton.

"Perhaps he is," said the lady quietly.

He was invited to dinner, and showed good breeding by accepting the invitation, though he would rather have aided to storm the Malakoff than meet Roger Morton, whom he supposed to be one of those young men who believe the dignity of their position entitles them to treat a penniless scholar with disdain. He was agreeably disappointed. Roger was inclined to talk. He had seen a great many pictures, and thought he understood the different schools of Art. He talked glibly of "Renaissance" and of Ruskin, of Byzantine Architecture and Greek schools. Lady Isabella now and then made a remark, keeping the young men at their subject with womanly tact, which Mr. Morton, seeing her drift, aided, and thus gave them an opportunity to air their knowledge. Davie was slow and cautious in giving his views, but when driven to it by the earnestness and pertinacity of Roger, he answered his opponent with clear, lucid argument and apt illustration. He had a clear Scotch head, which added to French suavity of manner made him a speaker most agreeable to hear. That which pleased Lady Isabella most, was the quiet, affable way in which he answered some very ridiculous arguments of Roger, avoiding any harshness or sarcasm, and covering, if possible, any mistakes—refusing to wield his strongest arms, lest the weakness of the other should be made apparent.

All this time, however, he was studying Roger Morton's face. He too saw what Mrs. Melton had discovered, and when he walked home on the old woodland path that night, he carried a heart so heavy, that he forgot his wish to fight the battle of life, and longed almost to lie down to that sleep which ends the struggle.

He fought his first and hardest battle that night in the white draped, rose-decked room which a mother's loving hand had prepared for him. "If he were worthy of her," he said to himself, "I might bear it. But that shallow fop! Why cannot a man be judged by what he is, rather than by his rank in life? Am I not his equal, save that I was lowly born? I can work for her, live and die for her, if need be. Had I only the hope of winning her, I am sure that I should gain a position in life of which she would be proud." Then tossing wearily upon his bed, he asked the question, "Does she love him? If so, God make him more worthy of her love." But he would not, he could not believe in this. He knew her better than his own sister, for Mary was more frank and open-hearted than Bessie, and he thought he knew her too well to believe she could love Roger Morton. The prize was not for himself; no, no, that was too rich a life, but yet he could not but acknowledge that her image had been always before him when working hard to excel. To win her smile had been one great motive to press him onward. Everything mean and low and unmanly had been cast from him, because that image was in his heart. It was hard that this subject of her marriage should be thrust upon him on the very day of his return. It was hard to bear. Bitter thoughts kept sleep far from him. Once he fell asleep, and waked, thinking that he heard a slight noise, as of some one opening or shutting a window, when looking round at the old familiar room, he smiled at the thought of robbers in that quiet retreat.

CHAPTER XVI.

Patsie Cuts the Gordian Knot, and Happiness Ensues.

The next day Davie had an appointment to meet Lady Isabella in the old studio in the tower, there to advise with her upon the opening presented in London. He met no one after his entrance in the house, till he found the lady awaiting his arrival. Papers and letters lay before her. Her smile was as cordial and her eyes as bright as in the days when he came there to take his first painting lessons, and her beauty he thought had been brightened by the passing years.

"Good-morning, Davie," extending her hand toward him. "We must to business this morning, for some of these letters require an answer. This offer from Means & Co., London, is very kind and liberal. I understand that they offer you a partnership, with a fourth of the profits for the first year; you are to devote yourself to church architecture for the present. You have spent some months on the Continent in that study, I believe?"

"Yes, madam; I think I might please them."

"I have no doubt of it. Does it please you?"

"I shall like the work, madam."

"Have you any other plans, Davie? You must be frank with me, for you are almost as dear to me as my other children."

Other children! "She includes me in her own family," thought the young man. "And yet what a gulf between us!"

Her dark eyes seemed to read his very heart as she looked at him.

"I have sometimes thought, madam, that I might rise in my profession faster if I went to the United States. Some of my fellow students in Paris will give me letters, and you remember that when Dr. Adams was here last he wished me to promise to go when I finished my studies. My father's old friend, Mr. Brightwood, has offered to aid me."

"Yes," said the lady, "here are letters to me repeating that offer. But, Davie, we want you here. What would your mother and sister do?"

"I hope to persuade them to go with me, madam."

"I fear you will not succeed; your mother loves her old home."

"I think I could persuade her," said Davie; and the lady, as she looked at the firm mouth and sweet, grave face, thought that most any woman could be persuaded to follow his fortunes, nor fear the result. He looked like a man to be trusted.

"Do you wish to leave us, Davie? I, for one, want you where we can see you now and then. If Mary marries, as her father desires, our home will be lonely. Henry will go to school before long. It will be something to look forward to, your occasional visits."

"But, my lady, I must not consult my own pleasure. I have work to do, a living to make, a place to win in the world. I think I must go to the States."

The lady had risen. He could not see the smile that lingered on her lips.

"Will you be advised by me, Davie, and accept the offer of Means & Co. for one year? Here are a hundred pounds which you may take, only as a loan, for your business will no doubt be very remunerative."

"Thank you, madam; I hope to be able to repay it soon. Since you think best I will go to London."

It was evident that this was not in accordance with his own wishes; but gratitude to the lady to whom he owed so much.

"Did she but know," he said to himself, "how hard for me to remain here and meet Mary as the wife of Roger Morton!"

He shut his lips firmly, and walked home in no enviable state of mind. To London he must go, and he would depart at once—to-morrow morning.

When he came to the cottage he learned that Mrs. Melton had been there and left an invitation for him to dine at Paradise Hill the next day. It was only to a family dinner with the Captain and herself. It would be rudeness to refuse, and Davie thought perhaps she would be there. He was going away soon. One interview more would give him pleasure, and should not weaken the stern resolution which he had formed to be "lord of himself."

As he was passing through the hall which led to the room where the Captain was always to be found, he heard the latter talking in a loud, excited voice, which did not cease at first when the servant announced his name.

"Ay! and this is Davie," said Uncle Joe, altering his tone for the moment. "By George! they have made a man of you; stand up, let me see your height; taller, by an inch, than the military standard! Your father, John Ramsey, was a tall man."

Davie had scarcely time to respond to Mrs. Melton's welcome when the old gentleman assumed his former high key.

"I was talking about my niece, Davie. Her father has been here this morning, and informs me that yesterday Roger Morton offered his hand and heart and name and lands, and the little minx tosses them all from her as if they were chaff. Neither her lover's vows nor her father's commands move her. She is as silent as a Sphinx and as firm as a pyramid. Just think of it! There are not half a dozen such estates in England as this now thrown at her feet. And more than all she retains the honored name which her father bears! I tell you, Eliza, you must talk to the girl."

"I think you can do that, Captain," said his wife.

"Do it? Why of course I shall! She was to have my estate, but I shall cut her off with a shilling if she persists in her refusal. By St. George I will!"

It was difficult for Davie to refrain from an expression of delight. Another Paradise than that to which he had come seemed for a moment to open before him.

