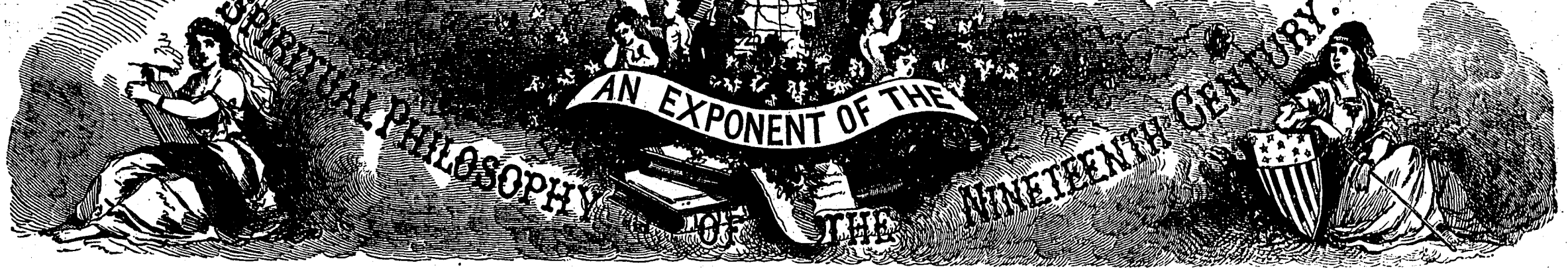


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Original Essays.

PHYSICAL MAN.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

MAN is the superlative being, the last, greatest, and yet incomplete effort of creative energy. I shall consider him in the two-fold aspect of a physical and spiritual being, related on the one side to the material world, and on the other to the spiritual. Since the motto "Know thyself" was carved on the portal of a Grecian temple, the study of man has been the most absorbing pursuit of the thinker, for all departments of science cluster around him as a centre, and a perfect knowledge of him is a comprehension of the universe. Early was the momentous question asked by the soul blindly calling for an understanding of itself: *What is man?* The solution was felt to be fraught with infinite consequences, not only in this life but the interminable future, which was vaguely shadowed out in the understanding of savage man. The answer early given, in the very childhood of the race, became the foundation of the great religious systems of the world. The conjecture of untaught minds became the received system of causation, and growing hoary with age arrogated to itself infallible authority, and required implicit faith, and the exercise of reason only in making palatable the requirements of that faith. Conceived in an age when nature was an unknown realm, and law and order not imagined to control or direct causes to effects, when science opened her mysteries to the understanding, and one by one dogmas claiming infallibility were shown to be false, there of necessity was antagonism and conflict. I do not propose to enlarge on the theological aspect of this subject more than incidentally. That treatment has grown threadbare, "a stale, flat and unprofitable," for every drop of vital juice it contained has been extracted long ago. The interminable sects, wrangling over the dogmatic solution of this vital question of man's origin and destiny, arriving at nothing determinate, wrangling with each other and themselves, are not incentives to follow their paths. If metaphysical theology contained the germ of truthful solution, satisfaction would have resulted ages ago, and the mind, supposing contented with the answer, would have employed its energies in other directions. Instead there is restlessness, turmoil, conflict and decision, and never has been an answer so broad and deep in catholicity of truth as to meet the demand. If science fail also, it is not the retrievable failure of assumed infallibility. Its teachings are ever tentative, and prophecies of triumph. As the most ennobling study of mankind is man, the crowning work of science the solution of this vexed question. By science I mean accurate knowledge, close and careful observation of phenomena, and the conclusions drawn therefrom.

MAN A DUAL STRUCTURE.

