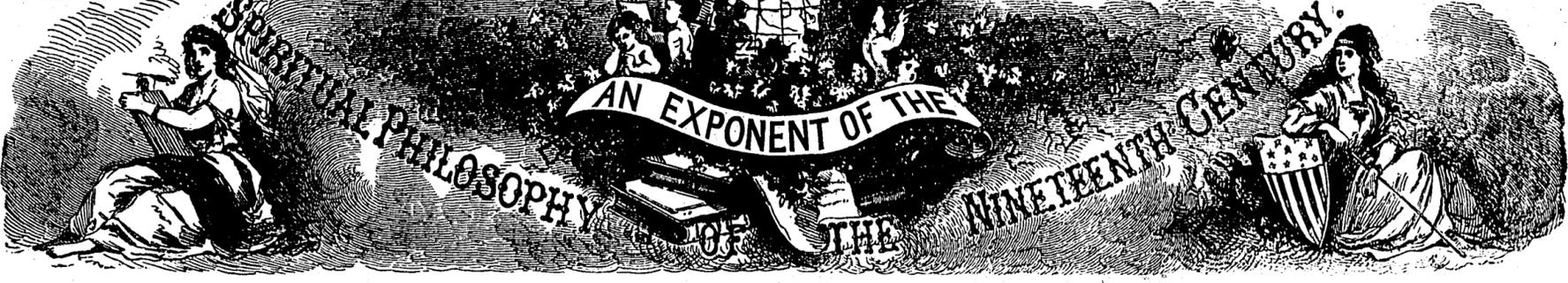


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The Rostrum.

SPIRITUAL SOLVENTS.

A Lecture delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan in Chicago, Ill., Sunday Evening April 30th, 1876, under the inspiration of "Phenix."

(Reported specially for the Banner of Light.)

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen—The *sober* under which I appear to-night is one which will be recognized by those who know me upon earth. To those who did not know me by my name or proper name would have no special significance. Therefore I choose to present the thoughts I have to offer not because of any importance you may attach to my earthly name, but because of the spiritual significance that lies beyond those thoughts. "SPIRITUAL SOLVENTS" is the theme of my discourse.

You will remember that among the ancients, earth, air, fire and water were considered all the elements of life, and that from these were supposed to radiate or emanate every form of existence. In my discourse to-night I shall use the word "primates" with reference to the original substances of which the earth is supposed to be made; I shall use the word "approximates" with reference to any intermediate states between primate and ultimate; I shall use the word "ultimate" with reference to the destiny of primates as a distinction between the past and the future function of atoms; and I shall use all these terms relatively, because in the significance of the vocabulary of science you are aware that terms as well as ideas undergo a change, and therefore no term can be final until there is a finality in matter.

Earth, air, fire and water, instead of being elements, therefore, are only solvents of some sixty or seventy primates which science has discovered, and these solvents retain all existing atoms in their present stages of development, and make up whatever there is of physical existence.

In my earthly life I made the study of chemical science my speciality. Interested in all branches of human knowledge—I believe there was no subject of human interest that I did not endeavor in some degree to pursue—the analysis not of the phases of atomic life but of the something that lies behind that which science is ever in pursuit of, the primary source of things, was to me of special interest. In this pursuit I discovered that not what things seem to be, but the expression of what they really are, constitutes the essence of life. I found that no primate had been discovered as an atomic existence, but only the approximates, which up to the present date are considered as primates because they are not capable of being solved, but which, if there were found a greater solvent than the present earth, the present air, the present water, the present fire, or any present chemical combination, undoubtedly could be again resolved into other combinations, and we should be as far from the original elements or essences as before.

I obtained my belief in spiritual existence while upon earth by reasoning from analogy. In this manner: You take two supposed primates, such as oxygen and hydrogen; combine them in certain proportions and you have a certain result, the supposed result of added function being the result of their combination. I arrived at the conclusion, therefore, that from the combination of substances in the human mind is derived organized power, and added capacity or function: For instance, water and fire produce steam, and a certain state of the gases which constitute water by evaporation becomes air. Carbon is sometimes a gas; in the solidified form it is coal. In a still more solidified form it is the diamond. I therefore presumed that the various stages of existence called matter might in a more refined degree be termed spirit, and I was ready to believe in immortality upon that basis. Besides, I found by experiment that the chemical components of things did not constitute all there was in them. For instance, I found certain chemical combinations existing in chalk and in marble. I found that the limestone of the quarry after it had passed through the processes of heating varied from the lime in the human system. I discovered that the added functions were the phosphates, and that these phosphates constituted the bases of organic or human life. I discovered what I believed to be a true theory, that whenever any substance or primate is combined with another substance in human or other form it derives an added power; hence that primates become refined by association and by organized life. I concluded, therefore, that the result of all this trituration and refinement must eventually be spirit; and with this idea I entered spiritual existence, having fully possessed myself of a knowledge of all manifestations existing for the first quarter of a century of Modern Spiritualism.

But when I entered spiritual life I discovered, to my amazement, that my premises were wrong; that, instead of matter deriving an added function that would lead to spirit, spirit itself is the organizing power and the great solvent of all material existences; that, instead of spirit being the outgrowth of organization, as I had reasoned erroneously, spirit itself is the centre from which organization, by its various laws and processes, must emanate, and that I must change my basis

of reasoning if I would have my arguments correct.

You will remember that when the Copernican system took the place of ancient astronomy, the ancients considered the earth as the centre, and all astronomical calculations were predicated upon that supposed fact. Since the discovery was made that the sun is the centre instead of the earth, all astronomical calculations have been based not with reference to their seeming relation to the earth, but with reference to the actual relation of the planets to the centre. I found, on entering spirit-life, that I must change my centre; that, instead of time and space, atoms and organized life, instead of the various processes of physical science, I must make the centre spiritual. Do you not comprehend that, inasmuch as the seeming revolution of planets is around the earth, but the real revolution is around the sun, so science herself must take into consideration, in dealing with occult forces, that that which seems to the senses to be may differ greatly from that which actually is? For instance, specific gravity is a thing that can be annihilated outside of or by removing the earth's atmosphere, and varies in degree only in proportion to the atmosphere and supposed density of the body. Eliminate weight, as you must do if you go beyond the earth's atmosphere, measurement, impenetrability, anything that is supposed to belong to matter and material existence, and you will readily perceive that you must have a change of base for any scientific calculation or illustration. You proceed to annihilate space and time by invention. What the stage coach failed to do is performed by steam, and distance is no longer measured by miles, but by the few hours or moments required to traverse the space between two points. Therefore in that degree time and space are measurably annihilated—approximately so. Electricity has performed what steam failed to do, and a message may now be transmitted in a few seconds that formerly required as many days or weeks. This is annihilating space and time by subtle substances. Now suppose a substance more rapid than electricity, swifter than light in its traversing—that substance to be thought, annihilating time and space and density and every attribute of matter. This is spirit. You will readily perceive that it is only a series of gradations from the rapidity of lightning or the magnetic telegraph to that of thought itself, and yet it has been supposed to be a wide and almost impassable chasm. You will perceive that when once you admit the possibility of a change of centre in scientific calculations, the whole subject becomes open to a vast system of analogous laws that do not in any way interfere with established science, but open up another realm of super-science not supposed to belong to human existence. The senses of man, as I have often stated before my demise, are far more deceptive than the mind. What the eye sees is only an approximate vision; you are not certain of your sight. The focus may be wrong; a slight change in an optical instrument or in your visual organs may invert the whole system of the universe. I whirl a lighted stick before you, and it seems to be a wheel. There is no wheel there, but you declare, upon the testimony of your eyes, that there is a wheel of light. The vibrations are more rapid than will make an impression upon the visual organ, and, therefore, there seems to be a circular light. Sound is equally deceptive, and the sense of touch can be perhaps more easily deceived than any other. When, therefore, you consider that physical science has such an imperfect basis as external observation; that the space between atoms and worlds has been bridged over only by mental science; that, by positive mathematical prophecy, planets have been discovered long before they could be revealed to the vision of man; that my wonderful teacher, Kepler, the prophet of astronomical science, discovered a system of philosophy that lay beyond vision; that Hirschel, with more than prophetic vision, perceived the distant sun round which your own system revolves, not by natural vision, not even by the aid of the senses, but by that subtle law of mathematical analogy which interpenetrates all science—you will be prepared for any change in the basis of scientific approximates that will bring you nearer and nearer to a correct understanding of the laws of the universe.

So far as I have investigated in spiritual science there is no external light, no external heat, no external fire, water or other combination of substances required to constitute the reality of spiritual existence. I use the word "external" in its strictly organic sense, and with reference to those substances that you consider as things, but which investigated by the eye of supermundane science become resemblances of things, and which, instead of being impenetrable as iron, or any solid substance is supposed to be, are not only penetrable, but also a shadow compared to the realities of existence. I find the solvents of spiritual life are those of thought and its primordial source, spirit. Conversation is the solvent between two or more persons in a company. At first they are impervious; there is a solid barrier of egotism around each individual, somewhat resembling what Dr. Franklin would term the film of resistance between atoms, and this egotism prevents anything like exchange of thought or qualities except through music, conversation, or some other social solvent. Deeper still, the law of sympathy determines what shall be the degree of communication between two persons, and Emerson has well said substantially this: that the art of conversation consists of people thinking alike and approaching near each other, instead of fighting a duel of ideas or words. As conversation is a solvent between mind and mind on earth, and as all social analogies bear me out in saying that the nearer human beings approach to the spiritual the more conversation there is, and the more do they know each other, and that while men are immersed in their senses, and preserve a barrier of sense and egotism there is no acquaintance, and when this barrier is removed there is acquaintance and conversation, and the souls come nearer together, you will understand what I mean when I say that as *Life—i. e., air and sunlight and water*—is the great solvent of material elements, so Death is the great solvent of spiritual elements.

You have no idea into what a world of wonderful solutions you are admitting as you pass through that magical change. You have no idea how many walls are removed, how many barriers are taken away, and how the soul leaps into the light of the new-found elements even as a butterfly into the summer air. You have no idea what this process does by unlocking the gateways of all these mysteries that were supposed to be veiled by matter, time and sense. Why, we speak of chemical science on earth as though it were a finality and had arrived at the very *sol* of things, and that nothing could be done after chemistry had performed all that she could do; but I have known of a perfume to be in my room for months that I could not detect by chemical analysis, and I have tried it. I have known of subtle elements

and changes of combination to exist in chemical properties that I could detect by no experiment chemically, yet which produced a palpable effect upon my senses, and upon the spiritual and social energies of those present. I was, therefore, prepared somewhat for the golden key which Death placed in my hand when I passed beyond the external into the spiritual life. It was more like release from prison than anything else. I thought myself fortunate in that I was accused of being rather too much so for the exact and accurate man of science. It was stated that I dabbled too much in every science to be excellent in any, and though I never failed to comprehend any specialty of science I still believed that none had arrived at the ultimate solution. I say, therefore, when Death placed in my hand this golden and mysterious key it was as though morning had just dawned, as though I had never had a thought before, and as though all the plodding and tread-mill methods of earthly existence in a scientific direction had been like a child groping in the dark. Some of the ways had led me toward thought, but none of them had led me into the actual realm of thought. Some of the avenues and channels had led me toward the right direction, but none of them had led me to the gateway, even to the outermost gateway, of the real temple of science.

My first experience was that the removal of the physical body changed the order of sensation, and that, instead of experiencing sensations from without acting upon the mind, and thereby, inversely, action being reproduced in thought and conversation, my sensations were all from within, and I gradually traversed the entire period of my earthly life by an introspective process. I soon found that things objective to my external senses were no longer so to my spiritual senses, and what I had supposed to be merely a subjective and imaginary existence, the æsthetic reality of my idealities, that somewhat overwrought taste, were the realities of my existence, and all forms of music, poetry, whatever in life had appealed to my eye of the beautiful, everything that I had grouped in the shape of art or imagery, became realities in my new existence, and the atoms seemed to blossom out before me expressing these thoughts. My first idea was that this was some picture conjured up by some guardian spirit or friend to make my introduction to spirit-life more agreeable. There was a sufficient number of things that were not agreeable, however, and these were also the results of my own life and experience—the exact counterpart spiritually of what I had performed materially, but revealed with reference to their spiritual significance. I discovered, instead of matter being impenetrable as I had scientifically supposed, that I readily passed into and out of my earthly dwelling, that I came in contact with no external substance to my injury, and that I seemed to pervade those substances as one would suppose the air to be pervaded by an aroma or an essence. I perceived, however, that my friends did not recognize my presence, but that I could often produce a mental vibration which they would act upon without being conscious of the source from whence it came. In this way I could influence my daughters, or the members of my family, producing decided action on their part without their being aware of whence the action proceeded. I was told by the spirit who attended me that this power was the result of my consoling will, but I had supposed will to be something other than I had supposed will to be. I found it absolute intention, creative power almost, in the way of producing conduct and thought in others. I then was told that the secret of this power was *clairvoyance*, or *clair-willing*. To know definitely what one wishes to do, is the great secret of spiritual power. Any thought that is worth thinking, any system of thought that is worth following, is worth thinking clearly; and the difficulty with people in earthly life is, and often it was with me, that the thought is not clearly arranged in the mind before expression is attempted. This is why conversation is so vague, why words mean such a variety of things, and why a story, as it passes from mouth to mouth, becomes entirely perverted. The *clairvoyance* is not there. You do not will and think clearly; the action is too contingent; circumstances govern too much, and the idea within the mind is not the legitimate outgrowth of the thought itself.

