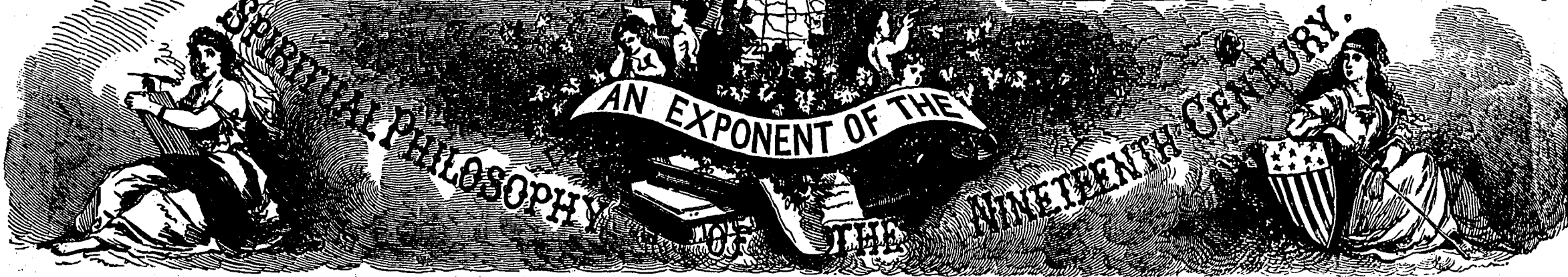


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLI.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1877.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 3.

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The Anniversary.

Sunday Afternoon and Evening Services at Paine Hall, Boston; Lecture by Prof. R. G. Eccles; Remarks by Miss Lizzie Doten, George A. Bacon, Emma Harding Britten, Dr. H. F. Gardner, Dr. John H. Currier, and others; Conclusion of the Anniversary Exercises.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The services on the afternoon of April 1st were introduced by a half-hour concert from the orchestra, directed by Prof. Alonzo Bond, after which the meeting was called to order by Dr. H. F. Gardner, who briefly announced that having been requested to act as Chairman on the occasion, he would now proceed in the duties of the position by introducing Miss Hattie C. Harrington, of Boston, who would favor the audience with a song. Miss Harrington then gave a vocal selection, Henry C. Lull acting as accompanist.

After a few words from Dr. Gardner regarding the widely-known character of R. G. Eccles as an eloquent and forcible lecturer, the reading of the poem "Dead in the Street," by the Professor, and a song by Miss Harrington—Robert Cooper accompanying on the piano—the following was the order of the service:

LECTURE BY PROF. R. G. ECCLES.

Ladies and Gentlemen—To-day a trinity of festivities of most unlike character have met. Two of them really belong to the occasion, while the third has been added for the mere sake of convenience. The list as it stands in my mind runs thus: Easter, All Fools' Day, and the Advent of Modern Spiritualism. Easter is always calculated by the moon, and it would therefore be a literal truth to pronounce it a lunar affair, if we were certain of shocking no one's feelings by such a pun. The second—All Fools' Day—should be, if it is not, calculated by that luminary, it being the feast day of people whose phases change, like the tides, by Luna's movements. The third and last of the trio, many good people think more lucky than the other two put together; but, unfortunately as it is for their notions, fate has fixed it like the sublime and the ridiculous, so that a step of twenty-four hours must be taken before it reaches the gala-day of fools. That step can never be taken but when convenience makes it advisable, as upon the present occasion.

We hear much of the eternal fitness of things. Probably this may account for these three coming into such proximity on the present occasion. The birth of Christianity in the resurrection of Jesus; the birth of folly when Paganism was wed to Christianity in the Dark Ages; and, lastly, the birth of Modern Spiritualism, as a new era of common-sense in this century. To-day, then, we see Faith, Frivolity and Thought—the three most unlike characteristics of life—join hands and worship upon the same occasion, though at different shrines. In reality they are but the length, breadth and thickness of a perfect whole.

We have just passed through a dark period in our nation's history, that has shown to the world the value of religious faith, foolish good-nature that can laugh away an injury, and deep earnest thought that scorns, not creeds and constitutions, but their narrow limits and crystallized boundaries. To-day we are free from civil war, and in a condition to avoid such calamities in the future, because these three sworn foes, religious fervor, good-hearted simplicity, that cared for nothing but rest, and stern free thought, existed side by side in the land.

All danger has passed, thanks to the trio named, and now we can with pleasure shake hands with the other two, with whom we have voluntarily associated ourselves upon this occasion. This, our festivity, heralds the approach of spring. Soon will we be delighted with warbling birds, green meads, and the celestial aroma of flowers. The sombre pine by the hillside will no longer deceive with its mimic show of verdure. The stately elm by the silvery rill is about to dethrone it in our hearts.

Longingly look we forward to the happy future this will bring, when every sense can but be delighted with experiences exquisite. But we are heralding a spring for coming humanity—a new era in which the mind will be released from its thralldom, and allowed to wander enchanted and delighted in the very paradise of flowery philosophy. Nor is this all. Still another springtime we hail and herald, that of the soul, when parted from its companion of clay. Oh, glowing thought! Oh, immortality! How devoutly, how earnestly, how hopefully we look for thee! Come, blessed spring! We welcome thy approach! We are here to-day to proclaim, as angels did, eighteen centuries ago, "Peace on earth, good will to men." Peace from the tempest of passion, just swept past, peace from the sullen breath of early winter, peace to the sorrowing, hopeless heart about to bury in the narrow limits of the tomb

the desire of eternity. Yes, let me add, peace everywhere. If we are not here aiming to bind all wounds, sustain the weak, direct the strong, and bless all men, then are we rightfully worthy all the scorn and contempt our enemies can heap upon us. If we do not aim at casting our factor of strength for the right, we are unto us! Nor will mere utterances of sentiment suffice. Action is demanded, not loud-mouthed rhetoric. When you think yourself working for the race, you but work for yourself. He that would lose his life for others, but saves it for himself. The universe of mind, matter and force sweeps on with unswerving fidelity to law, and he only is safe in the mighty rush who steers himself wisely in the narrow channel of adaptation, breasting bravely every storm and fighting for the right. Avoid the delusion of self-righteousness in every guise. Short-sighted mortal, do you—a speck, a mote, a helpless atom amid the awful whirl—imagine that your puny efforts at aiding your fellows add progression of other than yourself? In the limitless vortex whose appalling dimensions defies the wildest imagining, and before which the soul stands amazed and agast, can you think your little moiety of power can add its resistless sweep? Are we who dream thus, hopelessly insane? Can a single speck of spray direct the surging whirlpool of Niagara, or make it change its course? Yet such a speck would be immeasurably more to the tremendous torrent, than the activities of the billions of men now living are to the power behind progression. You must do right, or be right, or the mighty besom of destruction will ruthlessly sweep us out of the way of those who have learned where and how to walk. In doing what is called duty, we merely keep out of the way and save ourselves. Omnipotence is everywhere, and ever conspiring in aid of evolution. Progress is the law of life, here and hereafter. Step into its current and you are safe from harm; venture out of it, and misery, pain or death, according to the distance, are inevitably your doom. Virtue, Intelligence and Sanctity are but the names of pilots who guide us into the smooth sea of Grace. Grace is neither a cloak of self-righteousness, selfishness, nor self-esteem. It is implicit confidence in the universe of force, whose unalloyed manifestation, when truly seen, is only love.

"Be not deceived; that which you sow you shall surely reap." We are in the everlasting whirl let us seek its smoothest current, for it is love and happiness. This eternal dance of matter went on ages before man appeared, and will doubtless proceed ages after he has gone. "Rushing metamorphosis" has introduced intelligence upon the scene as a new tool for the unseen Power to use. But man neither begins nor terminates the sequence of change, nor need we disguise the fact, known to every thinker, that they take, even collectively, but a very small part in the transitions going on. Feeling is a far more potent factor. Sages gazing sorrowfully upon their own ignorance, beholding wise men marshaled against them, whom it is impossible to doubt the integrity of, and marking the percentage of proper and improper judgment in their own past experiences, soon become almost willing, except in the very rare cases in which ample data can easily be had, to cast up a penny and take chances upon its fortuitous turn. Blind men are better guides in dark places than men with open eyes who think they see a light where none exists. Let us be content, then, with the fact that we do progress. Principles, not men, are the fragments of power. Such principles as eternal in origin, and brought to light by feeling, not thought, thought can marshal them and direct their hosts.

Brahminism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity are all engines of power used by Omnipotency for his (or its) work. Jews and Gentiles are alike his (or its) chosen ones, each set apart for a peculiar work of their own. Modern Spiritualism, with the rest, comes in for its share of honor, although but little of its work has been done. A noble future lies before it. Let us cast a retrospective glance upon some of the work it has done. How often has the question been asked, "What good has Spiritualism done?" Christian, Materialist, Jew, and Pagan, has it ever occurred to you, while asking this question, that nothing in this universe ever came in vain? Such an interrogation is but an echo of the ages. It has been asked in turn of every sect, and will be repeated and re-repeated through the indefinite future. Should we grant your vilest charges against this cause, we could then scornfully retort, "Can no good thing come out of Nazareth?" The compost heap itself contains the richest food for humble violet, proud rhododendron, and virtuous rose. Spiritualism is young yet. Twenty-nine years span its brief ministry. In that time it has captured the hearts of pious men and women of every creed, and sturdy matter-of-fact materialists have not escaped its influence. Its votaries may be counted by millions. They can be found from the glittering ice-mountains of the polar seas to the fire-belt of the tropics.

The savage, with his piny intellect, befogged by counting the digits of his own right hand, along with the pensive *savant*, whose giant power scans the horizon of material things from Sirus to the hydrogen atom, alike find a niche adapted to their wants in the new religion. If Newton's gravitation, Avogadro's law or Darwin's natural selection are deemed true because they fit a vast range of phenomena, being the intellectual counterparts of the existing order of things, why should Spiritualism be contemptuously rejected after having shown so thorough an adaptation to so varied a range of psychical necessities? It is preposterously absurd in its enemies to attribute to an adherent of Spiritualism who is cultured and thoughtful an acceptance of mumbo-jumbo, nonsensical tricks, silly twaddle, and the thousand-and-one advertisements of charlatans, as part of his faith. If we are dupes treat us with candor, and we will take it that your professions of interest in our behalf are as represented. With so wide a range of intellects adhering to the cause, we may look over a vast area of country, and still vaster range of literature and art, to find its mark. It would be impossible for me in an hour and a quarter's talk to give you anything like a fair conception of the progress of this "strange faith." The negroes of America can thank Garrison and Lincoln for their emancipation. Both were consultants of "the dead." The Russian serfs owe a debt of gratitude to D. D. Home and their Czar as Spiritualists for their release from the bondage of ages. Let other denominations show as good a record in a thousand years as this for only twenty-nine. How long it would take me to tell of the sick hearts made glad by the proofs of immortality, of the sick made well by the ministry of faith, and of the innumerable multitude of living witnesses to startling exhibitions of unusual psychical and physical manifestations. Some of the most devout investigators have insisted upon no explanation of these wonders while suggesting several. As a result of their pains and candor they have been tabooed and denounced

from pulpit and press most lavishly. A notable instance of this kind is that noble worker in chemistry, Prof. Crookes, of London. How the lash of scorn was laid upon his back two years ago. An American scientific magazine of much note then published several articles of bitter denunciation even of the man. He was pronounced a mere dabbler, and charged with downright dishonesty. The last number of that magazine atones for this wrong by giving a likeness of the Professor, and a brief, candid biography of him. I have sympathized with Crookes for years, as his method of dealing with this great problem is very like my own. If there are any here to-day who think that an investigator of Spiritualism must necessarily be a fool, let me state to him that the discovery of the element Thallium, the radiometer, the electric deflagrator, the oxy-hydrogen blow pipe, and the doctrine of natural selection, with other discoveries and inventions too numerous to mention, came by the same processes of thought, and through the same parties as accept the verity of some of the manifestations of Modern Spiritualism. I do not wonder at Spiritualists spitting fire at their accusers in the presence of facts of the character pointed out, when thoughtful newspaper reporters or country pastors attempt to belittle and cast ridicule upon them. But when the chief magistrate of a city, aided by its intelligent and influential ministers, descends to the same, it is execrable.

Yet, despite all this, it is evident the world moves. There is a real, a genuine progress going on. Slow though it be, yet it is certain. Omnipotence rules behind the veil of matter, while everything, from man to man, from man to galaxy, takes the part of every tool to forward the decrees of eternity, or, as before intimated, is swept out of the way as an incumbrance not to be tolerated. Walk in the path decreed—the path for which gravity, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, sound, and motion, in their manifold rhythmic cadences, conspire—or pain, mental and physical, are your inevitable doom. The path of progress is the path of eternal life, and can only be gained through adaptation. Adaptation can only be acquired by fitting ourselves, souls and bodies, mentally, morally, physically, to the actual wants of ourselves and our fellows. In everything, so that we can run as smoothly as well-matched cog-wheels. This can only be reached by virtue, truth, and reason. All pain and misery come from ignoring these, whether willfully or ignorantly. In the past they suffered more, comparatively, than we do, because they were less conscious of this need. Within a century or two our adaptations, in all directions, have augmented in a rapid manner. We are to-day more truthful, more virtuous, more affectionate, more temperate than they were a few centuries ago. We are stronger, healthier, and longer-lived than our fathers. Our pleasures are augmented one hundred fold, and the comfort we enjoy they did not dream of. The increased business, requiring trust and confidence of men in one another, proves that we are more truthful. Such arrangements as we now have for doing business would have been impossible a few generations back. We no longer require a sword or dagger by our side when going abroad. We can drink our water or eat our food, though worth millions, without compelling the servant to eat or drink of the same in our presence before we touch it, to guard from poison. Courtisans are no longer the most respectable and best-educated women of society. The decenter and glasses are no longer considered a necessary part of the furniture of a respectable home, nor will the minister or friend calling feel insulted if you let him leave your presence without treating to today. Statistics show that the per cent. of increase of population in the civilized world in the last fifty years has been more than in five times the length of time in any preceding century.

The average age of the race is found to be much higher than ever before. The reason of that delusive notion held by many people that the world is degenerating morally, lies in the fact that our telegraphs and newspapers concentrate for us into a few columns all the criminal news of the country or world. Our staid grandfathers would not from their birth to their death get as much news from so vast an area as we get every morning. In this lies the secret of the popular delusion. Facts confirm all I claim for our era. Though many deplore what they consider a backwardness in religion, yet here, too, most rapid strides have been made. If we compare the lower classes of China with those of our own, we will see what time has done for us. Our fathers were just as crude a few centuries ago. Allow me to quote from Labouche's "Origin of Civilization," p. 168: "In China, also, if the people after long praying to their images, do not obtain that they desire, it often happens, they turn them off as impotent gods; others use them in a most reproachful manner; leading them with hard names, and sometimes with blows. 'How now, dog of a spirit!' say they to them; 'we give you a lodging in a magnificent temple, we gild you handsomely, feed you well, and offer incense to you; yet, after all this care, you are so ungrateful as to refuse us what we ask of you.' Hereupon they tie this image with cords, pluck him down, and drag him along the streets, through all the mud and dunghills, to punish him for the expense of perfume which they have thrown away upon him. If, in the meantime, it happens that they gain their request, then, with a great deal of ceremony, they wash him clean and carry him back and place him in his niche again, where they fall down to him and make excuses for what they have done. 'In a truth,' say they, 'we were a little too hasty, as well as you were a little too long in your grant. Why should you bring this beating on yourself? But what is done cannot be now undone; let us not, therefore, think of it any more. If you will forget what is past, we will gild you over again.' We may laugh at this, if we will, as idiotic, yet it answers the wants of the barbarian heart and suits his standard of intelligence. It would be useless to attempt to reason him out of it, as he has not reached that point in progress to comprehend your reasoning. He has not acquired the data of experience to comprehend anything higher, even though reasoned out satisfactorily to yourself before him. You cannot prove to a blind man that red is not like green. If born blind, you cannot get him to even comprehend the words you use. It totally transcends his experience. So are you aiming at impossibilities when you try to carry a man away from his religion, if that religion is adapted to his wants or reaches the standard of his experience. By ridicule you may effect your purpose, but not by reason. When you do succeed by such means, you curse the man and injure society in the change. You have unchained a lion to roam at large. Ridicule in matters of religion is villainous and criminal. A good and wise person scorns the use of such a weapon. 'Tis true it is an effective one, and draws from the church many of its adherents, but it is criminal for this very reason. Let me crave of you never to deal in

ridicule upon matters of the heart. If their intellects are unable to follow your chain of logic, set them down at once as children in need of toys. Leave them in the hands of "The Upholder."

From the Fetiche-worshiper to the man who has discarded anthropomorphism, from the atheist to the philosopher who with deep reverence acknowledges the Supreme Power—how vast is the stride; yet all are alike ignorant of the nature of that Omnipotent Power. We know no more of its nature than the savage or the Christian. All acknowledge its supremacy, its augustness, its mystery, who have made it a matter of thought. Superficialists have marshaled themselves as foes, claiming on one side to tell all it is, and on the other to deny its existence. What folly. Let us learn wisdom from the folly of others, and be humble before the unknowable. Let the representatives of the cause of Spiritualism deport themselves as full grown men. A brilliant future awaits the cause if it keeps within the channel of fitness. It is young yet. Only twenty-nine summers have passed over its head, yet it has shown itself in every way precocious. It has opened the prison doors and set free the captive, burst the shackles of slaves, both white and black, and given a record well worthy of it. Its fair garments have been sullied with mud and slime, but these can soon be cleansed. The future must reveal its grandeur or declare its infamy, and upon you, its votaries, depends the issue. Do not be bigots or extreme partisans, imagining that Spiritualism alone is progress found. All the world moves. Moody and Sankey in the Tabernacle are in the same Omnipotent hands as we are, and in their own way and place working for humanity. They can only catch those that find a fitness there. Perhaps you think that most of those they get are policy men who play the hypocrite. There may be some of this stripe. They thus reveal themselves to their friends and associates, and bring the hypocritical vein within their natures to the surface for eradication. I opine most of Mr. Moody's converts, however, are honest in their convictions, and deserve respect from thinking men rather than contempt. Brahminism is much older and grosser than the lowest form of Christianity, yet it is doing a grand work in its place. Christianity will probably survive in some form the wreck of empires yet unborn, and perform its function, as Brahminism has done. All these systems are parts of the machinery of society, and the new is imperfect without them. Do not weary your hearts at the decrees of fate, but take it all bravely.