While Theology, Brahminical, Buddhistical or Christian, teaches that man is an incarnate spirit, independent of the physical body, created by miracle, supported by a succession of miracles, and saved by miracle from eternal death, material science, as at present taught by its leading exponents, wholly ignores his spiritual life, and declares him to be a physical being only. It is not my purpose to reconcile these conflicting views. Truths never require reconciliation. They are either right or wrong, and if the results of two different methods of investigation are at variance, one or the other is in error, and the only reconciliation is the elimination of that error. The egotisms of theology and the pride of science array their voices in opposition, while the truth remains unquestioned in the unexplored middle ground. Man is neither a spirit nor a body, he is the intimate union of both. In and through his physical being, the spiritual nature is evolved from the forces of the elements and is expressed. There is somewhat more enduring than the relations of chemical unions, actions and reactions, his physical body. Beneath this organic construction is that which remains, to which it is the scaffolding which assists, while it conceals the development of the real edifice.

PHYSICAL MAN.

First, as most tangible and obvious in this investigation, is the physical man, the body, the temple of the soul. The student, even when imbued with the doctrine of materialism, arises from the study of the physical machine with wonder and surprise akin to awe, declaring man made fearfully and wonderfully made.

It is not surprising that we die, but that we

live. The rupture of a nerve fibre, the obstruction of a valve, the momentary cessation of breath, the introduction of a mote at some vital point, brings this most complex structure to eternal rest. By what constant oversight, by what persistency of reparation is it preserved from ruin!

This physical man is an animal, amenable to the laws of animal growth. His body is the type of which theirs are imperfect copies. From two or three mineral substances his bones are crystallized, and articulated as the bones of all vertebrate animals, and over them the muscles are extended. From the *amphioxus*, too low in the scale of being to be called a fish, a being without organs, without a brain, little more than an elongated sack of gelatinous substance, through which a white line marks the position of the spinal cord and the future spinal axis, there is a slow and steady evolution to the perfected skeleton of man. His osseous structure is the type of all. The fin of the fish, the huge paddle of the whale, the cruel paw of the tiger, the hoof of the horse, the wing of the bird, and the wonderfully flexible hand of man, so exquisite in adaptations as to be taken as an unqualified evidence of Design, are all fashioned out of the same elementary bones, after one model. The change of form to meet the wants of their possessors, results from the relative enlargement or atrophy of one or more of these elements. When the fleshy envelope is stripped away from them, it is astonishing how like these apparently divergent forms really are. In the whale the flesh unites the huge bones of the fingers, and produces a broad, oar-like fin; in the tiger the nails become retractile talons; in the bird some of the fingers are atrophied, while others are elongated to support the feathers which are to offer resistance to the air in flight; in the horse the bones of the fingers are consolidated, and the united nails appear in the hoof.

If there exists such perfect similarity in the bony structure of man to the animal world, the muscular system for which it furnishes support offers the same likeness. Trace any muscle in the human body from its origin to its termination, mark the bones it passes over, and you will find the function it performs, and see a dissection of the most obscure or disreputable member of the vertebrate kingdom, and you will find the same muscle performing the same function. The talons of the tiger are extended and flexed by muscles, similar to those which give flexibility to the human hand, and the same elements are traceable in the ponderous paddle of the whale.

More vital than the bony framework, or the muscles to which it gives support, is the nervous system, seemingly not only the central source of vital power, but the means of union and sympathetic relation of every cell and fibre of the entire body.

The brain has been aptly compared to a central telegraphic office, and the nerves to the extended wires, which hold in communication and direct relation all the organs, and from which the functions of each are directed.