"Sit down; sit down, Davie. Let me explode. I shouldn't be safe if I didn't. You see I had set my heart upon it. I have had the young man here, and I know his rent-roll and his pedigree; handsome fellow, too. Then they were left free to fall in love with each other; kept in ignorance of the father's wishes; everything going on all right, till the vixen says 'No,' and shuts her mouth and won't unsay it. Talk to her! Yes, I will throw words like bullets! I will see if she is to take bit and bridle in her own hands!"

As he speaks, Mary herself comes into the room, dressed in a rich blue silk, with jewels on her white arms, and soft flowing lace around the bosom of her dress. Her cheeks are flushed and her eyes bright, as she holds aloft a white handkerchief and cries: "A true! a true! See the white flag!" then throws her arms around the old gentleman's neck and kisses him on each cheek, and lays one tiny hand on his lips. "No big, naughty words to-day, Captain Melton. Will you respect the white flag, and yield an armistice for a day? That is the word, is it not? armistice—cessation of hostilities for the day. Are you agreed?"

"And fight it out to-morrow, my fair enemy?" said Uncle Joe, his features now wearing their usual bland look.

"Yes, we will fight to-morrow; but Aunt Eliza has asked me to dinner, and if you will just be good I will eat a big piece of venison pasty, and—"

"Venison pasty this time of year! What a little simpleton you are. It is evident that you don't!"

"Stop! No violation of a treaty."

"Boiled mutton and mint sauce," whispered Mrs. Eliza.

"A big piece of boiled mutton, with mint sauce," said Mary.

"Well, that sounds more sensible. A young woman should always know what dishes are in season. A very important part of housekeeping, Mary."

"Yes, sir, I will remember, 'make a note of it,' as Captain Cuttle says."

"And now am I at liberty to enjoy myself without being bombarded with words hot and heavy as bullets?"

"Then this is a sign of peace," she said, throwing the handkerchief over his cane, which rested against the table near him.

"A true soldier never violates the terms of an armistice," he said.

Then Mary shook hands with her aunt and Davie, saying, as she did so, "We four are to dine together to-day in peace and amity. Davie, come to the piano with me and we will sing some of Uncle Joe's ballads."

Mary was never so full of life and joyousness. She got Davie into an argument at dinner, and made all sorts of absurd statements about art and the pre-Raphaelites, which drew Davie out and made him laugh as he had seldom laughed before. The young man appeared at his best; it was easy, for he felt like one who had come out of shade into sunshine.

The next morning he went to London, and by the following day was working hard at his profession, with Means & Co.

Mr. Morton had forgotten the mistake which his father had made in urging a marriage upon his son, and was now pursuing almost the same course with his daughter. We have seen this in life, and have often wondered that our own misfortunes were not, in more cases, made guides to us in the management of our households. Alas! with our hands we send their barks adrift, where we ourselves were wrecked!

Mr. Morton was a kind father. No coercion, no threats were used, but he was so sure that he sought the happiness of his child in marrying her to Roger Morton, that he would not receive her denial. "Wait, my child, wait; you are so young you do not know your own mind," at which she shook her head and smiled. "I think I do, my dear father!"

At last, by the force of gentle persuasion, united to her love of her father and the obedience which she owed him, she consented that Roger should come again to Morton Hall at the expiration of six months, at which time the marriage should take place, if Mary's consent were gained. Now, when a woman deliberates, we know the result.

Uncle Joe and Mr. Morton congratulated themselves on their wisdom and policy. Roger's father was an old man, and desirous that his son should settle himself before he died. Davie heard of this arrangement, and trembled for Mary's happiness. "Oh that I dared," he said, "to tell her of my love, and leave my fate in her hands! But should she disdain my love, and scorn my lowly birth, then would life be not worth the living!" Then, as he thought of her sweet, fair face, her gentle heart, and of their two lives which had flowed on together from her birth, he could not believe that she would give scorn for his worship. No! she might refuse the love, but offer pity and friendship. Even that was hard to bear. He remembered—for he was five years her senior—when she was brought to the cottage a motherless infant. His mother laid her in his arms and bade him be loving and kind to the baby. From that hour to this she had been dearer to him than aught else on earth. How could their lives be divided! If she became Roger Morton's wife, then would he find a home where an ocean should roll between them. Thus tossed on a troubled sea, poor Davie wrought in silence. None the less did he do good work, for he remembered what she had said—"good work, conscientiously done, always brings success."

Time passed with little of incident at the Hall or Mount Paradise. Nearly every mail brought a dainty, perfumed note from Roger Morton to Mary, and the express, rare flowers and new books. Davie did not write to her; she had not asked him, and he dared not take the liberty somehow, or rather now that he had passed the bounds of childhood and entered the world, the gulf between himself and men of high birth widened; he began to understand the conventionalities of life, and to see the advantage of being born under the shadow of a genealogical tree; in vain he rebelled against it, and argued, "the man's the man for a' that." Alas! the great soul that wrote those words kicked against the prickles till death!

Lady Isabella kept up a correspondence with him, and he replied to her letters minutely, keeping her well informed of his work and his success. At the end of three months he sent her the check for a hundred pounds. She smiled, a kind smile, full of meaning, as she laid the note in her *escritoire*. There existed between the lady and her daughter a sweet and intimate confidence. They had no secrets from each other, and Davie's letters were always handed to Mary, as was almost all other correspondence. On one subject only was there unbroken silence. The lady never spoke of Roger Morton, at which her daughter wondered, but kept mute. She was not aware that those dark eyes were watching the fair, young face, and that the loving heart longed to fold her to her bosom and receive her confidence.

[Concluded in our next issue.]

Last night, a minister, who was about to deliver a discourse at one of the week-night meetings of his church, fainted with emotion as soon as he had glanced at the manuscript of his address. It was at first thought that he had been exhausted by wading through the snow-drifts to the house of God, but on closer examination it was found that the first page of the sermon he had inadvertently taken read as follows: "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.—Song of Solomon, ii: 12. Dear brethren, on this pleasant summer evening," etc. This will account for an event that has cast a sudden gloom over religious circles.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The forsaking of evil is not enough. No man can easily forsake evil except by taking hold on good. Industry is the cure of idleness. Let him that stole steal no more, but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good," says the apostle. Work is a cure for dishonesty, if a man works at right things hard enough and long enough. The way to attack any evil is to put into the place of it its opposite.

ECCE RESPONSA.—III.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

"Unreliability and thinness." Well, my good friend, that then is your verdict on the sum-total of spiritualistic communications? I will not dispute you; I conscientiously cannot. I am glad to hear you say, "but for all that, you are a Spiritualist;" for you say, (which every seeker after this truth knows is true,) that after making all deductions for one's insensible contributions to the smooth or ragged flux called spiritual, and making liberal allowance also for what the medium contributes, probably unconsciously, there is a trifle left unaccounted for, which must be attributed to the invisibles. Did you ever think, my inquiring friend, that the whole object in your experiences of spiritual communications, on the part of the spirits, was for that little "residuum" that you could not otherwise account for? And granting that, does not that little nugget pay for all the shufling?