Science, too, is working nobly, and there are devout Christians in its ranks, as well as free-thinkers. We can claim no monopoly in this grand march. It is the property of a common humanity. If others refuse to be candid enough to grant our part in the work, let us show a truer spirit. We do a mighty work in rescuing from oblivion and superstition the hope of the soul for an endless consciousness. We have opened the gates of paradise to living men, and shown them the celestial cities. We have broken the barb of death with a present confirmation of the resurrection. We have made every day in the year a holy Easter to the watchers at the tombs. Is not, then, this day a fitting occasion to confirm our determinations and consecrate our lives to activity in working for our fellows. Mark it well again, mere words amount to nothing. "Actions speak louder than words." Action is demanded of every man, woman and child here, as elsewhere in the ranks, or our professions become a mere mockery. If we have gained a pearl of value, let our willing neighbor share. Do not dream that a knowledge of immortality is all you need to make you happy. This, of all gifts God could give, is the most horrid if not sanctified by love. If Spiritualism rubs off none of our selfishness, and makes us no better men, then is it a curse and not a blessing. Eternal life without love and unselfishness, is an eternal place of torture.

While the terrific maelstrom of the infinite sweeps on, while the majesty of the Power is shown forth, and the secrets of heaven-born law are being revealed, let us wisely succumb in faith. A brighter day is dawning on the world, and we are here to herald it. The seed of the unfift shall be hewn, one by one, by the spoiler death, while the pure and good remain.

"The past is a page all men may read,
But the future few may ken.
Of those glorious days when the tolling grim
Shall stand a king 'mongst men;
When the lawless arm and the deist right hand
Shall the nobles' patent ken,
And no idle drone throughout the land
Shall be found from sea to sea."

At the conclusion of Prof. Eccles's address, Dr. Gardner offered a few commendatory remarks in reference to several points raised therein. The hand of spirit-influence upon mortals high in authority was plainly perceivable in the liberation of the Russian serfs, and in the freeing of the slaves in America. These were two important factors entering into the answer of the question "What good has Spiritualism accomplished?" At the present time he would enter into no extended speech, neither would he rehearse the large number of believers in spirit-return and communion, statistics concerning which had been collated by the Catholic authorities in America, and reported at Baltimore; he would simply give it as his opinion that there were to-day several millions, at least, in the United States, who held to a knowledge of spirit-communion, having been convinced, by indisputable facts met with in their own experience as investigators, that death was not the end of human existence. Through Spiritualism life and immortality were brought to light in a sense covered by no other system of thought known among men. At no time had human conceptions concerning God and the duties incumbent upon man regarding the welfare of his inner nature been so advanced and widened as at the present time, and Spiritualism (working through a force higher than any yet realized among human efforts) had been the cause of that liberalization.

Miss Florence Danforth sang "She has crossed the Shining River," and, *encored*, gave another selection, being accompanied in both, with voice and piano, by Mrs. Prince.

Adjourned to seven o'clock P. M.
EVENING SERVICES.
The evening meeting—a conference—was inaugurated by a half-hour concert, the orchestra being under direction of Prof. Alonzo Bond. George A. Bacon, chairman, then introduced to the people Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Cambridgeport, who proceeded to deliver the following

INVOCATION.

Oh, thou something men call God! whose being comprehends all within its confines; while bowing in life's vast cathedral we would praise thee for the dawn whose coming we are here met to commemorate. Oh, our Father and our Mother, in this hour of reunion, this hour of individual harmony, when earth and heaven are blending into one; in this hour, when those yet embodied

meet in the shining presence of those who from the far hill tops of the infinite and immortal world return with lessons of love, and truth, and joy; in this hour when we celebrate the resurrection from creeds and dogmas into that infinite life and love which shall yet flow alike over all the branches of science, and all the departments of the churches till everywhere on earth bigotry, superstition and ignorance shall have been swept into the vast sea of oblivion; at this hour we thank thee, oh God, that spirits do commune with man, touching the lyre-strings of human hearts, and that man feels the quickening touch, of that life, that force, and that power divine and infinite which enables him, although his feet yet press the cold, dark sand grains of earth, to know and recognize that he walks with angels.

Oh Father, we thank thee that the dark places of earth are made splendid by the shining forms of the disembodied; and on this hour, oh Infinite Soul of all goodness, may those who have gathered here consecrate their lives to that unity of purpose, that depth of spiritual force and understanding which shall enable them, thy children, passing from the West toward the East seeking after knowledge, ever to plant their feet upon the square of infinite truth; and while holding the compass, oh may they look at the great Bible of life written upon the granite boulders under their feet, or in the stars above that shed their holy radiance upon this lower world! Oh, thou great, infinite and eternal God, again we thank thee for the glory of our divine, our sacred religion, and with renewed force and unshaken trust, we will still endeavor to plant our standards in every home till the great anthem of peace on earth, good unto all willing men, shall roll in unbroken diapason throughout the wide, wide world! Amen.

SPEECH OF GEORGE A. BACON.

After music by the orchestra Mr. Bacon made the following remarks, as the initial address of the evening:

Ladies and Gentlemen—The occasion which calls us together is one of no ordinary importance. It is fraught with an interest of the deepest and most profound character—replete with a significance beyond the measure of words to convey. In fact, it is the recognition of an angel, who, bursting the bars of death, has virtually conquered the hitherto supposed greatest enemy of mankind—the fear and silence of the tomb! It is the dawn of a New Day; the herald of a New Dispensation; it is the opening up of a highway between two worlds; it is the establishment and inauguration of a system of telegraphy which binds and unites two hemispheres of thought. We are met to-night to memorize one of these epochal or monumental events in the history of ecclesiasticism, which is everywhere affecting, if not thoroughly changing the thoughts of the children of men. Spiritualism came in our day and generation, like all important events, simply and modestly, without ostentation or vain show; it came to stay; it has followed the even and the uneven, the joy and the sorrow, the triumph and the defeat, of its way, till to-day it is everywhere recognized, if not as a dominant then as a still augmenting power in the land—recognized as having begun a revolution in human thought already visible in literature, medicine, art, science and religion, and it is destined to go on conquering and to conquer, till those great spiritual truths which it came to declare, shall be everywhere recognized and acknowledged if not appreciated.

While Spiritualism presents a threefold aspect, it is three-handed in its mode of operations—destructive, constructive and reconstructive; it came as a regenerator, an educator and a consolator; it already has been, now is, and will yet be to multitudes more, the veritable spirit of truth, a holy comforter indeed. It came to the understanding, enabling it to speak as one having authority; it came to deepen, widen and enlarge the heart, to feed the inner vision; it came to the heart to bring joy to the mourner and freedom to the oppressed; it came to give the truest and grandest conception of life; to prove the dearest and greatest of earthly blessings—the continuity of human love beyond death and the grave; it came inspiring, refining, baptizing all. Are not these interests worth rejoicing over? worth celebrating? worth seeking to extend a knowledge of to all the world?

In the midst of its surroundings, consequent in part on the condition of media, or upon a lack of knowledge on the part of those who profess to know most about it, we are advised by mortals and immortals always to separate the chaff from the wheat, and appropriate only the good, the beautiful and the true. Assimilating these into our daily life and thought, we are commanded to elevate the standard of our manhood and womanhood here; through its uplifting power man can and shall yet feel the impulses of angelhood while yet dwelling in the flesh.

But, ladies and gentlemen, begging your pardon, do not propose either to improve or abuse this opportunity. My duty is simply to announce the names in your hearing of those who have been invited by the management to participate in these exercises, and I will now proceed to do so. It is wholly unnecessary for me to say a word of her who has been chosen to make the first regular address of the evening. Long after she has joined the choir of the immortals, the inspired poems of Lizzie Doten will live in the hearts and memories of those who remain behind.

REMARKS OF MISS LIZZIE DOTEN.

Miss Doten being introduced to the people, adverted to what had just been stated concerning her poetic inspirations in the past, and said on the present occasion she did not want the inspirations of the past—she preferred to stand before them as an individual filled with that spontaneous inspiration which came from the consciousness of truth within the soul, and out of the depths of her own heart to speak that Spiritualism which belonged to every one. She was not a backslider from Spiritualism in the past, by any means, but she had long been looking down with earnest eyes into its unsounded depths, and watching for that outgrowth which she felt must yet come from it; and perhaps because she was yet a child in the kingdom she had found no plummet with which to test its ultimate possibilities. But one had said that when we left off wishing, and willingly received what came to us, and unquestioningly did what was given us to do, we found true rest; and to this state of mind had she come at last, and in the presence of its infinite calm her spirit felt stronger to meet the duties and vicissitudes of time.

No Spiritualist present would need to be told that during the past three days we had been celebrating the 29th Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism; and as the things attendant on its coming among men had not been done in a corner, it was doubtful if any outsider in attendance could be ignorant of the fact. Now those who, with the speaker, had watched Spiritualism in its infancy and its childhood thus far, had observed all the changes and mutations at

[Continued on eighth page.]

Written for the Banner of Light. THE MOUNT OF DESTINY.

BY M. THIRIAUX-SHEPHERD.

I know of a mountain tall and grand,
That the feet of all must climb;
Like a stately king doth it proudly stand,
In its majesty sublime.

Its base is fixed in the earth below,
All dark and gloomy and dim;
But its top is in the clouds,
Far away in the heaven's high.

Its base is fixed in the earth below,
And the winds who blow its path;
And the clouds and shadows of distress
And the weary and the sad.

But its top is in the clouds above,
As the sun's rays in the light;
And its base is fixed in the earth below,
As the sun's rays in the light.

Up the rugged steep to the crystal heights,
Each weary soul must climb;
With the feet of all must climb,
And the weary and the sad.

Over the crystal heights, o'er the shining lights,
Are the fair green fields and the Eden bowers
Of perfect life and peace;
Where the weary and the sad.

The weary soul who has reached this goal,
In knowledge and truth shall find;
With the great First Cause, whose wondrous laws
All things powers transcend.

Where no night is known, but the light of day
With glory shall ever shine;
And human love shall be known above
As love that is all divine.

The Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism; Services in Commemoration of the Event at New York City; Cleveland, O.; Baltimore, Md.; Glens Falls, N. Y.; Ellsworth, Me.; Springfield, Mass.; Providence, R. I., and Glover, Vt.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

New York City.

C. I. Thacher, writing under date of April 3d, states that "The Anniversary was duly celebrated by the society at Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street, near Broadway, New York City, on Sunday, April 1st, and notwithstanding a rain-storm prevailing just at the opening hour of the exercises—which was at 2:15 o'clock in the afternoon—there was a full house that gave evidence of appreciation by repeated applause during the varied exercises of speaking, singing and instrumental music."

The following programme put forth by the Society will give the reader a glimpse of the pleasures which must have been partaken of by the people visiting the hall on that day:

"Singing, (Prof. Justin Juch, accompanist,) by the choir; Address, Introduction by the Chairman, Dr. R. T. Haddock; Solo, Aria, (Cretion,) Madame Varian; Address, France speaker, Mrs. E. F. Jay Bullene; Solo, flute, Mr. J. G. Withers; Address, Inspirational speaker, Mrs. Nellie J. Brigham; Solo, Mrs. J. V. Browne; Spiritual Improvisations on the Piano, Miss McAlister, (daughter of Judge McAlister of Chicago); Demonstration of Mediumship, Mr. J. V. Mansfield."

The celebration was concluded by a social reunion, with dancing, on Wednesday, April 4th, at 8 o'clock p. m., in Republican Hall.

Cleveland, Ohio.

A correspondent informs us that on Saturday evening, March 31st, the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Cleveland, O., held anniversary exercises at Turner's Hall, 169 Ohio street, that city. The following remarks by Thomas Lees, Conductor, introduced the services:

"Friends—The index on the dial of time has once more made its complete circuit, and this day, March 31st, 1877, we meet to score our 29th Anniversary of the 'Rochester rappings.'"

As on every previous occasion, the Children's Progressive Lyceum take a conspicuous part in these festivities. Why not? They are 'chips of the old block,' and it is eminently proper that their voices should be united with those of their parents at this annual gathering on the birthday of Spiritualism, the day we all love to honor.

Our numbers here, it may be noticed, do not increase proportionately with the years. There are many reasons for this which time will permit me to speak of—there is one thing sure, however: We all feel we are building on a rock. We know our house at present is not popular, and hardly regarded as respectable by the mass of society; this militates greatly against us. Spiritualists on paper run into the millions; but I seriously question, if the roll was called some fine morning in the public square, whether Cleveland's proportion would run into the hundreds. I mean those who dare answer to the name of Spiritualists if the roll was thus publicly called.

Thank God, I never have this feeling of shame, and as long as I recognize the cardinal feature of Spiritualism to be a truth, I shall ever be ready, every day and everywhere, to respond to that name. There are three things of which I am particularly proud (in degree): Proud of being an Englishman by birth; prouder of being an American by adoption; proudest of being a Spiritualist from conviction.

Spiritualism can only become popular, and Spiritualists can only become respectable, by living true to its teachings. 'By their fruits ye shall know them; Spiritualism, like Orthodoxy, must be judged by the lives of its followers; if we have something better than the churches, it is about time these teachings should blossom out.

[Mr. Lees closed by quoting the poem printed in our last issue, and written by Mr. Rockwood, entitled 'Spiritualism and Its Teachings.']

At the conclusion of Mr. Lees's speech the following programme was executed, meeting with the hearty endorsement of the large audience attending:

PART I. *Lyceum Exercises.*—Singing, Lyceum; Poetry of Groups, Lyceum scholars; Marching—arranged by L. Gleason, Lyceum; Quartette (four zithers), Minnie Lieblich, Minnie Kraus, Fr. Lederer, V. Scheuertrumpf.

PART II. *Recitations, Spiritual and Reformatory.*—Secret of the Dead, Celia M. Hill; Little Green Grave by the Sea, Charles Watson; Angel Whispering, Hattie Wilsey; Waiting on the other Shore, Gertrude Dunlap; Mission of Reformers, Mary Van Druver; Angel Teachings, Annie Stauden; Reform, Mrs. Emily Van Scoten; Musical Selection, Charles Palmer.

PART III. *Recitations Selected.*—Lay of the Last Minstrel, Charles Ward; Will my Mother Bid me do it? Flora Rich; Gambler's Wife, Minnie Camp; Revelation of Universal Laws, Albert Bassett; Who is She? Jennie Sly; Live for Something, Emma Sell; Out of the Ground, Mary Hartman; Westminster Abbey, Ella Lincoln; Concert Polka, Miss Kraus, V. Scheuertrumpf.

PART IV. *Comic and Semi-Comic Selections.*—Please to Ring the Bell, Thos. Lees; Mrs. Caudle's Umbrella Lecture, Minnie Lees; My Married Experience, Walter Sell; Old Prowl, Alice Sell; Our Baby, Carrie Sell; Sale of Old Bachelors, Geo. Akerson; Woodpecker, Geo. R. Erb; Married and Single, Loney Van Scoten, Harry Lees.

PART V. *Musical Olio.*—Ballad—Leaf by Leaf the Roses Fall, Nannie Copeland; Solo and Chorus—Evermore Remembered, Mrs. Peck, Miss Vogel, G. G. Holmes, Will Rich; Will You Love Me When I'm Old? Ella Rile; Quartet, Nannie Copeland, Nora Henderson; Quartette—He's Gone, G. G. Holmes, Miss Vogel, Mrs. Peck, Will Rich.

PART VI. *Tableau Vivants.*—Sculptor's Studio; Greek Slave (known as the masterpiece of Hiram Powers, the celebrated American sculptor). "Owing to the extreme length of the programme," our correspondent states, "but few of the regular Lyceum exercises could be gone through with. The calisthenics, one of their chief, most attractive exercises, had to be omitted; but the marching, led by L. W. Gleason and Celia M. Hill, the guardian of the Lyceum, was particularly attractive, and forms one of the most interesting of the Lyceum exercises. Mr. Thos. Lees, the Conductor, evidently had his hands full in getting the little ones on the stage at the proper time, but he proved equal to the occasion, and the entertainment seemed to be highly enjoyed by the large and appreciative audience present."

Much disappointment was felt, owing to the non-appearance of C. Eugene Johnson, through severe indisposition. The reading of the piece entitled 'Reform,' by Mrs. Emily Van Scoten, was one of the gems of the evening. Mrs. Caudle's Umbrella Lecture, by Miss Minnie Lees, was a good piece of character acting, and set the audience in roars of laughter. The singing of Nannie Copeland, Nora Henderson and Ella Rile, was excellent, as was also the quartette led by Mrs. Peck.

The climax of the entertainment was reached with the marvellous tableau: tableaux vivants. The sudden 'let-down' of the audience when on the tip-toe of curiosity as to who would dare represent Powers's 'Greek Slave' in public, was provocative of a high degree of mirth, as it was an Irishman, with his characteristic hod and 'dudder.'"

Baltimore, Md.

Charles E. Brooks writes, April 3d: "The 29th Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism received a grand celebration last night at Lyceum Hall, 92 W. Baltimore street, by the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Mr. Levi Weaver, Conductor. The programme was as follows: The exhibition consisted of instrumental and vocal music, recitations, dialogues and tableaux, &c.; the little ones taking an active and appropriate part in most of the proceedings."

The opening address, delivered by Mr. Edwin Wright, was interesting, eloquent and to the point, and elicited much applause from the audience. He briefly depicted the dawn of Modern Spiritualism at Hydesville, its rise and progress, teachings and mission, both concerning this Lyceum and humanity in general, and concluded with the following very suggestive sentence: 'Spiritualism began with the shaking of a common pine table, and it has gone on shaking and shaking, until now every minister shakes in his boots!'

The house was well crowded with anxious and attentive people, as on every similar occasion. Everybody heartily expressed satisfaction with the entertainment. It certainly reflects much well-deserved credit upon the managers and others, who always endeavor to please, satisfy and delight the public."

The workers who lent their services in tableaux, recitations, songs, dialogues, etc., are, as far as we have information, included in the following list: Minnie Crowthers, the Wooton Family, Clara Pritchard, Ada Crowthers, Benny Hazell, Miss A. R. Wooton, W. Glover, C. Sandfox, G. Buck, Ella Crowthers, Jos. Hazell, Lizzie Youse, Carrie McClellan, E. Wright, Laura Foss, Mary L. Hazell, Norval Hazell, and Annie Groome. The entertainment concluded with a farce in one act, 'The Limerick Boy,' characters by E. W. Wright, C. Sandfox, E. Evans, S. McClellan, W. Coulson, Eva Youse, Minnie Crowthers.

Glens Falls, N. Y.

E. W. Knight writes that Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham used as the text for an anniversary discourse in this place, Thursday, March 29th, the spiritual query: 'Are they not all ministering spirits?'

"She commenced [he says] with ancient Bible Spiritualism; and with a mastery hand followed the course of events up to where Modern Spiritualism began, thence to the present time, comparing the old with the new, showing that the old prophets (mediums) were controlled by spirits, and in the same, or a similar way, as are the mediums of to-day."

