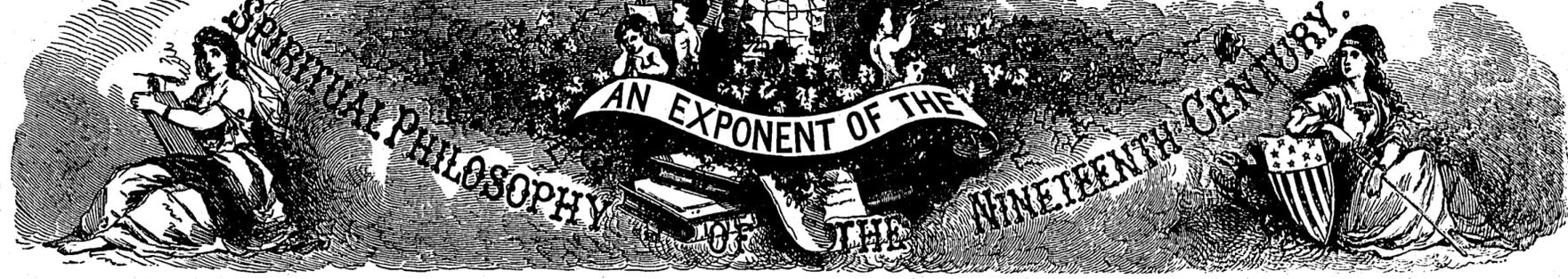


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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sult maps drawn faithfully by stranger hands, and you also read guide-books written by primitive pioneer travelers who have braved and shunned the dangers and enjoyed the beauty, sublimity, and goodness of the remote region which (now that the pathways are all cut and cleared for you) you heroically set forth to explore. Incalculably more natural and more honest is it that, not knowing anything absolutely essential concerning the splendid sublimities of infinity, you should consult the diagrams and read the guiding chapters hereby submitted to your serious investigation.

Chemists recently have enumerated sixty-eight elementary substances—meaning bodies which are simple, not containing anything beside themselves—not capable of either alteration or decomposition; such, for example, as the solids, called gold, iron, sulphur; the fluids, known as bromine, mercury, &c.; and the gases, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, &c. But with the development of scientific knowledge, is gradually being born the idea that there are a very few elementary substances—not less than two, nor more than five—out of which the stupendous system, with its infinite details, has been and is constructed. Thirty years ago the writer of these chapters was in a condition, intellectually and spiritually, to affirm that Fire, Heat, Light, and Electricity, (see Nat. Div. Rev. Part II.) were and are the essentials from which the universe, as it now is, was unfolded from least to the greatest. "Fire" being the name for both a condition and an effect; so, also, of the other three successive terms. Electricity was evolved from Light; light from Heat; heat from the central, primordial condition, Fire. If the language of scientists would better meet the popular necessity, I would affirm that Matter and Motion, or Substance and Force, are the eternal twin principles at the origin and foundation of the universal whole. The primitive or lowest form of motion is angular; hence, as the first legitimate effect, Fire; the next advancement in the form of the motion, ascending out of the angular, evolved Heat; when the perfect circular motion was developed, then Light flowed throughout infinity; the next step in the progression of motion unfolded the spiral, and forthwith, as from an inconceivable vortex of substance and force, a boundless ocean of Electricity overwhelmingly floods and enchains the systems of Immensity.

of the globe. The simultaneous and incessant rush of terrestrially evolved electricity to this great north spiral centre, results in the instant formation of a never-ceasing self-illuminating vortex. The luminous lightnings evolved by this great battery, and from the inconceivably rapid motion of the collected electric storms within the polar vortex, make those wondrous manifestations known as the aurora borealis, which especially characterize the northern hemisphere.

Immediately on its arrival at the north helix, electricity is instantaneously transformed into a more refined form of motional and motive force, which I have been deeply impressed should be called "Etherium"; but for all ordinary purposes it may be very properly denominated *celestial magnetism*.

This wondrous elemental evolution from the electric coil is a substance as warm as a breath of

the vital forces, generated in and by the nerve-centres of the heart and brain and lungs in man's body, are compelled to accomplish in sustaining the involuntary motions of these organs by which they are energized with streams and rivers of life and animation, not to speak of the elements of the future spiritual body which those same organs and forces are constantly attracting, evolving, and refining.

But you must not, because of all this overwhelming newness and beauty in the organization of Father God and Mother Nature, lose your mental sight of the subject just now so interesting—namely: the formation at the same moment, and in all seasons, and on all sides of the earth, of the great streams of electricity which speed, with a thought's celerity, into the spiral electric helix at the great north centre; whereby is generated and evolved a flood of magnetism, which is positive and warm to the negative and

The Reviewer.
Religion and Materialism—Materialism and Theology.
By James Martineau, LL.D., London (England). G. P. Putnam & Sons, New York.
 To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
 The author of these two choice little books is a learned, eminent and liberal Unitarian clergyman in London, a brother of the late Harriet Martineau. The first is an address delivered at Manchester New College, London, in October, 1874; the last comprises two articles from the Contemporary Review (London), being a continuation of the argument of the address. The fact that John Tyndall felt the power and importance of this address enough to make two efforts to criticize it, and that the articles from the Contemporary Review are, in part, replies to Tyndall's criticisms, gives especial value and interest to these works—representing a statement of the potency of spiritual force, intelligence and design, ruling in and through the world of matter, as against Tyndall's "potency of matter"—of Spiritualism against materialism.

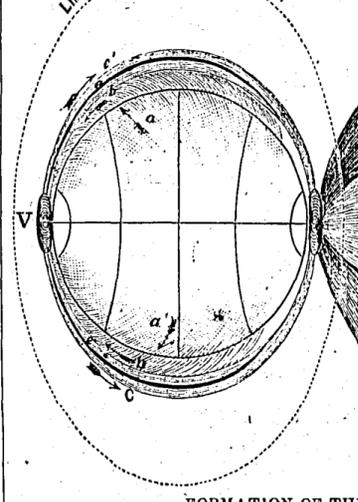
VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME. A SEQUEL TO A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER-LAND. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. CHAPTER II.

"We'd sail across thy silver seas,
 We'd hear thy streams and murmuring trees,
 We'd feel thy gentle, fragrant breeze,
 Summer-Land, sweet Summer-Land!"
 (Song by Love M. Willis.)

In this communication it is purposed to treat plainly a subject full of celestial effulgence and overflowing with harmonious beauty, which has been quite briefly alluded to on p. 38, "Death and the After-Life"; in "Stellar Key," p. 157; also in the "Great Harmonia," Vol. V., p. 414, et seq., viz: Concerning the streams and rivers of Immensity.

No science of chemistry, no theory of electricity, no philosophy of geological development, no system of meteorology, no explanation of planetary revolution and harmony, can be even approximately complete without some definite and practical knowledge concerning these invisible, yet substantial elemental circulations which exist and labor in the vast upper spaces.

In my own way I have several times observed that, from each of the earths in our system, great electrical and magnetic rivers flow out and in, to and fro, like a ceaseless tide; on the soft, golden bosom of which all death-emanated men, women and children float into their celestial home; and by means of which they and all other voyagers may, and do, return again and again, personally or by representation, or by telegraphic contact, or by cerebral and mental impressment. And I have also observed (and most of my present statements and facts are of recent date), that the flowings and ebblings of these elemental Gulf Streams—those Amazonian rivers, which sweep through the upper atmospheres and onward far away among the interstellar spaces—correspond, in a general way, to the forward and backward movements of the blood, which floats upon currents yet more vital, from its governmental centre, the heart, to the finest and most remote points, the outermost of the human body. Let this perfect analogy, based upon a fact inseparable from your daily life, impress itself distinctly upon your mind. As the crimson fluid of your heart, which is both positive (arterial) and negative (venous), and which with corresponding reciprocations pulsates to and fro, in and out, throughout the arteries and veins of the human body; so, and upon like principles of motion and with similar functions, the magnetic and electrical streams of the upper regions start from geo-centres (earth's) and from helio-centres (sun's) and flow with every conceivable form of beauty through the heavenly atmospheric fields. The directions of these streams are as various as are the radial lines from a globe, and in numbers they are strictly countless. These great living currents promote the refinements and assimilations of atoms among the organs (globes) of the infinite body of God. They form and flow forth between all the solar centres and the inhabited globes in space; and thence they stream onward and inward into the next great sphere of human existence, which we now call the Summerland.



FORMATION OF THE MAGNETIC RIVERS.

Your attention is now asked to a brief consideration of this transcendent fact, which is one of the greatest wonders of the starry universe, which no astronomer has yet seen, because it belongs to the so-called invisible ocean of imponderables—a fact, hidden in the physical constitution of Nature, which no investigator can afford either to neglect or underestimate. For are not all men pilgrims? Are they not stopping on earth over night as at a way-side inn—their home not being the house they for the season occupy? Nor can any man among you afford to underestimate or ridicule your fellow pilgrims. In your scholastic pride, in your majestic assurance as fact-adoring scientists, you can neither afford to bandage your eyes nor to stuff your ears to spiritual facts; nor can you afford to be absorbed by nor affectedly satisfied with your own special theories, cogitations, and discoveries; because you have already acquired sufficient culture, and because you possess enough limited knowledge, to impress your judgment with the boundlessness of your ignorance concerning things and principles which animate and govern the surrounding universe of matter and mind. In visiting a country for the first time you con-

Let us now confine our observations and reflections to our own planet; the round earth beneath our feet, with its atmospheric envelopment over our heads. Minerals constitute the body of our globe; vegetation succeeds and crowns the mineral compounds; animals succeed the vegetable empire; and the human world, mankind, succeeds and covers all, and is the proprietor of all predecessors—minerals, vegetables, animals. This truth is not only clearly demonstrated by the actual manifestations of nature, but it is as easy of comprehension as the simplest proposition in arithmetic.

The earth is an immense chemical laboratory. The four or the sixty-four elementary bodies—solids, fluids, gases, &c.—are in its constitution, and the indwelling laws of development are everywhere the same; therefore, whatever can occur in our Sun, in Arcturus, in any helio-centre in space, can be and is repeated, on a scale more or less limited and perfect, under our very feet, over our heads, before and within our very eyes, day by day and hour by hour.

Electricity is the name of one of our omnipresent servants. But his relatives are numerous, some obscure, all honest, and they have traveled all over the world, with various names and aliases—Galvanism, Voltism, Electro-Magnetism, Electro-Dynamics, Lightning, &c. Mankind have known something about electricity ever since the Arabians and the Greeks evolved it by means of silken ribbons or frictionized amber. Hence it is no stranger, it is accepted as a fact; but its origin is yet entombed in mystery. Franklin invited it from the clouds, and his successors have evolved it from their chemical compounds and improved batteries; but its true cause and fountain source are yet unknown to men of science. It is, however, well enough known that electricity may be and often is developed by mechanical action; also by rapid changes in temperatures; by the disengagement of confined gases; by the chemical activity, and by the vernal and autumnal transformations of the leaves of plants and trees; by the decomposition of animal or vegetable bodies; by changes in the atmosphere; by warm spring rains and by cold wind and snow storms; by rapid condensation and evaporation; and by the sudden compression and discharge of oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, and magnetism.

The earth is literally a perpetual motion; it is really a revolving electrical machine; it is practically an immense magnetic battery. From its vast mineral mountains beneath the sea—from its great beds of iron, copper, zinc, silver, antimony, potassium, bismuth, platinum, gold, tin—an unceasing rain, sometimes a terrific storm, of electricity ascends like the breathings of lightning into the atmosphere. It is an incessant electrical storm, literally speaking; and the great enveloping volume of atmosphere is its receiving and distributing reservoir.

The motion of electricity, as before said, is spiral; in this connection I mean the electricity of space. With a swiftness beyond imagination, it streams in great ribbons, and winds itself upon its own natural spool at the north. The north magnetic pole of our earth, you will remember, is not the same in location as its axis of revolution. The north-centre is an immense helix, an atmospherically coiled receptacle, for the multitudinous electrical currents arising from all parts

August; and this, too, at the extreme north, where the light and heat of the sun do not exert any great influence. Mountains of ice and a continent of snow surround this warm, vivifying, magnetical centre! In certain years and centuries birds and vegetation, also a few animals, come up and subsist for a time beneath this boreal magnetic sun; but, in other seasons and centuries when the north helix is vitally changed by solar and atmospheric causes, the warmth and radiance become suddenly too diminished to invite or sustain life either vegetable or organic. It is unnecessary that I should refer to geological discoveries, or to the testimony of Arctic explorers, to confirm the declarations herein made. Neither is it necessary to remind mankind of the polar phenomena—those tremulous lights and changeful colors which are frequently seen at night in our northern sky. But there are other evidences to which your attention may be attracted in future chapters.