I like the spirit of your remarks, and though we may, as I have hinted, have come to the same conclusion both as to solution and precipitant, I think I disassociate the superfluity from the fundamental fact better than you do. Let us see.

We value what we labor for. An obstacle to progress in the average man, is the mother of success. The world's great men began small; had they had at birth the "silver spoon," mental or material, the chances are it would have been at the expense of greatness. If the highest knowledge came by asking it of the spirits, thus opening the royal road to knowledge, universities and seminaries of learning would be among the lost arts. Which would be worse, the loss of knowledge, or the loss of the faculty or the disposition to acquire knowledge? Is there not then wisdom manifested by the spirits, or possibly so, in diluting their correspondence with us? I do not offer these suggestions as an argument, only as points for consideration. Certainly it is not the intention of spirits to do us sums for us.

It was undoubtedly necessary for a hearing, that something extraordinary should be given mediumistically. We have it, certainly, when an ignorant girl, without cultivation or experience, treats a subject better than the average man would, though the treatment may fall short of the world's scholars in its extemporaneous production, and the scholars may know on literary principles that it was not Aristotle's, Plato's, Channing's, or Parker's, though so claimed; yet it may have been, for all that. Who shall say the subject thus abnormally treated and good for such a mouthpiece, would not have been a masterpiece, Aristotlean, if the mundane organ had been a master one? Think you that St. Paul or Chrysostom could do as good work operating upon an instrument of the Fulton variety, as if either had the control of Emerson? And who knows where mediumship begins, or self ends? How do we know but the world's lights today are but mouthpieces of unseen influences? Webster, it is said, could not, though he tried, prepare himself for his reply to Hayne. Said that great statesman to a friend of mine, "I could not get a thought. I felt a weight or ball in my head that was to be my speech, but I could not unwind it, or resolve it into concrete thoughts," says he; "I never went into the Senate Chamber so timid and unprepared, but when the time came, as soon as I had said, 'Mr. Speaker!' the House all expectancy, everything was clear, and my ball unwound, and my words came just as they were wanted. If there is any such thing," said he, "as inspiration now, I was inspired on that occasion."

But, my good friend, I will not wander from your point, the subject of mediumship, as the word is understood in spiritual parlance. I think the spirits have always been trying to get a mundane hearing in the affairs of human life. In old times, and in man's ignorance, an apparition or a manifestation or a supermundane voice was a divine presence. I do not know whether it be the fault of man or spirit. Sometimes the presentation was diabolical; for instance, witchcraft. Perhaps a nineteenth century mind or treatment would have found the sacred "thus saith the Lord," and the latter supernatural phenomena, homogeneous in source and presentation. But we will not waste words on that point. They, the spirits, have come to us in this age as human beings, with all their imperfections on their heads, and millions believe and are happy; to such, hope does not drag her anchor, and that is what the world wants.

I am better pleased to think with you that spirits are only men and women with their "jackets" off, than I would be if radiant with a celestial setting. I do not mind their lying, which some people object to so much. It is proof of their human nature. They no doubt have as much difficulty in telling the truth as we do, as death seems to be merely a change in our relation to matter. Of course we all prefer truth to error, but the "unreliability" you refer to teaches us the use of our own reason and judgment. The mission of spirits, it seems to me, is substantially ended when they have proved to us the life to come.

I dislike to use stereotyped phrases, but I have to, sometimes, for they save a multitude of words; so let me quote this: "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." All the world wants is to know with a certainty that there is a conscious life for us when we have shuffled off this mortal coil; having found that, we are sure of all else. In this view of the subject, that the major object of Modern Spiritualism, or the spirits, is to prove that the "departed" are not dead, how the quality of a communication sinks into insignificance compared with its source! What man living, having human feelings, would not prefer a simple rap on a table made by a disembodied spirit that only spelled out "I am your sister Adeline," or even some undignified expression, like "hoop-poles," indicating that the spirit or inquirer had had a hoop-pole transaction, than to discover a new play by Shakespeare, or hear an oration of marvelous eloquence, but which did not carry the evidence of a future life with it? The fascination of Spiritualism is wholly in the source of it; its quality is but a secondary consideration. One may say quality may go a great ways in establishing the spiritual claim; I am not losing sight of that side of the thought, but I am writing this letter in the main to those who have had satisfactory evidence of this claim, and must not make this letter too long.

There is a disposition with many, perhaps most mediums, to supplement what is real, and this not be from any bad motives; we must be very careful and not credit the spirits with too much influence of manifestations, nor even take the philosophy of the mediums (conscious or unconscious) as the true explanation of their own or

other phases of manifestations. I am having in my mind now all kinds of manifestations, physical and mental, but your remarks—which have called out this reply—referred to the communications from supposed spirits, through various mediums, and it is that phase that I am directing my answer to. All indirect "communications"—that is, where we hold converse with the spirit-world through a medium—may be considered a triple twist; a rope or cord of three strands is a good simile—the spirit, the medium, and the inquirer. We might say for "spirit, medium and inquirer," white, red and blue. One of these may be small, the other larger, and another the largest. If the blue strand is the largest, you get most of yourself in the message; if the red is the largest, you get a message partaking of the medium; if the white is quite large, the communication is more of the spirit. I do not suppose it possible for one of these indirect communications to be wholly the product of the spirit; the grammar, at least, is the medium's, as well as the vernacular; it must partake more or less of the mundane source or influence. I am now speaking of honest mediums, and, when the conditions are right, and for the sake of that "white strand," I am willing to listen to a good deal of the blue and red, and filter the "flux" as well as I can; and of this, using your words, "there is a trifle that" blue and red "do not account for." Let me add, I consider an honest rap, or a tip of a table untouched, that will spell out an intelligent sentence, as the *ne plus ultra* of Spiritualism—of more consequence as irrefragable proof of a disembodied intelligence than any other of the phases, on account of its simplicity and manifest intelligence and provision against fraud.

Important as the matter may be thus rapped out, in this connection or treatment of your question, it is of no consequence whether the communication be a lie or a truth, sensible or foolish. The simple fact that a table can utter raps that convey an intelligent thought, settles the matter and makes a connection with the unseen world. With this much certain, or as a known quantity, we can settle or solve the whole spiritual problem. This is the alphabet of the subject; given time enough, we will build its Parthenon and write its Iliad.

Letter from Mexico.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light, Boston:

DEAR SIR—I have seen in your issue of the 3d of October of this year that you encourage me to give you some information concerning the progress of Spiritualism in this portion of the Mexican Territory. If it be true that this philosophy is daily spreading, it is against all the difficulties which are presented by the profound ignorance of the masses, the prejudices that arise from their purely Catholic education—that is to say, consisting almost entirely in exterior practices, without the least religious sentiment, acting only by the force of habit, or theocratic influence, which has resisted all the revolutions of which this country has been the theatre, to conquer its liberty and its rights.