In all the gatherings that I have been in I have never witnessed so close attention and such profound stillness on the part of the audience. All eyes were turned on the speaker; all appeared spell-bound. It was a concise and convincing lecture, proving beyond a doubt that the Spiritualism of the Bible and that of to-day were alike and from the same source, and that the Jews, and especially the early Christians, were believers in and doers of such deeds as prophesying, healing the sick, &c., also clearly showing that the Spiritualists of the present time were firm believers in the Inspiration or Spiritualism found in the Bible; while the Christians of to-day positively denied that such deeds were or could be done by man at the present time; thus squarely contradicting the sayings of the gentle Nazarene as found in John xiv: 12 and in Mark xvi: 18."

Ellsworth, Me.

A correspondent furnishes us with the following report of the Anniversary services at this place:

"The afternoon session was called to order by the chairman, Mr. William Somerby, who said that the meeting was open to all, whatever their belief, and solicited any contribution of thought they might have to offer for the advancement of truth. Then followed singing by the choir, reading of a poem by Mrs. S. C. Viles. Then Mrs. V. delivered the regular lecture (written). Subject, 'The Anniversary of Spiritualism.' She called on men and women to put their shoulders to the wheel and turn not back, but with souls uplifted to strive ever to work onward toward truth, breathing the spiritual atmosphere. Let our lives, she said, be true on earth, and in the other life we shall be benefited thereby. The immortality of the future is the immortality of the present; make your bodies fit temples for the indwelling spirit. Spiritualism leaves the mind free to expand. Death is but the putting off of the mortal and the putting on of the immortal. What is not Spiritualism done? Spirits come, upholding true manhood and womanhood, and bidding you to be true to yourselves and true to humanity. Shall mediums have all to do? Be faithful to the spirit world, and do your part in the struggle. Spiritualism gives the broadest tolerance and charity. The above are some of the thoughts to which she gave utterance."

George C. Waite was next introduced. We had not come, he said, to celebrate the inception-day of an insane delusion, but to commemorate the dawning among men of a growth, and of the special leadership into self, which yet embraced all humanity. He held that we were our highest tribunals of justice, and must rise or fall by our own merits."

Mr. S. C. Viles remarked that the march of

Spiritualism was steadily onward; that the churches only live by its vitalizing powers, and that the mass of the people would have become Atheists had not Spiritualism come to the rescue. The reading of a poem by Mrs. Viles, singing, &c., closed the afternoon session. Adjourned until the evening."

The evening meeting was opened by the chairman with a renewed invitation to all, of whatever belief, to take part in the exercises. After singing and the reading of a poem by Mrs. L. C. Viles, Mrs. V. delivered the regular lecture of the evening. Subject, 'Biblical and Modern Spiritualism Compared,' showing by numerous scriptural texts that if we throw away Spiritualism we should also throw away the Bible; and that while its teaching by the church made the Bible obscure, Spiritualism caused it to be plain to human perception."

George C. Waite was called upon, and remarked that the Jewish Jehovah inhabited the earth before Adam; that he promised to come to the Jewish nation again, and did so under the name of Christ, manifesting himself through Jesus. The speaker quoted Scripture texts in support of his position, and declared that the church had ever worshipped a departed human spirit. To his mind, the way to a world of spirits was not to go to the spirit world, and to prevent their going we must learn through education not to produce them."

Mr. Burns being called upon, was entranced, and spoke sympathetic words in regard to the spiritual interpretation of the Bible in contrast with the figurative, and the presence of angels. Mrs. Viles offered an invocation."

Mr. S. C. Viles remarked that he was a great Bible-believer, and that the prophets, or spiritual mediums of old, prophesied of the American Continent, and of many of our greatest inventions of the present. He quoted from Scripture in support of his theory, and through his eloquence and earnestness, held closely the attention of his hearers."

Singing from the choir closed the meeting. The best of feeling and harmony prevailed, and all seemed to realize that the occasion had been a grand success."

Springfield, Mass.

W. L. Jack, M. D., (of Haverhill,) writes April 4th:

"The Spiritualists of Springfield and surrounding villages celebrated the anniversary of Modern Spiritualism last Saturday and Sunday at Springfield Hall, being addressed by Mr. Cephus B. Lyman, one of the most brilliant and philosophical of the Spiritualists of the day."

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Wollaston Heights, also addressed the meeting, and gave much pleasure to those present by her stirring remarks. I wonder why the people who admire truth do not often endeavor to avail themselves of hearing this lady, for she ranks with the first in her profession, having an excellent voice, and an address at once easy and distinct."

Amongst the audience I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Wilson, of Bridgeport, Conn., pioneers of Spiritualism, whose loving hearts and souls have cheered so many of our people in the midst of trial; also our friend Dr. Joseph Beals, of Greenfield, and his most excellent wife. Our old friend Harvey Lyman was amongst the crowd, ready to testify to his love for the truth. Bro. Lyman and his estimable wife have accomplished much for the cause in the unostentatious character of hosts and friends to the lecturers and mediums whose duties take them in their vicinity. I also noticed J. Smith, Mrs. Coburn, Mrs. Morrill, Mrs. M. J. Lobb, and others present in the audience, whose names are too numerous for rehearsal here. I find many souls in this vicinity inquiring for the way of life. Spiritualism has taken a new start, and a great revival of interest in its unfoldment is now in progress."

Providence, R. I.

L. K. Joslin writes, April 4th: "The Spiritualists of Providence and their friends celebrated the 29th Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism with becoming enthusiasm in Allen's fine new hall on Broad street, March 31st. Miss Ella Chesman sang at the opening of the solo, 'I would I were a Bird,' and also another at the close, in a very sweet voice."

Mr. Emma Harding Britton, of Boston, well and favorably known to the world of Spiritualists, gave the address. In reviewing the history of Spiritualism she spoke feelingly of the three Fox girls, and other early martyrs to our beautiful faith. The 10th Anniversary marked the commencement of her own work of consecration to the cause, and she with others, mere girls, traveled thousands of miles and crossed seas, with other guides or protectors than the spirits. Statesmen, philosophers, and men eminent in the walks of life as well as the humble, were then taking part in the movement, when to be a Spiritualist was to be subject to deep reproach. The present period, she said, was the era of judgments. Great wrongs had been brought to the surface, but nothing had been shown but need of reform. She would pronounce that to be wrong which brought wrong to another. We had learned to trust our own destiny, though it led to the stake. Ideas she defined as contagious in the air. Spiritualism was permeating the pulpit, the press and literature. The telephone, and other progressive inventions, carried us up from matter to spirit."

For more than an hour, with an eloquence peculiar to her inspirations, Mrs. Britton held the audience in close attention, after which the hall was cleared, and to strains of music dancing kept us in joyous mood for hours longer. Thus Providence joined with sister cities in celebrating the Anniversary, which is, according to the words of Mrs. Britton, to last into the eternities."

Glover, Vt.

G. F. Baker sends us the following, under date of April 3d:

"The 31st of March was celebrated here as the Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. Mr. Johnson, from Barton Landing, was present, and helped to make the time interesting with his inspirational poems and speeches. The writer presented Spiritualism as a moral power to elevate mankind by each striving in every-day life to live nearer to the divine promptings of the inner man. The moral sunshine and goodness of heart shone through the countenances of all, and made the occasion one to be remembered with pleasure and profit."

E. V. Wilson recently delivered a lecture on 'Influences,' before the New Orleans Association of Spiritualists, at Odd Fellows' Hall, in the course of which he is reported by the Daily Playmate to have spoken as follows concerning the matter of revivals:

"We have revival meetings—why? That the spirit of God may move upon the people; but these revivals require conditions—what are they? First, an earnestness; second, a place in which to meet; third, the strong arm of the law to protect the aspirants for divine influences in their rights; fourth, the medium through which the Divine Spirit can only work. Who are these mediums? We answer, the Caughes, Burchards, Maffitts, Knapps and Moodys. These men are seldom known for their education, culture or refinement. They are taken from the plow, the workshop and the backwoods of Christendom. Yesterday they were silent—to-day they are intellectual giants. Men who have devoted a life-time to the study of divinity are their inferiors in the cause of Christ. It is they who are the multitude. What is this force? We answer, it is the spirit, and they are its mediums. Who is this spirit? They say, it is the Holy Spirit of God. We answer, nay, but it is spirit, not simply the spirit of one, but many, and they are controlled. Their right to use the adjective Holy as the title of their spirit, and to apply the adjective 'evil' to our spirit, we emphatically protest against, especially when the phenomena of the revival can be produced through mesmerism and psychical effects. We find that the phenomena of the spiritual circle, as its well-ordered arrangement, is identical with the results and effects of the revival meeting. Both conditions produce conversion to a belief in a future existence—both teach reward and punishment."

Foreign Correspondence.

Dr. Henry Slade in Holland.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

You have already announced that after leaving England this celebrated medium came (after a short stop in Boulogne) to this place. Supposing the American brethren would feel interested to hear something about him, I send you the following lines for your most esteemed publication:

On Saturday, Jan. 28th, Mr. Simmons came to my house, and told me that he, with Dr. Slade, had just arrived, and had secured rooms at Hotel Port van Cleve, The Hague. Soon after this visit, I, accompanied by a friend, went to the hotel, and there we first met the medium. After this initial interview we saw each other very often. The friends here are endeavoring to do their best to make Dr. Slade feel at home. And why should it be otherwise? The impression the medium and Mr. Simmons make on us is highly favorable. Dr. Slade is a quiet, unostentatious gentleman, who lives not much in this, but more in the other world; Mr. Simmons is a good-hearted, calm, positive nature, who knows very well how to deal with this world; so the one is the complement of the other. The two gentlemen live as brothers, which is to be expected from men who for so many years have mingled their life-experiences in the same troubles, the same persecutions and the same few enjoyments."

Dr. Slade was, when he arrived here, very weak, and in poor health. He was overworked in London, and the Lankester affair there gave his nervous system a shock from which he is improving only very slowly. That trial in London, we Dutchmen think, does not give us a very exalted idea of English jurisprudence. Not only was the manner in which the first sentence was given by Flowers, viz., in absence of every positive proof that the medium cheated, very strange, but the quarrels the judges had amongst themselves after the trial in appeal made us draw singular conclusions about the weight the English learned gentlemen attach to their professions."

I wish to give your readers an account of a strange experience we have had here: It is that we have discovered that Maskelyne told pure truth when in court he pronounced Slade's table to be "the most extraordinary" one he ever saw. If that man can be supposed to have told the truth but once in his life, it was certainly on that occasion. If I tell you that Slade has had made here a table exactly like the one he used in London—being a kind of table (only of common wood, and unpainted), which is to be found in many a Dutch kitchen, and if I remind you that Maskelyne considered it to be a "trick table," you will understand me. In fact, as a "trick table," it is extraordinary, yea, wonderful. Your readers are fully acquainted with the character of Dr. Slade's manifestations, nevertheless I will give a few short notices about the phenomena in his presence observed at The Hague, first in the hotel named above, then in Hotel Keizershof, and finally in Dr. Slade's apartments, where he lives now, in the centre of The Hague, Spinnstraat, No. 37. I do not think it necessary to describe circumstances and conditions. All happened in daylight or other light, as is common with this splendid medium, and the phenomena must convince every honest mind, even that of the strongest honest skeptic."

Now we have obtained amongst a great many phenomena the following manifestations: The whole room of Hotel Port van Cleve was made to shake like a steamer saloon, (this happened without a formal séance and once on mental request); myself, my wife and others were lifted (chair and all) from the floor, when Dr. Slade only put his hand against the back of the chair with one of the friends; we had the playing of two harmonicas together, one held by Dr. Slade and one by myself, with one hand under the table while all other hands were on the top; twice the room was lighted up by electric sparks, accompanied by the well-known noise of an electric discharge; while all hands were on the table, we not alone were touched on our feet or knees, but hands of the spirits appeared at the edge of the table, or tapped me on the chest—living, moving hands, I say. We saw chairs move without any one touching them at all at some distance at the opposite side of the table, once against a wall. A gentleman's watch was taken out of his pocket and put in his hand. We obtained the beginning of a materialization, the medium being with us at the table; this manifestation will improve as Dr. Slade's health strengthens, but he does not sit for it regularly."

Dr. Slade's trance speaking is very remarkable; we heard through his mediumship Davy's humorous orations, enjoyed Owasso's humorous talks, and listened to the song of Henderson, accompanied on the piano by the medium himself. At one séance the table was lifted and remained suspended in mid-air for about sixty-seven seconds. We got direct writing under truly wonderful conditions—once while my own double string was wrapped up in a paper, bound with a string, and remained on the top of the table in full view, and at a distance of about a yard from the medium."

Later I hope to forward you other items about Dr. Slade. For the moment I feel happy to communicate that he intends following our brotherly advice, which is: "Let them decide in England what they like. You stay here, take your rest, and regain your strength." I intend delivering a lecture soon for the glorification of English justice and the firm of Lankester & Maskelyne."

Yours truly, A. J. RIKO.

The Hague, March 1877, Oude Molstraat, No. 8 A.

Oh what a comforting boon to be able to restore all the dead faculties into life with the beautiful assurance that we are established in a house that the winds cannot shake nor the waters overflow! Think of it! I, a mite upon the cosmic sea, sending my thoughts over the world as free as the balmy air that invigorates me. What a rare gem have I found at last! A haven of sweet repose in the reality of labor—that labor which brings its own reward. Still, still on I go, gathering flowers from every bower into which my spirit floats. The theme of the immortal soul is so deep, wide and strong that one like myself fails to express it in words and sentences.—*Spirit Maria Hadley.*

Blind's dog, a wonderful to tell, Has music in his song. For every night the quadruped Performs a barky-rol.

Blue promotes growth, and that must have been the real reason why old Bluebird's wife list increased so fast. But the matter came to a head at last.—*Boston Transcript.*

Punch, in his dictionary, gives the definition of the word "conscience": "My rule for another man's conduct."

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SPECIAL NOTICES.
Notices of meetings, lecture appointments, etc., should be forwarded to this office as early as Monday of each week, in order to insure publication in the same week. The Editor of the Banner, otherwise such notices will necessarily have to be over for insertion in the following number.

In quiting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (submitted or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1877.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street (Lower Floor).

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS.

BOSTON:
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS CO., 41 COURT ST.

NEW YORK:
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 29 AND 41 CHAMBERS ST.

COLBY & RICH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH,.....BUSINESS MANAGER.
LUTHER COLBY,.....EDITOR.
JOHN W. DAY,.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Letters and communications for the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and Business Letters to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—The key which unlocks the mysteries of the Past, explains the Present, and demonstrates the Future existence of man.

After this date the Banner will be on sale in this city every Thursday morning, instead of Wednesday, as recently announced. This change is made to especially accommodate the wholesale news-dealers. Retail dealers will please take notice.

Human Food.

We are not vegetarians, nor do we advocate or follow the practice of flesh food mainly. Each to his own, is our rule, if rule it is. Let every one discover for himself what sort of diet best agrees with him, and, while neither underfeeding nor overfeeding, use enough to maintain him in health and strength. A communication appeared in the Banner some time since, in reply to Dr. Ditson, in which it was admitted that ten times as much land is required to support a given number of people subsisting on the flesh of animals as would be required for their support if they were to subsist wholly on vegetable food. The statement itself we do not presume to question, any more than we are disposed to doubt that people may enjoy excellent health and live a great many years by restricting themselves to a purely vegetable diet. The same communication, however, insisted that the argument for vegetarianism loses much of its force from the fact that in many parts of the earth there is more land than there are people to till it, and that it could be made available for raising meat.

A highly intelligent correspondent writes respecting the whole subject, adducing numerous facts and arguments which, in the cause of progress and higher living, it fairly lies within our province to communicate. He has evidently considered the subject carefully, and he is apparently consistent in his life with his convictions on this subject. This statement in relation to the best way of utilizing surplus land he regards as the clue to the habit of our eating flesh at all. He cites Plutarch as saying that the first man who ate flesh probably did so from sheer hunger. He advances a step, and says that when the race shed the animal and merged into the human (according to the Darwinian theory), they came into the possession of new powers of mind as consequently of body, inciting and enabling them to strike out into new paths of exertion for procuring food; and that under the combined influences of hunger and curiosity, they sooner or later devised means to capture, tear in pieces, and prepare for eating the animal kind—a process to which their progenitors were unequal. And he maintains that those ancestors, like the animals themselves, were fruit-eating rather than carnivorous.

Our correspondent further insists that we shall all "look Nature squarely in the face," and that as surely as we do we shall find that grains, vegetables and fruits are the natural food of man, and therefore best for him, both mentally and physically. And he proceeds to make such citations from history as he claims bear out his favorite theory. Pythagoras was one of the most celebrated of the ancient philosophers, and he is said to be the very first one we read of who came to the defence of a vegetable diet. He not only refrained from animal food himself, but he likewise prohibited its use by his disciples; and in consequence, those who follow his rule to-day are called Pythagoreans. He flourished about five hundred years before Christ, and was a man of vast and profound learning, and of extraordinary powers of intellect. It was he who demonstrated the famous Forty-seventh Problem of the First Book of Euclid, and who entertained the true views respecting the solar system, which were afterwards restated by Copernicus in the fifteenth century.

Zeno, the stoic; Diogenes, the cynic; Plato, Plutarch, Plautus, Proclus, Empedocles, Phocion, Quintus Sextus, Porphyry, and a great many more among the ancients whose names and histories have descended to us, all abstained from animal food; and, more recently, Haller, Ritson, Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Lambe, Shelley, Dr. Hufeland, Sir Richard Phillips, Prof. R. D. Mussey, Dr. James, of Wisconsin, Dr. Whitlaw, Dr. W. A. Alcott, and many others have both advocated and personally tried for a long course of years a strictly and exclusively vegetable diet. Our correspondent next proceeds to produce evidence to show that vegetable food is also capable of producing and sustaining the greatest physical strength. We observe that even grass is capable of producing great vigor in the herbivorous animals, and that fruits, roots and grains are also capable of supplying considerable muscular energy is shown by the orang-outang. This animal has been known to take up his master bodily and carry him about.

Among men whose powers of endurance and whose physical strength were notably sustained on a vegetarian diet, the case of Cyrus, the ruler

of Persia, is cited. It is recorded that he performed more extraordinary marches, fought more battles, won more remarkable victories, and exhibited more bodily endurance than almost any general that ever lived; and that he subsisted from childhood on the simplest and plainest diet of vegetable food and water; and the Persian soldiers who accompanied him on his career of conquest and shared his hardships, toils, and dangers, and on whom he placed his main dependence in battle, and with whom he was able to march thousands of miles in an incredibly short time, and conquer armies twice as large as his own, were, like himself, trained from childhood on bread, cresses, and water, and adhered strictly to the same simplicity of vegetable diet through the whole of their heroic course, not relaxing at all from the stern severity of their abstemiousness even in the hour of victory, when the luxuries of captured cities lay in profusion around them.