These incidental experiences, however, were but the stepping-stones, as birth is the stepping-stone to the life that shall follow, or as childhood is the intermediate state between birth and actual existence. I found one by one the qualities of my mind developing themselves in reference to this clair-willing faculty, and not only clairvoyance but the mind itself seemed to have eyes and the senses became centred in the all-pervading perception of things, which did not require sight, nor hearing, nor touch, but simple presence. I then became aware that the location of spiritual existence must be in my mind, wherever my affections would lead, and straightway, after my first surprise was over, and my first attempt to soothe the grief of my family, I wished with as much clearness as possible that I might be transported to the spiritual state I was best qualified to enter. There seemed to open what would appear like the lower neck of a balloon or sphere and before my mind a luminous pathway, luminous by no external sun or star, but a light emanating from itself, and I found myself borne along the track of this pathway as one might be transported along a railway, only seemingly with much more velocity. I could not judge of the speed, because there were no intermediate objects whereby I could determine, but the earth itself, so far as I was concerned, held only one point, and that was the abode of my friends. This sphere seemed a hundred times larger than the outer world, and increased in size as I approached it. I found then that I had been led by another will superior to my own, who had acted upon, stimulated and directed the channel of thought through which I had passed, but at the same time that this new birth or existence left my faculties quite free, left me in full possession of all the qualities of mind which I had possessed upon earth, and with fewer imperfections of thought, so far as intellect was concerned, than I was then aware of.

But I felt spiritual poverty. I mean to say that I seemed to exist in the atmosphere of intellect, of intelligence, of intellectual perception, but I missed the aura of spiritual power. I never could pray when I lived on earth. I had no religious experiences of my own; indeed, I never knew that there was a spirit except what I received through my intellect demonstrated through the mediumship or spirituality of others. I never saw a spirit clairvoyantly; therefore my spiritual perceptions seemed to be vague. I was conscious of an obscurity of the light beyond, as if some portion of the sphere in which I had entered were in an eclipse. I asked the spirit that seemed my attendant, whose name I did not know, but whose aura was very bright, to explain this. He said to me, "This is the spiritual atmosphere, which, because you did not possess it, or it was

not cultivated, leaves you in spiritual darkness, but, through the intellect, through ideality, through refinement of a somewhat cultivated taste, you are admitted to a portion of the sphere which your spirit will eventually inhabit." I cannot tell you how brilliant the air seemed as we passed scintillant, and the atoms kindled. I perceived that it was not by any external lustre of sun or planet, but the luminousness of my attendant guide and myself. My luminousness seemed reflected from him; I wore no brightness of my own, but only a brightness borrowed from his presence. I said, "Why is this? You are luminous, and I am like the moon, simply a reflected light." He said, "There can be no light unless there is spiritual power first, and as the power you possess is only that of intellect you must shine with a borrowed light until the spiritual has birth." Not that I was devoid of a spirit, but the spirit had not pervaded the attributes and qualities of my mind. I had lived in the external senses. I possessed the intellectual consciousness of a recognized proof of immortality, but had not seen it through my spiritual faculties. I did not possess the intuition that would give me a knowledge of it; therefore my spiritual windows were blind; I was in an obscurity, and because of this I must shine by the light of my teacher and friend until I could develop the spiritual quality. I felt as a babe or a dwarf then in the presence of a giant; even as one who is blind in the presence of those who see clearly.

As we approached the sphere, which seemed to grow larger and larger, and finally became a world of itself, I discovered degrees of brightness, and I said, "What are these?" "These are the different grades or states of mind in the same sphere. While as a whole they agree, there are still stages and degrees of thought among them, and the luminousness varies in proportion to their spiritual exaltation." While the lower most state seemed to be of a blue grayish tint, I could see, stretching far into the distance, as though the zenith were there, a shining flame like a sun. I could distinguish no objects, but my attendant said that was the centre round which radiated all these souls, and that these were as planets round a central sun of intelligence and power. I then perceived that not the law of gravitation, nor of the motion of the heavenly bodies in the solar system, nor of planets, governed these mysterious states or spheres, but that the centre of gravitation was the spirit itself, and the great luminary beyond must be a group of brighter spirits and more divine minds who radiated their brightness upon those around them, until by degrees they were merged in the shadows where I stood. I assure you that any knowledge which I possessed while upon earth, and even the approximate comprehension of the wonderful structure of the heavenly system and of the earth itself, sank into insignificance, and I could feel, almost before I was aware of it, that in some of these stages of thought, far above my reach and comprehension, there must dwell the giant minds whom I had worshiped, the prophets of science whom I had adored, who, with loftier vision than myself, had attained the spiritual as they had the material heights of science. I could then feel my guide pouring the radiance of his mind upon me; and I knew that he was one who in earthly life, as well as in spiritual existence, I had at a distance worshipped, because the minutest atom seemed revealed to him, and the worlds were alike known, and spoke a language. As he turned to me I was none other than Humboldt, the genius of the century, who gave the cosmos of science, as Plato gave the cosmos of philosophy to the world. And when he thus led me I perceived that he also slackened his pace, and (as though he would wait for me to follow,) turned toward the heights that were above him. But even he did not possess the rare brilliance of those higher states or spheres. I could perceive a diminishing light; he was great to me, but there were those beyond him that were as saints and apostles in science; and I could even imagine—though I did not see in palpable vision—Galileo smiling down from a grander height, and the wonderful mysteries of even the Platonic periods pictured in the air above and around us.

I was promised by the singular process of thought which enveloped me that I should become aware of the mysteries of science; but, even as an academic student or a collegian with the introduction of new methods is obliged to unlearn what he has learned before, even as science supercedes science, and that which one age invents and discovers transcends the thought of the previous age, so the various mantles of thought and science in which I had seemed to clothe and adorn myself while upon earth must gradually fall from me. I took them off one by one as I passed with my guide through these singular spheres. First I threw off the cloak of absolute physicality. Then I threw off the mist that surrounded my intelligence concerning matter, its positiveness, its impenetrability, its absolute existence. I discovered it to be relative. I then threw off any idea of time or space in connection with spiritual existence. For I assure you after my birth into spiritual life I could not tell, for an instant, whether my earthly existence had been a thousand years or one, or whether the experience that I reviewed had all been centered in an hour or a million centuries. Such is the rapidity of thought and such its import, any intense experience in life becomes a day, and the dull routine of existence seems the monotony of a million years. But after a while the mind again rebounded, and as I could trace the days and years of my earthly life they seemed as nothing, seconds of time compared to the vistas that opened before me, the minds that I seemed to see peering the sphere into which I was led and the radiations of light that came out as if by common consent from one great centre and from various smaller centres in this region of space. Then I said, "Is this the entire spirit-world?" "Oh, no," said my guide, "this is only a congregation or sphere of kindred scientific minds, who in divers directions are associated together for the development of spiritual thought; but, pointing to different radiations like the radii of a single luminary when there are only tubes or channels leading from it, he said, 'These are avenues that link us to other spheres, whither by attraction, purpose, wish, ministrations or desire we may be led, and these spheres again lead to other interlinking spheres, until the whole of space is peopled by similar bodies.'"

The outside of this sphere as we approached it seemed luminous. As we entered the inner portion it enlarged, and presented to the vision the aspect of a surface with an overarching dome. Distance and space always assume those forms, and even to the spiritual vision there is the same conformation in spiritual space. I found that I was not dependent upon the utterance of thought in speech for an expression, nor for an answer from my guide; that instead of the earthly senses I possessed one abiding sense of perception, and was aware of every thought my mind was capable of receiving. When a new thought was ad-

vanced I seemed to listen. No word reached me as sound reaches the human ear, produced by vibrations upon the air, but there came directly into my consciousness a vibration similar to that of sound—a mental vibration—and I watched for the gradual growth of my consciousness to understand the thought, just as a deaf person hears a sound partially and waits for the mind to interpret the sound into a little vague, but spiritual, I found that I must wait and wait, till the inward consciousness expanded to receive the ideas of the mind; I grew more and more conscious of the exercise of those surpassing spiritual powers that I mean to convey the idea of through sympathy, through the love of the thought that my attendant spirit possessed, and I found that intensity increased that even the vision of Dante became more and more fulfilled and revealed to my consciousness; namely, that the will or desire of my spirit interpreted to my understanding the thought and the vision which the guide would convey. Then I exclaimed, "Must I unlearn all that I have learned on earth? Must I reverse the methods of thought?" He said, "You must begin at the beginning. Science on earth is but an approximate result of spirit and matter. In spiritual life you have the primary. The essences are here; what-ever acts upon matter, its prototype is found here, and spirits exercise the functions of creative existence." When I did not understand this he explained further that though I perceived mind acting upon the space around me in the form of creating luminousness and light, to which light there was no seeming vibration because no external atmosphere, light itself has no existence as an entity or essence, and is only the result of vibration caused by force. When, therefore, spiritual light exists it is the force of the mind acting upon the atmosphere—spirits surrounding the individual. Then I said, "Is it true that out of seeming nothingness creation could have sprung?" I then perceived that chaos itself is peopled with far more fine and heavenly bodies and substances than the earth, which is the grave of centuries and ages of time.

I was then introduced into a sphere where there seemed to radiate scintillations of thought and mind upon atmospheres that were distant, and I could perceive in the centre, as though holding out lines of light, one whom I could not but feel was Kepler himself. "Now," I said, "I shall learn in what manner spirits discover the sciences which upon earth are the result of so much toil and labor." I could see that these lines of light radiated from his mind, and were propelled in proportion to his will; that they gradually outspread, until whatever planet or world he wished to study was brought within the sphere of these lines of light. Then said my teacher, "Every spirit possessing knowledge and power can at any time discover a planet, its condition, its density, the state of its inhabitants and the various qualities pertaining to it, by such will power as you perceive there." I failed to know when I should possess even the shadow of such power, but my guide said, "Do not be discouraged; have you any one on earth whom you wish to benefit?" "Certainly," I said, and I straightway thought of some one dear to me, whose life I might make or wish to make more beautiful. He said, "Think intently of that person." I thought, and as though a lens had been presented to my vision, I saw not only the spiritual state but the earthly habitation of that person—saw the condition of mind and body, and, by the effort of my will, I could read the thought passing in the mind, which was sorrowful and full of pain. He said, "Now will I change that sorrow to joy." And straightway I willed as though I had ever prayed—it was a prayer, and I could perceive the vibrations changing in the mind, that instead of pain and sorrow there seemed to be joy and peace, and the eyes were uplifted and the thought was turned toward me in my new habitation, and the person moved the lips as if in prayer, and there was another atmosphere of joy instead of sorrow. He said, "What you have done for that one spirit proves that you have the power—when it shall blossom out into full perfection—of doing perhaps for a whole world of souls." It then finally dawned upon my consciousness that this must be what Jesus meant when he described himself as the door and the true vine—that it was his great desire which made it possible for him to help the world. Then I said, "Are desire and will synonymous?" He said, "Desire, when chastened by unselfishness, becomes the will power of the spirit, and upon it the soul can arrive to any height. No insensate upon earth and no luminary in the firmament above but the spirit can be tempered by unselfishness and lofty aspiration." Then straightway I felt that my selfishness was leaving me, and that a desire to do good to others took possession of my intense thirst for knowledge. Then I said, "Is it not true that knowledge is the great key that opens the spiritual pathway, and must it not be by various avenues of science and learning that we enter the highest degrees of spiritual states?" He answered, "No; knowledge is one of the instruments, a weapon for the mind to use, a channel of communication between the inner and the outer world; but no knowledge ever admitted the spirit to such power as you have developed by the unselfish wish to benefit your friend."

Then a new realm unfolded to my vision, where mathematics was not; and was it Kepler that I saw measuring the distance of stars in some divine beatitude? It was a lofty scene. Oh, but it was Kepler, who, coupled with sublimest thought of intellect, possessed love for his kind. Ay, but it was Galileo far away in the whiter light that I saw, who with scientific prophecy still loved the truth and loved mankind. Ay, but it was a long line of risen sons and prophets in my world whose I had seen, but who not through the scientific law had risen to that eminence but by the same process. "Whatever you shall impart to others that shall be increased tenfold." Then so far as my life was concerned I imparted intellect, but perhaps not so much of kindness. I was not accused of being severe, but the thought never entered my mind that the attributes which I most prized, of intellect, of culture, of science, of art, were not to be the passport into the kingdom of lofty companionship which I sought. Now I saw that through the humblest gateway we must enter and must become as little children. Now I perceived that the true spiritual solvent is not mathematics, is not astronomy, is not chemistry, is not any earthly science, but the one quality of divine sympathy and love. I felt myself moved and drawn toward every human being whom I could possibly benefit, and it seemed as though I would give all my life if I could only serve my kind.

With this thought there sprang into being all about me forms and shapes like pictured images in dreams of ancient lore. The Arabian Nights could not present a more singular spectacle of these scenes, picturesque, grand and beautiful, that were one after another presented to my

vision—palaces of light, temples of loveliness, gorgeous colors and hives intermingled, endearing faces, and scenes without number on walls of pictured beauty. Then said my guide, "These are the creations of lofty minds, who not through scientific splendor or art have reared these domes, but by their deeds of self-denial, by the thoughts that have benefited mankind, by the uplifting of those who are in darkness." And then methought that if all my spiritual existence should blossom out even into one such image, it would well repay me for every deed of kindness that I could express upon earth or in eternity. And I now repeat that while art is great and science fills us with wonder and with power, and the human mind in the human life are initiated in the gigantic structures of art, science and religion, the crowning glory of human life is to discover that the spiritual solvent is that sympathy that unites soul with soul, mind with mind, thought with thought; that Death, the great unraveler of all my stories, places in the hand of even the obscurest and humblest loved one of any freethinking golden weapons of immortal life. Sometime I shall tell you what I afterwards experienced when with loftier spiritual stature and more radiant gilded vision—grown perhaps better in the air of that fine and clear mind who has received me into his domain. I shall tell you what I saw in the creation of suns and worlds, and in the blossoming out of that life and light that in the beginning made the sublime *logos* the wonderful Word. I have seen typically the illustration of what man can do when disentangled from time and sense, and I no longer doubt the power of an infinite and abiding Deity. Mrs. Tappan's controlling influence then gave the following impressive poem, the subject being proposed by the audience:

SPLENDOR.
Have you heard what the south wind was saying
All through the sweet balmy day?
I have you heard what the west wind was saying
When the sunlight lingered to play?
When the arrows along the horizon
Chased the gloom and the darkness away?
Oh! the north wind came back
From his outward bound track,
And about up the mountain sides
And the east wind blew over
The heads of young clover,
And almost withered the sheaves.
But the south wind knows,
And the west wind knows,
Such secret sweet
They will only disclose
To the heart of the roses,
Of the red rose, the white rose,
The violet that blows
By the stream and the flow,
Where the young lovers meet.
Have you heard what the south wind was whispering
As it came up through bright orange groves?
All the leaves were stirring and rustling,
And the cool winds were breathing their loves.
Oh the west wind knows,
And the east wind knows,
The secret sweet
They will only disclose
To the heart of the roses,
Of the red rose, the white rose,
The violet that blows
By the stream and the flow,
Where the young lovers meet.
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Free Thought.