At this point, and before direct explanatory reference is made to the diagram, No. 2, you might do well to glance at it and study it for a moment, or until its outline import makes a mark upon your imagination. ("Imagination!" you exclaim, "ah, yes—that is the unreliable faculty which must be appealed to by the writer." My reply is, "If you really wish to learn what I mean by 'imagination,' read the true explanations of this inward power in either the *Pensylvanica* or the *Fountain*." From this digression we pass on to the subject under consideration.)

The incessant formation of countless streams or ribbon-like rivers of electricity in the air, and from three to ten miles above the heads of mankind all over the round world, is in itself a scientific wonder, and is the cause of "more things (sights and signs) in heaven and earth" than is written down in any philosopher's volume. It is an invisible, natural fact at the basis of all atmospheric motion; it causes all electric variation; and explains the dipping and fluttering freaks of the magnetic needle. It is the primal cause of climatic alterations in the far upper strata of the atmosphere; the cause of the formation of banks of auroral vapor, and of certain boreal clouds of unrivalled brightness and beauty; the cause, in a word, of almost all the remarkable auroral and boreal splendors—the magnificent waves of prismatic light in the North, in the Eastern horizon, and sometimes brilliantly centering and unfolding like a blossomed rose at the zenith; the cause of flashes of blood-red flames in the sky, or of undulations of various colors at prodigious altitudes, forming a corona of orange, green, blue, purple, terminating in a centre which seems to rotate like a wheel; the cause of the fearful development of floods of light resulting from the flight and ignition and sudden precipitation of cosmic atoms a few miles above the earth's surface, which flight occurs in a method somewhat periodical; the cause, in connection with the voluminous streams of terrestrial magnetism, of a certain proportion of the motion of the tides, of the alterations of the zones and of changes in inhabitable regions; and finally, and most remarkable of all, these mighty streams and rivers of electricity and magnetism, which are evolved from the inexhaustible fountains of the globe, have as much to accomplish in promoting and maintaining the rotation of the globe itself, regulated by the universal law of compensation or equivalents, as

colored volumes of electricity; which positive golden Amazonian river, like a warm Gulf-Stream tending toward regions far, far among the stars, first rises high in the air, and, flowing above the South-pole, pulsates onward and outward and upward and inward, until it breaks like a note of immortal melody upon the welcoming shores of the Summer-Land.

The accompanying diagram, although imperfect in giving relative proportions, is nevertheless a fair outline representation of the formation, emanation, and counterflowings of the chemical and electrical atoms which are popularly known as the forms of a motion. These eliminated and ascending particles are indicated by *a a*; which atoms (some of which have a cosmic destiny) are, as before said, incessantly evolved from the earth's chemical laboratories—rising, like unparticled rain or universal perspiration, from every pore of the earth's body, to a height differing from three to ten miles; here forming a northward flowing stream, *b*, which proceeds to the great polar swirling whirlpool or electrical vortex, *V*; from thence, having been reorganized and attenuated, they disappear in a great belt of celestial magnetism, which perfectly surrounds and engirdles the earth like an elastic ribbon—a beautiful, warm, current river, which streams rhythmically like an epic into the vast infinity. This might be called "the celestial highway"—leaving the earth and all entanglement with its axial revolutions at the central point of the exceedingly rarefied atmosphere, which forms an egressive opening at and beyond the South-pole—blending with itself in the bosom of space, augmenting its energy more and more by inherent attributes and from the incidental contributions of force; and thus wholly freed from the attractions of earth, and responding to the gravitational invitations of an interior universe, this royal road of surging elements continues its inconceivably swift flight onward and inward to the beautiful shores of our Heavenly Home.

N. B.—Additional explanations of the diagram, with important reflections, will appear in the next chapter.
 [To be Continued.]

Heal Thyself.
 Now that the people are waking to a sense of the great wrong that has been perpetrated upon them by the medical conspiracy that has been entered into to rob them of their right to choose their own physician, says the San José Mercury, it becomes necessary for all to learn how to treat themselves, as far as they can safely do so. It is a well known fact that women, from their finer and more complicated organism, are greater sufferers from disease than are the more rugged sex. For all forms of disease known as female weaknesses, we are assured by an old lady who has had almost a half century's experience as a nurse, there is an infallible remedy in the use of the following preparation: Take peach pits, say a quart bottle full, fill up with good Holland gin or Jamaica rum, take a half wine glass three times a day. If found too strong, dilute with water. The lady referred to has cured not less than five hundred cases with this remedy. It is not only harmless, but a sure cure for all diseases of the womb resulting from weakness. It costs but little to try it.

It was Goethe, equally laborious and illustrious, who gave a hint to all journalists and writers especially, in the following: "Strive constantly to concentrate yourself; never dissipate your powers. Incessant activity, of whatever kind, leads finally to bankruptcy."

Mr. Martineau is not an upholder of creeds and dogmas, but holds "that a preacher, instead of being the organ of a given theology, should himself, by the natural influence of mental superiority, pass to the front and take the lead in a regulated growth of opinion." At the opening of the second book he sums up the grounds taken in his address as follows: "That the universe which includes us and folds us round is the life-dwelling of an Eternal Mind; that the world of our abode is the scene of a moral government, ineffectual but not yet complete; and that the upper zones of human affection, above the clouds of self and passion, take us into the sphere of a Divine communion." As specimens of his keen way of meeting Tyndall's criticism I quote a few paragraphs: "Tyndall says, 'Matter I define as that mysterious thing by which all this has been accomplished,' i. e., the whole series of phenomena, from the evaporation of water to self-conscious life of man. Need I say that such a proposition is no definition, and dispenses with all proof, being simply an *oracle* tautologically declaring the very position in dispute, that matter carries in it 'the promise and potency of all terrestrial life?' The whole group of descriptive illustration which lead up to this innocent dictum are only an expression of the same *petitio principii*; they simply say over and over again, the force immanent in matter is matter—they are identical. . . . This is not a process of reasoning, but an act of will—a decretal enveloped in a scientific nimbus. Nothing can be less relevant than to show (and nothing else is attempted) that the forces of heat, of attraction, of life, of consciousness, are attached to material media and organisms, which they move and weave and animate; this is questioned by no one. In the sense of being immanent in matter, and manifesting themselves by its movements, they are material forces, but not in the sense of being derivable from the essential properties in matter, qua matter. And this is the only sense in which philosophies divide and reasoning is possible." Surely this is a courteous, yet clear and strong way of saying, "Mr. Tyndall, you do not state and prove, you only assert, and that not clearly." He asks, "If I am to see a ruling power in the world, is it folly to prefer a man-like to a brute-like power? a seeing to a blind?" The similitude to men means no more and goes no further than the supremacy of intellectual insight and moral ends over every inferior alternative; and how it can be contemptible and childish to derive everything from the highest known order of power, rather than the lowest, to converse with nature as an embodied thought instead of taking it as a dynamic engine, it is difficult to understand." Admirably stated is this!

The spiritual idea, which recognizes the indwelling supremacy of the Soul of Things, of God, sees "Nature as embodied 'Thought';" the material idea toward which "potency of matter" leads, takes Nature "as a dynamic engine." Give us the "embodied thought," and high spiritual culture is possible. Mr. Martineau's showing of the absurdity of deriving the higher from the lower, mind from matter, is very fine, as is much else we omit. Between James Martineau, who writes as a religious teacher, and Epes Sargent, who writes as a believer in spirit-intercourse as well as a Spiritual Philosopher, in his masterly tract, "Does Matter do It All?" addressed to Tyndall, "the potency of matter" and its eminent but unfortunate propounder far hard. I give a sentence of Martineau on the religious aspect of this subject: "Look at the sacred poetry and recorded devotion of Christendom; how many lines of it would have any meaning left, if the conditions of conscious relationship and immediate converse between the human and the Divine Mind were withdrawn? And wherever the sense of these conditions has been effebled, through superficial 'rationalism,' or ethical self-confidence, 'religious sterility' has followed. To its inner essence, thus tested by positive and negative experience, religion will remain constant. . . . still speaking in the same simple tones, and breathing the old affections of personal love and trust and aspiration." These works should be read, and pondered widely, especially read by thoughtful Spiritualists, who would be grounded on a spiritual, and not a material philosophy, and recognize the Soul of Things as the true potency in matter. Well says Bartol of Boston, "Without the Infinite Spirit no finite spirits are possible"—a "saying worthy of all acceptance."—G. B. STEBBINS.

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The attention of the reading public is respectfully called to the large supply of spiritual, reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we keep on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass. We are also prepared to fill orders for such books, pamphlets, etc., as have appeared by name in the catalogue of works for sale offered by Andrew Jackson Davis, and hope to hear from the friends in all parts of the world. We will also forward any of the publications of the Book Trade Association.

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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's edition of the Banner.

NOTICE.
In order to insure the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our correspondents are requested to express their opinions freely, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance.

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

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.

Mr. Murray on Resurrection.

In a very recent sermon on this always interesting theme at Music Hall, Mr. Murray observed, to begin with, that "the world at last is so intelligent that mere assertion cannot be tolerated." On the subject of the resurrection he said he was at present engaged in "forming views." The first and prime fact he submitted was, that "spirits have bodies." He added that the extent to which ghostly and other superstitions are extant in the Church, is a source of both pain and astonishment. He insisted that both the Old and the New Testament teach fully that "the unseen world is peopled with embodied beings." Said Mr. Murray—"Not only have men actually risen from this earth into the invisible world clothed upon with their actual bodies, but heaven has more than once opened its gates, and through the beaming portals and the spaces intervening betwixt the gates and the earth embodied beings have descended—beings with form, with structure, with frames, with solid proportions, recognizable to human senses of eye and ear and touch."

He charged that the Bible was either "violently finctured with myths, or else the beings around God inhabit frames, dwell in organized structures, and move hither and yon with the motive powers begotten of bodily machinery." And again he says—"Heaven is made up of many worlds, and not of one world. This earth was one of the heavenly worlds before sin entered it, and will become one of the heavenly worlds again when sin is driven out." Then he launched forth in an apologetic and accusatory strain, to show that he was Murray and not a Spiritualist. "In speculation concerning these things," he said, "I never indulge. I am not read in the fanciful literature of the subject. I am not even read as regards the views of some who are accepted by many Christians as authority. I am not sure that I ever read a page of Swedenborg's writings in my life, and I am quite sure that I never read a page of any of the modern theories touching the spiritual life. I am not acquainted with a single so-called Spiritualist. I have never conversed with them, nor attended their convocations."

Now this may sound very smart, as Mr. Murray doubtless intended. It was meant for a stripping of himself from all affiliation with what has been and is still being revealed, so that he might stand forth as Murray alone. It is no new dodge, that of borrowing the knowledge of others to set up with alone. Mr. Murray need not think he is going to make another Swedenborg of himself by simply waving Swedenborg aside while appropriating his discoveries in spirit-life? Mr. Murray would clearly have his hearers and readers believe that he has never read the Banner of Light—that, in fact, he never saw it. Will he even presume to say categorically that this is a fact? And we couple with this challenge of his statement that other assertion of his that he never saw or read any of the other numerous publications which form the current exposition of the spiritual faith and philosophy. We challenge him to make conscientious and true answer, whether he has not drawn many of his thoughts from the literature of Modern Spiritualism.

We further ask Mr. Murray to deny specifically that he is acquainted with a single Spiritualist. Does he not know very well that his congregation is sprinkled thickly with Spiritualists? Does he not know personally many Spiritualists whom we could name? We ask him plainly if he did not, only a few years since, entertain very different views on the resurrection than those he now preaches? views such as old Orthodox clings to, and will continue to cling to till Orthodoxy will have to give them up because it can no longer get a living by them? What has brought him to such a marked change of views on this subject? Was it his own "reflection" alone, unaided and original? or was it the natural result of reading modern spiritual literature, which teaches that the spirit is the only substantial, the only incorruptible body, and that resurrection is but its separation from the corruptible body at death? We might easily prolong this list of questions to Mr. Murray, but if he will answer these first we will give him time to prepare for the rest.

A correspondent writes: "I feel sure that it is a fact patent to your many thousand readers that your paper is invaluable, who, like myself, are unable to find words to express their feeling."

A Venerable Church—Witchcraft and Spiritualism.

The installation of the Rev. Fielder Israel as pastor of the First Congregational Society in Salem, took place on the 8th of March. This Society was originally organized August 6th, 1629. The following is a list of its pastors from that time:

Francis Higginson, 1629-1630. Samuel Skelton, 1631-1634. Roger Williams, 1631-1635. Hugh Peters, 1636-1641. Edward Norris, 1640-1658. John Higginson, 1660-1708. Nicholas Noyes, 1683-1717. George Curwin, 1714-1717. Samuel Fiske, 1718-1735. John Sparhawk, 1736-1755. Thomas Barnard, 1755-1776. Asa Dunbar, 1772-1779. John Prince, 1779-1836. Charles W. Upham, 1821-1844. Thomas T. Stone, 1846-1852. George W. Briggs, 1853-1867. James T. Hewes, 1868-1875.