Few regions, however, present more of the requisite elements for the study of the facts of Spiritualism, for these reproduce themselves frequently, which must be due to the abundance of mediums, who exhibit the predominance of the nervous system, and to the beauty of the climate; but these facts are unfortunately neglected, attributed to sorcery, or to the direct influence of the way of mysticism by the clergy, who do not understand them, but who make a profit out of them by getting pay for prayers and exorcisms, and in propagating absurd beliefs through the brutishness of the majority of the people.

It was in 1859 that the first spiritualistic séance was held in this city, at my instigation; and it is probable that, except in the city of Mexico, where Spiritualism had begun to be known, it was the first time it had been mentioned in all the country. There were only three of us, without anything to direct our proceedings, except some imperfect instructions given us by a president of a society who had come to establish himself in Mexico. This Society and ours were several times dissolved—divers fortunes acting upon circumstances and persons—and reconstructed amidst innumerable difficulties. Finally the brave propagators of our faith at Guadalajara undertook at the end of 1868 to establish a journal under the title of *La Ilustración Espiritista*, which succeeded in sustaining itself for a year. To them belongs the merit of being the first to make Spiritualism known through the country by means of the press; and this journal remains a monument of the first efforts put forth here by generous-hearted persons to instruct the masses in doctrines the most apt to make them support with resignation the sorrows connected with our life here below. To this journal succeeded another publication, having the same end in view, at Guanajuato, with the same title, (Vol. II.) at the beginning of 1870, a semi-monthly publication, which sustained itself also for a year. This was followed by another with the same title, edited in Mexico by General D. Refugio Gonzales, at the beginning of 1872; and its success is on the increase, which is principally due to the vigorous and wise administration of Mr. Santiago Sierra, who has placed it in the front rank of publications of this nature.

I can assure you from testimony gathered from all sides, that there does not exist in our city a single house in which there has not been recently or is not now daily some spiritualistic manifestation, such as the movement of furniture, blows, raps, falling of stones or other objects, voices, the apparition of shadows more or less appalling; but there has not been, to my knowledge, in any part of the country any of those materializations of the kind which you publish so often in your magnificent and important journal. From the number of examples of manifestations *spirites*, I will take only one, recounted by the participants themselves, persons of the strictest probity. These persons, a married couple, slept in a narrow chamber. Between the two beds there existed only space enough for a single chair. At the foot of one of these beds was a table and chair. Entering the chamber at night, they carefully closed the door; but as the chair was in the way and impeded their movements, it was placed on the top of said table. It was scarcely an hour that they had been asleep when the woman was awakened by the noise of footsteps on the mat at the foot of the bed. She listened attentively, and when no further doubt of the fact remained she awakened her husband, communicating to him in a low voice her fears. He arose at once, and to ascertain the facts in the case, quickly struck a match. At this same moment the table was shaken (seemingly), the chair upon it thrown violently upon the floor,

the key turned briskly in the lock, the door was heard to open as if to admit of the escape of some one, and receding steps were heard till they were lost in the distance. On the instant the match illumined the scene, when the husband and wife were overwhelmed with astonishment at discovering that *nothing* in the chamber had been deranged, the door was still double-locked, the chair was on the table exactly as it had been left, and all remained in profound silence.

The clergy make every possible effort to arrest the progress of the Spiritualistic Philosophy—multiplying their *predications*, their anathemas, their prohibitions, their commands, which certainly somewhat retard its advance; but surely for only a short time, for the torrent is swelling and will sweep before it all those obstacles, all that is born of prejudice and personal interests.

Spirit-photography has already gained many adherents. From Paris there has lately come the image of the mother of a gentleman here, who had not obtained any portrait of her while living. This photograph by Mr. Buguet has made an immense sensation in our city. Here is a man, rich, honorable, a *député* of Guadalupe, Mr. Augustin Padilla, who having recently visited Paris and Madrid, has returned from his European tour where his faculty for spirit-photography was admirably developed at Mr. Buguet's. It is a new phase of the progress in which our country enters, for Mr. Padilla will learn, doubtless, everywhere, proofs of this spirit communion.

Our little Society is reduced to nine persons, of whom three are writing mediums. We are engaged on a work which we will send to you by and-by. Besides ours, there exists in the city three or four other small Societies, and persons isolated who work alone without much benefit; for the influence of the clergy still paralyzes the will and the desires for instruction. And our Society, which works in the broad daylight, so to speak, does not draw upon us the benedictions of the clergy or their fanatics; and we are little embarrassed by them, or by the sign of the cross which we provoke when passing near some old devotee, by the name "heretic," which reaches our ears, or by the prognostications of an eternal roasting; these do not detract an atom from our tranquility, not one minute from our sleep; on the contrary, the little that we have learned has augmented our confidence in the infinite goodness of the Creator, and we have demonstrated that, to arrive at a better state *post mortem*, it is useless if not reprehensible to deliver one's self to the silly practices of Catholicism, to believe in its dogmas, and very prejudicial to abandon to its officials the arbitration of our destinies present and future.

In spite of all obstacles, Spiritualistic Societies multiply through the whole extent of this country. In this State one can safely estimate that there are twenty, the most of whom work in silence and unknown to the public. In the other States they exist in the great centres of population. All await better times; that is to say, a liberal and energetic government, seeking to repress the abuses of the clergy, make them respect the laws of reform, permitting the adepts of the most glorious philosophy to avow and propagate their belief without fear.

A. D.
Guanajuato, Dec. 8th, 1874.

"The Proof Palpable of Immortality."

The following letter from our valued correspondent, A. E. Giles, Esq., bears in clearly-wrought sentences a merited tribute to the high worth of Mr. Epes Sargent's latest Book on Spiritualism and its Phenomena:

Messrs. COLBY & RICH—Gentlemen: Yesterday I finished reading Mr. Epes Sargent's book that you have recently published, entitled, "The Proof Palpable of Immortality," containing an account of some of the materialistic phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. You have done a good service in bringing such a work before the reading public, and as an individual who has been instructed by a perusal of it, I thank you.

The author has collected and carefully digested many of the more important facts of spiritual materialization. He harkens to the tapplings from the spirit-world which little sagacious Kate Fox first responded to, in Hydeville, N. Y., on the night of the memorable March 31st, 1848, and which she afterwards assisted in impressing on the dull ear of Christendom. He refers briefly on the séances at Moravia, N. Y., held by Mr. Hazard and other intelligent persons with Mrs. Andrews, and dwells more fully on the manifestations accompanying the Eddy Family in Chittenden, Vt. The materializations in England, and especially those carefully investigated by Prof. Crookes, are amply detailed and considered; nor have the Philadelphia Kings and Holmes escaped his notice. At first he accepts them on the endorsement of Dr. H. T. Child and Mr. R. D. Owen; afterwards in a postscript drops them when the endorsement is withdrawn. But the chief value of the book, to me, lies not in its *résumé* of remarkable spiritual phenomena—though in that respect it is excellent—but in its wealth of wise remarks and incisive comments on the relation of Modern Spiritualism to theology, morals, religion and science. Mr. Sargent is a scholar, well read in modern European literature. He has enriched his own observations and arguments by rare and felicitous translations from German and French authors, and by apt quotations from English writers. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." "Quotation, sir," said Dr. Johnson, "is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it; classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world."