A NEW WAVE OF SPIRITUALISM.

Reply to Jan. Edward Bruce, M. D.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER—Your letter in the Banner of Light of May 20th comes to me like an odor from the fields of Paradise. It is so large-hearted, so full of the love of humanity, and expresses so much of noble aspiration! I thank you for the sympathy it bears me in a course of thought in which I have felt that I was almost alone. Only your tone of despondency, I hope, after a careful re-survey of the ground you have covered, may be found a little too deep. Your estimate of the present state of Spiritualism I fear is too correct. It is a power mighty to disrupt and subvert, but its phrenology exhibits no "organ of constructiveness." Ushered in with promises of "reform and reorganization of society," it has thus far certainly failed to realize the hopes and expectations of its best friends and early disciples. Nor with those present elements—such as which so largely predominate in its literature and its expositions from the rostrum, could it possibly accomplish anything desirable in the way of social reform and reorganization, even though left to work for a thousand years. And, moreover, I would not have Spiritualists, in the condition they are now in, to form a much more compact union than that in which we find them, even were such a thing possible, for I fear that their united power in such a case would neither be exerted for the wisest ends or the highest good.

What, then, does present Spiritualism lack that is necessary to enable it to perform the high mission of a new gospel? The early Christians were bound together, and worked and suffered together, as one man. They considered all things else as loss for the excellency of the knowledge and enjoyment of the new and heavenly life into which they had been re-born. In this spirit they did not shrink from suffering the persecutions and contumelies of the world, and often cruel martyrdoms. Had they received Christianity as a cold abstraction, appealing only to the intellect—it had not been for the deep spirit of love—the Holy Spirit—which everywhere accompanied the intellectual dissemination of the gospel, not one century would have elapsed before Christ and his doctrine would have passed into virtual oblivion. What mind does not receive conviction of this truth by its very statement? And may we not derive a hint from this as to what Spiritualism at present needs in order to make it a "power of God unto salvation"? And unless it receives this very thing which is needed to give it life and unity, is it possible for a reasoning mind to expect it to survive the century which gave it birth?

But now a few words *per contra*, for we must do justice on all hands. The situation after all is not very discouraging—not very different from what might have been expected, all things considered. This is a different age from that of Nebuchadnezzar and Nero. Civilization has made its seat, around the globe; the sun of medieval darkness, the lightnings have been tamed, and made the messenger of mankind between all parts of the globe; the *annus magnus* of human history is complete; the jubilee trumpet has been sounded through the heavens; and that nothing might be wanting to make the grand reunion of mankind in this world and mankind in the other world complete at some future time, the telegraphic cable that has been extended over the river Jordan, has been for the equal benefit of all men on this side and all men on the other side as they become able and willing to avail themselves of its privileges. Hence the mighty rush of frontiersmen on the other side to pass their thoughts, good, bad or indifferent, over the wires to us on this side, and of curiosity-mongers on this side to test and experiment, and see what this new thing means; while the angels, for the most part, standing aside, or looking down from above upon this commotion, occasionally interposing such guiding forces as are necessary to a final and successful issue of their plans, have patiently awaited their own line of higher use of the new instrumentalities as have been decided upon in the councils of heaven.

Before Form and Order comes Chaos. Before the building of the temple comes the work of the lumbermen in the forest and of the quarrymen in the mines. The trees felled to the earth and the stones loosened from their beds are chaotic materials, but nevertheless they are the materials out of which the temple is to be built, and without which the temple could not exist. Spiritualism up to this time has been passing through its first and hence necessarily chaotic stage, and the workers in its forests and quarries have not been builders, but rather destroyers of pre-existing forms. We must give them due credit, however, for having provided in vast abundance the chaotic materials in the shape of facts, out of which the grand temple of Spiritualism is to be built. Without these we could do nothing. But these stones and timbers still remain to be hewn, squared and shaped, and then called into their proper use by the wise Master-Builder in the form of a temple in which the spirit of God may dwell. This indwelling spirit, therefore, as the ultimate object to be served, is the real builder, and without its promptings no form could ever arise out of the primal chaos.

But you ask me, "What signs encourage you to hope that Spiritualism now, or in any very near future, is about to take the proud stand which will bring the educated and refined of the community to our ranks in great numbers, or which will do what is infinitely vaster importance, 'lead us out of our political and social evils and inaugurate the era of universal righteousness prophesied of old?'" Before answering directly, let me call your attention to the *a priori* view of the case. Admitting the reality of modern spiritual intercourse, as you and I both do, it is but reasonable that we should attach to it a meaning of great importance. Not certainly since the *gloria in excelsis* was sung by angels to the shepherds on the plains of Judea has anything of like nature occurred, equaling in importance this great descent of spiritual forces and intelligences into the sphere of mundane cognition. Reverently, rationally and philosophically viewed, it seems like the removal of the veil of the covering cast over all nations, and the swallowing up of death in victory, and the opening of the high road for the King of Glory to come. Can you, can I, can any rational mind for a moment believe that the great God who permitted and ordained this tremendous modern unfolding, intended it to be used only for the delatation of wonder-mongers, for the exchange of a few words of personal recognition with departed friends, or to be used by pugnacious minds as an arsenal from which weapons may be drawn to battle old Orthodoxy? If thus far, and in what I have already called its "chaotic" stage of development, it has been used mainly for these purposes, I think the time has come when you will agree with me in asking and expecting the great Power which is above it all, and controls it all, to bring it up to a higher stand, by which its capabilities as a saving influence will be developed and its dignity will be vindicated.

In answer to your question as to what more positive reason I have to believe that Spiritualism is to take that higher stand which is now the subject of contemplation, I can only state a few things which have been told and interiorly shown to me from the upper spheres, and which I have more reasons to believe than I can set forth in this article. In the month of June, 1867 (it may have been 1866), at a time when, discouraged and disheartened, I had hidden myself away from the ranks of the Spiritualists to await some future development that might again call my humble gifts into useful activity, I was blessed with a beautiful and significant night vision, in which the advent of a future higher and purer development of Spiritualism was clearly foreshadowed to me. My blessed guide, a female spirit who lived on the earth some three hundred years ago, appeared to me, and told me, in general terms, of the part I was expected to take in this new development. I afterwards related this vision, with its prophetic interpretation, to several of my friends, some of whom would doubtless remember it if I

had room to repeat its particulars. In June, 1875—one year ago—I met what proved to be that same female spirit through a medium, apparently by accident, but I was afterwards told it was by express design. When the unexpected interview commenced, I was comparatively indifferent, not expecting to get anything more important than I had left off consulting them many years before; but I soon found that I was in the presence of an Intelligence who knew my inner history, my mental states, my wants, my trials, my aspirations, better than any human being on earth. To bring a long story into the smallest possible compass, I conversed with her again and again through the same medium, many times. By unmistakable indications, I identified her as the spirit I had met and conversed with in the vision to which I had referred; and she had come to inform me that the time for the commencement of the fulfillment of the prophetic parts of the vision had arrived. Her name, conspicuous in history, I omit here, but you have learned it in another way, as others will learn it. Her basic statement to me, which I condense as much as possible, was as follows:

"New developments from the spiritual world," said she, "are about to take place. Representative spirits from all the nations of the earth have organized in the form of a star. They have a central city called Spring Garden City, and a Congress which holds its regular and special sessions for deliberation upon mundane and spiritual affairs which come under its supervision. This star organization, 'Star Circle,' began to be formed about the time Spiritualism began to appear upon the earth, and has since been perfecting. It is the star that is to rule the development and destiny of the world from this time onward, throughout the New Dispensation. It has been gaining more and more power continually, until the time now approaches when it will be able to assert its sway. It is proposed, by the union of spiritual and mundane forces, to develop a strong battery of power in England, and then, by the aid of the same, to develop similar centres of power in America, whereby the Anglo-Saxon race, the most advanced of all the races, may be made the messenger of a new and higher order of things throughout the earth.

Accordingly, in the autumn of last year, my guide, who is the general messenger of the 'Star Circle,' induced her special medium to sail for England, where I learn from public and private accounts, a very satisfactory work has since been going on for the elevation of Spiritualism. One of the most striking points in this account, to me, was the mention of the form of a 'Star' as the model of this universally representative organization of spirits. Now the philosophy correspondingly set forth in the form of a six-pointed star, which is a perfectly universal philosophy, was the subject of a remarkable revelation to me so long ago as July, 1848. Of this I made a diagram, with radial lines, circles and spirals, showing courses, cycles, series and discrete degrees of development in the different fields of nature, mentality, human society, &c., and on its basis I wrote my book, 'The Macrocosm or the Universe Without.' At the time of the séances, having my Star Diagram present, I was about to show it to the spirit, when she stopped me by saying, 'You need not show me your diagram; I was with you and heard you make it.' Of course this was a new point of interest to me, and on further inquiry I learned from her that she was at the head of a band of spirits who approached the earth at three different times, and threw this impression broadcast upon the minds of mankind, to be taken up as they could receive it. I have met three or four persons who seem to have received some idea of the principle about the same time, but have not been able to apprehend or formulate it in its universal bearings.

In this way we are furnished with the outlines of the philosophy, or the intellectual form, of the promised new order of things, which I am compelled for the present to leave in obscurity, as a full exposition would require many volumes. But all this, of course, would be perfectly dead and useless without an interior heart or love sphere, constituting its life. Of the latter I am thankful to be able to testify as follows: Before the medium, through whom I received communications concerning these matters, called for Euphonia, I was told that I would have interior experiences that would be further instructive. These came without delay. For several nights and days I was almost constantly, more or less in the spirit, during which time I witnessed scenes not dissimilar, in some respects, to those witnessed by St. John while on the Isle of Patmos. Many of these passed from my mind on resuming my normal state. Others, vividly remembered, I have written out for a pamphlet or small volume, which I intend to finish and publish so soon as the powers who lead me shall be pleased to give me the matter for the concluding three chapters. But this I can now say, that being taken up, in my trance, into the new spiritual Star, I saw a significant representation of the conjunction or conjugality of Divine Love and Wisdom; and especially among the dwellers in the central circle, where the garden city or Paradise is situated, I was made sensible of a love so intense, so beautiful, pure and sweet, as to utterly transcend all conceptions of mortal man on earth. With respect to the inhabitants of the earth, this love will be as the love of a divine Mother for her children. Descending like gentle dew, it will penetrate the hearts of hearts, and will give birth to all kinds of generous, kindly, loving and fraternal sentiments. These, of course, will not receive it at first; but those who are open to it, together with its corresponding inspirations of wisdom, will be drawn together in harmony and unity, and under the direct influence of the Spirit will be the seminary of the doctrines and life of the New Dispensation.

Divine Love and Wisdom, as it exists in the upper spheres, thus taking up its abode in the recipient hearts of men and women, will cry out, "No more taxation to punish crime, but care and labor and all necessary expenditure to prevent crime; no more prisons and gibbets and gallows, but in their stead give us hospitals for the treatment of the morally diseased and insane. No more pot-house caucusses and chaotic and heterogeneous primary meetings and conventions, gathered from the slums and gutters, and which are origin to all political frauds and corruptions and venal legislation, but instead give us an anatomy of each of our great central interests of the body politic, and equal representations from each as the nominators of officers for the general government of the whole." Spiritualists whose hearts are touched with the divine fire, and whose brains are illuminated with the new light, will cease to aim destructive blows at the existing churches as a most unjust and unprofitable business, but instead will labor to capture them and bring them up to the right standard, assured that, in time, this can be done, for the power at work will be the mighty power of God, penetrating every chink in the walls of their bigotry and burning into their very hearts, forcing them to acknowledge the presence of the angel world, and setting them on fire with universal love. The question of all this is only a question of time. Let us, therefore, watch and labor, and wait in patience and faith. Commotions and disruptions, I think, may be expected, and I am sure that the old order of things will not "pass away as a sound noise and its elements melt with fervent heat, as some of our visions seem to portend. With the limited space allowed me, I am aware of my inability to do myself quite clear on any of these points, and my highest aim and expectation, therefore, must be to stir up thought in the minds of yourself and others. In this spirit, and with this intent, the foregoing is earnestly and affectionately submitted.

Such a Convention as you propose might be well, but would it not be better to postpone it a little while longer, and until the light shall become a little more clear? I am averse to instituting any isolated movement in this matter, or indeed any movement in which the angels shall not take the lead. That you and I and all earnest minds may be rightly guided, is the sincere prayer of your friend and brother, WILLIAM FISHBOUGH. Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., June 7th, 1876.

THE ANGEL'S WHISPER IN A PRISONER'S CELL.

Written for the Banner of Light. BY GRACE LELAND.

Chaos in a human soul, Discord ringing wildly there, Voices clamoring, full of woe! Sobbing, wailing in despair! Oh, the darkness and the gloom! Not one single ray of light, Not one single star to cheer— Only deep and rayless night.

Hark! what means that whisper low, Floating in the air above? Why—it sounds like "Peace, be still!" And the tones are those of love!

Nearer, nearer comes the whisper— Is't an angel hovering near? Can't angel holy, pure and loving, Aught from Heaven enter here?

Hush, my soul, your tones discordant! Let me list that heavenly sound; Now I hear, in tones rejoicing, The glad words, "The Lost is found!"

Have the angels from your heaven Left their glorious home on high, Searching 'mong the dens of earth-life For one poor and lost as I?

Strong though stand these prison walls, Hiding me from earthly eyes, Can they still, obedient, ope To the dwellers of the skies?

In that home of light and joy Do they think of us below, Barred and bolted from our kind, Buried with our sins and woe?

Ah! there's sunshine in my soul, Which I ne'er have known before Since my childhood's happy days— Those glad days that now are o'er.

'T was the fatal demon, DRINK, That wrought ruin in my soul! Oh, had I but paused to think Of its mad'ning, foul control—

Had I seen the path it marked For my young, unwary feet, And the curd'd destiny It would lead me on to meet—

I would ne'er have touched the poison, Never known this death in life; And now—is there hope for me? Is there peace beyond this strife?