Roger Williams (of Rhode Island memory) was for four years a pastor of this church, and then withdrew on account of the dissatisfaction arising concerning his liberal views. The First Church of Boston would have wished to have him for their pastor, but again he refused to accommodate his views to those of the prospective parish, and so they could not come to terms.

Hugh Peters was pastor of this church in Salem for five years; he is known to history as the famous chaplain of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of England, under the Commonwealth.

Charles W. Upham (1844), another pastor of this church, is known to literature, especially through his work, "Salem Village," in its connection with witchcraft. Salem Village (Danvers) was a sort of outpost of this First Church of Salem, so that Mr. Upham was really the pastor of the church first affected by the witchcraft excitement (about which he wrote so entertainingly) in those early days. He takes the ground [which, however, many now in community are convinced to be a fallacious one] that all these eminent scholars and students were deluded by a few little girls and a black woman, who was possibly part Indian, as to her extraction.

A great many letters were received in reply to invitations to be present, some of which were read at Hamilton Hall. Among these letters was the following, from Rev. William Mountford (formerly an English clergyman), in which, it will be seen, he has some timely and excellent remarks on the subject of witchcraft and Spiritualism:

BEACON HILL PLACE, March 3d, 1877.
My Dear Sir—I have received your invitation to be present at the collation and the religious services which are to attend the installation of the Rev. Fielder Israel as pastor of the First Congregational Society in Salem.

As an Englishman, not without Puritan connection, I was even, as a youth, interested in Salem, as having been founded by Puritans. And there are other reasons, as perhaps you may know, for my being specially interested in Salem and in Essex County.

Plymouth, Salem and Boston, as colonies, were closely connected with Puritans, and there were time, a long while ago, when the name of Salem was more familiar in Europe than that of either Boston or Plymouth. But then it was in connection with the word "witchcraft." I think that the subject of Salem witchcraft has got to be reconsidered; and I am very sure that there will be a new verdict upon it, which will largely relieve of obloquy the names of magistrates and clergymen connected with it; while yet, alas! it will make still more sad and ever memorial as to the poor victims. The thing called Salem witchcraft was not "a delusion," whether or not it was the same thing as what the Puritans understood Moses as having denounced in the Pentateuch.

The hapless, ancient people of Salem! psychological causes were operative on them and among them, which they did not know of; and of which, if they had been told, they would have had no understanding; and also causes, religiously, were affecting them, which they might well have credited as to reality, indeed, but not so readily as to intensity. They were descendants of people in England, who had believed themselves to be struggling against spiritual wickedness in high places, a something worse than the tyranny of bad men in office; and then, too, they were dwelling in a wilderness, and there were, were inclined not only to believe in the existence of the devil, but to believe in him as being blacker than even he could be painted. They believed, also, almost absolutely, that what was not manifestly divine was certainly devilish.

As to the mysteriousness of human nature, and its mysterious connection with a world of mysteries, they were, in their age, more ignorant than they would have been in ours. Those earnest, God-loving, God-fearing people! At this day they would have recognized in the phenomena of what is called Spiritualism, the explanation of what was the terror, and they, good people, would not have been any the less plain or chaste or honest, because simply of their having been a little more intelligent. Spiritualism, as it is called, is neither good nor bad because simply of its being both. For the wise it is more wisdom, and for persons whom St. Paul would have called "silly," it is destruction. For me, Spiritualism is only a widened area as to soul-experience, for better or worse, just as a student may be the better or the worse for knowing, through church history, of Pope Leo the Tenth, or of Martin Luther, or of the Anabaptists of Munster; because "to the pure all things are pure."

As to what was called witchcraft, the good people of Salem, who got betrayed so fearfully because of their theology, were no worse as to the intellectual system of the universe, than are men now who laugh at them, because of what they call science. For science is just as liable to become purblind as theology is to show itself credulous, and I think that it was a better, a more salutary thing, to have been mistaken along with the religionists of Salem, in its early days, than it would be now to affiliate with people who deny that there is any room for the freedom of the Godhead, because of its laws, and who cannot believe in the possibility of a spiritual world, because chemistry cannot test it.

Perhaps I should not have written at this length, but that I remember so vividly my feelings when Judge White—dear, good old man—showed me, in his library, an original manuscript connected with the prosecution of some poor witch, and I think that it was the warrant for her execution.

I am obliged to you for the invitation, which has been forwarded to me, on behalf of the First Church, and perhaps I may have answered with thought not inappropriate, at this time, for the occasion which you propose to celebrate.

I am yours truly,
WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.
To S. B. Buttrick, deacon of the First Church in Salem.

Mrs. Burnham's Lectures.

This popular and talented inspirational speaker, whose engagement with the First Spiritualist Society closed the 25th ult., says the Lowell Vox Populi of April 7th, was, at the earnest solicitation of many, prevailed upon to occupy the rostrum one more Sunday, and consequently on last Sabbath afternoon and evening large and appreciative audiences gathered in Reed's Hall to listen to her. She spoke in her accustomed eloquent manner, supplementing her remarks, as usual, with spirit tests. The services were interspersed with appropriate selections by the choir. On the 28th ult., Mrs. B. delivered a discourse at South Chelmsford, to a crowded house. Her lectures here have created great interest in Spiritualism, and when she comes again, as she probably will ere long, her many friends will warmly welcome her.

Church Property.

The long and short of it is, if we want to keep Church and State forever apart, the State must not begin to coquet with the Church by offering to exempt its property from taxation. By-and-by it will come to that pass where the Church will patronizingly offer to confer some benefit in return. Clearly the idea with which people set out in relation to taxing churches was this: that they were self-sustaining organizations in the interest of public morality, and that the cause of the latter might be obstructed by any attempt to burden the churches with a tax. They had no money to speak of in those days, and such a thing as a rich, property-holding church was in nobody's head. But time passed on, and the churches grew numerous, rich and powerful; and it is not to be denied that they make themselves potentially felt in politics. Look at the salaries of the ministers, pitifully low as we admit they average. A three thousand dollar salary was the largest ever heard of fifty years ago; now they come up to ten, fifteen and twenty thousand dollars, and Mr. Beecher was voted, for a single year, one hundred thousand dollars.

Look again at the vast amounts of property which the Churches control, the Catholic Church notably. It is by its money-power that the latter reckons on accomplishing great things in this country in the future. There is nothing that so completely dazes the American mind on all subjects as money. The Catholic sees the lever, and how long and powerful it is, and quietly acts accordingly. Trinity Church (Episcopal) in New York is estimated to control fully twenty-five millions of dollars' worth of property in that city. The Dutch Reformed Church likewise owns its millions. Of course these immense holdings are not for the promotion of public morality, but mean simply power, like the possessions of other corporations and of individuals. As the nation grows richer and great it will surely have to attend to this matter, if it would not see it pass beyond its final control. Taxation in a Republic should be equal and a secular affair.

Onset Bay Grove Association.

We understand that this new enterprise, projected and carried forward in the interests of Spiritualism, bids fair to be a permanent and substantial success. All the preliminary steps have been carefully taken (as we stated in our last number), the land purchased, a joint stock company formed, a special charter obtained from the Legislature, and on the 11th inst., at the first legal meeting of the subscribers to the capital stock, the following officers were elected, who constitute the Board of Directors: H. S. Williams, of Boston, President; George Hosmer, of Boston, Vice President; H. B. Storer, of Boston, Clerk; Walter W. Currier, of Haverhill, Treasurer; Benjamin F. Gibbs, of Wareham; William F. Nye, of New Bedford; Dr. H. H. Brigham, of Fitchburg; John H. Smith, of Springfield; E. Gerry Brown, of Boston, Directors. The stock has all been taken and the cash paid in full. During the winter the roads have been opened and the grounds cleared, so that the building of cottages by several of the stockholders will begin in a few weeks.

Early in May, probably the first week, the stockholders, and as many of their friends and the public as desire to secure lots for present or future occupancy, will visit the new grove at Onset Bay. Particulars concerning this excursion will be given in a future number of the Banner. The Association propose to furnish all who wish to go on that occasion with tickets for the round trip at \$1.00 each. We understand that in all probability a camp-meeting will be held there the present season. As soon as arrangements are completed due notice will be given.

A note in reference to the above enterprise from Dr. H. B. Storer, one of the officers of the corporation, says: "We congratulate the Spiritualists of New England, and all who from year to year 'come down to salt,' as the old folks used to term visiting the seashore, upon the opportunity afforded them of enjoying all the pleasures of boating, bathing and fishing, and the invigorating influences of sea air and delightful scenery in one of the most beautiful locations upon the coast, and among congenial associates."

There have arisen above the night of time, and at last gone out into their appointed places in that sphere of spiritual life, stars, that like shining lights have shown the path which men will follow by-and-by. They have risen pale, and from earthly pain and the night-time of suffering, but luminous in their souls. They have risen voiceless—perhaps with no divine song to do them justice on the lower earth, but a song sung by angels and seraphs when they have entered the abode of love and wisdom. They have risen from many a martyr pyre and many a hall of inquisition; they have risen from many an altar of self-immolation upon earth, unrecognized and unknown. But because they were wise and loved humanity, they went out unknown, until, in after years, men, in looking back, said, "Behold, what a planet rose and set." No one knew that it was there, save by the pathway of light left behind.—Corin L. V. Richmond.

The Pennsylvania Peace Society recently held a meeting at Philadelphia, in which Mr. Love, the president—whose whole soul is in the good work—argued that it was not only wrong but criminal to introduce military instruction into either public or private schools. He said that the constant drill of the boys in military tactics had the effect of encouraging the war spirit in their young minds so as to create a desire to try their powers when they became older, without reference to the moral questions that might be involved in international controversies, and he instanced the warlike attitude of England to-day, upon the Eastern question, as being largely influenced by the anxiety of her educated classes to try the material in war that had been held in abeyance during years of peace.

An article on "Mrs. Boothby's Séances," from the pen of our valued correspondent John S. Adams, will appear in the next issue of the Banner. It was sent to the printer some time ago, but as the answer came back, "Columns all full," it had to lay over. Does this explanation satisfy you, John?

J. H. Rhodes, M. D., has removed his office to No. 259 North 9th street, Philadelphia, Pa., where he will continue to keep the Banner of Light on sale, and a choice assortment of Spiritualist and Liberal Books and Pamphlets also.

Was it Transfiguration, or Materialization?

Several reliable Spiritualists residing in Salem, whose names we have, attest in the following communication to the genuineness of the physical mediumship of the party alluded to as follows:

During Mrs. R. I. Hull's stay in Salem, Mass., we had the pleasure of attending three séances given to a few friends privately, and without remuneration. On returning home from the second séance, while in conversation regarding the phenomena we had witnessed, a gentleman remarked he had noticed that every spirit who appeared at the aperture was of the same height, the upper part of the face being on a level with the picture-frames hanging each side of the curtain. A discussion followed as to whether Mrs. Hull was not a medium for transfiguration, rather than materialization; but we agreed not to make known what we had observed, but to test the matter further.

At the next séance the first spirit that came represented a young girl not more than fifteen years of age, palpably not as tall as Mrs. Hull, and who glided out from the curtain like a fairy sprite, clad in the simplest robe that could be devised. Mr. Hull at once remarked, "Why, this is the first time a child has materialized so early in the séance." The little fairy came again and again, and recognized me. She was immediately followed by a tall, stately woman, several inches taller than Mrs. Hull, in form and in demeanor so entirely different from the first spirit as to convey a complete answer to the question which a former séance had evoked. Indeed, there was, throughout the whole séance, an evident determination on the part of the spirits to show such remarkable contrasts in size of hands, diversity of dress, of form, and of height, that there could be no more doubt, but that they were real materializations. One spirit dematerialized in presence of the company, the luminous whiteness of the apparel growing less and less distinct, and the material form diminishing in size and height until it disappeared about two feet from the floor.

Thus do the friends on the other side seek to place in her true position the fragile, gifted medium, whose sensitive nature has been so deeply wounded by the hasty judgment of Ignorance and Uncharitableness. She has the best wishes and cordial support of many Salem friends.