The special value of many of these comments and quotations is, that they contain the very pith and marrow of the objections and answers thereto, that are from time to time offered by keen and honest minds in respect to Spiritualism—for instance, Prof. Tyndall denounced Spiritualism as "degrading." Upon which epithet Mr. Sargent quickly comments, "as if the knowledge of any fact of God's universe were degrading!" and then pointedly subjoins the remark of the late Professor DeMorgan that "The overbearing minister of Nature who snaps you with unphilosophical *unscientific* degrading!" as the clergyman once frightened you with *hydel*, is still a recognized member of society, *wants taming, and will get it*. He wears the priest's cast-off garb, *aided to escape detection*."

"What is the good of the use of Spiritualism?" once said an Orthodox doctor of divinity, to me. "The very use and good to which one puts it," was my answer. "To one person it may be a savor of life unto life; to another a savor of death unto death." Mr. Sargent adroitly falls a like objection, by remarking, "as if we were bound to answer the question when a fact or phenomenon of Nature is presented. As if the skeptic could not make precisely the same objection to the universe itself, and prove the nothingness of things by his *cui bono*. He who would set facts aside with a sneer may live to find them irrepressible."

Mr. Sargent is an experienced book-maker, and knows the value to the student and general reader of a good Table of Contents, and a full Alphabetical Index.

This volume is provided with both of these aids to reference. Grateful benisons will be received from pilgrims, lecturers and students in Spiritualism, for this labor and thoughtfulness, on his part, to enhance their pleasure, and to lighten their toils.

Yours fraternally,
A. E. GILES.
Hyde Park, Mass., March 8th, 1875.

BY MARSHALL S. PIKE

Hanner Correspondence.

Wisconsin.

The lectures were in rhyme, evening and Sunday forenoon. "The Christ of the Old Testament," "The Christ of the New Testament," "The Christ of Crime," and "The Rationalism of Ancient and Modern Spiritualism," were largely attended. Saturday forenoon, the Legislature again granted the use of the Assembly Chamber for Sunday night's lecture; and when the time came, it was crowded to its utmost capacity. "The Coming Church" and "The Coming Religion" were the subjects upon which Mrs. Parry spoke by *special request*. Any encomium by me upon the evening's effort would detract from its true merit. It was the grandest piece of oratory the assembled wisdom of our State ever listened to. Thus closed the most fruitful course of spiritual lectures ever given in this city; and never has Spiritualism commanded such respect as at the present writing. The Liberals and Spiritualists are forming a society for the agitation of liberal thought, aware you we are having a kind of spiritual re-

Indiana.

Ohio.
CHAGRIN FALLS.—L. M. Greene writes: J. M. Peebles has recently given an able lecture here on Spiritualism, to a large audience, that seemed to appreciate the talented and happy style of the capable speaker. Every day I thank heaven for the gift of Spiritualism, freighted, as it is, with most precious gifts to the human race. I often see the spirit-forms of those who once walked beside me in mortal life; I hear the words of these beloved ones; I feel the spirit presence of such, and I have heard the songs of angelic hosts.

MANIFESTATIONS IN DENVER, COL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
We have been holding a developing circle of

MANIFESTATIONS IN DENVER, COL.

On last Saturday evening Mr. Peck held a public séance. There were ten persons present. One of the number, who is one of our most prominent men, was carried to the ceiling, a distance of nine feet. He had no pencil to mark with, but struck against the ceiling with his fist, to let us know he was there, and made an indentation. Afterwards the medium was carried up, and as he was still handcuffed, a pencil was placed in his mouth, when he made two long pencil marks. A chair was put on his arm, and then taken off with his handcuffs on. 'I could enumerate a great many more things if it were necessary, but what I have written can be attested to by every one of our circle, besides a number of others. Very respectfully,

Indiana.

Ohio.
CHAGRIN FALLS.—L. M. Greene writes: J. M. Peebles has recently given an able lecture here on Spiritualism, to a large audience, that seemed to appreciate the talented and happy style of the capable speaker. Every day I thank heaven for the gift of Spiritualism, freighted, as it is, with most precious gifts to the human race. I often see the spirit-forms of those who once walked beside me in mortal life; I hear the words of these beloved ones; I feel the spirit presence of such, and I have heard the songs of angelic hosts.

A lady died in Milwaukee, recently, who had managed an omnibus line for ten years.

Musical Director.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

A PRAYER FOR LIGHT.
Oh, thou uneven path in which I tread,
How dark thou art, how filled with fear and dread;
I move, yet scarcely know one foot ahead;
And naught of light on thee is helping shed;
I only know my way is right before me,
And Fate precedes and bids me onward move.
I only know I wish the night were o'er,
And day's sweet light would perfect pleasure prove.
Come, then, thou dawning day, and set me free,
That I may walk with ease and spirit gay;
Oh, rising sun, make haste with light for me,
And I will fear no more the rugged way;
I only care the light to feel and see,
And know my home is near, oh, wished-for day!

—WILLIAM BRUNTON.

The Rev. James Mitchell, of North Leth, England, in a public address, gave "a most eloquent vindication of the stage," stating "that he had little hesitation in asking the blessing of God on a comedy as on a good novel or a good dinner."

The flag of the Reform Club of Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, bears the following inscription: "A church without priests, religion without catechism, the Divine creed without mystery, morality without theology, and God without system."

Aunt Tabitha is worried by the frequent changes of the French mission. She says: "I never had much opinion of them French people, anyway, and nothing could have been but good, steady, regular preaching."

Major Harbord, a British officer, has lost his commission for cheating at cards. When he was detected, at Nice, he was sentenced, and twenty-seven nine-spots were found secured about his person.

An American girl won the gold medal at the recent examination at the College of Brazil, Rio de Janeiro.

Among the things sent to the starving people of Kansas was a tract headed "The Wickedness of Giltiness."

"When Jonah's fellow-passengers pitched him overboard, they evidently regarded him as neither prophet nor hero."

He soon took free passage in a *scholar*, but, finding the smell of oil turned his stomach, he went ashore as *exhorter*, and, unhesitatingly converted the prophet into profit, by evading duty. He might have written a book on *indigestion*! I never knew his Christian name, but presume it was William, as in that voyage he constituted the chief bill-of-lading.

A. B. H.
"An alleged humorist" says: "The alling fies to Florida only to be met by the wicked flea."

Benjamin Franklin often stumbled upon the truth. He said: "The eyes of other people are the eyes that rule us. If all but myself were blind, I should neither want a fine house nor fine furniture."

A woman has recently been detected in England who has been driving a cab, in the guise of a man, for the past ten years.

It has been held that "silence gives consent," but when woman suffrage is under consideration, silence means opposition and it may be a bold opposition, with no reasons to rest upon.—*C. G. Hazewell.*

The coroner's jury in the case of the "St. Andrews" disaster, in New York City, has rendered a verdict which censures the fire department for not tearing down the wall which subsequently fell through the church roof, also the inspector of buildings for remissness of duty, and the architect for not taking additional precaution for the security or removal of the walls.