Something pure and bright is near, Something from the world on high, Something blessed, even here— 'T is an angel hovering nigh!

Let me ope the blessed book, Let me read of Christ our Lord; If I search, perchance I'll find Peace and pardon in his word.

Yes, I'll pray—Oh, God, forgive! Wash me in the cleansing tide Of thy pure and boundless Truth: Lord, wilt Thou with me abide?

When at last from out these walls My freed spirit takes its way, May I walk with Christ and angels On toward Heaven's eternal day.

But I'll quickly hie me back To my brothers left behind, And I'll help them, with God's help, Back their way to Him to find.

Oh, ye happier ones of earth, Give your efforts, raise your prayers For the prisoner in his cell, Who a crushing burden bears.

Give him teachers in his cell; Shut from Nature—give him Art; Books, and pictures, music, flowers— Let each do its blessed part!

Let bright hope, and strength, and healing— Spirit helps to him be given, Till his prison comes to be But a blessed gate to Heaven!

Spiritual Phenomena.

Materializations in Denver.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Six months of frontier life and the romance of that experience are exchanged for the comforts of a first-class hotel in this city on the Plains. But our lips are parched, our very souls are hungry for sympathy with those sharing our belief—we find it not in surface life, and weary we determine to seek for a glimmer of the "pearl of great price" elsewhere. Three months, and then scarcely have our footsteps pressed for the last time the threshold of the Inter-ocean, when lo! deliverance is at hand. Sympathizing friends surround us, and the long-looked-for pathway is gained at last! The mystic watch-words of this material city, "Gold, silver, mines," fade into insignificance, for in our midst stands to-day a fresh young herald of sixteen, ready and willing to proclaim comfort, to prove immortality, clothed as she is in a panoply of truth. We too must bathe in this stream of living waters; we visit, are cordially welcomed by all the family, and presented to the gentle girl through whom the manifestations come. Arrangements made, and we go, a little timidly perhaps, knowing a great love accompanies us and our fond hopes may not be realized. The cabinet, a fragile affair of black paper muslin, is before us; the young medium enters, her hands are secured behind by the spirits, and with the usual singing we await results. Soon hands are seen at the aperture; independent writing is carried on, raps loud and distinct are heard—but what is this? The curtains part, a figure clothed in white steps from the cabinet into the room, then recedes. We ask who she is. A relative? Yes. Of one present? Yes. Ours? Yes. Our Sister Ranny! and a shower of glad raps announces the joyful tidings. Many years ago we lost a little sister, yet her name has ever been a household word to our children. Our daughter was taught to believe in the existence of her aunt, her dolls were named after her, and many a childish letter have her fingers directed to my darling little sister. Now the child's faith was to be crowned with knowledge. Again the curtain parts, the figure approaches Isabel, takes her hands in hers in affectionate greeting, places them on her head in benediction, presses them to her lips, then fits back to the cabinet for strength. Thus, advancing, receding, now erect, now bending gracefully before us, sometimes melting away ere the cabinet is fairly reached, anon gently pressing the hands of all composing the circle, then resting, by request, upon our feet that we might gain an idea of her weight—a pound and a half to two pounds at the most. An hour and a half was the lovely being trying to speak, but the whisper was almost inaudible. She bids us "good night," and amid a heartfelt "God bless you!" this beautiful visitor from the "boundaries of another world" vanishes to give place to another radiant figure. This one stands before us almost without a moment's pause. In a low whisper she says, "Dark eyes, dark hair, no cap." "Oh is it our

darling Ophelia!" exclaim the ladies at our side, and the recognition seems almost too much for her. She turns, that there may be no mistake. Her long dark hair covers her like a mantle; she waves it back and forth, throws it over her arm that the recognition may be complete, thus recalling the remark of one of New York's fashionable hair-dressers, that "her hair was the most beautiful he had ever seen." She seemed thrilled for very joy, wished to dance, to clap her hands, to express by the liveliest airs her thanksgiving that she too could be a "proof palpable of immortality" to some doubter at the gate. She spoke several times, told us the hour accurately, called attention particularly to two rings upon her wedding finger, and said, "Tell mother how dearly I love her." And there sits the unconscious instrument, the medium, hands tied, asleep in her chair! At last this fairy-like apparition disappears, after an hour's stay with us; again hands beckon us to the aperture for a final "good night" grasp, and the light is raised. We are alone.

After a respite of ten minutes the medium, Miss Lizzie Gomer, awakes, bewildered, then exclaims: "Did you get anything?" For the very cordial reception we have met at Mr. Gomer's hands, for the opportunity afforded us for investigation, we tender our most sincere thanks. To the skeptic, we say: You will find no deception here whatever, unless brought by yourself, and we sincerely pray that this young, sweet girl may be kept unspotted from the world, an humble instrument for the invisibles to prove immortality to the weary and heavy laden. Yours very truly, MRS. TERESA FISHBOUGH, Mrs. DR. P. F. FROIE, Mrs. EMILY A. SPENCER.

Denver, Col., 1876.

The Reviewer.

THE SPIRITS' BOOK: Containing the Principles of the Spiritual Doctrine on the Immortality of the Soul; The Moral Law; The Present Life, and the Destiny of the Human Race, according to the Teachings of Spirits of High Degrees, collected in Order by Allan Kardec. Translated from the Hundred and Twentieth Thousand by Anna Blackwell. Boston: Colby & Rich, Publishers, Montgomery Place, 1875. There are few Spiritualists who have not heard of the French author who wrote under the nom de plume, Allan Kardec. The Spirits' Book is a compilation of his best writings on Spiritualism, or on what he calls "Spiritism." The translator has prefaced this book with an interesting sketch of the life of its author. The book purports to come from the spirits John the Evangelist, St. Augustine, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis, the Spirit of Truth, Socrates, Plato, Fenelon, Franklin, Swedenborg, &c., &c., but by far the most intelligent and logical spirit, in the opinion of Allan Kardec himself. The spirits say many very good things, but nothing equal to the introduction and comments of the preface author. Indeed if the introduction could be put into a pamphlet by itself, it would be one of the most valuable productions in Spiritualism.

The introduction is mainly devoted to arguments in behalf of Spiritualism and a reply to objections against it. Almost every form of popular objection is stated and met. Scientific men are hit off as follows: "If the phenomenon observed by Galvani had been made known by some unlearned person, without such assistance as the battery, it would probably have been confined to the lumber-room, along with the divining rod; for where is the scientist who would not in that case have regarded it as a derogatory to occupy himself with the *drone of the frogs*." To the argument that the manifestations are tricks, the learned author replies: "Moreover, the character of the persons concerned in these manifestations should be taken into account. Would they do so by way of a joke? A joke may amuse for a moment, but a mystification, if kept up too long, would become wearisome to the most patient of the mortal race. Besides, a mystification carried on from one end of the earth to the other, and among the most serious, honorable, and enlightened spirits, would go at least as extraordinary as the phenomena in question."

In this volume will be found more and better arguments for the doctrine of re-incarnation of spirits than in any other volume extant. We are not at all convinced of the truth of that doctrine, yet it is worthy of more than a passing notice. Sometimes it almost seems that the doctrine was invented to overcome some apparent anomalies in nature, and sure we are that if the tyrant, oppressor, and slaveholder could be made to believe the doctrine presented in this volume it would have a salutary effect. If scientific men in general can be made to believe, as the book argues, that every slaveholder must be a slave when re-incarnated—every capitalist oppressing labor in this life must be a laborer oppressed by capital in the next; if every husband who abuses his wife in this life must be an abused wife in the next, and all this as an *expiation* for these crimes, they certainly would find in this an additional appeal to their selfishness to be fair and honorable in their dealings with their fellow mortals. The following is a sample paragraph regarding the future of those who are oppressors here: "Sad will be their fate; for they will be oppressed in the next life, and they will be obliged to atone for the wrongs which they will endure all that they have caused to be endured." On the other hand, if the doctrine of re-incarnation is true, and all of these spirit-explanations correct, we social reformers are on the wrong track; the ignorances of this life cannot be traced to wrong generation or bad domestic relations of parents, but to some condition in a former existence. The following as a sample question and answer relieves our social relations, mis-mating and other bad conditions of any responsibility concerning the disposition or conduct of children: "How is it that good and virtuous parents often give birth to children of perverse and evil natures? In other words, how is it that the good qualities of parents do not always attract to them, through sympathy, a good spirit to animate their child?"

What a grand opportunity this gives for an explanation of the causes of wicked, apparently abandoned children, being the fruit of the marriage of good, honest, industrious, steady, temperate people; but instead of imparting the needed light, the spirit answers: "A wicked spirit may be allowed to have virtuous parents, in hope that their confidences may help him to amend his ways; and God often confides such an one to the care of virtuous persons, in order that he may be benefited by their advice and care."

Notwithstanding the results of bad marriage are thus placed back in a previous existence, the spirits at times show themselves quite radical on the marriage question. On page 371-2 will be found the following question and answer: "Is not the lack of sympathy between persons destined to live together also a source of sorrow, and one that is all the more bitter because it persists into some condition?" "Very bitter it is, undoubtedly; but it is usually a misfortune of your own causing. In the first place, your taste are in fault; for how can you expect to live together like one another are intended by God to live together?" In the next place, you yourselves are to blame, for you often seek in those unions, the satisfaction of your pride and ambition rather than the happiness of a mutual affection; and in such cases you undergo the natural consequences of your prejudices.

Regarding that our over-crowded columns will not expand and make room for a more full notice of "The Spirits' Book," we can only urge our readers to purchase and read it for themselves. It is an extraordinary book, and very large for the price.—Hull's Crucible.

"Words o' Cheer."

The following sentences from Rev. W. H. H. Murray are instinct with the life of the yet to be, and are respectfully recommended to the attention of those (theologic bigots, etc.), who locate the human millennium in the past instead of the future:

"To me everything, when looked at in a large way, seems going on about right. The tide of human progress is evidently at its flood, and the race, like a ship, is plainly being lifted from the wretched reef whereon it has been so long. I do not expect she will swing off into deep water in my day. But what matters it? If not in my day, then let it be later on. Some day it will come. That I know; for I can trace a way through all the pages of history as plainly as I can a thread of gold through a piece of dark cloth when unrolled before my eyes. The law is this: That the world has moved onward and upward by an ever accelerated motion and multiplying accumulation of forces. The driving power has increased as the train has gone thundering on; and never did good influences move so fast; never did they control and shape so many as they do today. The perfect day is not yet; but the night is passed, the twilight is come, and the east gives proof that the sun is not far below the horizon line."

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1876.

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While we recognize no man as master, and take no book as an unerring authority, we most cordially accept all great mental lights of the world. The generations of men come and go, and he alone is wise who walks in the light, reverent and thankful before God, but self-centered in his own individuality. Prof. S. B. Britton.

Crumbs of Comfort for Orthodox.

The New York Observer, one of the old champions of vicious atonement and similar dogmas, has, as we have already informed our readers, been made very happy by the pretended exposures of Spiritualism given by young Mr. Bishop. These "exposures" simply consist in imitating, by means of manual dexterity and muscular skill, such minor phenomena as can be equally produced by such means. In showing how far this can be done Mr. Bishop is doing a good work, and no honest Spiritualist will find fault with him for imitating any supposed phenomena, possibly fraudulent, or tricky, which may be performed by mediums real or false. But if he evades an explanation of any phenomenon which his hearers accept as jugglery, but which he refuses to show as such, he lays himself open to the suspicion of being one of those rascally mediums, who, finding they can make more money by joining the enemies of the truth, than by manifesting it personally, do not hesitate to throw discredit on what they know to be true. The following comforting conclusion is what the Observer draws from Mr. Bishop's performances:

"Such are the lying wonders of the baldest imposture that ever yet found followers among the class that can read. Skeptics regard Christian believers as very credulous. But it was a leading literary monthly of Boston that was compelled to accompany its published issue with an explanatory note, declaring that it was not responsible for the convictions of Robert Dale Owen. Such charming simplicity, such unsuspecting faith, in this century of progress, is to be found only among the accomplished conductors of literary magazines who have but little regard for the sturdy faith once delivered to the saints. We do not think there is a religious journal in America so credulous as to celebrate the disgusting knavery of Spiritualism."

The "lying wonders," and "disgusting knavery," to which the New York Observer refers, belong to the same family with most of the marvels with which the Old and New Testament are filled, and on which the "sturdy faith once delivered to the saints" was mainly built. No candid student of the phenomena can fail to admit this.

As for the accounts contributed by Mr. Robert Dale Owen to the Atlantic Monthly, we have now every reason to believe that Mr. Owen was not as much deceived as he too hastily imagined. The same phenomena have been paralleled in the presence of the same mediums, under the strictest test conditions, scores of times during the last year and up to the present time. Hundreds of witnesses, with all their suspicions, and their vigilance aroused, have repeatedly satisfied themselves, since Mr. Owen's card of renunciation appeared, that the so-called Katie King phenomena through Mr. and Mrs. Holmes are genuine; and not only this, but that the reasons of Mr. Owen's course are insufficient and weak, and that the woman White, who claimed to be an accomplice, is a wholly disreputable and untrustworthy person. Further, there are now dozens of mediums, here and in England, through whom phenomena, similar to those vouched for by Mr. Owen in his Atlantic Monthly article, and far more surprising than any he relates, are daily occurring.

All this will be set down by such Christians as the New York Observer as moonshine. It is nevertheless true; and one of the best evidences of the advancing truth is the hate and spite exhibited so frequently of late by theologians and materialists toward the stupendous facts which no honest "exposure" can affect, except in the way of corroboration.