The Progress of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is making steady progress everywhere, permeating the hearts of the people in a manner no religion ever did before, and that too while no national organization exists. It would seem, as many of our best inspirational speakers have from time to time enunciated from the rostrum, that the spiritual world, which has the movement in its keeping, does not intend to allow the Spiritual Philosophy to be cramped by a creedal platform, as many Spiritualists have in the past attempted to do; but, on the contrary, that it is to become a universal religion by bringing into its ranks all classes and all religious denominations—or, at least, it is to eventually spiritualize the latter to such a degree that none will doubt, as at present, the grand truths eliminated by outspoken Spiritualists in regard to their knowledge of direct spirit communion.

But still we urge now, as we have urged in the past, that more strenuous efforts should be made to form local societies where none at present exist, independent of "new departures" or side issues of any sort. Individual ambition should not act as a part in accomplishing so desirable a result; but instead thereof all should lay aside their greatest enemies—Envy and Malice and consequent detraction—and fervently unite in carrying on the glorious work so auspiciously begun, to the end that all humanity, both in the mundane and supramundane spheres of life, may reap the blessings that the celestial world has in store for those who do their duty well.

Woman's Words.

This is the title of a neatly-printed 16 page paper, which has just been brought out by Mrs. Joan Lewis, at 625 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. The new venture aims to be an original record of what the sex is doing, and the table of contents of the number before us proves that those having the matter in hand thoroughly understand the necessities of the case. The present number gives, among other attractions, a likeness and sketch of Lucretia Mott; the number for May will contain the portrait of Mrs. Dr. Clemence S. Lozier, Dean of the Woman's Medical College of New York, with a sketch of her life and labors, by Mrs. Helen M. Cooke. Those desiring to know more fully concerning the character of the paper can address Mrs. Lewis as above.

The heading of the new journal was designed by a young girl of seventeen years, a pupil of the Philadelphia School of Design, and is a credit alike to artist and paper. We are pleased with the brisk character of the editorial paragraphs scattered throughout its pages, as falls to the longer articles, and specially endorse the spirit of the following:

"The little bickerings and heart burnings, the petty spite, and jealous rancor of factions, are of small account, and can never be dignified by words. Not by Woman's Words, at all events. Let us avoid the bitterness so prone where interests clash and opinions differ. The world is wide enough for all. Claiming in full the right of free discussion, we also claim that such right must cease the moment it infringes upon the right of another."

The Spiritual Magazine.

For April reaches us from its publication office in London, Eng.: J. Enmore Jones, Esq., Enmore Park, S. E., is making a fine showing as its new editor, as proof of which witness the following list of contents: "The Universe," by J. Enmore Jones; "The Massorah," "The Times," "The Pulpit," by W. E. Gladstone; "Spiritualism the Antipodes of Insanity," by Dr. E. Crowell; "Spiritualism and Materialism"; "The Spiritual Magazine and Phenomena"; "Spirit-Power—Is It True?"; "Spirit-Power—Whence Is It?"; "The Vitality of Religion," by Dean Stanley; "Suggestive Paragraphs"; "American Thought"; "Ethereal Phenomena"; "Physical Phenomena"; "Spiritualistic"; "Notices of New Books"; and "Poetry."

We are in receipt of a business letter, in which Mr. Jones expresses himself as full of zeal in the cause. He being determined to bring the magazine before the public, we can safely say to our readers who have known his indefatigable character of old, that the publication will be worthy the warmest welcome on this side the Atlantic. We shall have the Magazine for sale each month at the Banner of Light Bookstore, and hope the friends will aid us to extend its circulation in America.

Senator Luttrell declares that whenever ladies have been employed in the civil service, they have proved themselves to be the most efficient and trustworthy clerks.

A fine article bearing the title of "Physical Man," and contributed to our columns by Hudson Tuttle, will appear next week.

Anniversary Services.

On our second page will be found accounts of meetings held in honor of the Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism at Philadelphia, Pa., Rochester, N. Y., and Salem, Mass.

We have received from J. M. Matthews and Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Secretary, the official report of the celebration at San Francisco, which we shall print next week. A report of the anniversary services in Brooklyn, N. Y., will also be given in our next number.

The Spiritualists of Haverhill, Mass., and vicinity, we are informed, celebrated the occasion at Good Templars' Hall, Mr. Robert Sherman delivering the regular address, after which ten-minute speeches and personal experiences were in order.

Mrs. A. L. Bennett, writing from Fernandina, Fla., states that the day was celebrated by the friends there, the services taking the form of a harmonious, well attended and successful test circle.

The Spiritualists of Battle Creek, Mich., held meetings in honor of the event at Stuart's Hall, on Saturday, March 31st, and Sunday, April 1st, Giles B. Stebbins, Esq., being chosen to deliver the anniversary address.

The anniversary was celebrated by the Spiritualists of Santa Barbara, Cal., at their hall, on Sunday, April 1st. The exercises consisted of an address by Dr. Dean Clarke, reading by Josephine Walcott and Mrs. Orr, and singing by the spiritual choir. At noon a repast was served in the parlors of the Society, and a hour or so given to social conversation. The hall was elaborately and beautifully garlanded with fresh flowers.

Mary D. Shindler writes concerning the services in Memphis, Tenn.:

"Our anniversary here passed off very pleasantly, and, I trust, profitably. The Harmonical Hall, which has just been fitted up, was prettily and tastefully decorated, and on Saturday Mrs. Hawks, a very fine semi-stance and inspirational speaker, though not now a public medium, gave us a profound and beautiful lecture. She had lectured for us on the two preceding Sundays. On Saturday, after the lecture, and when we all supposed the services concluded, Mrs. H. was entranced, and delivered an affecting poem. Sunday proved to be an inclement day, but Mrs. Hawks again lectured to a good and appreciative audience."

The Haverhill Publisher announces that the materializing séances held by Mrs. Pickering, of Rochester, N. H., continue to attract much attention. There are, of course, not wanting those who attribute the occurrences to a demonic origin, and to them (as also to the general public) the editor of the Publisher says, at the conclusion of the report of a recent séance given at the home of this lady:

"We protrude no theory in connection with these things, only stating that they do occur, and that they are worthy of the most profound thought and attention by those at all interested in the links which are supposed to connect the seen with the unseen. While it is proper to say that it is too superstitious to give countenance to suggestions of devil power, and devil presence, it is also timely to suggest to all in any way connected, either in producing or in looking after these phenomena, that the proper thing is to pursue the matter in an intelligent and liberal spirit, rather than following in ruts. The hall is not known yet, and if more knowledge is wanted it must be sought with a liberal and investigating spirit."

The complimentary to Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, at Eagle Hall, on Monday evening, 9th inst., was a decided success. A large number of friends were present, and the time passed very pleasantly. F. W. Jones, acting as chairman, introduced Prof. Milleson, who made a few remarks appropriate for the occasion, Mrs. M. A. Carnes and Mr. John Hardy read poems, and sentiments of sympathy and good will were expressed by Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Folsom, Mrs. Cutting, Mrs. Cowles, Miss Pollard and Horace Sawyer, Esq., of "The Investigator." Mrs. Twing was made the recipient of quite a number of valuable presents, both useful and ornamental. The receipts of the evening, together with three beautiful bouquets, the gifts of friends, were presented by Mrs. Cutting, which closed the formal exercises of the occasion. Mrs. Twing leaves Boston with the best wishes of all the numerous friends and acquaintances she has made since her stay among us. She goes, we understand, to her home in Westfield, Chautauque Co., N. Y.

The "New Age," in commenting on the management of the boys at the Westboro' Reform School—where sweat-boxes, strap jackets, cold-water drenchings and tug-strait lashings have been the order of the day—very justly remarks: "From the moment that Gartland appeared penitent the very thought of punishment was an outrage. Why, then, did the teacher make this fatal mistake (quickly fatal in this case), when the most that could be hoped of punishment was already accomplished? The only conceivable explanation is that he was betrayed by a barbarous theology. The intelligence of this generation has been distorted by the doctrine that retribution is the glory of the Divine Government, and that God even cannot forgive the penitent without first exacting the penalty for his transgression."

READINGS AND DISCUSSIONS ON SPIRITUAL SCIENCE, *New Era Hall, 176 Tremont Street.*—Mrs. Emma Harding Britten being engaged to address the Free Religious Society of Providence, R. I., on the Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, her usual reading and lecture for Sunday, April 22d, will be omitted, and a conference will be held to continue the deeply interesting subject discussed last Sunday night, and adjourned by general desire, namely, "East Indian Magic," and its bearing upon the subject of healing by magnetism. Dr. Gardner has kindly consented to preside, and eminent speakers are expected to address the audience. Commencing at 7:30 P. M., Sunday evening, April 22d.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in the course of a recent lecture suggested by a letter from a cultivated lady in Virginia, who "stung this bitter problem" before him: "Is there any such thing as truth? Is there any such thing as duty? Is there anything worth living for?" said: "I doubt whether Voltaire ever engendered as much disbelief as Bossuet; whether Thomas Paine engendered as much disbelief as Lyman Beecher; whether Francis Ellingwood Abbot engendered as much disbelief as the revivalist Moody."

PARKER PILLSBURY, Esq., the well-known and able Liberal lecturer and reformer, spoke, so we are informed, at Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, Sunday, April 15th, forenoon and evening. His first subject, "Religious Revivals, their Mystery and Meaning." In the evening his subject was "Thomas Paine."

Herman Snow.

This faithful apostle of free thought on the Pacific Coast, whose service in the diffusion of liberal literature at the San Francisco Spiritualist Bookstore has been the planting of the seed for a grand harvest of appreciation for truth in the not far distant future, informs us that in order to give greater success and permanency to his business, he intends to visit personally the prominent points of the Pacific Coast, taking orders for books, and also subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Mr. Snow is our authorized subscription agent for that part of the country, and we bespeak for him a welcome wherever he may go, which will be in unison with his proven value as a worker and his character as a man.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—This paper, which is the "exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the nineteenth century," has just closed the twentieth year of its publication. It has become noted, the world over, for its fearless advocacy of the rights of humanity, and for its outspoken expressions in favor of secular and religious freedom. It is a large quarto paper, published weekly, each number containing forty wide and long columns of matter, handsomely printed on fine paper, at the price of \$3.00 per year, in advance. Colby & Rich, publishers, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. We earnestly recommend it to the attention and patronage of every seeker after truth, and laborer for the elevation of humanity. Copies may be found on sale at several of our periodical stores.—Haverhill (Mass.) Tri-Weekly Publisher.

We cordially thank the editor of the Tri-Weekly Publisher for his kind words in behalf of the Banner. More especially are we grateful at this time, for the reason that selfishness in certain quarters is trying its utmost to prejudice good people against our journal.

The music of Robert Cooper is deservedly popular. At the concert of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston, on Saturday evening, March 31st, Miss Hattie C. Harrington sang one of his songs, "Maying O," to the unqualified acceptance of the audience; and at the Sunday morning session of the same school, she pleasantly rendered his touching "Songs of Old." Any of his pieces may be purchased by addressing him, 39 Devonshire street, Boston.

Magnetized paper, used as an agent in curing nervous diseases, seems to be gaining in favor in England as well as in this country. We have no personal knowledge of its efficacy, but we are assured by several of our friends, who have tried it, that it certainly does possess curative properties. Any one who may feel disposed to try this simple remedy can be accommodated on application to Dr. A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician, No. 5 Davis street, Boston.

The Harbinger of Light (Melbourne, Australia), for March has come to hand. From it we learn that J. Tyerman is lecturing in Sidney, but perhaps will visit Melbourne before he starts for America. The arrival of Mr. Peabees (who had made the voyage to Auckland,) was anxiously looked forward to. Alfred Miller lectured recently in Apollo Hall, Bourke street, on the "Relation of Modern Spiritualism to Science and Religion."

The London Spiritualist newspaper comes to us regularly, freighted with good solid sense on spiritual subjects. Mr. Harrison, its industrious editor, is deserving of success, and we earnestly hope the English Spiritualists will sustain his hands with plenty of "material aid." And we ask American Spiritualists to patronize "The Spiritualist." There should be thousands of subscribers for it in this country.

Make the cause of truth aggressive, but remember there are two kinds of aggressiveness: one is superficial, violent, emotional; a sort of self-satisfied, passionate, declamatory expression, "sound without fury, signifying nothing"; the other is clear in insight, of calm and rational method; the progress of man in the truth and by the truth.

The Boston Sunday Herald says: "It is regarded as a remarkable coincidence that a company of Spiritualists, the Onset Bay Grove Association, asking a charter of the present Legislature, and receiving it after the delays incidental to legislation, should find that it received the Governor's signature and became a law March 31st, the Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism."

Mr. A. J. Riko gave recently, in one of the halls of the building for arts and sciences, at the Hague, a lecture on "Spiritualism" (the first ever pronounced in that locality) before a distinguished audience. Dr. Slade lent the table he had made there for his sances, so that the auditory might examine it. The lecture was a great success.