On this subject, Rollins says in his Ancient History that those who were destined to become athletes "frequented, from their tender age, the gymnasia or palestra, which were a kind of academies maintained at the public expense for that purpose. In these places, such young people were under the direction of different masters, who employed the most effectual methods to insure their bodies to the fatigues of the public games, and to form them for the combats. The regimen they were under was very hard and severe. At first they had no other nourishment but dried figs, nuts, soft cheese, and a gross, heavy sort of bread. They were absolutely forbidden to use wine, and required to observe the strictest continence." And again he says, "In later times, after animal food had begun to be common among the people, and flesh-meats were found to be more stimulating, and to render their pugilists and gladiators more ferocious, a portion of flesh was introduced into the diet of the athlete. But, according to the testimony of early Greek writers, it was soon found that the free use of this kind of aliment made them the most sluggish and stupid of men."

Coming down to modern times, our correspondent cites the personal testimony of several travelers, some from New England, and well known, to the fact of the superior strength of Russian soldiers, Greek watermen, Spanish carriers and stevedores, Canary porters, and other specimens of strong men, which is entirely consistent with the theory of a vegetarian diet. In almost all these cases, a small daily allowance of coarse, unbolled bread, garnished with some kinds of common fruits for sauce, was the sole basis of a physical vigor that no flesh-eating class can show. The facts are certainly too significant to be set aside, and we think they are of special interest to all those who, for the highest reasons, are desirous of following abstemious lives. One thing is very certain, that a great deal of flesh food tends to clog and corrupt the human system, and necessarily to involve the human spirit in the folds of stupidity which it generates. But the subject is one rather to investigate and experiment upon than to dogmatize upon with intent to make involuntary converts to the vegetarian theory.

His Hope—Its Consummation.

We extract the following from one of our exchanges:

Rev. John S. C. Abbott, who has been a long time on the threshold of the next life, says in a recent letter to a friend, "I never was so happy before as now. My cup is full. When I contemplate my passage through the stars, guided by a celestial escort, my arrival in heaven, wonderful, wonderful!—my personal presentation to my heavenly Father, the revelation which will be made to me of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, and of all the mysteries of the incarnation and of the spirit-world, my joy ascends to rapture. I am very happy to remain here as long as God would have me; but no language can tell me the joy I experience in view of the arrival of the chariot of Israel, the horsemen thereof to convey me. I shall probably never see you again in the world, my dear brother, but I shall be, indeed, glad to greet you when you enter the golden gates; and that time will soon come."

The poor man has uttered it so often from the pulpit that no doubt he really expects, when he dies, he will pass "through the stars," and be "guided by a celestial escort" to heaven; and especially he imagines that he shall experience great joy when he is conveyed in "the chariot of Israel," and conveyed by "the horsemen thereof," to say nothing of "entering the golden gates"! That the writer really believes this we have no doubt. But, when he passes on, he will feel terribly disappointed, for he will see no "golden gates," no "chariots of Israel," but in lieu thereof a world like our own, only more refined—as material to the spirit as this globe is to the mortal—with vast oceans, mountains and valleys, birds and flowers, and human beings like unto himself; colleges of learning, and primary schools where little children are taught, cities and villages, and territory where the red men find a happy hunting-ground. He will see the good man Jesus, and be sorely disappointed in not finding him what his imagination has depicted.

A preacher of the gospel, who passed to spirit-life some years ago, came to us after his decease, in great perplexity, as he had found nothing in the spiritual world as he expected. He could not believe the statements made to him by spirit friends—whom he met, and they finally told him he had better return to earth—as the avenue was now open—and learn of mortals who knew more about the spirit-world than he did. And he had come, he said, to solicit an expression of our views. We pitied his condition, he appeared so earnest and sincere. We accordingly told him that we supposed the sad state he was in was consequent upon the false theology he had imbibed and taught while on earth, and all that we could suggest for him to do was to put himself right by becoming as a little child and learning his lesson anew. Much agitated he remarked, "What! I who taught Christ and him crucified for forty years! I learn my lesson of life anew! That is just what they told me yonder—now I return to earth and you tell the same story." Reflecting for some time on what we had said, he continued: "Well, well, it must be so; I will become as a little child, and learn my lesson anew." And he did. But he had so thoroughly imbued his mind with the teachings of old theology—and so certain was he that he was one of the elect—that it required a long time for him to reconcile himself to his new condition.

To Correspondents.

The special attention of those forwarding notices of meetings, lecture appointments, items of news, etc., is called to the fact of the change in our day of publication. We go to press every Tuesday afternoon; therefore all matter intended for publication at the earliest moment, must be forwarded to this office previous to this time.

An interesting letter from our agent in England, Mr. J. J. Morse, will appear in the next number of the Banner.

The Anniversary Exercises—Meeting at New Orleans.

As the reader will perceive, we have devoted this number principally to the giving of reports of the celebration at different points, of the 29th Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. On our first and eighth pages will be found the eloquent discourse of Prof. R. G. Eccles, and the stirring words of Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, and others. Our second page contains accounts of more or less length from friends in New York City, Cleveland, O., Baltimore, Md., Glens Falls, N. Y., Ellsworth, Me., Springfield, Mass., Providence, R. I., and Glover, Vt.

We have received reports of anniversary meetings which we shall print next week from Rochester, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., and Salem, Mass.

The Daily Picayune, for Sunday, April 1st, thus delineates the anniversary services at New Orleans, La.:

"The Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of 'Modern Spiritualism' was celebrated last night at Temperance Hall, under the auspices of the ladies belonging to the New Orleans Association of Spiritualists. The hall was very prettily decorated with flowers, which were scattered about in the delightful profusion."

Essays by lecturers on the subject of Spiritualism, by both ladies and gentlemen, were numerous, while vocal and instrumental music formed not the least attractive features of the evening's entertainment. Mr. R. G. Jewell, President of the Association, delivered an historical address upon Spiritualism, recurring to the time when, in 1848, it first became intelligible through the mediumship of the celebrated Fox Sisters. A description of the manner in which this was performed, and the gradual interpretation of the mysterious rappings by the Fox Sisters, and their subsequent career, were narrated by the speaker, who claimed that Spiritualism "is the only practical knowledge we have of immortality," and "the grandest truth in existence." Reference was made to the impositions upon Spiritualists of other days, the cruelties they were made to suffer, and then came the comparison between the treatment by the world, of believers in spiritual manifestations in olden times, when their acts were denominated as sorcery and witchcraft, and the reception given to the propounders of its doctrines in the present day, especially in this country, where free speech is untrammelled.

Mrs. E. L. Saxon, in her essay, congratulated Spiritualists upon the fact that the order had now been reversed, and that instead of immortals, who, under the guise of holy Spiritualism, plied their nefarious professions, the essay was a glowing panegyric upon Spiritualism, a creed which she claimed possesses peculiar charms for women, who should teach their children its beautiful truths, and not leave it for man to interfere in the education of children.

Prof. E. V. Wilson delivered a lengthy lecture upon Spiritualism, and then the audience partook of refreshments, and passed the remaining portion of the evening in dancing."

Indian Civilization.

There is something said occasionally of a modified, or improved, policy in relation to the Indians, but precisely what its features are we have not yet been able to make out. It seems probable, at any rate, that the numerous abuses incident to the administration of Indian affairs are to be overhauled, and let us sincerely hope uprooted. There are representations all the time making that the Indians are as capable of improvement as the whites are. At the annual meeting of the Baltimore Friends, it was reported of the sixteen thousand Indians of the central superintendency, that when the peace policy was first introduced there were five schools, with 105 pupils, and that in 1875, or seven years afterward, they had fifteen schools and 836 pupils.

In 1868, these Indians cultivated 3500 acres of land, and in 1875 they cultivated 14,499 acres. Nothing could tell the story more explicitly than this. The crops of grain, the horses, and the cattle had increased in the same ratio. In 1868 they were without houses; in 1875 they owned and occupied 142. This fact sufficiently signals their progress toward civilization. The Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles, without any outside assistance whatever, have 169 schools, 189 teachers, and 4400 scholars. Does not this plainly mean civilization? Once instruct the red man to obtain his food from the earth, and the roving and destroying instinct, which is his rightful inheritance, gradually and finally disappears. One speaker at the meeting said he had seen Indian gardens in Omaha equal to any in Maryland, and of three and four acres in extent. Here is the true hint for the development of an Indian policy.

Charles H. Foster.

Whose brilliant record as a test medium is so fully endorsed on every side as to need no special recommendation on our hands, is now in Boston, a guest at the Winthrop House, where he will remain for a brief season. Those desiring to test his truly wonderful development will do well to improve at the earliest possible moment the opportunity thus afforded them. Mr. Foster announces that he has made arrangements by which he will be enabled to give sittings during his present sojourn in Boston at \$3 for each person. He cordially invites all clergymen, of whatever denomination, to visit him at his apartments in the Winthrop House, 31 Bowdoin street, when he will give them an opportunity of experimentally inquiring concerning his remarkable gifts, free of all charge.

Mr. Bell's Lecturing Tour West.

The scholarly and eloquent speaker, Wm. S. Bell, left this city, Monday, on a lecturing tour westward. He spoke in Albany, N. Y., Tuesday evening, and has engagements in Utica, N. Y., for April 11th; Penn Yan, N. Y., April 12th; Toronto, Canada, at a Convention of Liberals, April 14th; Buffalo, N. Y., 19th; Lewisville, Pa., 21st; Canton, Ohio, 24th, and in Leesville, O., 28th. It is rare our friends have an opportunity of listening to a more able lecturer on the live spiritual issues of the day, and they should not miss this privilege now offered them in the towns he may visit.

The Onset Bay Grove Association has obtained a special charter from the Massachusetts Legislature, under which the subscribers to the capital stock will meet for organization to-day, (April 11th), at John A. Andrew Hall, at 11 A. M. It is reported that all the stock has been taken and the full amount thereof paid in. The land—comprising some one hundred and twenty-five acres, at the head of Buzzard's Bay, East Wareham, Mass.—has been paid for, and the deeds are in the hands of trustees, who will transfer the property to the Association when legally organized. Avenues and streets have been cut, and roads made, under the direction of surveyors, and plans of the grounds issued. It is said that arrangements are being made for a grand opening and dedication.

Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan has just arrived in London.

New England Spiritualists' Camp-meeting Association.

J. H. Smith, Secretary, forwards us the information that this organization held its annual convocation at Springfield, Mass., April 2d. The meeting was well attended and harmonious, so he states, and augured well for the future of that body, the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer showing that during the past year a debt of \$326, incurred in previous years, had been paid, and in addition the treasury contained a reserve of \$380; the Association also owning furniture valued at \$150. The following were elected as officers for the year 1877:

Board of Directors.—Dr. Joseph Beals, President.

Vice-Presidents.—Dr. H. B. Storer, of Boston; E. W. Dickinson, of Springfield; Dr. H. H. Brigham, of Fitchburg; J. H. Smith, Secretary, of Springfield; W. W. Currier, Treasurer, of Haverhill; Harvey Lyman, of Springfield; H. S. Williams, of Boston; E. Gerry Brown, of Boston; L. A. Brigham, of Elm Grove; A. Bullens, of Chicopee.

Committee on Grounds and Tent.—Harvey Lyman, of Springfield, Mass.; Geo. Vaughn, of Malden; M. A. Davis, of Bellows Falls.

Committee of Transportation.—H. S. Williams, of Boston; J. H. Smith, of Springfield; E. Gerry Brown, of Boston.

Committee on Speakers and Music.—E. Gerry Brown, T. W. Coburn, Mrs. E. P. Morrill.

Committee on Police and Lights.—L. A. Brigham, of Elm Grove, Mass.; Nilson Woodbury, F. C. Coburn.

Committee on Renting Privileges.—A. Bullens, of Chicopee, M. H. Fletcher, W. H. Gilmore.

New Work by "M. A. (Oxon)."

We publish in to-day's paper a prospectus of a new work from the pen of one of the most accomplished advocates of Spiritualism, the Oxford graduate who writes under the signature of "M. A. (Oxon)." The volume will contain, besides many interesting critiques on the principal American works on Spiritualism, a long original essay on the general state of Spiritualism, and a very long one on the "Transcendental Action of Spirit." The volume will be one of great value and interest. We trust that a goodly number of American subscribers will be secured. Persons subscribing can send according to the London address, or to Colby & Rich, Booksellers, who now have a subscription paper open.

Complimentary.

One of our esteemed correspondents writes as follows: "What a learned and truly wise contribution to the Banner is that from A. E. Giles, Esq., of Boston, which you recently published. He is certainly making great progress in insight."

The Boston Investigator, which is sometimes "liberal" in regard to the Spiritualists, also alludes to Bro. Giles's article, and quotes several paragraphs, with an introductory to the effect that Mr. G. is "one of its [the Banner's] best writers." We hope these tender expressions, which so truthfully expressed, will not tend to make our unassuming brother in the least vain.

It would seem that Rev. Joseph Cook is still on the rampage. In his lecture at Hartford, Ct., last week, he took occasion to give the Spiritual Philosophy a thrust, which he called "the greatest foe of the church," and then admitted the possibility of communion with disembodied spirits, adding "that Spiritualism deserved the most earnest investigation of science." He never would have made even this admission, probably, had he not perused Spirit Theodore Parker's message in a recent number of the Banner, wherein the latter palpably demonstrated his own individuality when alluding to his traducer. Spirit-communion is a demonstrated fact already, Mr. Cook, whether scientists or theologians understand it to be so or not. Millions of us good people as the world has ever known are to-day blessed with the knowledge that their dear ones live beyond the veil, and can and do return to comfort those in the earth-life. The heavens have been opened, never again to be closed by bigotry and superstition. The pioneers of Spiritualism may perish, but Spiritualism itself will live forever.

The Boston Herald says that "the ridiculous resolutions offered by a Boston clergyman in the New England Conference, April 4th, would disgrace anybody that adopted them, more especially a religious gathering. Bishop Foster evidently did not approve of such nonsense." But as the Herald forgot to give the clergyman's name, we will: Rev. Dr. Mallalieu, of this city, is the man who makes it a point to misrepresent the believers in the Spiritual Philosophy, who are as respectable a body of people as are those whom he represents. He is simply a bigot of the first water. The Constitution of Massachusetts allows every citizen the privilege of worshipping God in his own way. Then what right has this egotistical Methodist preacher to misrepresent the Spiritualists in the manner he does? Does he suppose his church creed is the quintessence of perfection, and other people's belief simply heresy? It would seem so.

A few nights ago, we are informed by a late number of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, a negative was taken of a spirit at one of Bastian and Taylor's sances, a beautiful young lady, the daughter of Daniel Hale, Esq., of Chicago! She stood thirty seconds under a magnifying light that was equivalent to ten thousand candles! This is a splendid test, for by no possible means could Harry hide his long moustache, supposing the figure was him, so that the same would not distinctly appear on the face of the negative. The figure will be photographed, so that all can have the pleasure of seeing it when they visit Bastian and Taylor's sances. We shall print a more extended account of the matter next week.

The Brooklyn Eagle gives an account of a man named Nicholas S. Marshall becoming insane recently by seeing a balloon. Believing the devil was after him, he said, he committed suicide. Now the facts are that he had been reading the bible continually and attending sensational revival meetings. We make this record simply to say that the suicide was not a Spiritualist—otherwise the "religious" press would get hold of the story in a week or two and tell their readers that he was. N. B.—Thus far the revivalists in Boston have been extremely lucky; as only two of their converts it has been reported have been sent to an asylum for the insane.

The second chapter of Andrew Jackson Davis's new work, "THE STELLAR KEY—PART II," will appear in the forthcoming issue of the Banner.

Margaret Fox Kane is giving sances in London, Eng.

The Ballot Test in Charlestown District.

C. B. Marsh, manager of the Evening Star Hall course of Spiritualist lectures, informs us that "Mrs. Clara A. Field, of Boston, (No. 28 West street,) occupied the platform as a speaker and test medium on Sunday afternoon, April 8th; and after the lecture, which was one of the best that has been delivered in this place, she gave some twenty-five or thirty ballot tests to persons in the audience. Slips of paper were passed to different individuals present, who were desired to write thereon a question; the papers were then folded and laid before the medium, who gave a correct answer in every case, without opening the ballot. The operation and the result attending it have awakened a profound interest in this locality."

Mrs. Susie Nickerson White is expected to speak and give tests in this Hall next Sunday afternoon, April 15th.

Questions and Corrections for "Stellar Key," Part II.

The following note from the author of the chapters which we are now publishing, will explain itself:

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—In the first chapter of "Views of Our Heavenly Home," I observe two very considerable errors in figures, and one slight typographical mistake; but, as your proof-reading and printing are so uniformly correct and very excellent, I conclude that the "errors" must have existed in my manuscript. Once for all, then, please let me assure you that all errors will be corrected in "time"; and as to the letters of "inquiring friends," who will ask questions and suggest critical objections, I ask you to "file" them; and after the publication of all the chapters, I will thank you if you will forward the file aforesaid to

Your friend, A. J. DAVIS.

Orange, N. J., April 6th, 1877.

The Governor of Vermont decided to hang Phair, the alleged murderer, on Friday, 6th, but reprieved him almost at the foot of the gallows. Phair considers that fair of his Excellency. Seriously: State murders are about as bad as individual murders. Put a murderer in close confinement for life, take away the pardoning power—except when absolute proof is presented of innocence—and there would be far less murders committed. The dread of cell-confinement without the possibility of pardon, would stay the assassin's hand more than anything else, is the opinion of many people. When a man in robust health is hung, he goes into the spirit-life a fiend, hating all mankind; and, having become free, he returns to earth to satiate his vengeance on humanity—anybody, and indeed everybody he can psychologize. Under such circumstances does it lessen crime to hang a murderer?

Charles S. Middlebrook, aged fifty-four, (husband of Anna M. Middlebrook, M. D.), passed to the spirit-world April 5th, from Long Hill, Trumbull, Conn., after an illness of four months. He was a firm and outspoken Spiritualist. The funeral was largely attended. Cephas B. Lynn conducted the exercises. Mr. Middlebrook was much endeared to the community, in which he had spent most of his life, by his sterling integrity and genial disposition. His last words to his family were, "I will come back."

READINGS AND DISCUSSIONS ON SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.—Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten will give her next Sunday evening reading at New Era Hall, Boston, on April 15th. Subject: "East Indian Magic." The reading will be succeeded by a short address, after which the audience will discuss the subject in ten-minute speeches or questions. The proceedings will be summed up by Mrs. Britten.

The Morning Post, of London, has recently contained reports of performances of a startling character in a mansion at the West End, the gentleman residing therein being at last forced to vacate the premises. It is reported by the London papers to be a sort of well authenticated "Cook Lane Ghost" affair occurring among the aristocracy.

Brother E. A. Chapman writes from Lowell that Sister Blair, the well-known "blind-fold" medium for painting flowers, etc., is sick, and in need of pecuniary assistance, and asks us to make the fact known to our friends. Those who feel to respond to Brother Chapman's call can remit to him at Lowell, Mass. We have already done so.

A correspondent, writing from New York City recently, says: "Mrs. Youngs, the piano medium and the dread of Bishop, is stopping here at the Revere House, Broadway, and gives sances in private families with great success."