In a letter in the New York Graphic Dr. Theodore R. Noyes truly remarks of Mr. Bishop: "His whole performance barely rises to the level of showing a probability that mediums sometimes resort to fraud. And from the Spiritualistic point of view his own exposé is equally open to the probability that it may be a fraud. Nothing whatever is proven. He does not bring forward a single fact to controvert the position of Spiritualists. There is nothing whatever in his exposé inconsistent with the theory that his highly respectable audience really assisted at a genuine mediumistic performance, and we have simply Mr. Bishop's word that he was playing tricks. That he should give us his word is nothing strange when it makes the difference between an audience of twenty or thirty obscure persons in a back street and one of a thousand in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, with Ex-Mayors and M. D.s on the stage. Any one, who noted with what nervousness of manner Mr. Bishop executed the last title of the conditions demanded by mediums, when (if Mr. Bishop were an honest exposé) such precautions were entirely unnecessary for the success of the exposé, has good ground for the suspicion that, like his fellow-exposé Baldwin, he is simply a medium plying a more profitable trade."

So long as Mr. Bishop fails to show how the

higher phenomena can be produced by wriggling about his body or by using his hands, he can affect only such shallow ignoramus or bigots as the writer in the New York Observer, by his performances. Let him show how the spirit-hand is produced, under the conditions accepted by real mediums, or let him allow his audience to see how he can be lifted to the ceiling, and he may excite the attention of genuine investigators. As it is, he must take his place with those pitiable persons, half mediums and half jugglers, who, like Baldwin, are made the instruments of manifestations which they never can fairly explain except by the spiritual theory, and who excite all the attention they get, by trying to suppress or violate the truth.

The New York Observer thinks there is not "a religious journal in America so credulous as to celebrate the disgusting knavery of Spiritualism." Is it possible the writer is so ignorant as not to be aware that the Catholic World, one of the leading religious magazines of the country, the Dublin Catholic Review, and nearly all the leading Catholic journals of Continental Europe, frankly admit the phenomena of Spiritualism, and attribute them to the agency of spirits, though not of good spirits? The Rev. Mr. Phelps of Stratford, Conn., one of the great guns of orthodoxy, had the phenomena in his own house, and he has his own manuscript letter declaring the fact, and giving the particulars. And now because a young man can twist about his body so as to ring a bell or drive a nail, while his hands appear to be tied, the Observer thinks to stigmatize as credulous fools thousands of patient investigators who know that certain astounding phenomena do occur, never yet explained, and in the nature of things not to be explained, by any theory of fraud or of illusion.

Preaching and Practice.

Every one who professes liberal principles, and sincerely thinks he has assimilated them into his character, should frequently put himself the question whether his devotion to those principles does not run to advocacy of them more than to a silent and consistent illustration of them in his life and conduct. This test, after all, makes about all the difference there is between a person of progressive purpose and one who blindly clings to the traditions and habits of the past. It is a well ascertained fact that the more thoroughly and often we apply the real tests to ourselves, the more rapid and visible is our progress in goodness and virtue, and therefore the accumulations of our happiness. Not by escaping from the judgment tribunal, but by continually dragging ourselves before it, do we become more and more clear of our weakness and wickedness, and realize the growing beauty of our characters.

Why should we not, each of us, whatever our condition in life, strive as hard to cultivate our characters as some do their gardens, their flowers, and their trees, or as others do to make perfect poems, and still others to produce admirable paintings and statues? The assiduous bending and turning of the native traits, which at best are but wildings, is fully as interesting a task as the training of vines and trees. The purification of the motives to human action is as engaging a work as that of imparting the most vital constituents to soil. The shaping of one's conduct with incessant watchfulness and care is as deserving an aim as that of fashioning a statue in plaster or marble. And the coloring of our lives with a courtesy and charity that makes them attractive to all, repays the pains equally with sitting with brush and pigments before the canvas.

If we could but take a glance forward and backward often than we do, it would be revealed to us by intuition what wonderful capacity is folded within us for self-development and eternal perfection. In freedom are we all set about our life-work, to make it what we will. Of course we are subjected to conditions from the moment of our birth; but nothing is demanded of us beyond the limitations thus imposed, nor should we be happy in attempting to accomplish that for which these same limitations forbid us all at once to aspire. It is the everlasting miracle of the universe that its variety is without end. We mortals illustrate that truth as well as if our faces were turned to the planets and stars to realize it the better. Therefore let us resolve to stay at home faithfully with ourselves, working with the means given us, improving all our opportunities, and encouraged, as we shall be, by the steady multiplication of our facilities.

The temptation chiefly apt to betray us into inaction when our labor should not be remitted at all, is that of thinking we are specially called and anointed to take care of the general grievances. We invariably do others' work best for them when we do our own as we ought; not in selfishness and conceit, but simply that the truth may shine straight through our lives as the light penetrates glass. We export most only after we have produced most. Those who are forever preaching to others have little or no leisure for maintaining their own spiritual industries. A quiet and firm course of life is a far more effective sermon than the most eloquent discourse. Speech is well, but it ought to flow out of the life, as from a never-failing fountain. It is always the life that utters the most engaging and impressive truths. Others can see them when embodied and thus presented, for whom they have no attraction in the abstract.

Cannot the most of us say, in looking over the past, that we should indeed have been organized as Spiritualists, without any of the much-debated mechanism of organization, too, if we had ever been ready to recognize the silent law of attraction in these things—the very law which life will set soonest in operation, but which mere discourse never will? Meetings and retinons are essential, but it is the life which should precede them in order to account for them, to excuse them, to give them significance and vitality. The tendency unhappily is to reverse the order, parading the platform and by-laws first, and letting the reality and substance, which is the life, come afterwards. We shall all see this more and more as it is, as experience gathers and our views broaden and lengthen, yet it is hopeful that we already know that something is the matter, though we may not be able to say just what it is.

If discourse and assemblages have any excuse for being, it is solely as stimulants and strengtheners of the silent purposes which become still more silent and profound as they enter into the life. This is all there is of the experiment after the talking is over. Not the man of speech, though he discourses with angelic tongue, is for that reason the man of the deepest spiritual experience. It is in the still moments of meditation, whether in the field, the shop, or the closet, that the heavenly influences are most ready to come

down. Those are our receptive periods. The hospitality we then extend is repaid to us again many fold. The word that expresses it all is humility. "He that humbly himself shall be exalted." A proud spirit stops its own growth except in the direction of pride. When we pursue our tasks, our friendships, and our charities without ambition and its satellite envy to attend us, we shall win the blessing that is life's only prize. In humility and love we may organize forthwith, and become such a power as this world has never seen.

The One Great Secret.

In a discourse on "the dynamical relation of the spirit to the body, and of the spiritual to the natural world," delivered by Franklin through the organism of Mrs. Cora Tappan, which was recently published on our first page, the reason was distinctly given for the failure of the spirit to manifest itself through the physical when all things would seem to show the possibility. It may be summed up in the phrase: Lack of volition. The one great secret of life itself, says Franklin, is will to do whatever there is any hope, desire, or expectation of doing. The Doctor's counsel is this: "Will it, for by that willing, which, in the form of prayer, or aspiration, or work of hands, or guidance of feet, makes up the answer of every human life, you become accustomed to control the very elements upon which your souls shall mount, the very wings upon which the spirit speeds into eternity."

The advice may strike many persons as remarkable, but it comes from one who has gained his knowledge from experience. "Let there be no vacillation," he says, "no weakness nor faltering; be firm, decided, not yielding to that which is base and low." But even "Lucifer is better" as an inspirer, thinks the Doctor, than "the dull negation that gives to life no pursuit and no employment." Always he counsels the exercise of the will. "Let there be will. Let it be crowned and glorified with such lofty aspiration as the human soul can breathe, but teach a separate and distinct attribute of volition." If in the exercise of that volition we go wrong, we shall be certain to correct ourselves by paying the penalty. "Weakness of judgment, or vacillation, above all things, is the bane of the human spirit. It weakens your power over your bodies; it weakens the nervous force; it destroys the action of the cerebral tissue; it makes all that is in the world unlovely."

It is important that we understand what we suffer from the lack of exercising this power of volition, because it may induce us to exercise an otherwise latent, or unrecognized gift. We are told that myriads of spirits wait to communicate with us, and that it is because we do not positively invite them that they do not impress us as they would. "Let the first lesson," says the spirit of Franklin, "be that of volition. Exercise it"—he insists—"in every department of daily life. Discharge what you want to do. Perform if you can, and then if you make a mistake you can retrace your action; but without this, if you sit in inaction, without activity, with the great motor wasting and waning, the force that lies within you weakens itself by superfluous exhaustion, and the spirit sinks to earth and falters for the lack of impulse. Thousands of spirits go out of earth-life that, for the want of a sufficient impulse, do not rise above the atmosphere that surrounds us. Thousands of human beings' daily walk the streets of life, that, for want of a sufficient impulse and will-power, are unable to earn their daily bread."

And at this vital point Franklin brings forward the true doctrine in respect to this matter, "I say it, who knows from actual experience, that the will to do anything whatsoever brings the power with it, or develops that power." Let us all try and remember so important a fact. Volition is a grand power in itself. How beautifully and how grandly does Franklin expand the thought and say, "there is nothing which the mind or imagination of man can conceive of doing but what somewhere in the great firmament of life, in the possibilities of existence, slumbering like a germ, waiting like the silent voice of melody, that coveted treasure, that desired prize, that unfulfilled hope, that latent promise remains unattainable forevermore; and we rise just in proportion as we exercise this one great gift from God's hand." Then let us exercise our will power more earnestly, and we shall be able to invite that communion of spirits which only awaits our own action to become a common accomplishment.

Spirit Materialization Proved—Drawings Visibly Made by Spirits.

In spite of the contemptuous incredulity of the uninitiated, the persistent antagonism of scientists and theologians, and the prejudiced opposition of the large majority of those who are wedded to a creed, whether in respect to science or religion, the stupendous fact of spirit materialization is now placed beyond a doubt in the minds of thousands of careful and studious investigators. In this city of Boston during the last six months phenomena have been going on in a manner so direct, so plain, and so fully authenticated, that honest skepticism itself has been struck dumb, and been compelled to admit that, whatever may be the explanation, neither the theory of trick nor of hallucination is admissible under the circumstances.

While the New York Times, the New York Observer, and other journals but superficially acquainted with the subject, or blindly antagonistic to it, have been comforting themselves with the so-called exposures of Spiritualism—exposures that prove nothing except what has been known for the last thirty years, this, namely, that some of the minor phenomena may be partially imitated by jugglery, sleight-of-hand, or the aid of mechanism—the great inimitable fact of the materialization and de-materialization of human forms, temporarily animated by individualized spirits, has been going on night after night, and convincing hundreds beyond all question of the great fact involved in the astounding manifestation. This has been done under conditions which leave the result not to be gainsaid or doubted, whether by the senses or the "common-sense" of the spectators. Dr. Carpenter's theory of "prepossession" falls flat and ridiculous as an explanation of what is witnessed. There is no getting away from the phenomenon.

At the rooms of the "West End medium," to whom we have several times referred, on two occasions within the last month two spirit-forms have come forth, one professedly the pupil of the other, and in the presence of careful witnesses the pupil has produced pictures of singular beauty, and, in the last case, of rare excellence. We have seen one of these, a painting on wood, representing morning-glories with leaves and buds. The second, a crayon drawing of two de-

ceased persons, likenesses of relatives of Mr. Gordon, of Waltham, for whom the sitting was especially arranged by the leading spirit, is said to be a highly artistic production, besides presenting faithful portraits. In the case of one of the subjects no other portrait is known to be in existence. The conditions were such as to satisfy every person present of the genuineness of the phenomenon. The paper was marked, and there was nothing in the whole process to leave room for a doubt that the picture was the production of a materialized spirit. The medium, we learn, is wholly incapable of doing any such work. The drawings were made the evening of July 1st, 1876.

The Ministry of Angels.

That part of Dr. Crowell's work on the Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism which discusses and illustrates the above topic, is probably as interesting, and will come as close home to the hearts of all readers, as any other. He demonstrates, by actual citation, that the angelic ministrations are distinctly taught in the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations. He shows, by examples, that the love of deceased patriots for their native land still continues; that they actively assist in achieving victories; that the Apostles were released by spirits; that they continually make intercession for us; that Jesus is still accessible; and he impressively illustrates the influence upon the mind of a personal, sympathizing, invisible friend.

The belief in the active agency of spirits is shown to be prevalent in the Roman Catholic Church, and the reason is given why they pray to the saints. Father Burke, the eloquent Catholic priest of St. Mary's Church, New York, is cited as asking, in one of his recent sermons, "how it was that Protestants believed that one of their living fellow-beings on earth could pray for them, but that when his spirit had been translated to Heaven, his power to pray to God for any one on earth ceased altogether." Dr. Crowell rightly infers that it is this element of truth in the Catholic Church that gives it, in a great measure, its strength and predominance, as a faith, over that of Protestantism. Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, under the article Angels, says that "they are represented to be, in the widest sense, agents of God's providence, natural and supernatural, to the body and the soul." In the Old Testament they are found watching over the chosen family and over Jerusalem; in the New, their presence and aid are referred to familiarly, and as Christ's ministers of grace now.

A number of distinguished preachers of different forms of faith are quoted from to sustain this most blessed doctrine, now revived in its full force by the manifestations of Spiritualism. "About the death-bed of the dying Christian," says Bishop Cummins, of Kentucky, "we cannot doubt that ministering spirits gather for good." "I believe," says Henry Ward Beecher, "that the great realm of life goes on without the body very much as it does with the body;" he said he did not pray to his mother, but he invoked her, and conversed with her every month. Mr. Hepworth says he believes "that angels and the spirits of good friends gone before us attend us through life." Rev. Dr. Samuel Watson, of Tennessee, says that "the Scriptures teach us that we are living in close contact with the spirit-world, that the inhabitants of that world are in our midst, and that it only needs the eye of the soul to be opened for us to see."

The same preacher adds that "the Bible teaches us that thousands of beings are deeply interested in the affairs of this earth. The earth was their birth-place, the scene of their conflicts and triumphs. It is the residence of their relatives and friends." The ministry of kind and loving spirits, remarks Dr. Crowell, attended Jesus through his whole earthly career. An angel promised the immaculate conception; an angel bestowed the name of Jesus; a star, or heavenly light, guided the wise men to Bethlehem; an angel warned Joseph to flee; an angel directed his return from Egypt; angels ministered to him in the wilderness; two angels, the spirits of Moses and Elijah, communed with him on the mount; an angel appeared to him and strengthened him in the Garden of Gethsemane; and after his crucifixion an angel rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre and announced his ascension; and, last of all, an angel appeared to his disciples and commissioned them to minister to others as angels had ministered to him.