William F. Russell, editor of the Santa Barbara (Cal.) Index, has passed from the "life that now is to that which is to be." He was fearless and radical in the expression of his sentiments, and did much good work for Spiritualism through the columns of his paper. The Index will be continued by Virginia F. Russell.

The Paris Academy of Medicine has endorsed "Corn-Dodgers." At its last meeting M. Fca, of Padua, enlarged on the merits of maize, or Indian corn, as an article of food, and gave it a general recommendation, his professional brethren acquiescing.

On Friday evening, April 13th, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes was made the recipient of a pleasant and elaborate reception *soiree* in Chicopee, Mass., of which we shall speak more fully next week.

Of the one hundred and seventeen women now studying at the Michigan University, four have chosen law, forty-seven medicine, and fifty-six literature and science.

The Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings are held every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoon, at precisely 3 o'clock. The public cordially invited.

A report of the services held at the close of E. V. Wilson's engagement in New Orleans will appear in the Banner for April 28th.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, has written a letter heartily endorsing the employment of women in public offices.

An article headed "Materialization," from the pen of Hon. Thomas R. Hazard, will appear in No. 5 of the Banner.

Read "Soul Flights," which we reprint from the Philadelphia Sunday Press. It is a very singular statement.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

W. F. Jamieson gave two courses, embracing fourteen lectures, in Glenwood, Iowa, two of which were illustrated with the stereopticon, one on Science, the other on Temperance. He has called to Plattsmouth, Nebraska City, Crete, Blair, Lincoln, Nebraska; Searsboro, Iowa. An account of his Iowa and Nebraska engagements he has been obliged to postpone his visit to Yates City, Ill. Those wishing to engage his services for grove meetings should apply early. Address at Glenwood, Iowa.

Mrs. Scattergood will lecture in Cleveland, O., during May, and will be glad to hear from other societies who may require her services. Address till April 25th P. O. box 684, Fall River, Mass.

Charles Johnson writes from Smith's Landing, O., that he expects to visit the East during the coming summer.

Capt. H. H. Brown writing from Battle Creek, Mich., says: "Frank T. Ripley is in Michigan, and is doing good work for the cause. I attended one of his public sances at Milford, and also had a private one with him, and pronounce him a good test medium."

The Baltimore (Md.) Bee, of a recent date, says of a late discourse delivered there by H. N. Rotheny on "True Teachers of the People," that "it was pronounced by some who heard it to have been one of the most eloquent and stirring that has ever been delivered from the spiritualistic rostrum in this city."

Dr. H. P. Fairfield will lecture in Fitzwilliam, N. H., Saturday evening and Sunday, April 21st and 22d, at D. F. White's Hall. Sunday meetings at 10 1/2 A. M., and 1 1/2 P. M. Would like other engagements. Address him at Greenwich Village, Mass.

Abby N. Burnham lectured to crowded houses in Clinton, April 8th, Chelmsford, 12th, and Lynn, 15th. She will speak again in Clinton April 22d. Her present address is 31 Edinboro' street, Boston.

Dr. Dumont C. Dake is now healing at Terre Haute, Ind.; he has taken rooms at the National House.

Mrs. Thayer, so we are informed, is at present holding sances in Vineland, N. J., with very satisfactory results.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown writes from San Francisco, under a recent date, speaking in high commendation of the work accomplished there during the last three months, by Hon. Warren Chase and his wife (who proves to be, through her mediumship, a most valuable co-laborer with him). J. L. York and Mrs. Ada Ballou, she further writes, have engagements at present to speak in San Francisco.

Donations

IN AID OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLIC FREE CIRCLE MEETINGS.

From A. Kyd, Baden Baden, \$1.12; Friend, 50 cents; J. S. P., Southington, Ct., \$1.00; Mrs. Mary B. Arno, Howland, Me., 35 cents; Lucy Paine, Lewiston, Vt., \$2.00; Mrs. M. H. C., 25 cents; W. M. Haskell, Marblehead, Mass., \$1.85; Mrs. L. S. McLain, Mound House, Nev., \$1.85; Wm. Reonter, Fairview, N. J., 40 cents; Chas. Graham, Cincinnati, Ohio, \$2.00; A. Friend, Rhode Island, \$1.00; C. F. Manning, Hockman, Ct., 70 cents; V. B. Post, Santa Barbara, Cal., 35 cents; Wm. Newell, Elkhart, Ind., 40 cents; Mrs. A. A., 50 cents; Miss M. Houghton, Mt. Auburn, Mass., \$1.00; Fannie M. Williams, New Berlin, N. Y., 40 cents; Martin Hiscox, Providence, R. I., \$1.00.

WHERE IS GOD.

BY MINOT J. SAVAGE.

"Oh, where is the sea?" the fishes cried, As they swam the crystal clearness through, "We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide, And we long to look on the waters blue. The wise ones speak of the infinite sea; Oh, who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright, And sung and balanced on sunny wings; And this was its song: "I see the light, I look o'er a world of beautiful things; But flying and singing everywhere, In vain I have searched to find the air." —Scribner for April.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

ROCHESTER HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 holds its sessions every Sunday morning at this hall, 730 Washington street, commencing at 10 1/2 o'clock. The public cordially invited. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

NEW ERA HALL, Hotel Colman, 174 Tremont street.—Headings from Art Magic and discussions on Spiritual Science, are particularly given in an each Sunday evening at this hall, under direction of Mrs. Emma Harding Britten.

EAGLE HALL, 616 Washington street, corner of Essex.—Free Circle every Sunday morning at 10 1/2 A. M. Inspirational speaking at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Good mediums and speakers always present.

NASSAU HALL.—The Free Platform Society of Spiritualists hold a Free Circle, with good, reliable mediums, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. Stock Hall speaks at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M.

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

Rochester Hall.—The regular meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum was held at this place, on the morning of Sunday, April 15th. The beautiful day called out a large and appreciative audience, which listened with pleasure to the following programme: Remarks by the Conductor, Mr. J. B. Hatch; recitations by Carrie Haberorn, Emma Haberorn, Alfred Kinsman, Jennie Bicknell, Lizzie Giles, and Ella Carr; songs by Jessie Kimball and Ella Carr, Alice Bond, Nellie Thomas, Belle Sluman, Mr. Ingham, Helen M. Dill, and Miss Florence Danforth, accompanied by Mrs. Prince.

Wm. H. Mann, Rec. Sec'y pro tem. Eagle Hall.—Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing has been speaking, afternoon and evening, for the past six Sundays at this hall, with marked success and to crowded audiences. Sunday afternoon, April 8th, she gave her farewell discourse, at which time the hall was densely packed, and a large number were unable to gain admission. At the commencement of the meeting, a communication (written through the hand of Mrs. Wildes, of Dorchester, and interpreted by Mrs. Fales, of Cambridgeport, and dictated to be read at that hall on that day), was given, which was replete with good thought and lofty sentiment. Dr. H. B. Storer, Mrs. Agnes Hall and others were introduced and made remarks appropriate to the occasion. The meeting was well attended. The morning hour was devoted mostly to giving tests from the platform by Mrs. Dr. Martin and Miss Pollard.

In the afternoon, Mr. John Hardy gave an entertaining lecture upon "The Bible and its Relation to Modern Spiritualism," which was well received by a large, attentive audience. As a prelude to the lecture, Mrs. Wildes of Dorchester read another of the series of interesting papers now being written under spirit control through her hand. Mrs. M. A. Carnes gave a good number of very clear tests after the lecture. Mrs. Agnes M. Davis added to the pleasure of the meeting. In the evening, Mrs. S. Dick gave us an excellent talk, preluding and supplementing it with

poems; she also answered a few questions propounded by persons in the audience, all of which gave general satisfaction.

Nearly the same programme is expected for next Sunday. Mr. John Hardy will speak in the afternoon upon "Side Issues, or The True Mission of Spiritualism." Mrs. Dick will speak in the evening.

May Day Party.—An assembly in honor of the return of May will be given at Paine Hall, Boston, under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum; the little ones will convene in the afternoon of May 1st, and in the evening the adults will join in a party for dancing.

Complimentary Testimonial.—The many friends of Misses Lizzie J. Thompson and Florence Danforth have tendered them a benefit, which will take place at Paine Hall, Boston, on Friday evening, April 27th. Particulars in our next. These promising laborers in the Lyceum field should receive a generous recognition at the hands of the Spiritualist public of Boston.

The Independent Dramatic Association, (H. B. Johnson, Manager, 11 B. Driskol, Stage Manager,) performed Fred Marsden's new and original comedy in four acts, entitled Clouds, at the Union Hall, Boston, Tuesday evening, April 10th. Music for the occasion was furnished by Mason's Orchestra. The characters were well sustained by Messrs. F. L. Union, E. D. Stiekney, W. F. Dearborn, Jr., E. L. Bullock, H. B. Driskol, B. P. Weaver, Jr., B. Herberts, R. L. Bickford, and Misses Lizzie J. Thompson, May R. Blake, Florence E. Coullier, Minnie B. Towle, Eva E. Masury, Etta E. Ballou, Helen M. Dill. An audience which filled the hall to overflowing attended, and gave practical demonstration of pleasure through frequent applause.

Discussion by the Radical Club.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

John Wetherbee, well known as a correspondent to the patrons of this paper, read an essay, by invitation, before the "Radical Club," on Monday evening, April 9th, his subject being "The Reasonableness of Modern Spiritualism." This club is a liberal and thoughtful but not spiritualistic body, and the subject rarely comes up, though most every subject gets an occasional hearing and ventilation. On this occasion the rooms were well filled, probably owing as much to the popularity of the essayist as any attraction in the subject. It was treated by Mr. Wetherbee in an original and attractive manner, and was remarkably well received and listened to with marked attention. It was said by many to have been the most interesting meeting of the season; and the discussion of the subject at the close of the essay was for an hour and a half animated and interesting, some dozen or more persons taking part. There were but few criticisms, and these more on the general subject than the presentation by the essayist. One person criticised the subject from a materialistic point of view, and one seemed to think fraud was the base of the *ism*. There appeared to be no relevancy in this man's remarks, and no sympathy with them by those present.

Dr. Wellington set the matter right by saying fraud was the order of the day in everything—he saw it in his sugar bowl, in the medicines he bought, and in the clothes he wore—and made a happy and acceptable application for the benefit of Spiritualism.

Stephen Pearl Andrews made a fine speech, showing his culture and experience, eliciting applause. In fact, whatever remarks have been the views of the audience, it manifested an interest in the *pro* side of the question.

Judge Ladd and Mrs. Britten, who were present, by invitation, both took active part in the discussion, the Judge naming some of the distinguished scholars and scientists who favored the subject, and also relating some of his experiences in the phenomena.

Mrs. Britten spoke very happily, by request, and was listened to with great interest, and it was in her best style.

Take the meeting altogether, it was a marked affair, and many lingered long after the close at 10 o'clock, and quite a number owned up to an interest and a belief in the subject who have not been counted as Spiritualists. It only shows how much wider spread in the hearts of thoughtful people is a belief and an interest in this subject than is superficially observed.

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

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have taken the Banner ever since its commencement, with the exception of some three weeks of last December; then I ceased to peruse it, but feeling lost without it, I commenced taking it again. A communication in the Banner of Jan. 6th, from my son, Charles E. Plaisted, I recognize as truthful so far as it pertained to this life. I feel that it was him, for I have talked much to him on Spiritualism, having been a believer for twenty-five years.

Yours, WILLIAM PLAISTED, Portsmouth, N. H., Feb. 5th, 1877.

New Publications.

THE ATLANTIC, for April—H. O. Houghton & Co., corner Beacon and Somerset streets, Boston, publishers—has for its opening article the tersely written diary of a British Officer in Boston in 1775, introduced by R. H. Dana, Jr.; it is a document of special interest to men who have themselves seen service in garrison and in the field; "The Races of the Danube," (by John Fiske), the continuation of Henry James, Jr.'s serial "The American," and "Dickens's American Notes," by Edwin P. Whipple, may be reckoned among the chief points of the present number; poetry is represented by B. H. Stockard ("What a day," a wild dash of Tartar life at home and on the campaign), Henry W. Longfellow, Alice Williams Brotherton, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, and others; and the departments of "recent literature," "art," "music," etc., are of sustained value—that of music receiving a reinforcement from "The Creole Lover's Song," words by Edmund C. Stedman, which is published with notes entire, Dudley Buck being the composer.

THE GALAXY for April—Sheldon & Co., New York City, publishers—leads off with a readable article, "The Theatre Francaise," by Henry James, Jr.; Justin McCarthy continues "Miss Misanthrope"; Charles Wyllys Elliot treats of "The Hard Times"; Frederick Whitaker discusses of "The Dramatic Seasons"; J. M. Curry writes of "The South, her Condition and Needs"; and other writers of proven merit contribute to fill up the attractive pages. The poetry of the number is by Sylvester Baxter, Eliza Hopkins, Mary Bayard Clarke, Margaret J. Preston and F. W. Bourdillon. The regular departments are of marked interest.