Asia seems to be adapted by nature for the origin of man; Europe and Northern Africa for his development; and America for the great distribution of the race.—*Rev. G. J. Benson.*

B. C. Sparrow, Superintendent of Life-Saving Stations, District 2, reports that the reason no help could be extended to the Italian bark *Giovanni*, just lost on Cape Cod, all of whose crew, save one, perished in the fight of his men, was that the vessel was beyond the range of the mortar on the beach, and the shot and life-line, when discharged, fell short of her. No "bombs" are used by the American Stations, but a solid shot, weighing twenty-four pounds, is propelled by four ounces of powder from a mortar, carrying the life-line out to sea some two hundred and seventy yards. The apparatus was in good condition, but the *Giovanni* was much beyond that distance, and could not be reached.

Dr. Giles says the whole material world is but a model in clay of the spiritual world.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR, for March, is a model number. Among its literary contributors are W. B. Matthews, John Howard, D. C. Addison and other prominent musical writers. There are thirteen pages of music of superior excellence in this number. For a specimen copy of the "Visitor," address, with stamp, John Church & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Grind while the wind is fair, and if you neglect, do not complain of "God's providence."

The Secretary of the Treasury will issue a call this week for \$30,000,000 of bonds on account of the sinking fund. Under the act of March 3d, 1875, interest on called bonds will cease at the end of ninety days, but it is understood that bonds with accrued interest will be paid on presentation any time after the call.

The Panama Star and Herald says: "The value of advertising is shown by the fact that, two days after advertising in the Star and Herald, the agents of the Johnson force pump sold fifteen of the pumps, all he had of them, and has ordered a fresh supply."

In a jubilee in 1775, two boys, who accompanied the cross as acolytes, quarreled and fought one another with the golden candlesticks. One of them became Pope Leo XII., the other, Pius VIII.

Mr. Hesselstine, Treasurer of the Boston Appleton Temporary Home Corporation, has received gifts amounting to \$155 for the benefit of the Home.

A cruel and unusual punishment is inflicted on prisoners in the Hong Kong (No. 3) Jail, in the following manner: The Theological Secretary to preach raw sermons to them.—*New York World.*

The Court of Commissioners of the Alabama claims have rendered judgment in favor of Capt. Nye, W. B. Ashen, A. C. Bryant, James S. Taber and L. Snow, for losses sustained during the civil war.

About \$100,000,000 of property belonging to church corporations and clergymen are exempted from taxation in the State of New York.

The celebrated Mordant divorce suit has at last found settlement, it is stated by a London telegram dated March 11th, wherein it is reported that "Lady Mordant has been found guilty of adultery."

We throw our influence into the world, good, bad or indifferent, and then step out and are forgotten.

In the hymn-book of the United Presbyterian Church in Great Britain, in Montgomery's "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," the phrase "the mountain dew," was changed to "heavenly dew," "mountain dew" in Scotland signifying a glass of whiskey.

The President will immediately issue stringent orders to prevent the new Black Hills Expedition from entering that country. There is much dissatisfaction that previous orders have been disobeyed.

The decease of Mrs. Henry M. Field robs New York literary society of one of its most charming entertainers.

A Brazilian lady is creating a great sensation in Paris. She has a yellow carriage, and the wheel hubs are of solid gold. The servants connected with the turnout number four—two in the box and two in the rumble. The harness is gold tipped, and the horses are thoroughbreds.

All things except reason and order are possible with a mob.

Dr. Babbitt, author of the "Health Guide," writes us that the celebrated Dr. Wilbur, of Chicago, is to spend some time at his residence, 232 East 23d street, New York, in magnetic healing. He is called "one of the miracle-workers." See Dr. Babbitt's advertisement in another column.

Says the Detroit Free Press: "When a common Japanese goes into the presence of an office-holder he must say, 'Great and distinguished child of the sun, deign to put your foot upon my neck.' That is what the ordinary Post Office clerk expects here."

"Sowing seeds of Grace and Brain Fever," is the sentimental way in which the San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle refers to Elder Hammond's late "convoyatory" attack upon the little ones of that city.

Holloway, the English pill manufacturer, has given \$720,000 for the erection of a College for Women at Egham, England.

If the experience of age could be mixed with the sanguine enthusiasm of youth, what a compound to warrant the highest success!

A Western exchange cheerfully says: "Last spring a Nebraska farmer got behindhand in planting his corn, and in order to catch up, planted it on Sunday. After awhile

the grasshoppers came and devoured every field of corn in seven adjoining counties excepting this one, which was a splendid success. All the farmers out there are going to plant their corn on Sunday next spring."

A bill has been introduced into the Nevada Legislature providing that women may hold all educational offices, except such as are prohibited by the Constitution.

Alvan Clark, the Cambridge telescope maker, who worked ten years to establish a reputation, is getting ready to manufacture an immense telescope for the Austrian Government, and is also negotiating with trustees appointed by Mr. James Lick for the erection of an instrument in the Lick Observatory.

In 1872, no less than 600 patents were granted in England to persons who confessed that they had got their ideas by telegraph from abroad, having agents to look out for valuable new inventions and steal them. A bill has been introduced in Parliament to stop this.

Alfred R. Wallace, F. R. S., has been at work for several years on an elaborate book about the "Geographical Distribution of Animals," and it will be published in a short time. It will be in two volumes, illustrated with two general maps, and many other maps and wood-cuts.

During the past week fires have occurred at Montpellier, Vt.—loss \$75,000; Blackspen, Ga.—Court House, etc., loss \$3000; Stillwater, N. Y.—bridge, Flowers' Hotel, etc., loss \$30,000; Holliston, Mass., \$30,000; and Byron, O., by which last conflagration a large portion of the business part of the town was consumed.

Gambling has been legalized in Nevada, and is to contribute to the State Income at the rate of \$300 per quarter.

Some inquisitive fellow writes to a contemporary to ask how King David could play on the Jewsharp and sing his psalms at the same time.

Charity Donations

Received since our last report in the Banner, for which we return thanks to the generous-hearted contributors:

For God's Poor Fund.—From Mrs. L. Pierce, Highland, \$2.00; Margaret Jackson, Jonesboro, N. H., \$2.00; Miss Nancy R. Batchelder, Mt. Vernon, N. H., \$2.00; J. R. Wyman, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, \$1.50; W. C. Smith, 20 cents; J. M. Billings, Saluria, Texas, 25 cents; "Student," Brooklyn, 25 cents.

For KANSAS SUFFERERS.—From R. R., Belleville, Ont., \$1.00; L. P. Heywood, Ludlow, \$1.00.

For AUSTIN DENT.—From Carl E. Froese, \$2.18.

For LESTER DENT'S FAMILY.—From Mrs. L. Pierce, \$2.00; C. H. Kreische, \$1.00; Benjamin Rhodes, \$1.00; W., 50 cents.

It gives us great pleasure to learn from a correspondent who writes from Troy, N. Y., under date of March 11th, that William Brunton is doing good work in that city at present.