Our thanks are due and hereby gratefully extended to Mr. J. M. Nanson, of Carthage, Mo., who recently sent us five three-months' and one six months' new subscribers within a period of three days.

A. S. Hayward's article on the Medical Law in Vermont, etc., in type for the present issue, is unavoidably delayed till our next number.

The mysterious doings of what is called "a phantom carriage" are creating much local excitement in Hyde Park, Eng.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

George A. Fuller is to speak in New Hampshire during the month of April—at Nashua, Lake Village, and other places. We bespeak for him a good reception.

Owing to the urgent requests of the Springfield friends, Dr. W. L. Jack has decided to remain there for awhile longer. Due notice will be given of his return to his office in Haverhill.

During March Capt. H. H. Brown spoke in Schoolcraft, Milford, Holly, Farmington, Clyde and Northville, Mich., on the Spiritual Philosophy, and in Battle Creek, for the Sovereigns of Industry. He spoke in Plainwell April 8th. He will lecture in South Bend, Ind., April 15th, and has calls in Western Michigan for the rest of April. He will make arrangements for May and June. His family have removed from Illinois to Battle Creek, which place will be hereafter his home. He can be addressed there, is anxious to be kept at work five days in the week, and invites correspondence with regard to his labors.

In a law suit recently in this city a medium's services or sittings were held to be a valid set-off—in other words, that they were worth money in the eyes of the law.—Religio-Philosophical Journal, Chicago.

The Banner of Light is the best paper extant to advertise in, as it circulates among the most intelligent and liberal-minded people on earth.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

A Paris "regular" doctor, who tried to cure an actress of her obesity, sent her to the grave; but he explained it to the public that he had to sacrifice one person in order to get the hang of the treatment. Lucky Paris! Why, hundreds are sent to the grave by "regulars" every year in this country by the "regulars" before they know that the less they do the better it is for their patients.

The saddest Boston Daily Advertiser, which prints Rev. Mr. Cook's sermons, contains the following:
At a prayer-meeting in a Providence church, recently, Deacon — arose and expressed himself as follows: My friends, with great sorrow and regret I have just learned of the decease of our beloved brother — Let us now sing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

The blue glass theory isn't all "hum." It was the "regular" M. D. would n't kick at it so hard.

William Caxton's introduction of the art of printing into England is to be formally celebrated in June, on the four hundredth anniversary of that happy occasion. A meeting to organize the celebration was held the other day in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey, Dean Stanley presiding. The tickets of admission were printed in beautiful black letter. Dean Stanley, Earl Stanhope, and the Belgian Minister, made interesting speeches, (all of antique lore; and the Hon. Edwards Pierpont pleased the grave audience by showing how the great art had benefited this country. His illustrations were drawn chiefly from the wonderful statistics of journalism in America; and he said it might be inferred that the citizens of the United States would feel an interest in the commemoration of the event which introduced the art of printing in England—the country from which Americans received the art, and from which they inherited their first ideas of political liberty.

REMEMBER THIS.—Those who come to you to talk about others, are the ones who come to you to talk about you.

"Love in a cottage" is all very well
For those who have plenty in store,
But out of the window the winged archer flies
When poverty enters the door.

Boston has adopted a new military signal in case of unforeseen danger threatening the public peace. It is this: The fire-alarm bells will be struck fifteen consecutive blows three times, when each member of military companies will instantly repair to their armories to await orders.

"Oh, what becomes," said Chloe fair,
"Of all the pins that from my hair
I drop unheeded on the floor,
And never miss or see them more?"
"My dear," said Darwin, "they all go
Into our mother earth below,
There their development begins,
And ending they are terra-plena!"
—Buffalo Courier.

The Methodists in conference at Lynn talked about the "intestate meeting" in their church. Where's Mrs. Partington?

Barbican packing has now become an important industry in the United States. The American Sardinia Company started the business of preparing the fish for sale about seven years ago, at Port Monmouth, N. J. Prior to 1874 the sardines were confined to this country, but during the last two years large quantities have been exported to Russia, Germany, Australia, England, France and South America.

Now that we have honest men in power the whiskey rings are to be broken up. A sober thought.

A hard-working scribe on a rural journal says: "It is exasperating to write, 'It takes twelve miles to solve the British museum library,' and then see it come out in the paper thus: 'It takes twelve miles to solve the British museum library.'"

A Pittsburgh man bought a horse by photograph. This is getting the carte before the horse.—*Danbury News.*

Mr. Moody says heaven is paved with gold. What is the reason, then, that a rich man has no chance there?

Last Saturday was bright and sunny. We hope it will keep so for a week or two at least, to give spicily people a chance to become good-natured.

TUPPEN'S FAREWELL.—Mr. Martin F. Tupper has written a few tender and sportive lines of farewell to his American friends and foes. He sweetly says to those who love him not:

A last farewell, oh my few foes!
I feared you not, by mouth or pen;
But to the battle bravely rose,
A man to fight his fight with men;
And in this battle I have run,
You shall not say he failed or fell,
Truly recording when I'm gone,
He fought and won his victories well.

They have had a coup d'état in Georgia. "Too much tar on deheel." Uncle Sam is safe.

Four only of the fifty-eight signers of the Texas Declaration of Independence in 1835 survive. These are Edward Waller, of Virginia, John W. Burton, of Tennessee, W. B. Scates, of Sherman, Colorado, and Charles B. Stewart, of Texas.

The Boston ladies are having an entertainment which they call "Kerker-run."—*N. Y. Graphic.*
The New Yorkers have an entertainment every day which they call "Grab-bite!"

A citizen of Eureka loaded up his shot-gun with six fingers of powder and a double charge of shot, and laid in wait for the dog that had nightly serenaded him. The cur came at the appointed time, and the citizen turned the old gun loose. The dog thinks he will recover sufficiently to attend to business in about a month. The dog has left town until the excitement calms down.

The St. Paul and Minneapolis Pioneer Press informs us that "The Rev. E. R. Keyes, in a sermon on the mutual relations of the sexes in the next world, says: 'The same ineffable felicity that exists among lovers here will continue to exist in heaven.'"

Alpheus Hardy thinks that "the good works of self" will not save a man when he meets "the dread king." He had better carefully examine the teachings of one Paul in the ancient record. "When the blind lead the blind they both fall into the ditch."

One of the curiosities on exhibition at the Old South—a chip of the old block.

THE TELEPHONE.
I watched in my room all alone!
Not a sound was heard that night!
Then I cursed the telephone,
And went right off and got 't tight!"
—JO COSE.

The papers say that President Hayes saw a good many callers on the 5th. If he keeps on seeing people at the rate he has since he became President, he will get soe-saw-ed to death.

Sleeping coaches, says the Traveller, have been introduced on French railroads. How convenient it must be to ride in a noiseless sleeping coach!

NOCTURNE—ITALY.
Up to her chamber window
A light wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Climbers a white rose;
I lounge in the flex shadows,
I see the ivy leaf,
Unsuspecting her stolen glances,
The curtain's folds between,
She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him at the window—
I see it when I stand!
To her scarlet lips she holds him,
And kisses him many a time,
Ah me! it was he that won her,
Because he dared to climb!

Who are the most crank people in London? Organ-grinders. And yet they are arrested for p[er]secution!

Recently two young misses belonging on Cape Cod had their hair cut short, done up in curls, and "shipped" on board their father's vessel in order to be with their "lovers," two young sailors from the Cape. The day previous to the sailing of the ship the misses went "on a box," and came on board "tight," when their sex was fortunately discovered, and the disconsolates were of course hurried home, to pine for their loved ones "on the briny deep."

"SAVE THE OLD BOTTLE."—A contemporary says there is an exhibition in the Old South Church, "A feather hat, which was worn by Mrs. Ruth Tidd, of Medford, when a young girl over one hundred years old!" Also among the curiosities are a small trunk, a pair of shoe buckles, two teaspoons, a pair of earrings—all over one hundred years old; also a piece of Mrs. Samuel Jackson's wedding dress—"all tattered and torn"—1793. But the question *Disprop*—propounds is this: Will these trinkets, barring a young girl over one hundred years old, "save the Old South?"

A poor man in New York, sentenced to six months imprisonment for stealing four mackerels, offers to return three of the mackerel if he is given his liberty. He is said to be a friend of Boss Tweed.

According to the newspaper reports many of the judges in England are a very pompous class. One of them bears the name of Flowers, which is significant of refinement, but in this connection it is quite the reverse in the estimation of eleven millions of Americans.

An opium-eater, Capt. Labush, died recently in New York at the age of one hundred and eleven years. Opium didn't get the best of him, although it has no doubt sent off prematurely many thousands of people.

Spiritualism: New Works on its Phenomena, Philosophy, and Present Position.

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I have been frequently asked to publish a book on Spiritualism. The facilities which I have enjoyed for personal investigation, my acquaintance with the literature of the subject and with prominent workers in it, and the attention that I have paid to the investigation of its various phases, have seemed to many to fit me for such a duty.

It is easier asked than done. A book on Spiritualism, it is said, should be a very voluminous one, and, when written, it would be found to omit more than it discussed or recorded. I cannot write such a book; nor do I think it desirable that any such attempt should be made in the present state of our knowledge.

But I do think it very important that any person who has special facilities for observation should use them, and record their results as best he can. In this belief I have kept careful records of what I have seen, and from time to time have published Essays and Reviews on the published opinions of others. I have also printed a number of chapters of Personal Research in the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism, and have selected, from a mass that have been automatically written out, certain Spirit-teachings. I propose to collect and complete these works.

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For the present I put forward only "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS." The following friends have kindly formed themselves into a committee with a view of carrying out business arrangements. Those to whose names an asterisk (*) is prefixed will receive names of Subscribers, and Mr. Percival, the Treasurer, will receive subscriptions as they become due.

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I respectfully beg that no business letters may be sent to me, as my time is already overtaxed.

"M. A. (OXON.)"

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Ans.—I have never visited the moon, but I have every reason to suppose, from my knowledge of the planets, that the moon is inhabited.

Q.—[From the audience.] Are the dwelling houses spoken of by spirits as their habitations made by spirit carpenters? How are they produced, and of what material?

A.—In one sense I might answer, Yes, by spirit carpenters. Again I might say to you, We are all carpenters in spirit-life. I do not suppose for one moment that I can make you understand how our houses are built; and were I to tell you of what material they are built, you would be as much in the dark as you were before; but this much I will say, there are a variety of materials, apparently. We have houses that look as if they were built of wood; others look as if they were built of different kinds of stone; others look like marble mansions, yet they are really not like your marble, for were you with your material hand to take hold of one of the doors, you would immediately find there was nothing there; it would melt in your hand. You must remember that you are asking about spiritual dwellings. They are not made as you build your houses. We do not go to work here with hammer and nails and lumber. I will give a simple illustration: As you go out into the forest some time in the spring, you are surprised to see that a new flower you have never met with before has sprung up in its beauty; you watch it very closely through the day; the next day, if you measure it, you will find it has grown, but you did not see it grow, nor discover the process by which it grew. So in spirit-life you would find your dwelling changing according to your development. A little spirit-girl once was asked how she built her house. "I do not know," said she; "but did you ever see a spider build its web?" You know the spider seems to spin out its web; and so it is in the spiritual world—we spin whatever we have, or rather it comes to us. Let me tell you, friends, that if you want beautiful homes there, let your life be devoted to beautiful thoughts and good, and then you will be sure of happy, pleasant and beautiful homes in the spirit land. If I should tell you that your spirit homes are built of your life-deeds, I would come very near the truth.

Q.—[From the audience.] Have you ever met a spirit that inhabited this earth more than six thousand years ago?

A.—We have seen and talked with spirits that lived a great many more than six thousand years ago. There are at-a-spirits who lived ages ago, that, according to their development, are less refined than many, but they are not the people that, in spirit-life, we say we meet individuals from such and such a place. Why, dear children of earth, can't you, with your spiritual vision, scan the great eternal world and realize that spirits interchange thought and recognize each other, meet and hold converse together? How would our wisdom circles be controlled, were it not for those who have gone on and learned of the higher powers? If you will study these things you will become better acquainted with the rules of life, of which even many spirits are deficient.

Q.—[By Mr. E.] The purpose of the creation of the human family—was it for some particular end?

A.—All creation is for some particular purpose. You can look at the flower and tree, the bird, the animal and man, and you see a use for each life; consequently there is a purpose in each life. If we look back over all other creations, we find that in man all that belongs to the lower man seems endowed with all lower than himself and with something higher than all. We answer most decidedly, there is a purpose in the creation of all life.

Q.—What is charity?

A.—We should answer to answer for each individual, if we answered in a broad sense. One man considers that charity consists in looking well to his own household—taking care of himself and his family, and always meeting out exact justice to his fellow-man. When he does this he feels within himself that he is walking the bright path, the path that all mankind and all woman-kind, if they were to walk rightly, would walk in. Were we to ask another individual what charity is, he would say, to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and do that which seems for the benefit of all with whom we come in contact; never to judge harshly, but to look over each individual case, and to do what you would do were you placed in like circumstances. We say, charity begins at home, but does not end there; that charity gives to each man his just due. Yet it also covers a multitude of faults, and makes the best of all things and everybody.

Q.—[By William Wiggin, New York City.] What is the effect on disease of light coming through glass of different colors? What virtue is there especially in the "blue glass theory"?

A.—It would take, Mr. Chairman, a longer time than we have at our command to explain the philosophy of different colors, but this much we will say: a thought which has been revived from the past has taken hold of some scientific minds, leading them to the conclusion that colors can be made useful in the cure of disease. We believe the shades of blue to be particularly adapted to those whose nervous systems are unstrung, and who, although they receive but little sympathy from the community at large, are among our greatest sufferers. We do trust that out of this "color cure" will come something of substantial benefit to mankind. It did not originate on your planet, but with us in spirit-life, and we are about to make some new revelations

to mankind whereby they need not dose themselves with unhealthy drugs, as in the past, but may be cured by natural laws, by magnetic power, by the power of light and electricity.

Q.—[By M. J. H.] We confine individuals in prison when they wrong their brother men, or break the law. Is there no power in spirit-life to confine and educate undeveloped spirits, and prevent their injuring innocent persons on earth?

A.—We have hospitals in spirit-life where we minister to minds diseased. You often hear us speak of visiting spirits in prison, and liberating them—bringing them up to a higher plane of existence. We do not treat crime as you treat it; we do not punish an individual because he has committed an act which his nature compelled him to commit, but we treat him as a diseased person, while we attempt to hold back the evil and bring forth the good in his nature. We do all in our power to keep undeveloped spirits from returning to earth in mischief, but you are constantly sending them to us. There is not a second of time that some spirit is not bidding farewell to earth and being ushered into spirit-life, and bands of wisdom spirits are ever at work, bringing out the good in them, and hold in check the evil. Many times individuals do mischief, and would gladly attribute it to some person outside, not but that there are spirits that work mischief, but, as we said before, wisdom bands are doing all in their power to minister to minds diseased which come to us from time to time. We have our home; where higher spirits teach these undeveloped ones the way of life.

Q.—[From the audience.] Jesus said to his disciples, "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Spirits tell their friends they are always with them. In what way are we to understand this?

A.—Each individual has his or her attendant spirit friends. There is a being upon the earth, no matter how low or how high he may be, who has not some spirits about him, some attendants to walk with him through life. Christ said, "I will be with you even unto the end," and he was with his disciples even unto the end of their lives; and to day there is an influence coming from the Christ plane which reaches us spirits and is handed by us to individuals of earth, and until the end of the earth and through all eternity will the influence of that Christ and all Christs be felt.

Q.—[By Mrs. E.] What is art?

A.—Art is inspiration. No painter ever stood before his easel and copied making a picture, who was not influenced, more or less, by the angel-world. No sculptor ever wrought out a statue who was not more or less influenced by the angel world. Art is inspiration, and nothing more.

Q.—[From the audience.] Thought can travel from one place to another, however remote, instantaneously. Spirit being independent of matter and the obstacles always before its progress, what ratio does the passage of a spirit in its journey from one place or planet to another bear to the passage of thought the same distance?

A.—You can readily think, Mr. Chairman, of Portland, for example, if you have been there you know of its buildings, you know its situation, and you, in your mind, are there; so spirit can travel as quick as thought. It is not necessary for us to take a railroad train to visit San Francisco or any other remote place, but with the speed of thought we are there at once. We travel, as it were, with thought. We are the telegraph messengers of the spirit-world, and with lightning speed we visit each and every place that it becomes necessary for us to visit.

Annie Higgins.

My name, sir, is Annie Higgins. I have some friends in Boston, and I have some in Connecticut that I would like to reach. I have been gone a little more than a year, and I feel as if I would like to report that I am alive, that I am not dead. I know all that is taking place, and I have got a power which I shall use by-and-by.

Mary Powell.

My name is Mary Powell. I came here to-day from New Brunswick. I don't mean I did, either; I came from my spirit-home. I have a sister who is living in Halifax. I want to reach her. Her name is Lizzie. I wanted to let her know that I have met grandfather and grandmother and sister Mary, and that the idea which troubles her so much really amounts to nothing. If she'll only grow strong and throw it off, it will be a great deal better for her.

Joseph W. Bartlett.

Have you got anything to give away here? [What would you like?] Most anything in the shape of house, home, food, clothes, or anything else. I don't want any money. I want some chips or something to fix up my house with. It looks like the devil. I lost my old body—not this one, [the medium's]—but another a good deal bigger than this, and I didn't lose it easy. I think, down in Frisco, and I didn't lose it easy, either. It was some pretty hard rap that took it out, and I don't say where I have been; but I'll say here I don't like to be in the dark, to be shut up. I want my freedom; I want to go where I am a mind to, and do what I please—good, bad, or indifferent. It ain't even God's business what I do. I never have met him—wish I could; wish I'd been a better man; but then it was born in me, and I don't know as I'm to blame for it. I was a pretty good, steady sort of a fellow once, when I used to live down in the old Nutmeg State, where they have the "Blue Laws," and I think they have 'em here, too. I got tired of staying home, and went away at the beginning of the California fever, and I got something out of that besides gold—precious little of that did I get. Now there's a woman there by the name of Ann Bartlett, and I want to reach her and tell her that if she'll follow the dream she had about the tenth of November, she'll find it to her advantage, and that it'll do both her and me good.

Isabella Elliot Smith.

I felt as if I would like to come here this afternoon. I came with Fanny, and I wanted to tell the friends how happy it makes me to have her up here. Tell 'em the sun has seemed to shine a good deal brighter to me since she came. Tell 'em I feel so happy to-day I can't express it, and even if there are dark shadows that come to my loved ones, I know the end from the beginning; I know that brightness will succeed. I am making a wreath for a chair up here, and when one comes to sit in it I shall be very happy. I will make them as strong as I can, and do all for them I can. And tell them that I am near every day. I won't say much; I only want to let 'em know I've come here, and that Spiritualism seems so good to me, and the spirit world so bright, and I have so many dear little ones to care for, so many that I can be kind to, and I am grandma to all. Say it's from Grandma Smith. You can give all the name if you want to—Isabella Elliot Smith. I have a daughter that's a medium here in your city, and I want to strengthen her.