A. WILLIAMS & CO., 283 Washington street (corner School), Boston, have forwarded to our address the April numbers of SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, and ST. NICHOLAS, which they have for sale. THE ILLUSTRATED proves the truth of its claim to title through the graphic sketches of "The Island of Ponies," "A Trip to the Black Hills," "Some American Sporting Dogs," etc. etc. The illustrated poem, "Hills of Linguand," is worthy to rank with that and story of war's work with human affection beginning "Alone on the banks of the dark rolling Danube," which for years has been admired for its pathetic power. Other good articles are to be found in its pages, and the departments (particularly that of "Brie-a-Jac") are of special worth.

ST. NICHOLAS has for a full-page frontispiece "Aunt Carrie Winds the Clock"; a short story in French is printed for the benefit of those of its young patrons who may be studying that language; Prof. Richard A. Proctor's "Stars in April" are pleasant to behold; "Turning into Cats," is calculated to provoke mirth at least; a good lesson as to life and its duties is conveyed in the story of "Hans Gottlieb, the Fiddler," and various other papers in *pro* and *verso* are afforded. It is a capital number.

WIDE AWAKE for April—Ella Farman, editor, D. Lothrop & Co., 30 and 32 Franklin street, Boston, publishers—fully sustains its former reputation; a laughable sketch on "The First Hunt," by H. H. Woodbury, is supported by a full page illustration, "Ephraim's First Shot"; Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes "At the Party," illustrated in an etching by Miss L. B. Humphrey; "Child Marian" continues to visit the dignitaries in European lands. The chief feature, however, to the boys and girls, subscribers and non-subscribers to Wide

Awake, is the article entitled "The Society of Wide Awake Helpers." This Society arranged the Boston Dolls' Fair last season, and in this article their work for 1877 is laid out, with rules and prize-list.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for April—Wood & Holbrook, publishers, 13 and 15 Light street, New York City—under the appropriate headings of "General Articles," "Our Dessert Table," "Topics of the Month," and "Editor's Studies in Hygiene," presents an array of well pointed pages filled with practical and useful matter bearing on the health of the body and mind.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL JOURNAL, for April—S. R. Wells & Co., publishers, 757 Broadway, New York—offers the following able contents: "Glor. Lucretia Boleyn," with portraits; "Egotists"; "The Great Plains," illustrated; "William J. Mullen," portrait; "Three Classes of Men"; "Cousin Arthur's Story"; "Robbie's Whets"; "Writing as an Element of Education"; "Aristotle"; "How to Teach Faculty of Weight"; "Force in Matter and Mind"; "Letters to a son in College—No. 1V," "Disease of the Larynx, and the Larynx Mirror," illustrated; "Fever: Nature and Treatment"; "Editorial and Current Items," etc., etc.

HOW TO RAISE FRUITS.—This book is a practical and useful guide to the proper cultivation and management of fruit trees, and of grapes and small fruits. Thomas Gregg is the author, and S. R. Wells & Company, 757 Broadway, New York City, are the publishers. The work—which is fully illustrated—is divided into two parts, the first being devoted to "Fruit Culture in General"; the second part being taken up with the consideration of "Kinds of Fruit," those being particularly which are adapted to the climate and soil of our Middle and Western States, and which have obtained a permanent reputation. This well-printed book meets the requirements of a manual for the use of the young or amateur fruit-raiser, and is not wanting in many suggestions which the experienced pomologist would find profitable.

Card from Mrs. Twing.

Permit me space in your columns to state to those who have addressed me (through seeing Mr. John Wetherbee's last notice) and have not received answers, that I am trying very hard to catch up with my letters, some of which are written so I can get a response from spirit friends, others not—but so far those letters have been answered, when through utter weariness I should have been sleeping, and therefore I fear sometimes not as they ought to have been. But, friends, have patience with me, as I soon expect to leave Boston, and devote my time entirely to letter-writing, and every letter received (whether desiring an explanation of the mode of addressing spirit friends, or referring to the use of my mediumship for the obtaining of tests, etc.), shall be answered. I see every letter received, as I have in several instances had letters inquired forwarded to some concerning former letters which were never received by me. Although I have not advertised to answer letters, I consider it my duty, so far as I can, to satisfy all who write me, who do as much as to send stamps for trouble. Thanking all who have in any way aided to my work or enjoyment, I remain truly a friend to the cause of Spiritualism.

CARRIE E. S. TWING, 41 Dover street, Boston, Mass. P. S.—My address in future will be, Westfield, Chautauque Co., N. Y.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line, *Minimum* each insertion.

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line, *Minimum* each insertion. Payments in all cases in advance.

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

Advertisements to be renewed at continued notice, unless otherwise notified, by letter on Saturday a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE WONDERFUL HEALER AND CLAIRVOYANT.—For Diagnosis send lock of hair and \$1.00. Give age and sex. Address Miss C. M. MORRISON, M. D., P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. F. 10.13w*

Change of Locality. DR. WELLS may be consulted at the QUINCY HOUSE, in Brattle street, Boston, every Wednesday and Thursday till further notice, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. Ap. 7.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS FROM LOCK OF HAIR.—DR. BUTTERFIELD will write you a clear, pointed and correct diagnosis of your disease, its causes, progress, and the prospect of a radical cure. Examines the mind as well as body. Enclose One Dollar, with name and age. Address E. F. BUTTERFIELD, M. D., corner Warren and Fayette sts., Syracuse, N. Y. GUARANTEES EVERY CASE OF PILES. Ap. 21.13w*

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, 58 Clinton Place, N. Y. Terms, \$2 and 3-cent postage stamps. Money refunded if letters sent are not answered. 4w*, Ap. 21.

DR. S. B. BUTTAN treats chronic diseases, especially such as are peculiar to the female constitution, by *painless methods*, using the best remedies known to modern pharmacy, together with Electricity, Magnetism, Medicated Vapors, and other subtle and psychological agents. Rooms at 232 West 11th street, New York. Patients visited at their homes when necessary. P. 3.

MRS. NELLIE M. FLINT, Eclectic, and Healing and Developing, office 200 Jorhamon st., cor. opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. Ap. 21.4w*

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth av., New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Ap. 7.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BRIGGS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 121 West Eleventh st., between 8th and 6th ave., New York City, D. 30.

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

Dr. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Eclectic Physician, No. 87 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

BUSINESS CARDS.

GIVEN AWAY!—In order that every one may have a sample for the well-known English lecturer, will act in future as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to send for the Banner of Light, or to receive a copy of the best 16-page literary paper now published, to any reader of this paper who will send them two 3-cent stamps to pay mailing expenses. 4tew—Mar. 10.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS.—The well-known English lecturer, will act in future as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to send for the Banner of Light, or to receive a copy of the best 16-page literary paper now published, to any reader of this paper who will send them two 3-cent stamps to pay mailing expenses. 4tew—Mar. 10.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & HIGGEE, Booksellers, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and Reform Works published by COLBY & RICH, Boston, Mass.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT. WELD & JACKSON, Booksellers, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and Reform Works published by COLBY & RICH, Boston, Mass.

HARTFORD, CONN. BOOK DEPOT. E. M. BROWN, Bookseller, 101 North Main street, keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

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BALTIMORE, MD. BOOK DEPOT. WASH. A. DANSKIN, 705 Saratoga street, Baltimore, Md., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT. B. T. MOGENSEN, 25 South Jefferson ave., St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of Liberal and Reformatory Works.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT. MISS M. J. RIGGS, 621 North 1st street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a full supply of the Spiritual and Reform Works published by Colby & Rich.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. BOOK DEPOT. At No. 319 Kearney street (upstairs) may be found on sale the BANNER OF LIGHT, and a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books, at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s Golden Pen, Finest, Spencer's Positive and Negative Papers, Orion's Analytical Preparations, Dr. Stearns' True Elixir Compound, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at our Address, HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW YORK BOOK AND PAPER DEPOT. CHAS. S. D. MILES keeps for sale the Banner of Light and other Spiritual Papers and Reform Books published by Colby & Rich, at the Harvard Rooms, 321 street and 4th avenue, and Reputable Hall, 63 West 53d street.

CHICAGO, ILL. BOOK DEPOT. W. H. HILLIERS, 100 Madison street, Chicago, Ill., keeps for sale the Banner of Light, and other Spiritual and Liberal Papers.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT. DR. J. H. RIDGES, 239 North 3d street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the Banner of Light, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications, Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale as above, at Lincoln Hall, corner Broad and Market streets, and at all the Spiritual Meetings, Parties in Philadelphia, Pa. Orders will be advertised in the Banner of Light, and sent to Dr. RIDGES.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT. WILLIAM WATTS, 229 Market street, and N. E. corner Eighth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, has the Banner of Light for sale at retail each Saturday morning.

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

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Catalogues of Books Published and For Sale by Colby & Rich sent free.

Highland Farm Home.

DR. SAMUEL MAXWELL AND WIFE will open the above Home May 1st, where the sick can be cured in the most speedy manner. They have at the best method of treatment and all the comforts of a home life. It is beautifully situated, twelve miles south of Philadelphia, on very high land, overlooking Philadelphia, Coatesville, Gloucester, Blackwoodtown, Mount Ephraim, Allentown and all the surrounding country. Terms reasonable. Send for circular. At Philadelphia, call on Market street Ferry at 3 P. M. Buy ticket by West Jersey Railroad for Woodbury, there take stage for "The Home," four miles. Philadelphia address, 31 North Seventh street. "The Home," Allentown, Gloucester Co., N. J. April 21.

SPIRIT POWER!

MAGNETISM IS SPIRIT MEDICINE!

Chronic and Acute Diseases Successfully Treated with

MRS. EMMA EMERY, Spiritual Medium and Magnetic Healer, 201 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

INTERNALLY—by magnetized bands and paper. Invariably by magnetized powder, prepared through the mediumship of the author, to furnish the patient. A sance with the spirit-band is held for each sance, and their directions implicitly obeyed.

DR. J. E. BRIGGS' Magnetic Wonder! FOR THE EFFICACIOUS, SAFE AND SURE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF WOMEN.

These Powders, by their unequalled Tonic Properties, preserve from disease those delicate and complex organs, upon so perfect and beautiful a system, and so greatly depend the general health and happiness of all women. They are truly Woman's Friend, being a Certain Local Cure for all the chronic and acute diseases of the

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd, are reported to be published each week in this Department.

We also publish on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Mansell.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

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

Invocation.

Father, we would ask for light and spiritual food to bring to earth's children. We would ask for flowers of beauty to strew in their pathway.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we will listen to whatever questions you may have.

Q.—[By Mrs. E.] Is destiny as old as God, what can prayer or intense desire do to change the course of events or destiny, as it is called?

A.—The question is, Mr. Chairman, how old is destiny, and how old is God? yet were destiny and God one and the same, as is God and our laws, prayer and the earnest desire of the soul to do right would fit each man and each woman to better fulfill their destiny in life.

Q.—[By M. K. E.] Is Nature, and all perfection, how can we improve on God or Nature?

A.—Nature seems almost perfect to us in every department. Nature's laws are ever true to themselves. We do not propose to improve on God or Nature, but we propose to take Nature as she is, living up to the higher dictates of her laws—then shall we see Nature in her perfection, then can we understand ourselves, and understanding ourselves we can better understand God.

Q.—[From the audience.] What is the best mode of treatment for inflammatory rheumatism?

A.—You would have to present the subject specifically before we could answer that question definitely. There are many different remedies for that disease, and scarcely any two cases require precisely the same treatment.

Q.—[By Mrs. E.] What rules destiny?

A.—Destiny seems to rule man, for he stands within a certain path and walks therein, and is swayed by the circumstances which surround that path.

Q.—[By "a skeptic."] If the conditions of organic life imply waste and repair of texture, why not such conditions in the (so-called) spirit-world, if spirits are in any sense organic?

A.—In one sense we are organic. Mr. "Skeptic," and in another we are not. In your world you are subject to waste of texture—in our world we are not. Waste of texture belongs to the body, to that which is organic with the body, but that which belongs to the spirit is spiritual, and not subject to waste.

Q.—[By Mrs. M. K. E.] Is error born of God or man?

A.—We do not believe in error, as such. That which some call evil is only undeveloped good.

Q.—What is inspiration? How can we be inspired, and when? How shall we know truth from error?

A.—Inspiration is that grand influx from the spirit-world which takes hold of men and women, and makes them go forward, upward and onward, makes them take hold of new truths, makes them rise upon their own powers, makes them feel that they have got something to do beyond what this groveling earth may open to them.