Mr. Brunton spent a very pleasant and profitable month in Philadelphia in February, large and increasing audiences being called together by his lectures, and the people being very much interested and edified. He would like to hear from societies for next fall. Address him No. 5 6th street, Troy, N. Y.

Benjamin Childman, of London, says, in a letter to Dr. H. T. Childman, of Philadelphia, that "the great fact is proved beyond doubt that spirits can make and unmake material bodies to satisfy our senses, and that they can drive material substances through all obstructions is also one of the great facts we are called upon to witness in these days; with what ulterior object I for one am not prepared to say."

People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations; except with well-developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them is a weakening influence.—*Rules for forming a Spirit-Circle.*

Attention is called to the opportune letter of Mr. J. J. Morse, the English trance medium, now in this country. Every true Spiritualist in the land will doubtless fully endorse the truths he utters in behalf of the most abused class of people in the world, and the least understood. They are martyrs, every one of them.

Prof. Wallace's "Defence of Spiritualism" should be in the hands of every Spiritualist in the United States—especially at this time, when our theological enemies are resorting to all sorts of schemes to prevent our faith and knowledge from expanding. The pamphlet is for sale at this office.

Dr. George Sexton's paper, THE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST—published at 86 Fleet street, London, Eng.—will soon be issued weekly, so it is announced. We are glad to learn that this journal is gaining that popular favor which it certainly deserves.

Read Dr. T. B. Taylor's excellent work "OLD THEORY TURNED UPSIDE DOWN." It is a book that deserves the attention of every inquirer into the revelations of Spiritualism. For sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

A correspondent at Terre Haute, Indiana, writes, March 9th: "We are having the finest manifestations, through the mediumship of Mrs. Stewart, that have ever taken place in presence of any medium we know of."

Read the review of Epes Sargent's important and exhaustive work, THE PROOF PALPABLE OF IMMORTALITY, from the pen of Alfred E. Giles, Esq., which will be found on our second page.

INVESTIGATOR HALL, Paine Memorial Building, Boston.—Prof. Tooley will lecture Sunday forenoon, March 21st, at 10½ o'clock, and in the evening Prof. T. B. Taylor, at 7½. The public are cordially invited.

Miss Jennie Leys is doing a good work in California, and the local press, wherever she has been, has not failed to give prominence to her eloquence.

C. Fannie Allen recently delivered a highly successful course of lectures at the Hall of the Spiritualists' Union, San Francisco, Cal.

Send for a package of Liberal Tracts, one hundred and twenty-four pages of reading matter for twenty-five cents.

Beethoven Hall Spiritual Meetings. Admission 10 cents, and 10 extra for reserved seat. "The Music Hall Society of Spiritualists" meet in the new and elegant BEETHOVEN HALL, 413 Washington, near Boylston street, Boston, regularly every Sunday afternoon, at 2½ precisely. Lectures by talented speakers.

T. B. Taylor, A. M., M. D., (author of "Old Theology Turned Upside Down," etc.) will lecture Tuesday March 21st.

This course of lectures will close March 28th. A quartette of accomplished vocalists will add interest to the services.

As the small admission fee charged does not pay half the expenses of these meetings, donations are respectfully solicited from those who feel an interest in their continuance.

Interest in Spiritualism, Chairman and Manager, LEWIS B. WILSON, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

We are informed that J. J. Morse is having the fullest measure of success in Bangor, Me., where he is at present lecturing.

Theodore Price will start the middle of March from Monmouth, Ind., on a lecturing tour, extending through Southern Michigan and Northern Indiana.

E. Anne Hluman was in Manchester, N. H., the last Sunday in March and the four Sundays of April. Will make further engagements. Address West Winsted, Conn., Box 32.

Julia E. McFarland Wright has returned to Boston from her western tour, on account of illness, and will not be able to attend to any engagements at present or reply to correspondents.

C. B. Lynn is filling the third and last month of his engagement in Vineland, N. J., where he has met with excellent success. In April he will be at Boston. Address care Banner of Light.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield, the clairvoyant physician and trance-speaking medium, has been obliged to move to Greenwich Village, but he will continue to make extensive examinations of the sick, and lecture wherever his services are required. Address Greenwich Village, Mass.

Mrs. E. M. Hickock will lecture on Temperance in Raymond Hall, Charlestown District, Sunday evening, March 21st. The hall should be crowded. The speaker is earnest and eloquent.

Spiritual and Miscellaneous Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cents. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents.

THE SPIRITUALIST: A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science. London, Eng. Price 8 cents.

THE RELIGIO-Philosophical Journal: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in New York. Price 15 cents.

THE LITTLE BOUQUET. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents.

THE LYTTON MESSANGER. Monthly. Published at Brattleboro, Vt. Price 10 cents.

THE CRUCIBLE. Published in Boston. Price 6 cents.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND ILLUSTRATED LIFE. Published in New York. Price 30 cents.

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. S. Watson, Editor. Price 15 cents.

SCIENCE OF HEALTH. Monthly. Published in New York City. Price 25 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

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

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line. Agents, each insertion.

Payments 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.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT.—Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, No. 102 Westminster Street, Magnetic Remedies, etc. Diagnosing diseases by lock of hair, \$1.00. Given, and cures. Remedies sent by mail.

Specific for Epilepsy and Neuralgia. Address Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, Boston, Mass., Box 2619.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Healing and Developing Medium, office No. 200 Joralemon st., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. From 10 to 4. Magnetic paper, with instructions, mailed to those who desire to be developed, on receipt of \$2. Mr. G. J. W.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth st., New York. Terms, \$5 and four 5-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. J. J.

All Advertisers desiring to make contracts with Western and Southern papers should send for estimates to Rowell & Chesman, Advertising Agents, St. Louis, Mo. Their book of fifty pages on Advertising, and How and Where to do it, is sent for ten cents.

Dr. FRED L. H. WILLIS will be at the Sherman House, Court Square, Boston, every Thursday from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M., and every Friday from 10 A. M. till 1 P. M., until further notice. Address all letters care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, NERVOUSNESS.—Dr. J. P. Miller, a practicing physician at 327 Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa., has discovered that the extract of Cranberries and Hemp cures dyspeptic, nervous or Sick Headache, Neuralgia and Nervousness. Prepared in Pills. 50 cts. a box. Sent by mail by the doctor, or by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover street, Boston, Mass. J. 16.—1y.

Angels and Spirits Minister Unto Us. Dr. BRIGGS'S MAGNETIC WONDER is a certain, agreeable local cure for the legion of diseases pertaining to the generative functions, such as Uterine Diseases, Leucorrhoea, Ovarianitis, &c. Also, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Sores, and Cutaneous Diseases. These Powders have been perfected by Band of Spirit Chemists, and are magnetized by hand through an eminent Medical Clairvoyant.

Sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1 per box, or \$5 for six boxes. Address all communications to Dr. J. E. Briggs & Co., Box 32, Station D, New York. D. 19. 13w*

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 39 West 24th street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Mr. G.—1w*

HENRY SLADE, Clairvoyant, No. 25 E. 21st street, New York. J. 2.