Minnie St. Clair.

I wish you would say that George Graves, who came to his friends last night [Nov. 23d] in Troy, and who then promised that he would report in Boston, has fulfilled his promise to the best of his ability. They will perhaps believe now that it was I. Say to 'em that my bayonet is as sharp as it was last night. I've got the gun well loaded, and am ready to go to camp.

Hattie.

Mr. Chairman, have you got room for one more? [I think so.] I would like to send a message to Edward and Nellie Palmer. I promised Nellie a long time ago that I would bring her sister Lucy here. Tell her that I haven't forgotten the promise—that she came to day, but was not able to control. She would like very much indeed to send a message to her, and N., and to all, and will do so the very first opportunity. I came here to-day that I might get hold,

and I would be very glad indeed to communicate. Say to them that I am leaving a pleasant home. I have tried to make brother Edward see my home several times, and I felt sometimes that he did realize and know that I was there. I know all that has occurred within the last few months. I have been cognizant of all things. I am growing and am happy, and I watch over them always. I'd like to control whenever I can, at home. You can say, if you please, that it is Hattie, to Dr. Edward Palmer, of Lakeville, Conn.

Tommie.

I be Tommie. Dat's my name. I come here and brought you a hull basket of flowers. A ben pickin' 'em up in de woods, an' I did n't know what to do wid 'em. I brought 'em here, 'cause I thought you'd want 'em, an' I sot 'em right down here, an' you don't seem to see 'em, nor nuffin. [We're just as much obliged to you.] I come a purpose to bring 'em. I'm goin' to be a door keeper here? Yas, sir. I'm black, though; does you like black folks? Can I come juss as good? Don't care, does you? [No.] Well, I dunno as I got anoder name, but dey allus called me Tommie. Dat's all. You needn't print what I say, 'cause I am nuffin but a little nigger boy.

Joseph B. Adams.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman. I find your Circle-Room very pleasant this afternoon. I find the world looking bright and smiling. I think I feel charitable to-day to all humanity. I believe I have got some love in my soul for every human being. I have learned a vast lesson since I have been in spirit-life. I supposed that in my earth-life I had been taught something of what it was to live in the various offices which I had filled, and the work which I had been called to do. I supposed I really knew something; but on entering spirit-life, so great was that life, so beautiful, so grand, so comprehensive of God, that I stood with uncovered head, feeling I was but a child. I had something in my heart which called me back to earth, something which made me feel as if I would like to try my hand and see what I could do toward controlling an instrument, for I see a work I would like to do; and if I can control one in trumnet, Mr. Chairman, it is fair to suppose I may get hold of another, and still another, nearer home. Say to my friends that I am working with them and for them, that I have believed that I have come to the Banner of Light, in Boston, and have communicated with you, and that I give my heart and hand to this message. I know it will go forth with power, although very little has been said.

John Kendricks.

I wish you would say in your paper that John Kendricks, of the Dorchester District, Boston, called here this afternoon. I was about fifty-five years old when I passed away. I have been gone, sir, almost two years, and I want to do something for this great cause.

George Dowland.

I would like, if it pleases you, Mr. Chairman, to put a letter in your post-office. I went out by accident; that is, I was injured by my horse becoming unruly, and went out in consequence. I wish to send a few words to my wife. She is a good medium. I can control her. She sees and feels me at times; but I, with George and Benjamin, would like to draw a little nearer, to strengthen her in this work. She has felt called upon to work, and we feel as if she must go forth to a bigger work, and I thought perhaps if I reached her from here, she might possibly hear me sooner than if I talked to her myself. My name is George Dowland. Say to her that the impression she had last November was one we gave her.

Eliza Gould.

I don't want to take up your time, friends—I have no desire to do so—and yet I have a sister that I would like to reach, if I can. I know that a friend of hers receives your paper quite often, and if she sees my name she will carry it to Lucy, and will show her it is from me. She has been very much troubled about me, and wonders why she does not hear from me. She does not really believe this thing, but she says, "If Spiritualism is true, and there's anything in it, I think sister Eliza will come back to me, and will tell me something of the reception she had when she got into spirit-life."

Patrick McDonough.

Say that Patrick McDonough has come, and would like to speak to his sister, Margaret McDonough. She's in New Bedford, sir. Will she see it there? [I think so.] If ye'll print what I've said, that's all I want.

Arthur H. Dunn.

I will record my name as Arthur H. Dunn, of Worcester. If there is any individual in the universe that would like to communicate with me, there is nothing that would give me so much pleasure as to communicate with such and tell me of my surroundings—of my spirit-home and of those I have met, and of the peculiar influences that surround me. Oh, if there is any one who sees my name in public print, who will call upon some medium and let me speak, I shall be very thankful.

Medad Alexander.

I don't know you, Mr. Chairman. I don't know the friends before me; and yet, as old men are said to like to tell their stories, I would like to tell mine. I died in Montague. My name is Medad Alexander. I was eighty-two years old. Three score and ten is said to be the allotted time of all men, yet there were many years lent to me; and when I entered the spiritual world there seemed to be such an unfolding for me, such a beauty, such a life! But a few days ago I stood within your Circle-Room and asked the privilege of communicating through the Banner of Light, but I was too late to communicate. To-day I find myself upon the list, and I hasten to give my message. Tell them I have met every dear one; tell them that the spiritual world is a great reality, and that life is not a myth. Ask them to live true, spiritual lives, that they may come to us and realize what I realize to-day.

John Mayo.

My name is John Mayo. Say to my sister Lizzie, who lives in Montpelier, Vt., that I am around, and although I have lost my miserable body, still I am about, and I'll do the best I can for her. She need not worry about me. I am taking things coolly, as I always did, and although I am not under the best sun that ever shone, yet I am trying to learn all I can. I trust when the time comes I shall be able to alleviate her sufferings and give her strength.

John Whitney.

I have tried for the last two years to communicate with my friends, but it is unavailing. I cannot reach them. It matters not what I do, it matters not what I say; I speak ever so loudly, work I ever so strongly, I don't reach them. As a last resort I have asked this public circle. I am well aware that this is a public post-office, and that my friends will not like to see a letter from me, yet I come here to-day, and if they will meet me at any medium's house, no matter how obscure, no matter how public, or if they will call upon Charles H. Foster, I will be there, and will tell them why I came here to-day. My name is John Whitney. I passed away about three years ago, in Philadelphia.

Catharine Bowen.

Will you please say that Catharine Bowen, of 178 Bowen street, South Boston, communicated with you to-day, and would like to receive any friends that would be glad to communicate with herself?

Michael Murphy.

Me name, sir, is Michael Murphy, at yer service. Indade, an' I come here for the purpose of

asking me brother Daniel—if he dare do it—if he'll go to one of these things, sir—an' the name I don't know, sir. [Mediums.] If he'll go to one of these "mediums" an' talk with me, I'll tell him about something that will be useful to him, and will help him out of all his difficulties.

Hannah B. Haskell.

I felt that I would like to send a letter to my friends. My name is Hannah B. Haskell. I passed away from Salem, Mass. I'd like to say to the friends that I find the spiritual far in advance of the material. There is much I would like to talk with them about. I would be glad if anybody that ever knew me, or ever thought of me, would give me an opportunity to control a medium, and tell them of the great hereafter.

Sarah B. Gilchrist.

My name is Sarah B. Gilchrist. I passed away from Philadelphia some ten years ago. Say to my sister, who believes some in these things, "Julia, if you'll give me an opportunity to speak to you, and listen to what I have to say, I will give you satisfactory evidence of my presence. I will give you tests which you will understand." That is all.

John.

My name is John. I don't wish to give any other. I wish to reach some individuals in Providence, R. I., who will, I know, be glad to hear from me. I know that they receive your paper weekly, although they do not profess to be Spiritualists, yet, on the sly, they buy the paper, and they say to themselves, "There is something strange here, and we were to receive a message from him we would believe." Now I say to them, Believe; believe that I have come to the Banner of Light, in Boston, and have communicated with you, and that I give my heart and hand to this message. I know it will go forth with power, although very little has been said.

Joseph Jones.

I went out from New Bedford, Mass., some six years ago. My name is Joseph Jones, and I would request my friends, if they care to hear from me, to call upon some medium, and I will give them the best knowledge that I have of the spirit-world.

Jonas Whitfield.

Good afternoon, sir. When I came here I expected to find enemies, but I find friends. I did not clearly understand, sir, that American Spiritualists ignored all antagonism between North and South, but as I stand in your Circle-Room to-day, I find it so. I came from Milledgeville, Ga., and I came not with the intention, Mr. Chairman, of doing you any good, but of giving you all the trouble I could, and I find myself agreeably disappointed. Why! I feel like asking your pardon, asking you to shake hands with me. I assure you I will do all I can for you; you are just as good as you need to be.

Fanny Stacey.

My name is Fanny Stacey. I went out from Philadelphia—from Twenty-Third street. I tried to do the best I could, but, oh dear! there were so many things that came up. I won't say anything about it, but I tried to do the best I could. I want to say to John that if he will go to some medium and let me come, I'd be very glad. I've got so much I'd like to say to him. I would help him with the old Maine lands. I find I can help him a good deal.

Julia Madison.

I went out from Milwaukee, sir. I desire to reach my friends. My name is Julia Madison. My brother George has said to me many times that if there was anything in Spiritualism, I wished I would communicate with him. I call upon him now to respond to me. I have but little to say, only that I find the spiritual world one grand workshop, where I can realize all that I dreamed of when on earth.

George Mason.

I would like to say to my friends in Richmond that George Mason, with his wife, Mary, returns to father and mother, sisters and brothers. We are with them; we know their incomings and their outgoings. If they will listen to us, and go to some medium, we can give them information which will be of infinite value to them. We find the spirit world one grand school, where we can gain knowledge and understand each other. It is so beautiful! The gardens are filled with flowers; there are forests of beautiful trees, and we find all that we love there of the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms—all that is beautiful. I thank God for the great hereafter.

Ruth Merritt Burt.

I am an old lady—eighty-four years. I have not been gone away many months, yet I feel a desire to return to earth. I do not find the spirit-world as I expected it. I was a Methodist by profession, and what the world calls a little "strong-minded," for I wanted to do whatever my hand found to do, and I tried to do it well. I have a brother that is a minister, and I have friends in the Methodist church. I have ever tried to be true to the faith that I believed was right, but, on coming here to spirit-life, as you term it, and losing the old body, I found everything changed, and I know now and understand that Wesley received many of his teachings from the spirit-world. I can realize that I have received much from the spirit-world, without understanding it, and I come here to-day as a learner. If this Spiritualism is to be the grand religion of the world, I don't want to be idle. I want to work. I feel that I must work. There is a power within me that says I must, and I know I will, and I want to say to my friends that know me everywhere, "God bless you! I God and his angels protect you and guide you!" Oh "let the good angels come in;" don't be backward, but let them come to you, let them feel that they are welcome. And, in your prayer-meetings, in your class-meetings, oh, let the good angels come in and talk with you. You will never regret it. I shall be with you. My name is Ruth Merritt Burt. I passed away from Ithaca, New York State.

George N. Poore.

George N. Poore, who went out from San Francisco, will meet his friends at the appointed time, and will give them all the facts and particulars of the case that he can. I have kept my promise to the letter, and made a great effort to get here, and they will know when they see my name that I have done as directed.

Elvira Shepard.

A friend assisted me here this afternoon. I have come with a desire that I may perhaps do some good. I am trying to do all I can here in the Summer-Land, guiding some that need my guidance, strengthening those that are weak,

Joseph St. Croix.

I've crossed the lines, sir, and come to you, to know if you can print my letter. My name is Joseph St. Croix. I have a sister in Montreal. I would be glad to reach her and tell her that if she'll go back to England, it will be very much better for her than to reside where she is. If she will put herself under the protection of her grandparents, it will be much better for her than to stay where she is. Her name is Emma St. Croix. It was for this purpose, sir, I've come. I don't know as you allow people to send messages to their particular friends; but, sir, I have not much to say in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy. I find it is true. I find the spiritual world one of work. I desire to do all the good I can, that I may grow in wisdom and in power, that I may find my parents, my brothers and sisters. I thank you, sir, for the privilege of coming.

Hannah.

I am a negress, sir, and I don't know as you will be willing to print my message. I am from Charleston, sir. My name is Hannah. I was the slave of Margaret and John Scriven. I tried to do all I could to make 'em happy, and at last they're unhappy. Tell them if they will be more simple and honest, an' worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, they will be much happier than they are. Now I will find 'em in Philadelphia. Will you print a nigger's message? [Yes.] That's all I've got to say. I want 'em to know I come. I supported Mrs. Margaret many years, sir.

Joseph Todd.

Well, Mr. Chairman, this is the post-office for everybody, is it? [Yes.] Then I'd like to send a message to my old grandmother. She lives up in Vermont, in Mt. Pelier. I went down South a good many years ago. You see, father and mother died and left me, and I didn't have many to take care of me; my grandmother helped all she could, and when I was big enough, and the war begun, I went down South; and when I got down there, sir, in Louisiana, in New Orleans, I got to trading horses. I made a pile of money one time, and had a good deal to send home to her, but it somehow slipped away; and about two years ago, sir, when I was riding one of them horses, and though I was doing the very best thing I could, somehow I heard something drop, and that something was me. I've been here ever since, and I haven't felt easy, sir. I've been home, and I can't make anybody hear me, and I've been all round.

Thais Holbrook.

I died in Worcester, sir, at the insane asylum. My name I'll give you Thais Holbrook. I didn't want to be crazy; but they taught me from childhood of the torments of hell, and hell was ever near to me. When I looked at my little children's graves, I felt as if they were in hell! Do you wonder that I was crazy? I married a Universalist, and I couldn't comprehend him. Oh, Charles, Charles! could I only have comprehended and understood what you comprehended and understood, I would never have been shut up in the Worcester Asylum! It was all for the best—I see it now. Elmer, my darling boy, is with me. He died suddenly of hemorrhage of the lungs. My other children are with me. I worry not about them now. I would say to my husband "Charles, fear not for I am with you. I will help you all I can." I will not give his name, but I will give mine. I know it will reach him, for there are friends of mine that take your paper.

Thomas Sylvester Jones.

I came from Savannah; the fever is hot on me, but I desire to express my feelings. My name is Thomas Sylvester Jones. I would like to say to my friends that if there is anybody that would be glad to speak to me, or let me speak to them, it will ease my mind very much. I passed away last September, of yellow fever.

holding others' hands that they may come back to earth, and I felt that I would like to come too, that my friends might know that I have not forgotten them, that they are ever fresh in my memory, that I love them very much. My name is Elvira Shepard. I was about fifty-three years old, and I left the old form in Gloucester.

Frank.

There comes the question to us day, friends, why do we not do as was done at the Centennial—give to spirits from each State a chance to manifest? why do we not call upon Maine, and New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, Connecticut, and all the other States, to manifest, each one on a particular day? Friends, that would be an impossibility; we could not do so if we would; for we cannot collect from each individual State persons who wish to communicate; yet to individuals who come here upon the platform—and we may say in crowds—we give a hearing to as many as we can at each sitting. We cannot, with justice to ourselves, make a particular day. You will please excuse us, ladies and gentlemen, if we give you what we find here, and we trust you will have all the patience with us possible. Frank.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKIN.

During the last twenty years hundreds of Spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Dankin, while she was in the entranced condition—totally unconscious.

Mrs. Dankin's Mediumistic Experiences.

[Part Sixty-Four.]

BY WASH. A. DANKIN.

Insanity has been a common charge against Spiritualism. When Professor Hare announced the results of his investigation of its phenomena—careful, patient and strictly scientific as it was—he was pronounced insane, or said to have lost his mind.

When Judge Edmonds—the just and learned judge, and social, pleasant gentleman—had the courage to make known to the world that two years of strict and careful scrutiny of the various phases of mediumship had satisfied him that spirit intercourse was a truth, the mildest form of expression applied to his case was, "He is laboring under a hallucination." Every man who has been prominently before the public as an advocate or exponent of that Divine Philosophy which is the outgrowth of the New Dispensation, has been called crazy, or supposed to have lost his mind.

While the charge of insanity as applicable to Spiritualists, or the influence of Spiritualism generally, has been applied and refuted in the columns of the Banner and elsewhere, it may be proper to mention that several cases have been brought to Mrs. Dankin lately, where the Medical Faculty had failed to give relief to the deranged mind, and the friends of the patients have sought that assistance from spirits which they could not obtain elsewhere.

The last of these cases was a very interesting one. A young lady, about eighteen years of age, was brought by her mother to Mrs. Dankin's office. Though the family were all skeptics, not a believer in Spiritualism among them, yet the love of the mother was stronger than the prejudice of the bigot, and having heard of many wonderful cures performed through the instrumentality of Mrs. Dankin, she brought her child to the spirits for relief, rather than consign her to the cruel conditions of an insane asylum.

When she first came, just before Christmas last, it was with difficulty she could be induced to speak to any one. She was startled and alarmed at every attention shown her. Her condition was pitiable in the extreme. She was under Mrs. Dankin's care just four weeks, and was entirely restored. Her mind is now healthy and active, while her physique presents the appearance of perfect health.

A few days ago she called on us, and in the course of conversation remarked that she had just met her former physician, who rather triumphantly exclaimed, "I told you I would cure you if you would only be patient." Her reply was, "I was under your care, doctor, full eight months without any benefit, and was restored to health in four weeks under the treatment of Mrs. Dankin."

Thus Spiritualism—which was said to be the cause of insanity—is now being sought as its cure.

Mix Buckner.

At Chicago, Ill., I died. Mix Buckner was my name. I was in my twenty-sixth year; the eldest son of Lieutenant William Buckner, of the United States Navy. My mother's name was May. When one dies away from home, friends are stricken with grief, knowing not who was there to wipe away the damp dew of death. To those who seek to know, I wish to say I was cared for faithfully, kindly and honestly.

I feel it a divine pleasure, through the universal laws of the over-ruling Soul, to be able to touch the lips of a woman with inspiration, and tell the men of to-day that death robs them not of their individuality nor of their faculties. Such homes as they build here, such homes have they over in that country unknown to the many.

The night was still and calm, and I sat in my little boat, rowing here and there over the broad expanse of waters, scarce knowing when I started, where would be my port; but here I am, unfolding the story of a dead man. One whom the world calls dead, but the angels call me living—not for a day or for an hour, but for the long eternities.

How very beautiful to realize one's own individuality, to maintain and through it to gather in all your own experiences; making them from time to time higher and higher in that realm where eternal light is ever given to the one who seeks it. A haven of rest—rest in labor, doing good work wherever you can, either for the mortals or the immortals.