Q.—[From the audience.] We are told that all apparent evil is but undeveloped good. If this is so, will the controlling intelligence define and illustrate the point? The inquirer is led to ask this question at the present time by many of the remarks made by Mr. Moody, which are the very reverse of the above, viz., that all apparent good (in and of ourselves) is but undeveloped evil.

A.—It seems to us almost as if we had gone back to the dark ages, as we hear the old story, "All is evil," for we know that what to a man seems evil, to the angel-world and God is but undeveloped good. Mr. Moody teaches you that the little child is evil until it is converted and brought to a knowledge of God, conforms to the rules of the church, and is baptized, or until it is bathed in the blood of Christ. But, as we look at the little child, we see, not total depravity, but we see goodness and purity, we see the impress of God upon the face of the child. We know that many times there are peculiar outworkings and peculiar manifestations of human nature, yet, if you trace it down, you will always find good at the bottom of every human heart. It may be like a little spark in the ashes, that only needs the bellows of truth and love to blow it to a flame and discover it to the world.

Q.—[By Mrs. M. K. E.] How shall we know truth from error?

A.—We do not believe in error, as such. That which some call evil is only undeveloped good.

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acid of it, and at another time we shall more fully appreciate the sweet and beautiful fruit that comes to us. If you will study nature closely you will find there is good in all. If you see a man staggering through your streets, or lying flat in the gutter, you will say perhaps there is no good in him; but follow him to his home, and you may find him with a great heart beating for his fellow-beings. It is said that the drunkard is often the best-hearted man in the world. It is frequently said of depraved women, that they are often the kindest-hearted people, and that few will go further or do more for their fellow-beings than these whom the world terms outcasts. Now, if it was all evil, this could not be so. When a darkened individual leaves the earth and earthly temptations, and comes to spirit-life—throws off the old cloak—then can we see the good, then can we see, perhaps, that even the walk through the dark path of life has developed a certain power of his nature, and enabled him to take a stronger hold of the spiritual, and so do far more good. This is a subject that, to make you comprehend, would take too much time. If you study carefully yourselves you will understand fully our meaning.

Pierpont.

I feel it a privilege to come to earth whenever I have the opportunity to do so. I felt it a privilege when I dwelt in the form to do all I could for this blessed religion, a religion that proved to us beyond a doubt that we lived on, on through all eternity. I tell you, friends, that there is no song that you can sing that is so sweet to the ears of mortals as the song of immortality; that there is a life beyond this; that we shall live in our homes, surrounded by the dear, good friends that made all that life was to us, for friends, what is there of life, except as our surroundings make it? If it is harmonious and beautiful, and we have dear, loving hearts to bless us, is not that life? No matter if that life exists within a hovel; wherever the heart is, there is the home; so, here in spirit-life, wherever our hearts are interested, there is our home, and we are not circumscribed in our journeyings, we are free as the bird that flies through the air, or thoughts that come and go without our bidding; and there is liberty, liberty to love, and no one questions why, for each one understands the glance of the eye, the clasp of the hand. We all know that there is ever a great blessing in store.

Friends, make this life as pure and beautiful as you can; enjoy all that there is to enjoy; gather to yourselves all the bright blossoms of life; let your hearts sing the song of the lark—the morning song of praise to the Creator for life. Let your lives be active; let each one live the life that he would love to look at when he comes to spirit-life. "It is nothing to cast off the old cloak of mortality, friends. It was to me just like throwing off the bed-clothes, as it were, when I stepped outside of and stood by my old body. I am not a stranger here. I come because I love to come; I come because I help to do this great work—it is part of my mission. I love to sing the song of Spiritualism and its redeeming power, for it strengthens every weakened heart and makes each hour of life more precious. I would send my love to my friends throughout the world. Tell them I clasp hands with them in spirit, and rejoice that I can return to earth. Record my name, Pierpont.

George Packard.

I come here to-day with a feeling that I wish to say to the world at large that there is a great deal in the spiritual philosophy. I feel that, had I known more of it, I could have taught the gospel more readily and have given more truth to the people—brought nearer to them the spiritual presence of Christ. And I to-day return here because it seems to be an outlet for all individuals, of whatever religious opinion. I endeavored through the years of my life to be as faithful to my work as I possibly could. In early life, having taken up the practice of medicine, and for a time, I walked in that path, then feeling called upon to enter another field of labor, I commenced to preach what I felt to be the truth; but finding, since I have been in spirit-life, that this is really a beautiful philosophy, and something which we should all understand, and feeling like a child in its presence, I thought my first duty was to announce myself from this public platform. I died in Lawrence; my name, George Packard; my faith, Episcopal.

John Fris.

I really don't know how to tell my story, but I will begin by introducing myself. I am John Fris. I have been in spirit-life about ten years. I passed away in St. Louis. I have somewhere about there a good sister, Mary, and I would like to address her a few words, saying if she will mind her impressions I will address her all I can. I have talked with her once in a while. I am a plain, practical man. I was about fifty years old. I went out with consumption. Say I have met my wife, my boy Henry, and the old darkey, Dinah, that we used to like so well. I have home much better than I ever expected to have. I did n't build it myself, with the materials which we formerly used, but it's a pleasant place, and I can obtain all the books I wish, all the knowledge that I need. I find it a grand place to live and to learn. Truly a man must look well to his household while he is here; must watch his outgoings and his incomings, and see that it is all right and pure here, and then it will be all right and pure up there. I thank you for the privilege of coming.

John Powell.

I am told, sir, that this place is for saint and for sinner, for those that are good and for those that are bad, and that here is where you can learn wisdom to act upon in the Summer-Land. I had enough of life while here—all I wanted of it and more too, yet at heart I am not so bad a man—don't mean to be. I know I have done enough. I am a grand old fellow, but now if there is any such thing I want to do right, I want to learn all I can. I want to turn over a new leaf and paste it down so I can't see anything back of it. It's a most terrible thing to me, this having a looking-glass ever staring you in the face, and being obliged to sit and look in it. I wish it was n't so. But then, I am sorry for all I have done, and I want to be better. I want to do right. I could n't stand the last blow. The last friend I had, I thought she'd stick to me, and when I found she was gone, too, and no longer recognized me, then I wanted to go; so I got out in the State Prison. I got out by putting something under my neck by the name of New Year's come here, to-day, hanging out in another way, and I would ask each individual, spirits and mortals, to lend me a helping hand.

Mary M. Burns.

My name is John Powell. I went out from the Connecticut State Prison.

They say each one has a work to do which no other one can do, then I suppose I've got my work to do, and I'll enter upon it with as good courage as possible. I find in your Circle Room to-day a great many spirits from all parts of the world, and I find some little children here, too, that I'll take care of when I go away.

My name is Mary M. Burns. I went out from Montpelier, Vt., some five years ago, or more. I was an humble individual; work was ever with me. I always had something to do—more than I really needed.

I've come to-day to say to my brother James, that in the old Book there is a thought for him, if he will get that Book and look it out. I will see, Mr. Chairman, that this reaches him.

A.

This question has come to me in spirit-life: Why is it, if spirits are so all-powerful and wise, if the Summer-Land is peopled with men and women who have knowledge obtained both by living on the earth and living in spirit-life, that you cannot bring knowledge to the people of earth so they may avoid all these evils, and crush out all these troubles and become united as one people?

This is not a new thing to me; I have controlled mediums before, and yet I find that each individual medium has his or her peculiarities, and I cannot express myself as I would desire to do, yet, knowing that many of you are Spiritualists who sit here to-day, I want to say this one thing: that you as a people have got a great deal to do, and instead of playing like dogs, snarling and snapping at each other, you had better join hands strongly for the coming conflict that is before the world. You need every particle of strength, you need every bit of knowledge that you can gain; then, rather than find fault one with your neighbor, learn you out selves, study your own natures, taking hold with one strong hold of the Spiritual Philosophy and its truths, raise the banner of truth over your heads, saying: "I go forth to fight the good fight," and you will add the spirit-world to come, you will give spirits strength to work for you. The time is coming when you must be strong; the time is coming when you will need all the strength that you can gather from the spirit-world and from the earth-plane.

I would answer the gentleman who called me here, and say to him, Yes, there is coming a struggle. It will not be long. Only let the angel-world take hold with yours, and we will straighten things out and bring light. I sign my name, A.

Flora Maria Heywood.

I came from Berlin, Vt. I have been in spirit-life some two years and a little more. I think it was in the month of May I came to the Summer-Land. I felt a desire to-day to speak here, to send words of cheer to those who knew me, telling them of my home—that it is a bright and sunny one, that I am not disappointed, and that the happiness which I got of the eye-green shore before passing out had been realized in all particulars. I feel that if I could return to earth and do any good I would be glad to do so; but to take on the old body and live over the few years I passed here, I would not care to. I am not shut out in the cold, as many are, for I can reach my friends, and yet I was drawn hither to-day, feeling I might be of use to some who are learning the way, and, maybe, strengthen the faith of some faltering ones who are looking to see if the spiritual cause is to go away. We stand at the doorway of the hearts of the people, until they shall grow so strong in faith that they will realize that the angels are sitting at their firesides. My name is Flora Maria Heywood. I was eighteen years old.

Frederic Coombs.

I cannot follow the young lady's example and tell you where I am from. I don't suppose I am from anywhere in particular. I am from all over the world. I belong everywhere. I once lived in your city—lived or stayed—I don't know whether I lived or not; it was hardly living. I was one who had strange experiences. I felt called, early in life, to do what good I could for humanity. I wanted to help all the weak-hearted ones. I found I could strengthen them with my powers of life, and I endeavored to do all I could. I have had all sorts of experiences. I have had money, and I have been penniless; and I have, for months that I lived, I was almost without food, and at times I tried to do the best I knew how, yet it was hard traveling through the world. I'm glad I've got out of it. I find that "Young Men's Christian Associations" that can't give ten cents to a poor old man don't exist in spirit-life, but that we pass up here for just what we are worth. I don't mean what we are worth in dollars and cents—I mean what the soul is worth. Thank God that we have got souls up here, instead of purses. Instead of being friendless and alone, I've got warm friends to care for and love me. I can not sorry for one day's work done, at times I feel I would love to have another lease of life, and to come round here and live again, I should do just the same as I ever did. You can call my name Frederic Coombs.

Cynthia Keith.

I'd like you to say that Cynthia Keith, of Camp Bello, would say to her friends that she would like to meet them. I have been gone about a year, but I have a desire to do something, and I thought I would come here to-day, being assisted by some friends who knew of this, and who understand it, perhaps, better than I do, although I am trying to learn all I can. I know my friends will be glad to hear from me.

Frank Clayton.

As this avenue seems to be open for everybody, I desire to have you write my name—Frank Clayton, of Beverly. There are some things I would like to say to a friend of mine, and I think that by coming here I shall reach him, and in that way get a hearing.

Nancy May.

I won't always have to stay here, sir? [Oh no, you can say what you wish to and then go.] Are you sure I'll get out all right? [Yes.] Ain't troubling anybody, be it? [No.] Them aint mine? [Taking up the medium's glasses and trying them on.] I don't want to take anybody else's. I guess mine are in the closet. Well, I thought I'd like to say to my grand-daughter, Mary Lewis—I don't know whether it'll ever reach her or not, she's so far off, in California—San Francisco they call it—I want to say to her that I've come, that she asked me to come—I don't wish she should give up, but I've done it, and she thought of it, and I've got the thought, I've taken all this long travel to get here. I don't know as I can tell her anything; I don't know as I can explain it to her. Father and I are living in a right good house up here, and we're very happy. Her mother is with us. My first name is Nancy. My name once was Boyce, but you see I married a May. Don't you understand? I used to live-down in Bangor once. Then I went out West. I went out in Cleveland. Mary said she wanted to know if I could come, 'cause I'd said that I'd come, and she said she would know her, even if she came in the Red Sea. I know she'll know it's me.

J. Flint.

Will you please say, Mr. Chairman, in your paper, if you please, that I return to earth, and wish to give a little spiritual listening to my friends when they can get ready to listen to me. I have had my peculiar phase of experience, having gone out believing that man had his punishment after leaving this earth—actually believing in a heaven and a hell—not only a place of mental hell, but I really, friends, believed in a literal hell, a place reeking with human beings, shrieking and feeling that they were damned. I lost a little of that before I passed away; but on coming to this shore I found it so different. Life seems much pleasanter. I find I have power to come and go, and visit different countries, and meet friends that have gone on before me, some that I supposed were eternally doomed to perdition; yet I was disappointed that I found no God personally, that I could not see him face to face; disappointed that I did not find Christ standing at my right hand; and I find the Christ-atmosphere of bright influences, and I can see him, but not the one I pictured to myself. I find my abode as pleasant as I can expect, but for many days I stood waiting and watching for the change to come, knowing not, or rather not realizing whether I was to be eternally damned or to be sent to heaven. But as I look at it to-day it seems so much better to me than anything else could have ever seemed, and I can say that I work. I desire to register my name on the side of right, and to say to all that I am up and doing, and my hand is ready to help my fellow-man. Now I shall never again doubt the goodness, mercy and truth of God. J. Flint.