A COMPETENT PHYSICIAN.—Dr. J. T. Gilman Pike, whose office is located at the PAVILION, No. 67 TREMONT STREET, (Room C), BOSTON, is cordially recommended to the Public as one of the most competent practitioners in the State. He compounds his own medicines, is a mesmerizer, skillfully applies the electro-magnetic battery when required, administers medicines with his own hands, has had great experience as a physician, and been very successful in his practice. He gives close attention to nervous complaints.

Public Reception Room for Spiritualists.—The Publishers of the Banner of Light have fitted up a suitable Room in their Establishment EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where they can meet friends, write letters, etc., etc. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their Headquarters. Room open from 7 A. M. till 6 P. M.

BUSINESS CARDS.

TWENTY-THIRD YEAR

For PYLE'S SALESTATUS, and not one successful rival. Every body acknowledges its superiority in all respects. It is always put up in ground packages under my name, and sold by first-class Grocers. Beware that you are not deceived by the misrepresentation of cheap imitations.

MARCH 20.—1w

ERIE, PA., BOOK DEPOT. OLIVER B. BAFFORD, the veteran bookseller and publisher, keeps on sale at his store, 603 French street, Erie, Pa., nearly all of the most popular Spiritualist Books, including, also, agent for Hull & Chamberlain's Magnetic and Electric Powders.

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT. A. ROSE, 121 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT. A. J. DAVIS & CO., Booksellers and Publishers of Standard Books and Periodicals on Harmonical Philosophy, Spiritualism, Free Religion, and General Reform, No. 24 East Fourth street, New York. 12—Nov. 1.

CLEVELAND, O., BOOK DEPOT. LEE'S 112 A. 112 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O. All the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

VERMONT BOOK DEPOT. J. G. DARLING & CO., Lunenburg, Vt., keep for sale Spiritual, Reform and Miscellaneous Books, published by Colby & Rich.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. H. RHODES, 913 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., keeps constantly for sale the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications. Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale as above. At Lincoln Hall corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritual Meetings.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., BOOK DEPOT. AT No. 319 Kearney street (opposite) may be found for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Plectrums, Spectacles, Spectacles, Positive and Negative Powders, Orion's Anti-Tobacco Preparations, Dr. Storer's Nutritive Compound, etc., Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Orders sent by mail, and postage stamps required at par. Address, HETMANSON, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT. RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 100 Seventh street, above New York Avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ST. LOUIS, MO., BOOK DEPOT. H. L. REAMER, 112½ N. 3rd st., St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOOK DEPOT. D. M. DEWEY, Bookseller, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT. And Agency for the BANNER OF LIGHT, W. H. TERRY, No. 38 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale the works on Spiritualism, LIBERAL AND REFORM WORKS, published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

LONDON, ENG., BOOK DEPOT. J. BURNS, Progressive Library, No. 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng., keeps for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and other Spiritual Publications.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Booksellers

No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON,

KEEP A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

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TERMS CASH.—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or part cash. When the money is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid C. O. D.

Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. Any book sent in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.

Catalogues of Books Published and For Sale by Colby & Rich, in Australia, New Zealand, and the Colonies, sent free. By Samuel R. Wells, on Phenology, Physiology, Hygiene, Home Improvement, &c., sent free.

CATARRH.

Five Years' Sickness Cured by Four Bottles of Constitutional Catarrh Remedy.

Pain in Shoulders, Back and Lungs, and Droppings in the Throat Disappear.

ST. AMAND, P. Q., Sept. 12th, 1874.

Messrs. LITTLEFIELD & CO.: Dr. Sir—Reading your circular, others may know something of the merits of your "CONSTITUTIONAL CATARRH REMEDY." I wish to inform you what it has done for me. I am 20 years of age, and have been ill for about five years. I had employed three or four different doctors, and tried various medicines, without receiving any permanent benefit, but, on receiving your Remedy, I was cured. I had been so bad as to be unable to do an hour's work at a time. I had severe soreness and pain under the shoulder blades, and back and chest, with very little back and a feeling in my right lung as though there was a weight bearing it down, with continual dripping in the throat and down upon the lungs. Such was my condition when I commenced to take your Catarrh Remedy, one bottle of which eased my pains and gave me an improved appetite, and after taking four bottles I was restored to health, and am now able to do my usual labor, such as chopping and clearing land, at which I have been engaged the past season. My recovery I attribute solely, with God's blessing, to the use of your Catarrh Remedy.

Yours truly, HENRY SNYDER.

PRICE 1/2 PER BOTTLE.—Sold by all Druggists. A pamphlet of 32 pages, giving a treatise on Catarrh, and containing numerous cases of cures, sent FREE, by addressing the Proprietors, LITTLEFIELD & CO., 101 Elm, cor. of Hanover st., Manchester, N. H. March 20.—1w

Spiritualist Convention.

THE Twenty-Seventh Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism will be held at Liberty Hall, Springfield, Mass., Wednesday, March 31st, at 10 o'clock A. M., to celebrate the birth-day of spiritualism by speaking, singing, reading, and other appropriate exercises. Will be in order for the evening.

April 1st, at 10 o'clock A. M., the People's Camp-Meeting Association will commence their Convention at the same place and continue as long as necessary, to hear a full report of the last Camp-Meeting, all vacancies, and make other arrangements for the coming year. Camp-Meeting, and transact such business as may come before the Convention. Speakers, mediums and liberal-minded people, are invited to continue and take part in the Convention. We are sure of a large attendance. Regular tickets to Springfield, and receive free return tickets at the Convention over the Boston and Albany, Conn. River, and Fall River Railroad. Conductors will see that the no rule is given in their district. Per order of the Committee.

For further particulars, address

MARV LYMAN, Springfield, Mass.

E. D. BABBITT, D. M.,

PSYCHICIST and ELECTRICIAN, having remarkable success in curing Rheumatism, Paralysis, Nervous, Female and Blood Diseases, treated with skill, and exhausted systems built up.

There is no better Magnetic Healer in New York than Dr. E. D. Babbitt.—J. M. PEARLES.

Babbitt's Health Guide sent post-paid for \$1. "Vital Magnetism," 25 cents. Both for \$1.50. Physicians and others have spoken as follows about the Health Guide: "Worth \$5." "Worth \$10." Of more value than all the other medical books ever published."—J. H. Men-dell, the lecturer, says he has cured by its rules "Rheumatism, fevers, etc., etc." and completely restored his daughter after two or three months' confinement. "could not live 48 hours." Address or apply to

E. D. BABBITT, 232 East 23d st., N. Y.

"KNOW THYSELF"—Thiers's *Odic* Powders, the glycerine and health-restoring NERVINE, 25 cents; powder, 10 cents; six dozen \$5. *Odic* Water, 50¢ per package; *Odic* Elixir, 50¢ per bottle; *Odic* Life-Water, free, except containing vessel; *Odic* Therapeutic Cream, 25¢; a full catalogue for circulation

Married

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass. 60W