Drainage and Typhoid.

The city council of Boston have at present under consideration a plan for the more thorough and comprehensive drainage of the entire territory on which the city is built. The matter cannot be too promptly disposed of. We know it is said that the death-rate this year for Boston is less than it was last, thereby indicating an improved condition of the public health, but it does not by any means argue that we are any more free than we were last summer from those destroying influences which are liable at any time to combine their forces and break out in open war against the public health. The fact is undeniable, that owing to grossly, barbarously inadequate sewerage the people of this city are continually threatened with a visitation of typhoid, cholera, or other equally fatal diseases that when once fairly hold of a community cannot easily be induced to relax their fatal grip.

Any one who has taken the trouble to look about our wharves has observed among the piles on which the pliers rest sewage deposits several feet deep. They are simply what the sewers have ejected into our harbor near the wharves, but the sea-currents and tides do not set in strongly enough to wash them out to the ocean. Hence they eddy in about the wharves, and work their way in and settle among the piles of the wharves where the dredging machines cannot reach them. The effect of these deposits, lying for a long time twice in each day exposed to the broiling sun, may just as readily be imagined as described. If a dense population expects to escape that effect by merely "trusting to Providence," we think that Providence will leave them to themselves to learn the lesson that is just as true in Boston as it is everywhere else.

The London Times recently contained an editorial article on typhoid, which doubtless came from the pen of a medical writer. It abounds with timely suggestions to those who dwell above miles of ramifying sewage and gas pipes, with their noxious contents and stenches percolating the water pipes which traverse the same streets or ascend through the house pipes to apartments in which people are sleeping in a fancied security. The writer says that typhoid is the common fever of England, sparing neither age, sex nor social condition; that it destroyed the life of the Prince Consort, and almost de-

stroyed that of the Prince of Wales; that it annually destroys an average of ten or twelve thousand people in England, and sickens and endangers about one hundred thousand more. He calls it "an eruptive disease of the lining membrane of the intestines, a sort of small-pox that affects the bowels instead of the skin."

According to this writer it is spread by discharges from its specific eruption; that is, by the discharges from the intestines. These naturally find their way into cesspools and sewers, and when they do they render poisonous the solid or liquid contents of the receptacles, as also the gas which is evolved from them. There are three ways in which the fever is produced: by the poisoned sewage obtaining direct access to drinking-water, by leaking or soaking, and so being swallowed; by the poisoned gas escaping from sewers into water-mains or cisterns, so that it is absorbed or dissolved by the water and thus swallowed; and by the poisoned gas making its way through badly trapped drains or other channels into dwellings and sleeping rooms, and thus being breathed by the occupants. As soon as typhoid poison once has entered the sewers or cesspools, it begins the work of propagating itself. The necessity for thorough-drainage and a constant water supply ought by this time to be plain.

Spiritualist Picnic at Highland Lake Grove.

Thursday, June 29th, was rendered memorable to those who were so fortunate as to be present, as being the occasion of the first Spiritualist Picnic, under the management of Drs. Gardner and Richardson, at this pleasant resort on the line of the New York and New England Railroad. On arrival at the grove, the passengers passed along the new avenue laid out by the corporation, crossed the beautiful bridge which spans the lake at a narrow point, and encountered severally the fine buildings with which the managers of the New York and New England Railroad have decked the new ground with an unsurpassing hand.

On the right, after crossing the bridge, the baggage-room has been located, where all light matter can, if desired, be checked; further still, and on the right hand of the visitor, as he journeys along the lake—which is at his left—are to be seen the bowling-alley, the dancing hall, (placed on a hill overlooking the water,) and the dining-hall, and near by the last named admirers of the "quino" creation can gratify their desire for perambulation by the use of the finest set of flying-horses in New England. The dining hall is under the charge of Mr. Barnes, caterer. The boats (on the left of the main avenue) are twelve in number, and ride at their moorings with an air of invitation which is truly enticing. They are superior to those on any other lake with which we are at present familiar.

Across pretty little rustic bridges, and along romantic wood-paths, the visitor proceeds, drawn by that current of the people which invariably at spiritual gatherings sets toward the speakers' stand. This is at a point half way around the lake. The building has been placed near the water side, and is covered with a roof which slants gradually upward in tunnel shape from above the platform, thereby giving acoustic properties of such a high order that those who occupy the seats at the furthest point from the speaker can still hear each word with remarkable distinctness. The railroad company has, through its officers, evinced a highly commendable desire to render this spot of the utmost attractiveness and usefulness for their patrons, and they have succeeded in a surprising degree, and in no point more clearly have they struck the key-note of popular favor than in choosing Mr. G. R. Buttrick, who formerly superintended at Lake Walden and Silver Lake, to take charge of the details at the New Grove.

The picnic exercises consisted of dancing, boating, etc., much after the usual fashion; and in the afternoon a profitable and interesting session was held at the speakers' stand, remarks being attentively listened to from Dr. H. F. Gardner, Dr. A. H. Richardson, A. E. Carpenter, Miss Lizzie Doten, Col. Meacham, Mrs. E. Hope Whipple, I. P. Greenleaf, and others. This being the first public gathering ever convened beneath the roof, the spot was dedicated in an impressive manner by Miss Lizzie Doten to the great religion of humanity—the unknown religion which Spiritualism was yet to reveal and develop.

THE CAMP-MEETING

which begins at this place July 19th bids fair to be a practical success. Arrangements for reduction of fares have been perfected with the Boston, Clinton, Fitchburg and New Bedford Railroad, and efforts are now making in a similar direction with the managers of the Providence and Worcester Railroad, thus opening up a wide range of country for the movement. On Sunday, July 23d, (the first Sabbath of the meeting,) Miss Lizzie Doten and Prof. William Denton will address the people.

"The Exposers."

We have received from Dr. E. D. Babbitt, and shall publish soon, some excellent remarks from his pen, entitled "Spiritualism in New York and Dr. Hammond's New Book." Dr. Babbitt shows the shallowness and fallacy of the so-called exposé by Mr. Bishop, and then pays his respects to Dr. Hammond, whose ignorance in respect to the actual facts of Spiritualism seems to be equalled only by his arrogance and temerity. These great facts are not to be put down by a doctor's "pooh-pooh," nor by the pointless ridicule of editors, one of whom (he of the New York Times) says: "This latest exposure leaves the Spiritists without a peg to stand on." In reply to which it might be answered, "Having the rock of ages on which to stand, we need no peg." If the so-called exposures are, as they claim to be, mere imitations of minor phenomena, how can they affect Spiritualism, founded, as we know it to be, on phenomena transcending the normal powers of the human being, and explicable only by spiritual forces, such as a false, imperfect science rejects and maligns?

Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting.

The time for the inauguration of this gathering of Spiritualists in Western Massachusetts is rapidly drawing nigh, and despite the stringency of the times, we hear most encouraging reports from the Committee concerning applications for tents, etc. Mr. George A. Bacon, of Boston, will be our representative on the grounds.

It is announced that the closing addresses on Sunday, Aug. 27th, will be given by Prof. William Denton. The name of Denton is a synonym for learning, eloquence and courage. Thousands of people were there to hear his magnificent statement of radical truth last season, and many more ought to hear him this year.

Spiritualism in England.

The Spiritualist for June 23d copies from the Banner of Light a report of the funeral exercises of the late Baron de Palm in New York.

Last Monday evening a second seance was held, with Miss Lottie Fowler as medium, at 38 Great Russell-street, London, under the auspices of the British National Association of Spiritualists.

The peculiar feature of this seance was that the most striking manifestations took place while the medium was under the most severe tests; when, on account of the heat of the weather, these were made less stringent, scarcely anything worthy of notice took place.

Miss Fowler's sleeves were securely sewn together at the wrist, behind her back, by Mr. Cuthbert Vesey, under the supervision of the Rev. W. Miall; in addition to this, Miss Fowler was placed in a calico bag, the opening of which was sewn closely round her throat by the same gentlemen.

At the conclusion Mr. Seaver arose and made his usual objections to the spiritual theory, and expressed his anxiety to "see a spirit." Mr. Cooper asked him how he disposed of the evidence of Mr. Crookes and the testimony afforded by the London Dialectical Society Investigating Committee.

The sitters present were the Rev. W. Miall, Mr. James Taylor, Mr. Cuthbert Vesey, Mrs. Desmond Fitzgerald, Mr. J. F. Collingwood, Mrs. Lewis, Mr. H. J. Hood, Mrs. E. Dixon, Dr. C. Carter Blake, and myself.

Soc'y to British National Association of Spiritualists, June 20th, 1876.

M. LEYMARIE'S PRISON. We learn from Mr. O'Sullivan the following particulars respecting Leymarie's imprisonment, which commenced on the 22d of April:

Prisoners consigned to that prison (which happens to have the name of La Santé, though not being at all what is called a maison de santé,) have the option of living in common with the general herd, or of accepting solitary confinement in a cell.

The Revue Spirite is now in charge of a friend, M. Bourges, a retired captain in the army. M. Leymarie's cell (No. 83, 4th Division) is a stone-vaulted one, of about twelve by nine feet, furnished with a chair, a small table, and a very hard bed.

The Santa Barbara (Cal.) Index manifests a most liberal feeling for the spiritual cause, as championed by the friends in that place. In its issue for June 22d it says:

"The Society of Spiritualists met last Sunday at Crane's Hall to listen to a lecture from Dr. Schlotterbach on the Relations of Modern Spiritualism to the Spiritualism of the Bible.

The American Woman Suffrage Association, in remembrance of the adoption of the principle of equal political rights for women by the Province of New Jersey on the 2d of July, 1776, celebrated the event in the city of Philadelphia on Monday, July 3d, by a public meeting in Horticultural Hall.

Charles H. Foster has removed from the Parker to the Winthrop House, West End, Boston. He soon goes to Providence for a brief season, and then East. We are receiving now evidences of his remarkable mediumship from very respectable and fully reliable people who have visited his seances in Boston.

Read the admirable lecture on our first page, given at Chicago, Ill., through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan. Its description of a spirit's experiences in the new life is interesting for present perusal, and furnishes valuable food for after thought.

Warren Chase sends us a series of way-side notes of labor in the western harvest-field, which we shall print in our next issue.

The Objective Proof of a Spiritual World.

On Sunday last Robert Cooper lectured at Paine Hall, Boston, on the above subject, prefacing his remarks by a forcible extract from the writings of William Howitt, showing the baneful results of materialistic teachings.

At the conclusion Mr. Seaver arose and made his usual objections to the spiritual theory, and expressed his anxiety to "see a spirit." Mr. Cooper asked him how he disposed of the evidence of Mr. Crookes and the testimony afforded by the London Dialectical Society Investigating Committee.

A Seance with Mrs. Kate Fox-Jencken. On Friday evening, June 16th, a seance took place in London, Eng., through the mediumship of Mrs. Kate Fox Jencken, at the house of Mr. H. D. Jencken, M. R. I., who was also present.

Justice Donohue, of New York, can hardly expect to escape the indignant criticism of the Spiritualistic portion of the community, which, numerically at least, is quite formidable.

THE EDITOR—I have just been to see the spirit artist Hartman, and wish through your paper to say to my personal friends and all investigators that I know him to be just what he claims, a genuine spirit artist.

DEPARTED TO THE SUMMER-LAND, June 22d, from her place of sojourn in New York City, Mrs. Mary R. Tucker, in the 70th year of her age, after a short illness of seven days.

Those desiring a pleasant sail down Boston Harbor to Nahant and the Maolis Gardens, will do well to seek out India Wharf and embark on the Meta, Captain A. W. Calden (of the Nahant Steamboat Express Company's line).

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On Wednesday, June 28th, a new hall was dedicated to free thought at the Hill-Side Home, Carversville, Bucks Co., Pa. Mr. A. B. Bradford presided, and singing, the reading by Miss Elvira Wheelock of a poem by R. W. Hume, addresses, and a dance composed the exercises.

Read the admirable lecture on our first page, given at Chicago, Ill., through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan.

Warren Chase sends us a series of way-side notes of labor in the western harvest-field, which we shall print in our next issue.

Testimonial to Andrew Jackson Davis.

We desire to call the attention of Spiritualists, Liberals and Reformers to the Pecuniary Testimonial which some of the friends of Andrew Jackson Davis are endeavoring to raise for his benefit.

His great work, "NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS," was given to the world before he had attained his twenty-first year. Since that time he has written and published more than thirty volumes, some of them on the Harmonical Philosophy, and all of them on matters of profound and universal importance to mankind.

His friends believe that the world is the better for ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS having lived in it. Many reformers and benefactors of their race while living, have endured hardships and poverty, who after their death have been honored with costly pageants, "storied urn or animated bust."

Will not the friends everywhere of Andrew Jackson Davis—those who have been benefited by his writings and teachings—esteem it a privilege to participate in giving to him an ample pecuniary testimonial of gratitude and good will while he is yet with us in the earth-life?

Post-office orders, checks and drafts payable to his order may be sent to him at No. 24 East Fourth street, New York, or to either of the officers of the committee.

WILLIAM GREEN, Chairman, 1268 Pacific street, Brooklyn, N. Y. C. O. POOLE, Cor. Sec., 140 West 42d street, New York, N. Y.

We heartily endorse the above in every particular, and trust the friends wherever this paper may go, will make answer to the appeal accordingly to their means. Bro. Davis has indeed accomplished much and good service, and in the vineyard of truth—as elsewhere—"the laborer is worthy of his hire."

Spiritualism in Memphis, Tenn. In his July number, Samuel Watson, editor of the American Spiritual Magazine, thus outlines his remarkable experiences with a new medium in Memphis:

"We went with some gentlemen a few days since to see a newly developed medium in the city. Two slates fastened by hinges were used; they were closed, and intelligent, truthful messages were written on the slates purporting to come from deceased relatives. Col. Taylor, a well-known, intelligent gentleman, and prominent member of the M. E. Church, South, held the slates together. They were not opened. The scratching of a pencil is heard, yet there is no pencil out in between them. A geranium leaf is cut from a plant growing in a jar in the window, marked by cutting holes in it, and placed between the slates. In a few minutes it is written inside where the leaf will be found concealed in a distant part of the room. In one instance it was found in the bottom drawer of the sewing machine, as was written inside the slates.