Nathaniel Wentworth.

I find myself in a strange place, occupying a strange position, and yet I am not going to flinch—not a bit of it. I always had a belief that this thing was true, and now I know full sure that it is. When I got rid of that old

body, and it was a very old body, for I lived some ten years or more beyond the allotted time of man—stolen, they used to call it, but I guess if man takes pretty good care of his body, and inherits a good constitution, he will live as long as he can, at least that was what I did. Several of my friends have been here, Mr. Chairman, and I wanted to come. I haven't been gone away two weeks till to-morrow, [Dec. 13th, 1876,] but I made up my mind if there was any such thing as making an appearance at the Banner of Light Circle, I'd do it. I wanted to do it before there was a great cry found out I was what they called dead. I don't know much about this thing. I've been taking a few lessons in it by the help of my friends Dunbar and Downes, who have been here before me, and my wife, or I might say my wives—Jane and Rebecca. I only want to let my friends know, especially my brother, that I am here, that I ain't a myth, I haven't run away. Mary is here with me to-day helping me.

I feel that I have got into a new world, into a new light and a new home, and I hardly know what to make of it. I'll be round, and let all my old friends know I am here, very soon. Nathaniel Wentworth, of Canton, Mass.

Capt. William Adams.

Allow me to introduce myself as Capt. William Adams, who got rid of his old body in Foxboro, Mass. I would desire to say that I am very glad it's gone, and that I have a much better one now; that I am much happier than I ever expected to be; that I have met my beloved ones, and clasped hands with them, that I have marveled my company, and am ready for the fight—to fight for the truth of this great philosophy of Spiritualism. Be established or not, as you please, I am for the right and for the truth, and I'll do all I can to convince my friends that I still live, if they will call upon me. They can do so without going far from home, where there's a medium, and she will sit for them; let them call on me.

Edith Marston.

You can say that Edith Marston has visited your Boston Circle; that I visited the Southern Circle, and was not able to gain admittance, there was such a crowd. It was nobody's fault, but I could n't get in easily. This life has been to me a great relief, a great strength, for although poor in pocket while I was on earth, there were such yearnings in my soul that I might do something for humanity, and yet so circumscribed was I that it was almost utterly impossible for me to do much, but to obtain my daily bread, and yet many times I longed—so longed that I might carry my friends to the Summer-Land, and give them strength, and told me that I should now be able to help humanity; and here I find a work to do, for I know that I can help others; that I can strengthen them; that I can go into the homes of affliction, and even into the haunts of iniquity, if need be, and preserve my own womanhood and love and strength; and I can touch some suffering souls with the wand of love, and make them look up and feel that they want to be better and purer. I can give strength to some one who is weak in purpose, weak in spirit. I felt as if I wanted to return to earth and say to you, Thank God for this great spiritual influx, for had I not received it before I passed away I never could have realized it as I realize it to-day. Then you who shrink, sometimes, because you cannot do all you would, be strong, feel that there is a power which will come to you by-and-by. I went out from Portsmouth, N. H. I belonged in Montreal.

Sarah Emma Davis.

I am Sarah Emma Davis. I went away from Charleston, S. C. I was ten years old. I have been gone away seven years the twenty-seventh day of last March. I have met father. He was killed in the war. His name is James Rufus. And I have met mother—her name is Julia Ann—and sister Mary, and we are very happy. I come back here to learn how to get to my brother James, because I want to ask him to stop going where he does—it makes him bad. Keep away from that place, and be good. There is a gentleman he works for, and he says he do n't like to work, he do n't think it's gentlemanly to work; you know they do n't let him have negroes to work for us now—who will give him the newspaper, so I come here to-day to say to him, "Stop." I don't know as I've got it right, but I've done the best I can.

Samuel Dent.

Will you please say that Samuel Dent, of Savannah, returns here to-day, to Boston, or rather makes one of his first visits to Boston, and seeks to be recognized by his friends. I hope they will give me an opportunity to communicate with them, as I have something to say which will be of benefit to them. I don't give their names, because I know their sensitiveness, but I have reason to suppose that I shall be able to reach a good friend of mine, who, before I passed away, used to talk to me of the place, which, then believed the greatest important, the most precious piece of non-sense that could be got up. I am glad to exert myself of the privilege of returning, which is evidence that I was mistaken.

Joseph Daniel Darcy.

I am Joseph Daniel Darcy. I died in Concord, N. H., a great many years ago—a whole score of years ago. I do n't know as anybody will know me, but I wanted to come back to see if I could make myself understood—to see if I could say anything. I belonged in New Hampshire, in the Granite State. And I am as firm in my opinion as a piece of granite. I allers was; but you see, I've got up the church now. It's took me a long while to do it, and I felt as if I could n't—as if it must be true, but I can't find anything that the ministers or the Bible ever told me about. I've found dear, good spirit-friends, and I feel it my duty to come back here and tell you about it. This is the only place I can come. I didn't know anything about this till a short time ago. If you'll write my letter I'll be much obliged to you.

Rosanna C. Ward.

It gives me pleasure, great pleasure, to visit Boston, and the Circle Room, to-day, and while the whole atmosphere of your city is stirred by what is called "a religious war," which is now going on, I felt as if I would like to return here and do what I could for the cause of Spiritualism. It was very dear to me. It seems when I look back on my past life as if the spirit-world must have been open to me from the day of my birth—certainly since my remembrance. When only a little child I remember well the spirit faces and hands that were about me. In the early days of Spiritualism I did all I could for it, and through life continued to do so, and on going to the Summer-Land I found myself well repaid for every thought given and every act done, and every cross of suffering I have found a crown of high price—valuable, I might say, beyond all the jewels of earth. To meet the angel ones, to clasp their hands, and to be carried through their homes, and to learn in those wisdom circles of the great power that we could be to earth, has been to me the greatest pleasure I could have. It is three years last October since I passed out of the form in Cincinnati. Quite a number of my friends have wondered why I did not return, why I was not heard from, as I promised them, from time to time, and I therefore come here to-day to inform my friends that I am still working in this glorious cause. You need not fear, beloved ones; I will hold your hands, and guide and guard you. My name, Rosanna C. Ward.

Eleanor E. Mansell.

My name is Eleanor E. Mansell. I went out with typhoid fever, about five years ago, from New York City. I feel a weakness as I return to-day, but I will endeavor to concentrate my mind as much as possible, that I may tell my story straight, so they may know it is me. I wish to reach a brother-in-law of mine whose name is Samuel, and an aunt who loved me very much in earth-life—Aunt Julia—who thinks very much of my mother, who is with me in spirit-life. She will send my message where I want it to go. I wish to say that if my friends will follow out the communication received by them only a few weeks ago, and will listen to what I say to-day, it will be well with them. If not, I fear they will have more trouble than they have ever seen before. I wish, sir, if possible, that they may get this communication soon. I feel very strong in purpose. They will know what I mean. I will help them all I can, but they must be vigilant—look well, or all will be lost. I don't know, sir, as you like to have a business communication brought here, but I would like to reach my friends somehow, if only through this journal. I have been to them from time to time, but they requested that I come and make myself known here, or else at the Baltimore Circle.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

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

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

Anonymous.

I lived a life of hellish purposes; I died a coward—a coward, for I knew that by my faults were known; but little cared I for the knowledge that rested beyond the grave. A pauper! with all my accumulated thousands, still a pauper, not worthy to be called a man! for I had defiled the birth my mother gave me—I cursed the very ground upon which my feet had trod. I wish no man to condemn me; I am my own condemner. I wish no man to hate me; I am my own hater. I wish no man to write my sins; I can place them in black and white without shedding a tear or having a pulsation at the heart's center.

All done for gold, and having gained it, it had no value. The manner in which I obtained it was abhorred. Still the world called on me, and I performed the obligations of life day by day. She, the partner of my life, lived in the closet with me, but when it was given to the world she discarded me. Then the brain reeled, and the adamant heart was broken. I sought death, not for rest, for revenge. I have gained it. I have blotted her days and her nights, and the sun will never rise again in its splendor for her. The money she hoarded, I will make rise up against her and curse her, as it has cursed me and driven me to a coward's grave.

I need not give you my name, 'tis too well known. Shame and infamy can never be blotted from my memory, they will live in the memories of others. The lonely grave of a coward, without a flower, without a stone to mark the spot; but I'll curse it, and curse them and theirs forever and forever. There's no rest for me. Do you know me? [Yes, oh, too well. Do you hate me? do you loathe me? do you curse me? (Oh, no, I do not condemn, I would help you.) All I mean, be not mistaken, damnation comes with every act of crime. My life was one continued crime, and all for money, which only fed and clothed me. Under what planet was I born, to live thus and die thus?

Captain Totten.

I died in Jersey City. My name was Captain Totten. I was about seventy-four years old. Lived plenty long enough. I lived on Grove street, between Ninth and Tenth. Well, what about it? It's fashionable now to make an explanation after the vital forces of life get out of the dead carcass. Is this considered tributary to the relations you have left behind you, or is it proof of advantage to yourself? [Both.] Then the rule works well both ways; for me to explain, and for me to receive. Now is it you or myself who has to probe the brain and see if there is good common sense?

The spirit-world is a living counterpart of the one from whence I went. To be sure, we have not got the aggravations, nor the ups and downs which the daily life always brought. I've not been made a saint, nor have I been made a devil, in passing through that wonderful change called death. I feel alive at all the points of life. What harm did I do to any man, that I should fear my God? No! No! No! I feared him not. I did my duty as a man, and when the voice called me, I bid farewell to earth and all its cares, for I felt there was a better land for man, and I've not been disappointed. I shall not give praise, nor spend my time complaining; I will be the man I was, working and finding good and happiness through the work.

Now let any man come forward and contradict me, I'll be apt, though dead, to contradict him, for the dead live, the dead sleep, the dead rest, and after rest the dead work, working according to the faculties which the Infinite, Omnipotent Creator has fashioned within.

Louisa Canfield.

At Morristown, N. J., Louisa Canfield, in the seventy-second year of my earthly existence. It is a broad subject, that which I am now contemplating, one on which life with its beauties and its experiences stands. Some to whom I may speak are believers, others are disbelievers. I am not of the Nicodemus tribe, coming under cover of the night, nor am I, nor was I, one of the doubting-Thomas-order, for I knew full well there were many strange things in our philosophy, that I neither knew nor comprehended; but after passing through the experiences of a new life, I am enabled to give forth to the human race some of the advantages and beauties that are attributed to this intercourse that exists between the two worlds.

I live regularly but spiritually, with all the grosser parts given to mother earth and the spirit to the realms of beautiful-unfoldment, where education is vouchsafed to every one who seeks it. Now to the point. When my eyes closed on the scenes below, a short space of time was allotted before they opened on the scenes above; and little by little my senses became quickened to the thought that I had been transferred from earth to the home of celestial. I felt strange, to be sure, for a while, but all my sleeping faculties awoke one by one, and then came the harmony of my new life. I then understood my position. No sorrows passed over me, rather a grand rejoicing, for all things around me stood in beauty. Now my task for a time is to go from sphere to sphere until I have gained that knowledge which will fit me for the higher. Onward and upward will ever be my motto. Condemn not, friends, until you have investigated. This is the advice of one who sleeps not in death.

Thomas Smith.

Is there any harm in my coming? I've colored, was colored. My name is Thomas Smith; age, seventy-four; formerly of Hampton, Baltimore County. When my resignation came, I resigned this life for the other.

I done justice to everybody, but everybody did n't do justice to me. I'm on the other side of life now, where the angels sing, where no strife comes, where no blackening are, where the distinction is according to color. I lived a clavis life. I had kind, good owners, but when the day of freedom came, I accepted it, and walked out into the open field, a free man, to work for myself. I was just getting to the point where I could rest, when a tap came at the door, and the soul of Thomas was demanded, and Thomas, without a sigh or a groan, gave up the things below for the things above in heaven.

Now, all my old-time acquaintances, I am walking the streets of the New Jerusalem. I am happy to think that I can come back and speak. I do not feel now as I did in my latter days. I

am just like one that is young, full of life, and willing to go forward and do my Maker's will...

Samuel Miles. I was fifty-seven years old. Samuel Miles. I died in Northumberland County, Virginia.

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.

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