This life is so grand and beautiful in all its departments that I can scarce stop to analyze any one of them. To those who are seekers for a new dispensation I say, Make yourselves acquainted with spirit intercourse; learn it well before the pass word comes for you to depart. I have learned the alphabet of my immortal life well, because I sought it, and in the seeking I found it. And now memory, affection and devotion to all who may ever speak my name.

Mary McDowell.

I lived at Marley, Anne Arundel County, Maryland. My name is Mary McDowell, and I was seventy-four years old. What object has any one to live for, beyond the years of youth? for youth brings pleasure, kindness from every one; but when old age comes with its mark of time upon the withered cheek and rigid limbs, usefulness goes out, and, in the sight of the young, you become useless; then God in his mercy calls us home, gives us unselfishly a place in his kingdom. He does not ask for rents; he only wants the spirit to do its duty to itself and others; when that is accomplished we have the broad realm of heaven and light to walk through. There is no grave which I am throwing out—merely a rule that follows in every one's footsteps, and I like the many, felt it. I knew it was time to give way to others, and I went. But this eternal life so far surpasses the other that I have no words for comparison; I only can say that all, like myself, will have their own experience.

James Stewart.

At Oxford, Talbot County, Maryland, James Stewart, in the seventy-first year of my age. In the absence of my body, with only the spirit, I feel light and buoyant, joyous and happy. Having performed functionally all the duties of an earthly life, I have no regret to make in passing away from those who, by kindred ties, were bound to me. The duty now lies broad and wide before me. Work first for thyself, and after you have gathered knowledge, then manifest to

others. This I am now doing, according to the letter of the law. Having been taught very differently, I feel, in consequence, somewhat hampered in expression, lest I say or do something that will trespass upon the feelings of those who knew me.

According to my age, I had many experiences. Some that were bright, some that were dark. The same story has been told by the human since first the world had foundation. The spirit world to me, as I view it, is tangible, with everything presenting itself in realities; not rude nor coarse, but beautiful. When first I awoke, kindred met me. "I was like one waking from a dream. For a few moments I could not realize my position, but little by little the senses that had been still awake to consciousness. Then I knew I had passed through that change called death, and had entered into a new state, in which all the faculties of my being were to be brought into use. Now I can realize what existence was given to man for—to have his experience in this life, then enter into another state, and by the contrast learn to understand himself.

Well, to all who may ever think of me, or express a wish that my spirit should hover above and about them, I will say the thought is caught and answered.

John Lee.

Peach Bottom, York, Pennsylvania, was my home, and John Lee my name. In the eighty-fifth year of my age I died. In direct opposition to all things written I approach this subject, unflinching, and undaunted by the opinion of men.

When one sees the light and knows it, he has a perfect right to speak of it. To me the subject was never broached, and had it been, I like the other wise people, would have denounced it before ever investigating; but now the privilege is mine to gather the wheat from the tares. Having done this in the fullness of my understanding, I am entitled to disseminate this new gospel of light.

I stand, as it were, upon the outer circumference of a new heaven, looking down upon a new earth. What more can a man ask than to be blessed with the smiles of his Creator? It is first birth, then death. Then comes the new birth, that crowns the spirit for an everlasting work; a work that may not be recalled good by men, but one that will have sanction of the angel world.

When I entered I heard the trump sound thus: "From death you have arisen into life; now stand you firm, manifesting good. Go! gather in perpetual youth; go forward and plant the seed, your harvest shall be plentiful."

I am not demented, nor am I asleep. I am wide awake to all the inspirations of the celestial world. Those who know me know I am steadfast intellectually. Those who know me not will await that pleasure. With these outspoken words we part.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS.

JENNIE S. RUDD.

TO BE PRINTED IN OUR NEXT: George Packard; George; James Allen; John First; John Powell; Mary M. Burr; A. Florence Maria Heywood; Frederic C. Smith; Cynthia Keith; Frank Clayton; Nancy May; J. Flint; Edwin Day.

And when I heard the trump sound thus: "From death you have arisen into life; now stand you firm, manifesting good. Go! gather in perpetual youth; go forward and plant the seed, your harvest shall be plentiful."

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Mediums in Boston.

NOTICE THE CHANGE OF PLACE.

DR. H. B. STORER'S

New Office, 29 Indiana Place, Boston.

MRS. JULIA M. CARPENTER,

Medical Clairvoyant.

WE TREAT all forms of Chronic Disease with remarkable success, by direct applications to the nerve centers of the spine, and by our

NEW ORGANIC REMEDIES.

Resolvent, Detergent and Nutritive.

Clairvoyant examinations, by full name, age and lock of hair, written, \$2; when present, \$1. Medicines, with full directions for treatment, sent to all parts of the country as heretofore.

I. P. GREENLEAF,

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OFFICE at 25 Montgomery Place, Room 1, Boston, Mass. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M. Prescriptions given and Medicine sent when desired. Patients visited at their homes. Parties joined in marriage. Funerals attended on notice.

Dr. Main's Health Institute,

AT NO. 60 DOVER STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE desiring a Medical Diagnosis of Disease, will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. All Medicines, with directions for treatment, extra. 13th—Jan. 20.

Mrs. C. A. Dearborn,

CLAIRVOYANT and Electric Physician, is now able to receive her patients and hold Circles Mondays and Thursdays from 3 to 6 P. M. at 18 Westmoreland Street, Boston, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Admission to Circles, 25 cents.

Mrs. S. E. Crossman, M. D.

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Mrs. Maggie Folsom

Will still continue giving Medical Examinations and Business Tests at 41 Dover Street, although not, as formerly, in partnership with or under supervision of Dr. H. B. Storer.

Mrs. JENNETT J. CLARK,

CLAIRVOYANT, Medium and Electrician. Advice given. Hours from 10 to 1 P. M. Springfield St., Boston.

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The world-renowned Spiritual Medium, has returned from Europe. 36 Beach Street, Boston, Mass. Hours 11 to 12.

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TRANCE MEDIUM, 7 Montgomery Place, Boston. Office hours 9 to 5.

MR. HENRY C. LULL, Business and Medical

Clairvoyant, Rooms 313 Washington Street, Cor. Indiana Place. Hours from 9 A. M. to 12 P. M. General Investigations, terms one dollar. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings. Admission, 25 cents. 13th—April 7.

SUSIE NICKERSON-WHITE,

TRANCE MEDIUM, 111 West Street, Boston. Hours 9 to 11 A. M. and 2 to 5 P. M. Public sittings Sunday evenings.

MRS. J. C. EWE, Inspirational and Healing

spirit, Suite 2, Hotel Norwood, cor. of Oak and Washington Sts., Boston, (entrance on Ash St.) Hours 10 to 5.

A. S. HAYWARD, Vital Magnetic Physician,

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Clairvoyant. Six questions by mail 50 cents and stamp. Suite 10, 111 West Street, Boston.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No.

40 Dwight St. Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested. Dec. 2.

CLARA A. FIELD, Magnetic Physician, In-

[Continued from first page.]

tendant upon its unfoldment to mankind: What the multitude received as the living bread from heaven in the past, did not feed the multitude of to-day—they were not satisfied with the inspirations of the past; there must come something vitalizing going from heart to heart, not a superficial inspiration, but something that would reach the feelings, which Prof. Eeels, in the afternoon, had rightly said were the prime motors of the human individuality. We must feel deeply before we could love strongly and act earnestly; and this feeling must grow upon us—we must long for something deep and strong, which would fill all souls to overflowing; then, and not till then, could we combine to do the work which it was given to Spiritualism to accomplish.

We had watched Spiritualism in the past, and endeavored to scan every lineament in its divine countenance, and then wondered what next; Carlyle had said men were always calling for something new, and then turning away from it when it came. This our action toward the unfoldment of Spiritualism was, because we did not understand the height, breadth and depth of its character; we must wrestle with it as Jacob did, till through the dark night of our striving the morning began to dawn, and the spirit left us with his blessing. We did not understand Spiritualism yet, because it was strange to us. We must be patient, and must wait yet a little longer.

There are those, said the speaker, who say that it does satisfy us. It may tell you that there is no death, but you need a resurrection now and here from the moral torpor that has fallen upon you, a resurrection from the darkness of the past. To others she could say: "It gives you spiritualism at its present estate, the measure of your aspirations? If not, you must wait for a higher. Spiritualism is old enough to-day to have its picture taken, but if we are to have that picture, human souls with all their longings and earnest needs must furnish the camera, and the light that comes must stream in from the Infinite Sun. Some of us may have that picture, but every one must have his own (even as each must have his ideal of God); every one must furnish the conditions to receive it.

Let us accept the fact that Spiritualism had come to us in a strange condition. The singular claimant for human thought paraded the charactor of an all-gatherer; here it embraced a little Unitarianism, there it proffered a little Universalism, and anon it wove into its web some of the positions assumed by Materialism, but we had called it all Spiritualism. It was a strange combination, and at first we had questioned it. Some of us questioned its practicality and its enduring qualities, while others were enthusiasts as to its future results. Some said "there's millions in it," others said, "It won't pay," and to this day the latter statement had proved a truism—all those who had tried to coin their Spiritualism into dollars and cents, had suffered disastrous failure and come to distinguished defeat.

The speaker here cited the chief points in the story of the "Pied Piper" by Robert Browning—a narrative with which she said her hearers were probably familiar: A city had been overrun with rats in a destroying flood; the piper informed the magistrates that he could easily remove the trouble, and they agreed to pay him a certain sum to rid them of the voracious rodents. He began to play, and from out all the lanes, and byways, and cellars, and all their multitudinous hiding places, came the rats in thousands, and walked after him, and by his side, till finally he reached the bank of a river, where he said he would plunge in and were drowned. Then it was that the magistrates refused to pay what they had previously agreed, and so he commenced to play again, and the little children came thronging out of their happy homes, and the gardens, and the shady walks which their presence had so beautified, and followed this strange man, all unnoting the piteous cries of parents left behind—followed him till he came to a blank, bare wall of rock, which opened to receive him and the precious ones who waited after and neither were seen again. Spiritualism came at a time when the rats of old and blinding superstitions were devouring the bread of life, and said to the people, I am willing to take away all this darkness, and ignorance, and despair, and to give you "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness"; and some said, "Let it be done," and the piper had played till many of those errors had been overthrown; they had gone on after that strange musician, those old superstitions, to their fate in that river of change where a little higher up grows the tree of life which leaves children for the healing of the nations! But the churches were not pleased with the result; and were fain to deny the value of the work of Spiritualism. Had it not killed the devil, extinguished hell, and torn the dark, forbidding mask from the smiling face of death? They refused to pay Spiritualism for bringing the exact knowledge for whose attainment they professed to be so anxious; and so the strange musician played on, and the little children had followed the call (a fact which none would deny who had seen the numbers of happy young faces which had crowded the hall on the previous evening and on Sunday morning); and there were yet other children—not children of the stature, but in that humility of spirit of which Jesus said "of such is the kingdom of heaven," and they walked on and on, till they came to the bare blank wall of death before them. But when the musician came there, behold, the gates were ajar, and the children and the humble in heart entered in to taste the blessed revelation of the true meaning of life.

We might not understand where we were walking; but though our God had lost his personality, and our Bible did not speak to us with an infallible tone, yet still we felt that there was a revelation centre to us; that there was a Bible in our hearts that was being opened. No more did we stand before the anthropomorphic idea of Deity in a human form, but we felt the truth that we could not define or comprehend or measure him by any of our own rules of thought; we only knew that we must continue to accept that higher revelation, and feel that in him we live and move and have our being. When this intuition came to us, Spiritualism, in its highest and best sense, was dawning upon our souls. It was then that the silence and the calm came on; (that was the reason why she spoke as she did when she arose on the present occasion) and then it was, as we felt this, that we became aware of distinctive features in the doctrine of Modern Spiritualism which would exist in human hearts when "time was a forgotten circumstance."

We must stand firm; knowing that as that revelation came to the world in obedience to the great law which governed the evolution of ideas, we must be prepared to see Spiritualism change again and yet again; and when we came to a conception of all that was divine and true in this latter dispensation, we would know experimentally that each mutation would lift us up into a higher and more perfected state of use and unfoldment. Until then we would feel when we strove to organize—to work together. When that time came, the word would be given by some strong soul that had been content to sit down and wait to see what the great forces away out in the eternities were doing—which had been willing to listen silently and take every word in to the innermost recesses of the heart, and did not strive to impress on each the seal of its own personal individuality: some soul that would live the truth long before it would speak it. This Spiritualism of act rather than word was the dispensation for which we were waiting; a Spiritualism that would come with the last great religion of humanity. When the declaration was made in the past, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship in spirit and in truth," then the axe was laid at the root of the tree of ancient superstition. She cared not whether Jesus said it, or some other of the great mediums of that time; and until men reached a comprehension of that truth they never could understand the mission of the spiritual cause among men.

The speaker declared her belief in immortality, and in eternal life, and in the great heaven of beatitudes which lay beyond the confines of mortal existence, but in all the modes and manners of that life, in all its forms of thought and expression, it differed so much that she would not

attempt to speak of it definitely. The reason why she would not so speak was that it and they transcended the range of her experience, and every philosopher would say that it was a thing which lay beyond the reaches of their experience. She would be obliged to continue in the presentation of things which came to her not through the usual channels of experience, or in unison with the common ideas rampant in the earth, but through and in accordance with the voice of inspiration that came to her, and which she felt she must either give utterance to, or die the death of the hypocrite.

In the silent midnight watches she had been granted a vision in which she seemed surrounded by a great multitude, and, strange to say, she heard them singing (but with a new meaning to her interior perception) the old hymn of Cowper:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

And when they reached those lines which declare—

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his ways in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

then in a manner impossible of expression, her soul burst out into song, and she joined her voice with theirs in the grand refrain; and just as the last word parted from her lips, she heard the echo coming back again from the Infinite height: "And he will make it plain." Her spirit being thrilled; once more she sang, and then she heard her mother's voice, who was "now a saint in heaven," repeating those words again; and then that angel-mother repeated the lines she used to sing to her, when a little child, she sat at twilight by her parent's knee in those bright days which earth would never give again:

"Father, I thank thee, now I know
Evermore thy providence severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each mortal fear.
For many a hour of self-reproach
I earth's sad wanderer doomed to know;
Yet not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow:
Thy various ministers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfill;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy
Let kneeling faith adore thee with."

The calm faith, the enduring trust in the ultimate "good in all," whose warm light flooded this picture of the midnight hour, had taken up an abiding place in the inner sanctuary of her soul, and thrown out to every department of her nature its sustaining arms. And to-night, in presence of the angels, on the memorial occasion of the advent day of that philosophy which had wrested the sceptre of despair from the hand of death, and raised the dark lattice of the grave that the heavenly splendors beyond might flood the waiting human hearts this side the valley of change, she recommended its cultivation and unfoldment to all before her. She closed with the words of Paul's admonition: "Quench not the spirit; despite not prophecies. Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil. Cleave to that which is good."

Dr. John H. Currier was next called upon. There was no grander index of the character of the work accomplished by Spiritualism during the last twenty-nine years, than the presence on this platform of the inspired and eloquent speakers there gathered. If the question were asked, Where were those speakers twenty-nine years ago? the answer would come from the great heart of humanity: Within the church. But now they were enfranchised, and were breaking the bread of life indeed to the hungry souls of our time. He thought it eminently appropriate that Miss Doten should have been selected as the opening speaker, graduating as she did from that old pilgrim town of Plymouth, where the seeds of earnest and conscientious devotion to what was deemed right were sown so long ago; and it seemed to him that those old Puritan fathers, baptized in the deeper knowledge, the wider tenets of the better land, were with her to-night, bringing with them a glorious benediction. Twenty-nine years ago the angels pushed a little further open the door between themselves and us, that the Dawning Light might come to the world, and since that time many true-hearted workers had stepped forth into the field in obedience to the command of the angels. He gave passing notice to the recent departure to the thither side of life of Joseph John, to whose inspired art it had been given to leave behind many linings of spiritual science redolent with the airs of their heavenly birthplace. Achsa W. Sprague, Rosa T. Amedey, William White, and many others, had striven in the past to sustain the welfare of this cause, and now from the brightest fruit of their labors on earth, he rejoiced to him that Mr. White was present in spirit on this occasion with an added pleasure in his heart, at being able to celebrate with his (the speaker's) old schoolmate, Luther Colby, and Isaac B. Rich (the members of the firm of which he had been when on earth so honored a head) the twentieth anniversary of the Banner of Light, the printed apostle of Spiritualism, for which they had unitedly and devotedly labored in the past. The speaker had attended the Lyceum meeting in the morning, and was eminently pleased with the exercises of the children; these little men and women were the heirs of the spiritual cause; they were to be the future adherents and porters of the Spiritual Philosophy, when those who now labored should pass on to their reward. How important, then, that that institution should be sustained, that when the hour of our departure came we might hear a voice proclaiming to the soul, All is well; the cause for which you have labored is bequeathed to hands which shall bear it onward to yet undreamed-of triumphs!

Hattie E. Wilson then recited, with effect, Miss Lizzie Doten's poem, "Great-Heart and Giant Despair," after which James B. Hatch, Conductor of the Children's Lyceum, took the platform. It gave him unalloyed satisfaction to see that, as the representative of the Boston school, his efforts to arrange for the celebration of the 29th Anniversary under its auspices had resulted in the grand success which characterized this and the previous sessions. He called attention to the claims of the Lyceum on the part of Spiritualists in this vicinity. It was the only organization, in a legal point of view, which Spiritualism now possessed in this part of the State. As long as he was Conductor of this school he should claim the privilege of celebrating the Anniversary day of the cause on its every recurrence, and hoped next year to equal, if not exceed, what had been accomplished at the present time. He gave notice of arrangements made for the Eighth Annual Camp-meeting of Spiritualists and Liberals, which was to be held at Highland Lake Grove, Norfolk, Mass., commencing on Friday, July 20th, and closing August 6th, under direction of Dr. A. H. Richardson and himself, and said that during its continuance a three-days' Convention would be held, one day of which would be devoted to the Lyceums of the country, and to a consideration of their vital interests; he had already been encouraged to expect representatives from the Cleveland and Philadelphia schools, and others at different points. He then called attention to the envelopes which had been scattered among the people for donations to the Lyceum exchequer, and hoped their silent appeal would meet a hearty response.

The envelopes were then collected, the orchestra beautifying the pleasing service with a selection. The chairman then called attention to the fact that the late Senator Douglas had said that Vermont was a good State to emigrate from; and at the present time he wished to bring up to the minds of the audience that triumvirate of female speakers who went forth from the Green Mountain State, in the early days of the movement, to work for its advancement in the world of thought. One of these speakers (Achsa W. Sprague) had gone to her spirit home, another was in the extreme southern part of the country, and the third, Mrs. Townsend, was present, and he hoped for a word from her.