Will scientists and editors call and examine these facts and then give us their theory? If it be not spirits, what is it?"

Justice Donohue, of New York, can hardly expect to escape the indignant criticism of the Spiritualistic portion of the community, which, numerically at least, is quite formidable.

THE EDITOR—I have just been to see the spirit artist Hartman, and wish through your paper to say to my personal friends and all investigators that I know him to be just what he claims, a genuine spirit artist.

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Spiritual Matters in Philadelphia.

A. S. Hayward writes as follows from the "Centennial City," under date of July 2d:

"There is at this time a large body of liberal-minded persons in this city. I will only speak of the Spiritualists: Rev. Mr. Watson, editor and proprietor of the American Spiritual Magazine, Rev. J. M. Peebles, Dr. H. B. Storer, and many others. Dr. Storer was at the morning Conference, and gave his experience with the 'West End medium,' in Boston. Rev. Mr. Watson also spoke of his being present at a successful materialization seance with the Bliss media. He will speak this evening for the Lincoln Hall Society. Mr. Watson is a fine intellectual specimen of a man, and worthy of the respect of all who listen to him."

Harwich Camp-Meeting. The Spiritual Camp-Meeting at Nickerson Grove, Harwich, Cape Cod, will commence on Tuesday, July 25th, and close on Monday, July 31st. Excursion tickets good until Aug. 2d. Full particulars soon. W. B. KELLY, Harwich Port, June 29th, 1876.

At a recent regular monthly meeting of the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists the old board of officers substantially was re-elected for the coming year, and a vote of thanks was tendered to Algernon Joy, Esq., for his past services as Honorary Secretary. Alexander Calder, Esq., was elected President.

We call the especial attention of the reader to the advertisement of Mrs. Jennie Lord Webb, on our seventh page. This lady—a sister to Annie Lord Chamberlain, the renowned physical medium—is worthily the friendship and patronage of Spiritualists wherever located, and deserves to be fully sustained in her work.

"Jottings Along the Way," by J. M. Peebles, will appear next week. We have also in store for our readers No. IV. of the Pilgrim's experiences in the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs, which we shall print as soon as space can be spared therefor.

C. B. Lynn will lecture in New Haven, Conn., the last two Sundays in September and the month of October. He is ready to make engagements in the East for the fall and winter. Permanent address, Sturds, Mich. Mr. Lynn delivered the oration on the 4th of July in Bangor, Me., which was addressed a very large assembly.

W. F. Jantzen is holding meetings in Mazappa, Minn., where he can be addressed until further notice. Jennie J. Clarke is now enjoying a vacation with her many friends in Connecticut. All letters intended for her should be addressed to Stony Creek, Conn.

A. J. Fishback has been appointed State Missionary by the Minnesota Association of Spiritualists. Dr. W. L. Jack will be absent from his office, No. 50 North Main street, Haverhill, Mass., after the second week in July till the close of the Labor Peace and Camp-meeting. Due notice of his resumption of duties will appear in the Banner.

C. Fannie Allen is meeting with good success at Putnam, Ct., where she is engaged for the month of July.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston. ROCHESTER HALL.—The Ladies Aid Society will until further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, 107 North Street, Boston, on the first and third of each week. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

RAYMOND HALL.—Spiritual Meetings are held at this hall, 72 N. Street, Cambridge District, Sunday afternoon, at 7 o'clock. The exercises consist of speaking and tests by different mediums. Admission free.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Each line in acute type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, minimum, each insertion. BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, minimum, 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—Thousands acknowledge Mrs. Morrison's unparalleled success in giving diagnosis of disease by lock of hair. And thousands have been cured with vegetable remedies, magnetized and prescribed by her Medical Band.

Diagnosis by Letter. Inclose Lock of Patient's Hair and \$1.00. Give Age and Sex. Remedies sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Canada. Address Mrs. C. M. Morrison, P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. Take Grove Hall and Dorchester horse cars. My. 13.13w*

Brooks, Me., Sept. 7, 1870. Dear Sir—From early youth I was in feeble health, troubled with humor in my blood, weakness and debility of the system generally; was unable to labor much, and only at some light business, and then only with great caution.

Seven years ago the past spring I had a severe attack of Diphtheria, which left my limbs paralyzed and useless, so I was unable to walk or even sit up. Noting the advertisement of PERUVIAN SYRUP, I concluded to give it a trial, and to my great joy soon found my health improving. I continued the use of the SYRUP until three bottles had been used, and was restored to complete health, and have remained so to this day.

I attribute my present health entirely to the use of PERUVIAN SYRUP, and hold it in high estimation. I cannot speak too highly in its praise. I have in several cases recommended it in cases very similar to my own with the same good results. Yours truly, CHARLES E. PEARCY.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrologist, and Healing and Developing office 200 Joralemon st. et. opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. J. 17.4w*

DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS may be addressed for the summer at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jy. 1.

Mr. and Mrs. HOLMES, 614 South Washington St., Philadelphia, Pa. Circles Monday, Tuesday Wednesday and Thursday evenings, at 8 o'clock. F. 19.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 24 East Fourth st. Address Box 82, Station D, New York City. J. 1.

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 315 5th Ave., New York. Terms \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Jy. 1.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED by R. W. Flint, 374 West 32d street, New York. Terms \$2 and three stamps. Money refunded if not answered. Jy. 24-4w*

BUSINESS CARDS. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to over-estimate the benefits resulting from the use of Campbell's Royal Food, the new diet for children and invalids. 2w-July 8.

DR. E. D. SPEAR. So much celebrated for his remarkable cures, (influenza and residence, 827 Washington street, Boston, Mass.) may be consulted on all diseases treated, or by letter, with stamps. References—The many in New England and elsewhere who have been benefited by his treatment during the past 3 years. Medical Hand Book free, sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents. 2w-July 27.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MOORE, the well known English lecturer, will net in future as our agent, but receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to be put on the list at different times during the year, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., London, Eng.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. H. RHODES, 918 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications. Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale above, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Coates streets, and at all the Spiritual meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the Banner of Light, can consult Dr. Rhoades.

HARTFORD, CONN. BOOK DEPOT. A. ROSE, 56 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.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & HIGGINS, Bookellers, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep constantly for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT. J. M. DEWEY, Bookkeeper, 100 North Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keeps for sale the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich. Give him a call.

CLEVELAND, O. BOOK DEPOT. LEWIS BAZAAR, 16 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O. All the Spiritual and Liberal Books and Papers kept for sale.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT. MISS M. J. REGAN, 620 North 3rd street, 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.

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

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT. B. T. C. MOGENSEN, 82 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a supply of Liberal and Reformatory Works. 1f

ADVERTISEMENTS. COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Booksellers, No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.

KEEP A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF Spiritual, Progressive, Reform, AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

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

Any Book published 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 sent free.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL CAMP MEETING OF THE Liberal Spiritualists of New England

Will be held at HIGHLAND LAKE GROVE, Norfolk, Mass., commencing July 12th and closing August 30th, 1876.

All who believe in LIBERTY, (not anarchy), EQUALITY and FRATERNITY, under whatever name they are known, are cordially invited to join us. This Grove, of over fifty acres, with its spacious buildings for sleeping, dining, bowling, etc., the Lakes, Row-boats, has no equal in New England, and affords every facility to seekers of health or recreation. Good dining and restaurant facilities at Barnes's Mammoth Dining and Restaurant Hall at 50¢ per week.

As far as practicable, those intending to camp should furnish their blankets and camp equipment. Tent and reduced rental and buildings may be obtained by applying by letter or in person to DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, No. 38 Montgomery street, Charleston, S. C.

Many of the most prominent Spiritualist and Liberal lecturers will address the people during the continuation of the meetings. The following are already engaged: Mr. William Denton and Miss Lizzie Doten. Particulars in regard to Railroad connections, routing of trains, etc., will be given at the time.

A. H. RICHARDSON, Manager. Pass Round the Word. SPIRITUALIST SEA SIDE PARTIES. Clam-Bake at Downer's Landing, Boston Harbor, Wednesday, July 12th, 1876. Tickets, round trip, 60¢. J. S. BODGE, Con. Jy. 1.

THE SCIENTIFIC WONDER! THE PLANCHETTE. THE WRITING PLANCHETTE! THE WRITING PLANCHETTE! THE WRITING PLANCHETTE!

SCIENCE is unable to explain the mysterious performance of this wonderful little instrument, which writes intelligent answers to questions asked either aloud or mentally. Those unacquainted with it would be astonished at some of the results that have been attained through its agency, and no domestic circle should be without one. All investigators who desire to practice in writing mediums should avail themselves of these "Planchettes," which may be consulted on all questions, as also for communications from deceased relatives. The Planchette is furnished complete with box, pencil and directions, by which any one can easily understand how to use it.

Pentagraph wheels, \$1.00. On rollers, 75 cents. For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass. 1f-July 18.

SOUL READING, OR PSYCHOMETRICAL DELINEATION OF CHARACTER. Mrs. A. H. SPEARANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and mental qualities, and also of their past, present and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those to be successful in marriage; and hints to the inhappily married. Full delineation, 50¢. and four 3-cent stamps. Address, 315 5th Ave., New York. 4th-June 24.

ROOMS TO LET. SPACIOUS ROOMS in the BANNER OF LIGHT Building, 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street, newly fitted up, with all modern improvements. Apply at the office of COLBY & RICH, on first floor. Jy. 8-1f

DR. FRED. L. H. WILLIS, 319 Sixth Avenue, 44 years' practice, 27 in Boston. Send for a Circular. Address all letters P. O. Box 428, New York. April 22-12w1f

MRS. A. J. JOHNSON, Magnetic Physician. Heals both Mind and Body in five to ten treatments. Office, West 25th street, New York. Office hours from 2 to 5 P. M. 4th-June 24.

MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, Test Clairvoyant. Six questions by mail 10¢ and stamp. Whole life reading, \$1.00. 75 Dover street, Boston. 1w-July 8.

Message Department.

THE Spirit Messages given at the Baltimore Circles and the Boston Circles, reports of which are printed on this page, indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—consequently those who pass from the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN.

(Wife of Colonel Washington A. Danskin, of Baltimore.) During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Danskin, while she was in the entranced condition—totally unconscious.

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences.

The evidences that Spiritualism was true were not received by us through the agency of professional media. The manifestations came to ourselves in the quiet of our own home, where no disturbing influences could enter. One day after another was given, until conviction became absolute certainty. There was no room for doubt—no question of fraud or trickery, which has so disgraced the movement in these latter years.

And we were not disappointed. Night after night did we sit, generally until the smaller hours of the morning, holding sweet converse with those loved ones of our own kindred who were drawn to us by ties of affection; or gathering knowledge of the spirit life from others who were attracted to our home by the pleasant condition which they found there.

At the close of one of our sittings there was given a series of words from which I could not extract any meaning. They seemed to be merely sound without sense.

Senseless more, Dullness more, Faintness more, And a dozen other words having similar termination. I asked for an explanation, but did not receive any. It was a new phase in our experiences. Our spirit visitors had never talked nonsense to us before, and I could not understand why words without translatable meaning should be given to us now.

In reply to my inquiry the answer came: "Wait, and the explanation will be given." I think I can. I'm growing, mother, and am being taught lessons by the angels, just as if I was going to every-day-school, only we don't have any romps, or any angry words, or anything out of place. Mother, dear mother, I fondly love you. I come and go, for it is sweet to do my Father's will, and he in time, dear mother, will give me power to assist and bear your spirit on its way, and oh, how sweet it will be when you see me and I see you!

Elizabeth Daily, of Sacramento, Cal. I was a personating medium, for a long time, in the youthful days of Spiritualism. I was a guide to very many who sought me in the line of my unfoldment. Many other faculties were unfolded spiritually in my nature, and I placed them all to a good purpose. Having been disrobed of the flesh, I have power to manifest in the spirit, through one who, probably, has never heard of me.

I was an affectionate wife, a devoted mother, and a sincere Spiritualist, and I would say to investigators of this grand and sublime subject, Do it honestly, carefully and truthfully, and when the burdens of the earthly life are laid aside you will be grandly and beautifully rewarded in the land where all things harmonize for good. I would not exchange worlds again—oh, no!

And now, dear friends of the Banner, I bless you! Go on as you have ever done with your noble work, and the angel hosts will assist you. Instead of the labor being hard, they will make it easy. Go on! go on! you have one more sister to aid you.

Alletta Rapel. I died at Hopewell Junction, Dutchess County, New York. My name was Alletta Rapel. I was in my seventy-eighth year. The external manifestations of life grew wearisome to me. As age in the form of earth came on, many of the pleasures and beauties of my youthful days faded away, and left me almost a stranger in my own beautiful land. In my meditative moments I thought this condition of life over and over, and could not balance the outer with the inner; but those thoughts were only fragments, passing away one by one, and when death physical came and claimed me, I then with all the powers of my mind grew to understand how to harmonize one faculty with the other—the outer faculties and the inner faculties—which have now grown harmonious. What a real and substantial life is ours, with very many of the difficulties thrown entirely aside. We see God now, not as the artists have ever pictured him, in his majesty of greatness, but in his majesty of love, of wisdom and of guidance.

Robert Elder. Stamford, Conn.; Robert Elder was my name. I died in the seventy-third year of my age; my residence was on Atlantic street. Death and I were not at-war together, as we harmonized in all the essentials of the spirit's ascension. Upon those shores I solved the problem of man's creation. I saw there was no flaw in the law that gave him breath. I likewise saw how false the human mind had been taught, that God had made a blunder in creating one from himself! I likewise saw and read in the law that man was not accursed of God that his earthly life was not worthless. I likewise saw that there were no deficiencies in any of his outbreathings toward those whom he called his children. Preachers, priests and elders, take warning, not from the dead, but from living spirits, who tell you of your wrongful ways in keeping your flocks with scales upon their eyes, and with ignorance in their minds. The future lies before you, and I, as a prophet, come to warn you whereby ignorance may flee and knowledge may take its place. I am an individual spirit, approximating little by little, through my own exertion, toward the higher goal. Take warning, friends; you know I am truthful and honest in what I say. I am fulfilling the commandment of the Eternal by my return. So good-by.

If any one who knew me should chance to read this, my full identity will be recognized.

Margaret Grier was my name, the wife of William Grier, and he was a medical director in the U. S. Navy. I was the daughter of the late Col. Watnough, of Philadelphia.

Seeing and feeling are the senses that are ours while the physical holds enmeshed the spirit. After death it loses not its polarity, nor its relationship toward those whom it has left behind, consequently that which I knew not I have learned. It is a revelation of the profoundest value to me, and as an acceptor of its fundamental propositions, I advance with it, giving it to others as a grand revelation belonging to the day in which they live. Being approximated in degree toward the grand centre of universal life, gathering in its adaptations from cause to effect, from effect to cause—thus doing, I grow scholastic spiritually, with the grand unfoldment of eternity before me.

Why then should I regret having passed through trials and tribulations, when through that means I have been made to learn my birth-right in the skies? Beautiful is it to gather in knowledge day by day, and hour by hour, and know that through our own exertions we may gain the highest point of glory, harmony and wisdom. So, husband, do not doubt the truth of this; do not doubt my veracity. Look well into the matter, learn for yourself that "though a man die shall he live." Now adieu.

Emma Maynard. I died at New Windsor, Carroll Co., Md., in the ninth year of my age. My mother's name was Sarah, my father's name was Dennis. I thought, mother and father, and good kind friends, that after death there was no more of us; but I find I have to go about doing pretty much the same, and I do not grieve about leaving any one, for the good angels have given me lessons, and made me learn of the things that are about here.

I've no wish, mother and father, to come back and play with my schoolmates, or even to talk about them. You can't know, mother and father, how beautiful this place is until you come and see for yourselves. The angels are so pretty in their faces, and they dress so nicely and look so clean and tidy! Their clothes, mother and father, are most always white, like I have seen snow sometimes; then they sing so sweetly, and make every one so happy around them; and when they find a down-look with us they say something to cheer us, and make us feel happy. When I first died I used to think it would be so nice to come home again and stay with you all! And then they would come to me, and embrace me, and kiss me, and tell me not to cry, for they would take me home and show me my mother and my father, and so they did.

Mother, do take this religion and learn about it. See if I can't come and talk right to you. I think I can. I'm growing, mother, and am being taught lessons by the angels, just as if I was going to every-day-school, only we don't have any romps, or any angry words, or anything out of place. Mother, dear mother, I fondly love you. I come and go, for it is sweet to do my Father's will, and he in time, dear mother, will give me power to assist and bear your spirit on its way, and oh, how sweet it will be when you see me and I see you!

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If any one who knew me should chance to read this, my full identity will be recognized.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE ROOM.

The following Spirit-Message were given through the mediumship of

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD at the Public Free Circles held at this office. In order to make repairs upon our building, the sittings have been temporarily suspended. They will be resumed on Tuesday, September 5th.

Question and Answer.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions, we will attend to them now.

Ques.—Can a person do a wrong act in this life, and smooth it over with his conscience so effectively that the effects of that act will not come up in judgment against him in the spirit-life?

Ans.—It is easy in your world to do what you call a wrong act, and then spread a plaster over it so nicely, you may walk along the streets without paying the least attention to it. It is easy to injure a brother, and then make yourself believe that you are not selfish nor doing wrong. In your natural body there is a spiritual body. The spirit receives the impression of every act done in the body.

It is given to you like a piece of pure white paper, and you are making marks on it from day to day. When you enter your spirit-home, it comes before you, and there is no coat thick enough to button over your conscience to hide it from your view. No; it stands out before you in full relief. The very motive that prompted you to do the deed is there before you; that with which you have covered it for years only makes it more apparent to your view. No; it is impossible to cover up a wrong act! You must face it; must take it up and look at it when you enter the spirit-world. Oh! if men and women fully realized this, would they not stop and look over the acts of their lives, and see what they are laying up in spirit-life! True we have no hell to frighten them with; no fiery furnace sending up its brimstone; but we have this: A conscience which is ever knocking at the door, asking, "Are ye doing well, to-day?" They are answerable for every act done in the body. No matter how much they repent of it. When the work has been perpetrated they cannot blot it out. They may be very sorry, but they cannot cure the disease. They have done the work, sown the seed, and must reap the harvest it brings. If they are unjust to their fellow-men, and selfish, they will find the tree growing in their spiritual garden, but must not throw the blame on another's shoulders. They will have no Christ to drag them into heaven; if they get there it must be by their own deeds of goodness. They will enjoy the spiritual either fully or partially according to the work done in the earth-life, but can progress, no matter how low they have gone in the scale. In spirit-life when these earthly troubles are laid aside, when the temptations of life are overthrown, and mortals enter into that home, then there is a chance to progress; but they will look back each day, and think how much further ahead they might have been had they better improved the opportunities of earth.

Dr. William Tinkham. As each individual has an experience of his own, and as each man or woman who comes here tells his own or her own story, I have come to tell mine. I was a Spiritualist before I departed from the earth, a medium working with my medium power and attending to other business until I wore out my old body. My attention was more closely drawn to Spiritualism some years ago, by an accident—a piece of wood having been projected into my head. I lay for a long time; the physicians had said that it was all taken out, and that I was doing very nicely, yet I seemed to be growing worse instead of better, when I might say the angels sent to me a medium, who said that so far in there was still another piece of wood, and if the physicians would probe there they would find it; and it proved to be a fact. Of course this drew my attention still stronger toward the Spiritual Philosophy, and I became a firm Spiritualist. I had a varied experience in earth-life, but I never regretted having paid attention to this philosophy, and I do not regret it now. I passed away with heart disease, at Lowell, having stayed, as I said before, in the body as long as I could; working with my medium powers, and also transacting other business, was too much for the old box to bear. All there was of me passed out, leaving the casket an old body, nothing more nor less. I entered spirit-life to meet my wife and other friends who had gone before me, and I am surprised sometimes, when I look around, to see how much further I had advanced, by paying attention to the Spiritual Philosophy, than some of my friends who had been here for years, so that to-day I come to add my voice to the number of those who are rejoicing in the spiritual, and who feel that they wish to return, that the world may know of their home, that their faith has made them whole. I have been many times to earth; have had my picture taken—a real spirit-picture. My wife is a medium. I would say to her that though trials and afflictions are around her, and she has much to discourage her, yet, Lizzie, go on in the good work. William Tinkham. They called me Doctor sometimes.

Frank Stebbins. I was not a believer in Spiritualism. I was an opposer to it. I took pleasure, when under the influence of other spirits than those that I see present here to-day, in disturbing a spiritual circle if there was one assembled at our house. My wife was a Spiritualist, and often had circles at the house. I suppose I ought to have enjoyed them, but I did not, and I did many times all that I could to trouble her; but, fortunately for her, I passed out of the body, and she was left to enjoy her Spiritualism. I can't say but I did have some faith in it, but yet I loved to annoy a Spiritualist, especially when I had been imbibing strong drink. I am free to confess that I am sorry for it; but it won't heal the wound—not a particle. I have been sorry to my heart's content, sorry every minute, yet it has not affected one thing.

I think, were I capable of lecturing, I could preach a pretty good temperance sermon, for I know that of all the habits which come to a man, which are born with him, or attach themselves to him, that of drinking is the most unfortunate, for it brings a dazed condition to the spirit even after he has got rid of the body, and I expect it will be some years before I shall be able to take the place in life which I might have held. I know that Spiritualism is true. It should be a matter of knowledge to most of those who look into it; but I have one piece of advice to give, and that is, if you want to enjoy life with us, and have a good honest time, behave yourselves while you

live in the body; and I hope that if there are any within the reach of my voice who even occasionally, from habit, from the love of it, take it as a beverage, when they take the glass of liquor from the counter, or in their homes, when they put it to their lips, they will remember what I say: If you want to be truly happy on your first entrance into spirit-life, let it alone for your own sake, and for the sake of the angel-world.

I came here at the request of my wife, who has said she wished I would come here and report. The dark days are around her; the hour of trial is near at hand; she will not be lonely, for we shall be there with her. Say the message is from Frank, to Amelia Stebbins, now Clark, wife of Norman Clark, of Poquonock, Conn.

Edward L. Weston. I got shot out, mister; not to-day, but a good while ago. It's about fourteen year ago or thereabout. 'T was pretty hot. I believe it was in the month of July. I do not know as you'll allow anybody like me here—you are all Northerners. [We treat everybody civilly here.] I'm glad you do. Well, I've known a good many of you. I s'pose I got knocked out by one of you. Anyway, I do not know as I wanted to fight, but, you see, we got in a place where 't wasn't any use to resist; we had to take it or die; there was only one chance to run through it and live, and if we did not we got shot.

I was in a skirmish; and I—well, I skulked a little, do you blame me? And just as I was standing—yes, standing behind a tree, I thought I was pretty safe, and I looked round to see what was going on, and I heard something drop, and that something was me. A ball went in there [on the right side of the face] and came out here somewhere, [on the other side,] but I was actually shot out. It was not a minute, I do not believe, before I was standing looking at the old gray coat I had on. Mad! I was mad as thunder. It did not make any difference; there I was.

I do not know how I got round here to-day, it must be I got shot in; but I do not know as I've got much that's interesting to tell, but maybe you do not all know how quick it is to get out, and how quick you know you're out.

I want attached to that body of mine not ten minutes before I could just fly away, and my first idea was to get away from the old gray-backs. I do not believe I was a good Southerner after all. I never believed very much in Jeff Davis—had not much faith in him before he put on woman's clothes.

I got away as quick as possible. I report myself now from Charleston, S. C. I've bothered you enough. I'll get out now if I know how. Some of my old friends down there may like to know that old Ned's been round.

Charlie Poore. I am not a stranger to these Banner Circles, and although I am Poor, I always feel rich when I get here. I always enjoyed them—think I enjoy them to-day. I am freed from the old body. As I've often said, I'm thankful for that. Now I want to help everybody all I can—do all for 'em I can. I intend to make some music yet—play some good old tunes for the benefit of Spiritualism. I've got my old violins where I think they can be handled. I want to say to my wife and family to be of good cheer. I'd just as lief she'd sell them as not. I felt just a little, in the first place, as if 't'd like to have them kept. I see now it's all right. I'm glad she minded the impressions given to her.

I would say to my friends that I am as happy as I can be. I am going on and seeing a good many of my old friends, and I hope to see more of them. We are all journeying on together. I see a good many more that I used to know once.

You may say that I am Poor Charlie, and say that I came from the Charlestown District, so that nobody will think that I did not know that Charlestown was annexed. I've done the best I can, Mr. Chairman. Good afternoon.

your ideas are being brought to us while our ideas are being carried to you, and you ask yourselves sometimes—where is it to end? When there seems to be impending danger hanging over your heads, you feel as if the conflict was near, even at your very doors, and you stand trembling at the spectacle before you; and there comes a something which brings relief—the pressure is taken off, and again the spirit-world is justified, and again we stand firm and strong in our position as communicators from the spiritual to the earth-world.

I do not know why I came to-day. I was attracted to your circle by a band of influences who are working for the good of all for which I am working to-day stronger than ever before, with a clearer brain and a firmer hold upon the real life. Let me be anonymous.

Johnnie Che-Yan.

Melican man come: me want to come, too. Melican man speakee muchee; Chinese want to speakee muchee. Melican man gettee high up; Melican man callee me Johnnie Che-Yan. Melican man in California no likee Che-Yan; and cuttee he up.

Controlling Intelligence.

We thank you for your attention this afternoon, beloved friends, and thank you also for the beautiful flowers, for they bring to us harmony, they bring us affection. In each little leaf we see written some token of regard to some dear one in spirit-life. We know that as we hold them in our hands these sweet buds are like the little ones that so often come to us in life for our care and protection, sent out from your world to ours, where we try to unfold their little lives and bring them here to you to learn of you the material; and sometimes when inclined to do wrong or speak harshly, please remember that your homes may be at that time being visited by pure spirit-children from the spirit-world, to learn of the material from you and from your homes. May your hearts be strong, and may the flowers bloom brightly in your lives, and may each thought which comes to us from earth-life be a reflection of the purely spiritual. May God and your angel friends go with you and watch o'er you and protect you. Frank.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

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Passed to Spirit-Life.

June 1st, 1876, Mrs. Abby Rowe, of Paterson, N. J., wife of James Rowe, in the 42d year of her age. Mrs. Rowe was much beloved by all who knew her, and she will live in the memory of her many friends as one eminently true and noble. The loss of her physical presence is to us only a sad reminder that causes her family to mourn, as they are conscious of her spiritual companionship and guidance. The truth of spirit-communion is a living reality to them, affording such consolation as nothing else could give. "May God and angels help us all to be thus comforted. In loving, fraternal remembrance." A. E. CARPENTER.

From Alstead, N. H., June 16th, Ellen Davis, aged 83 years. He was a zealous worker in the cause of the truth of Spiritualism, and died happy in the belief of a better life beyond. The funeral services were conducted by Mrs. Wiley, of Rockingham, Vt.

Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each additional line is required. A line of equal type averages ten words.

FOREIGN RATES OF POSTAGE ON THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

Table with 2 columns: Country and Rate per copy. Includes Australia, Belgium, China, Cuba, East Indies, Egypt, France, Germany, Great Britain, India, Italy, Japan, Mexico, New Zealand, Peru, Spain, and Venezuela.

To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "Banner of Light Establishment" is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law: "I give, devise and bequeath unto Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, [here insert the description of the property to be willed] strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

We have received a cheerful-looking volume of four hundred pages—lined paper—entitled THE TRUTHS OF SPIRITUALISM, wherein E. V. Wilson, the seer, compiles from his twenty-five years' experience as a medium a remarkable array of tests of individual existence after death, so-called, going to prove beyond a doubt the reality of persistent life for humanity. We shall speak more fully concerning the book in a future number. Those desiring it will find it for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

A thrillingly interesting pamphlet, entitled A TALE OF LIFE; OR, THE BROKER AND HIS VICTIMS, has just been issued by E. V. Wilson, and is for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

A new edition of RAFAELLES, by F. B. Randolph, is for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

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