Mrs. Townsend said, in preface, that to stand on a platform dedicated to free speech and to the earnest utterance of views born of deep thought, was to her an honor. It indeed gave her satisfaction to meet this numerous delegation of the friends of the cause on the important occasion which called them together; it was pleasant in-

deed to clasp hands again with her sister workers, Lizzie Doten, to greet the speakers on the platform, and to see the strong spirit of Dr. Gardner yet instinct with interest in the welfare of that truth for which he had so long labored. In view of the lessons of this hour, her heart was led to rejoice with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." To the awakened spiritual vision the workers present were not alone—those whose physical forms had long since mingled with the dust but whose warm hearts were beating in harmony with those yet left behind in the sphere of material activities, were present to add to the meeting the benison of their love. Achsa W. Sprague, that glorious spirit from Vermont, who stepped forth with her (the speaker) in the years gone by, to scatter blessings from the angels; Henry C. Wright, that old veteran of freedom, thought, and many others, were so her spiritual nature revealed to her, in attendance; and the very air seemed filled with mental and moral and spiritual power. When she listened to the full round voice of the Conductor of the Children's Lyceum, as he called the attention of the people to the worthy claims of that organization upon their support, she felt in her heart that he was filled with inspiration and power from the spiritual realm to perform an arduous and delicate yet most important service for the education of future workers for the angel-world.

How great the privilege of the little ones of to-day to enjoy the presence of the noble ones of the past! They were not to be angry God. They loved the Great Source of all Good. They trembled not at the picture of a quenchless hell, into which human souls were hurled to eternal and fiendish torture—that nightmare dream for them was swept from the schedule of being; death was not a monster to flee from, but an angel to welcome, since he brought, when his destined hour arrived, the key to a more radiant sphere of existence; they had escaped from the gloomy ideals which clouded the childhood of many now in the hall, and were gladdened with the knowledge that the angels had thrown wide open the heretofore ajar, and had brought life and immortality to light, teaching the continuity of the spirit-world with this, and the continued love and affection which fills the hearts of those who have gone on before—teaching that if they obeyed the great love of God planted within the heart (which was the law of life), they would truthfully fulfill life's every demand—teaching that darkness and trial, the inseparable concomitants of the earthly state, acting as they did as inspiring and uplifting agencies upon the soul, were but preludes of eternal joys! How thankful should we be to those who had shed such light upon the hitherto tangled labyrinth of human experience and theories, and pointed out that path to ultimate happiness and peace!

Henry C. Lull followed. Some years since he was within the fold of the church. The fact of being a Spiritualist, of having attained to a knowledge of immortal life, did not necessarily make an individual any better only as he applied it to his daily walk. To his mind Spiritualism involved the right to be good and the right to do good. The gaining of the information revealed by Spiritualism was only one step forward in the path of progression, and that step brought duties with it which must be performed if aught of benefit was to be hoped for in the present. He said that the Spiritualists had many classes of believers who were of different orders of development, and it was unjust to measure all by the standard afforded by one.

Mrs. Hope Whipple was next called upon, but declined to speak, after which the Chairman introduced Mrs. Britten to make the closing address of the evening.

REMARKS OF EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

After referring to the hands of the clock, whose position on the dial gave her a hint that her expressions must be brief, she said that ever since she came upon the platform there had been present to her inner vision a scene which occurred some nineteen years ago (and when she had been but six months in America), where she had been invited to assist in the celebration of the 10th Anniversary of the coming of Modern Spiritualism. The meeting took place at the house of Leah Fox, the eldest of the trio of the Rochester Mediums; on that evening Margaret Anne Fox, the mother of the three, was present, and on the other side of the table, three young women, but bearing the scars of martyrdom on their young faces. Herself a mere tyro at the time in the movement, beheld around her many of the notables of the city of New York, for the house of the sisters was crowded on the occasion, and in the audience could be mentioned such men as Judge J. W. Edmonds, Horace Greeley, Judge Talmadge, and others, many of whom had brought influence and wealth and power and professional standing, and had laid them cheerfully upon the altar of the great cause that had been then and there inaugurated. How wonderful than any uttered thought of that hour, were the sledge-hammer knocks which there resounded—knocks which first awoke the world to absolute certainty that there is no death! Up to that hour the history of Spiritualism had but one chapter, and that was the record of a continual struggle—a struggle in which those who upheld it had everything to lose and nothing to gain—with the opposing forces around, and the question arose among those present as to what was to be the future of the movement; and as nearly as the speaker could remember the words, the question was at once repeated to us, by the telegraphic messengers through the "raps": "There is no future for the Rochester knockings. It is the one mighty Present. As the universe is infinite—as time is swept up in eternity, so shall past and future be swept up in the mighty present that is now before you, for there is no more death!"

From that hour until the present, she was cast by the power that was upon her into the vortex of the movement, and after nineteen years of effort, after a career almost unparalleled—during which she traversed sea and land (—ay, and many lands,) she had come before the present audience, to give a transcript of the experiences which had been met with by Spiritualism and its adherents during the four periods into which she thought the history of the movement could be rightfully divided. The first seven years after its advent constituted a period of ceaseless warfare, of pitiless martyrdom for those who embraced the cause and labored for its diffusion in society. But that martyrdom which descended upon all who thus entered its ranks, she believed was necessary in order to rule out any tendency to the aggregation of irresponsible elements, and to lay the foundations of the movement in absolute certainty—to establish the prompt of spiritual communion beyond the shadow of question; so that not a step was taken in this period which was not, so to speak, nailed to the mast of the mighty ship of truth by the hammer of inexorable fact.

The next seven years was the period when she had the joy and gladness to become a recruit in the spiritual ranks. This was a time of trial to all embarked in the advocacy of the cause—of trial to all, and of death to many, for she had seen her companions in the work stricken down by her side, till with the exception of Miss Lizzie Doten and Mrs. Townsend, she seemed to be the last one left of that band of young girls who went forth at that early day to battle for Spiritualism. They had fallen on the field, the triumphant soldiers in one of the most trying and stupendous, yet gloriously victorious conflicts that ever was fought by women.

The third period of seven years was engulfed in the horrors of the great American war. Here the apostles of spirit return and communion played a part whose importance, as affecting the action of many high in authority in the nation, was all-comprehended by the general mass of the people—the mantle of power was thrown upon those who were obedient; men saw the issues as they were outwrought on earth, but the inspired vision of the spiritualists was not dimmed, and the plans therefor as they were laid down in the great council chambers of heaven.

But the end came, ushering in another cycle of seven years, a period strongly marked with many strange and repulsive features; we had seen much to awaken sorrow in the hearts of the well-wishers of the cause; and it seemed as if only those who could interiorly perceive the Captain of our Salvation standing at the helm of the noble ship of Spiritualism could take comfort at this hour.

She had seen, during the seven years to which she alluded, the followers of the movement clasp hands with the most fantastical ideas, the strangest externalities of the human mind, with imaginations, and frivolities, and follies, that made the angels weep. But she had again and again been warned that the power which instigated this mighty Exodus out of the land of error was guiding it on its march, and that there was a far deeper meaning than any yet perceived, in the disintegration which appeared among the ranks of its believers. Spiritualism was the day of judgment; it was proving and trying the world; it created nothing, but adapting itself to every condition, from the throne-room of monarchs to the hut of the peasant, it was bringing to the surface and weighing in the balance all the hidden things, the wrongs, the crimes, the errors that were existent in humanity, pointing out the true path of reform in these darkened conditions. Spiritualism was doing for the world what the religious systems should have accomplished during the last eighteen hundred years.

However sad might be the aspect to those who simply gazed upon the surface of the movement, she felt, as Miss Doten had suggested, a prophetic monition that out of the seedtime of the sturdy workers who had thus far devoted their lives to the cause—and might possibly have given out as much of service as they were capable of—would develop as a grand harvest a yet stronger and fresher movement to take their place, and lead the world to a broader victory; she saw with prophetic ken the places of the present tollers filled with the little ones of to-day, who would carry on the struggle, whose triumph we of the present hour, enfranchised from mortal tolls, might then view from the home of the spirit.

Spiritualism had never yet destroyed one good or useful thing; it was inscribing its name on every new book; it was liberalizing human thought in every direction; it was acting as the great motor before whose critical eye the plans of those hasty reformers who strove to impress upon the world their individual theories, were destined to pass in revisionary review. There was a spirit controlling the movement which its followers had not been ready enough to trust; they had heard the thunder and the whirlwind, but the time had come now for them to stand before that God who is a spirit and to recognize the still small voice—which was beyond and above all these elemental ebullitions—as it unfolded what should be done. In hours of depression she had heard that voice speaking to her as to Elijah, "What dost thou here?" and feeling that from a false source she came and to a spiritual ultimate she must go, she had been energized and strengthened to move forward.

At this closing moment of the services she would merely add her conviction that the Children's Lyceum and its brave conductor and its friends in and out of the form would be privileged to celebrate this anniversary not only for twenty-nine years but for ages to come, for the spirit was the Alpha and Omega; there was no past, no future for Spiritualism, for Spiritualism was the one great present of the universe.

Dr. H. F. Gardner said that in view of the lateness of the hour he would make no extended remarks, but he desired to state that twenty-seven years ago it was his privilege to be one of the pioneer circle instituted at Springfield, Mass., to investigate the claims of the Hydesville phenomena, and the examination of the manifestations given in presence of the Fox girls which he there commenced ended in his becoming a Spiritualist for all time. He had devoted to the defence of the cause whatever of talent nature had bestowed upon him, and while in the form he should still continue to work for its interests. And those who thought that when disembodied he would cease from his efforts would be disappointed, in that he would strive to do even more for that system of combined philosophy and phenomena which had accomplished so much for his mental enlightenment on the grand questions of "the life that now is and of that which is to come."

Mr. Hatch said that the subject of Spiritualism had found lodgment recently in St. John, N. B., in a wider degree than ever before, and that there were then in attendance some friends from that place, who had taken the opportunity of investigating for themselves concerning the claims of the movement, by a visit to Boston, and he bespoke for them a hearty welcome by all Spiritualists whom they might call upon during their tour of inquiry. He concluded by thanking all those who had aided him, either pecuniarily, by personal labor or in any other way, in bringing the celebration, now about to close, to such a successful issue.

The meeting then concluded with an invocation by Mrs. Townsend, in which earnest thanks were expressed for the gift of a knowledge of spiritual intercourse and for the assurance that each and all in mortal were being worked upon by the Spirit of Truth in the reviving of grander and nobler purposes; and the petition was offered that as those in attendance withdrew from a gathering where they had celebrated the anniversary of a revival fresh from the shore of spiritual life, they might go forth better fitted for aiding their fellows in the struggle of existence—for ministering unto those who were hungering for the bread of righteousness—and thus by right doing be drawn nearer and still nearer to the Infinite Spirit of Love!

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

ROCHESTER HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 holds its sessions every Sunday morning at this hall, 220 N. Broadway, commencing at 10 o'clock. The public cordially invited. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

NEW ERA HALL, 174 Tremont street.—Readings from Art Magie and discussions on Spiritual Science, conducted in an English evening at 8 o'clock. Under direction of Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten.

EAGLE HALL, 616 Washington street, corner of Essex.—That Circle every Sunday morning at 10½ A. M. Inspirational speaking at 2½ and 7½ P. M. Good mediums and speakers always present.

NASSAU HALL.—The Free Platform Society of Spiritualists hold a Free Circle, with good religious entertainments every Sunday, at 10½ A. M. Moss Hill speaks at 2½ and 7½ P. M.

PYTHIAN TEMPLE, 176 Tremont street.—The Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society will hold a "Test Circle" every Friday evening, commencing at 7 o'clock. Many prominent mediums have volunteered their services. Admission 25 cents. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT, Evening Star Hall.—Spiritual meetings are held in this hall every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

Rochester Hall.—The regular services of the Children's Progressive Lyceum were held in this hall Sunday morning, April 8th, the following being the programme of the literary portion of the meeting: Address to the children, by Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Cambridge; recitations by Misses Jennie Miller, Carrie Habercorn, Lizzie Giles, Emma Habercorn, Ernestine Eldridge, Mrs. Hattie Wilson and Master John Balch; song, Miss Nellie Thomas; piano duet, Mrs. Prince and daughter; duet, Mrs. Prince and Miss Florence Danforth. The closing number was an address by Mr. Chase, of Somerville.

WM. H. MANN, Sec'y.

Eagle Hall.—Mrs. Twing gave her farewell address at this place on the afternoon of Sunday, April 8th, her discourse being supplemented by remarks from Dr. H. B. Skorer, Mrs. Agnes Davis Hall and others. In the evening, Mrs. Twing gave many tests of a convincing character. The meetings during the day were uniformly well attended and interesting.

Joy v. Burns—Burns v. Joy.

We have been requested by "M. (Oxon)" who has kindly acted as mediator in the matter, to publish the following statements, which have also been transmitted to the editor of the Medium and Daybreak, London, England:

In pursuance of an arrangement agreed on between Mr. Burns, editor of the Medium and Daybreak in this country and myself, in connection with a mutual action for libel between us, I beg to make the following statement:

"I regret having said things in letters published in the Banner of Light of Boston, U. S. A., of January 22nd and February 22nd, 1877, reflecting on Mr. Burns's character and position as a public man in connection with Spiritualism, and I hereby withdraw them entirely.

(Signed) ALGERNON JOY.

In pursuance of an arrangement agreed on between Mr. Algernon Joy and myself, in connection with a mutual action for libel between us, I beg to make the following statement:

"I regret having said things in the 'Medium' of Dec. 8th, 1876, and Jan. 12th, 1877, reflecting on Mr. Joy's character, and I hereby withdraw them entirely.

(Signed) J. BURNS.

Verification of a Message from the Banner of Light Free-Circle.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

I am glad to be able to give you another verification of spirit messages. Dr. John A. Brown's message printed in the Banner Jan. 13th, 1877, is characteristic of the man. He was very extensively known in all the large cities between Boston and New Orleans about 1840, as a reformer in medicine and politics, and worker for humanity. He was not a drone, but always at work, as he says he is now. I think he had medical infirmities in four or five cities at the same time, and his celebrated root beer, that he first made for his patients, he sold in large quantities in Boston, Providence, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New Orleans. He would ride and sleep nights between these cities, and work days.

But all this work did not entirely occupy his fertile brain, for he found time and means to work for humanity in organizing a revolution in Rhode Island, called the Dorr War, or fight for free suffrage in that State, in opposition to a property qualification. Notwithstanding Gov. Dorr was elected by a majority of the people, the Law and Order party, so called, the government of Rhode Island drove him out of the State, and would have hung him by the neck till he was dead if they could have caught him. I sympathized with him (Dr. B.) in all his efforts in behalf of humanity, and bought his establishment in Providence, and carried on business there a number of years, till the government of Rhode Island granted him reform and allowed him to return. Mrs. Rudd informs me, on inquiry, that she never heard of this gentleman before, and did not know of his communication in the Banner until I drew her attention to it. There were three good tests for Boston people, which were given by Mrs. Rudd and published in the Banner of the 13th Jan. When will intelligent people, so called, use their common sense instead of their prejudices in looking at these matters?

B. FRANKLIN CLARK, M. D.

Charlestown, Mass. Jan. 20th, 1877.

Stoneham, Mass.

On Sunday evening, March 25th, Rev. E. B. Fairchild again lectured in the Town Hall to a highly interested audience, his subject on this occasion being "Objections to Spiritualism," which he handled in a very clear and thorough manner. Mr. Fairchild is one of the most earnest and efficient workers in God's great harvest field, as well as being one of the most brilliant lecturers in this vicinity.

Dr. W. L. Jack, of Haverhill, was also present on the above occasion, and after the lecture, gave several excellent tests to parties in the audience, all of which were recognized. He was further controlled to write three or four communications to private individuals, strangers, which were acknowledged to be very satisfactory. Dr. Jack, whenever he has visited this place, has not only made a host of friends by his kind and sympathetic nature, but he has demonstrated unusual gifts of mediumship, which are eagerly sought after by those who know the reliable character of the man.

Current Events.

BETWEEN CHILDREN AND WIFE.—When the Mississippi steamer Garland was burned recently, Capt. Nowland found it impossible to rescue his wife and two children, and was compelled to forsake either the former or the latter. He had no time to hesitate, for the vessel was already reaching the passengers. Capt. Nowland kissed his little children farewell, and, seizing his wife, plunged into the water. A deck hand, Billy Staples, witnessed the sad farewell, and, seeing both of the children in his strong arms, he sprang into the water, and carried them safely to the shore.

As we go to press the hope of peace in the East seems to have gone by. Turkey has snubbed Russia at all points, and the tread of armed men almost everywhere resounds throughout Europe. Germany with its war-worn and victorious veterans and matchless military skill, can rest contented without largely increasing its means of offence and defence; France is becoming a nation of soldiers; Russia, under the guise of peaceful professions, does everything it can to augment its warlike efficiency; Austria hovers around prospective battle-fields with armies "clad in iron"; and England, in a fidgety mood, divides its time between alternately scolding Turkey and Russia, and boasting of British prowess, as in days of yore. Thus we have the sum total of the fluctuating and diplomaticating of the most astute European negotiators, a growing preparation for war of the most ominous character to the peace of Europe.

On the morning of April 5th a fearful tragedy occurred in the office of Messrs. Jewett at 182 Front street, New York, white lead manufacturers, when a bombshell exploded, instantly killing G. W. Jewett, of Port Richmond, Staten Island, the head of the firm, and son of John Jewett, Orville D. Jewett, a relative, also a member of the firm, had his left hand shattered and suffered internal injuries. He was taken to the hospital, where he soon died. Joseph E. Dean, of Orange, had his knee-joint fractured, and suffered internal injuries.

Peace has not yet been concluded between Abyssinia and Egypt, but probably will be, because the King of Shoa has captured Gondar, and the Abyssinian army has in consequence been withdrawn from the Egyptian frontier. The projected treaty will cede no territory to Abyssinia, but will provide for a reduction of the Egyptian export duties.

Mexico having yielded to Diaz to gain time to breathe, is now reported as about to take up the cudgels again for Lerdo. A revolution is declared to be certain, and at no distant day.

"Union League Club," Philadelphia, Pa.,

April 7, 1877.

I see the question of Mr. J. J. Hartman's (the spirit-photographer) address is inquired about in the Banner. Should no one else clear up the difficulty, I would say that last October I found Mr. Hartman at 331 Vine street, Philadelphia. Last January I saw him at 180 Nassau street, New York, where he was to be found three days in the week, and at 230 Bowery, the other three days. The evening before I left New York (say 22nd March) Mr. Hartman called to see me at St. Denis Hotel. He told me that he had just moved his Broadway office to "Domestic Building," corner of Broadway and 14th street, but still retained his Bowery office at 230. Perhaps these repeated removals may account for the non-receipt of letters, as queried about. Yours truly, T. R. HAZARD.

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