The nervous system is the bridge which spans the chasm between matter and spirit, and the battle between Materialism and Spiritualism must be fought not only with brain, but in the province of brain. The issue directly stated is this: Does the brain yield mind as a result of organic changes in its cells and fibres, or is mind a manifestation through and by means of the brain of something beyond and superior? The Materialists boldly assert that "mind is a secretion of the brain, as bile is of the liver." They claim to be scientists, and rely only on facts, yet the most profound in their ranks admit that the structure of the brain is a mystery, its functions unfathomable, and really nothing is absolutely known of the offices it sustains to the body, or the methods by which these are performed. They are satisfied with the investigation of what may be called secondary relations and effects. The chemist has found phosphorus and sulphur in the nerve substance, and hence it is claimed that they are essential to thought. So much phosphorus, so much thought, and so much waste product of decomposition. These philosophers have gone so far as to prescribe a diet for students. Fish abound in phosphorus, and are hence the best brain food. But you feel assured that phosphorus never wrote Homer's *Iliad*, or solved the problem of gravitation. It is not phosphorus, or carbon, or nitrogen, however vigorously oxidized, that pulsates in the emotions of friendship or love; that feels, and thinks, and knows; that recollects the past, and anticipates the future, and reaches out in infinite aspirations for perfection. Phosphorus will not, nor will any of the elements, nor any of their combinations.

The actions of thought on the brain, the effort compelling the body to serve the bidding of the spirit may consume this element and many others, as the movement of an engine consumes the coal and wastes the steam, but the coal and the steam are only the means whereby mind impresses itself on matter.

The Materialist studies the brain as a person wholly unacquainted with an engine, and mistaking it for a living being, might be supposed to do. He would observe its motion; and weighing the coal consumed and the products of combustion, would say that they appeared in steam, which after propelling the piston was waste. The design in the engine, the effect of these combinations and this waste, this observer would claim to be the guiding intelligence. And he would further argue that so much coal in the grate, so much water in the boiler, and you have so much intelligence, and the waste may be predetermined by chemical formula!

Until the threshold of the structure of the nervous system and the functions of the brain have

been passed, the primary principles of scientific investigation would at least require modesty in asserting conclusions of such momentous consequences.

If it be claimed that man is a natural being, originated and sustained by natural laws, that he came without miracle, then do we unite the margins of the human and animal kingdoms, and are satisfied with placing man at the head of the animal world. An interminable and unbroken series of beings extends in a gradual gradation downwards, until the organs by which the phenomena of life are manifested are lost one by one, the senses disappear, and we arrive at what has been aptly termed "protoplasm," not an organized form, but simply *organizable* matter, or matter from which organic forms can be produced.

If in reviewing this chain of beings, slowly arising by constant evolution, we closely examine several of its consecutive links, we shall find that while each ascending link is apparently complete, yet it is only the germ out of which the next is evolved in superior forms. Each link is a prophecy of future superiority. We can trace the fulfillment of the prophecy of one age in the next, until man appears at the last term in the physical series.

They who teach us this doctrine of evolution, which is to life what the law of gravitation is to worlds, also teach that united with the doctrine of "conservation of force," our hope of immortality is a dream.

What a sham they make of creation! What a turmoil for no result! Infinite ages of progress and evolution, during which elemental matter, by force of inherent laws, sought to individualize itself and incarnate its force in living beings; ages of struggle upwards from low to high, from sensitive to sentient, from sentient to intellectual, from zoöphyte to man! And now, having accomplished this, and given man exquisite susceptibility of thought, of love, of affection, making him the last factor in the series, he is doomed to perish! What is gained by this travail of the ages? It would have been as well had the megal stimes, or the mastodons, and mammoths, of pre-historic times, as with man. As each factor in the series prophesies future forms, so does man read in the same light prophecy-forms before them. They cannot be in the line of greater physical perfection, for in the days of Greece and Rome man was as perfect physically, as is seen by their sculptures, as to-day. Ages ago this exceeding beauty was attained. It cannot be in the evolution of a being, superior to man, for as in each lower animal imperfect organs or structures, or partially employed functions, are improvable and perfected by succeeding forms, in man the archetype is complete, and no partially developed organ indicates the possibility of future change.

Progress having arrived at its limits with the body, changes its direction, and appears in the advancement of mind. Death closes the career of individuality, and we live only in thoughts—our selfhood is absorbed in the ocean of being. Mankind perfects as a whole, and the sighed-for millennium is coming by-and-by.

Of what avail is it to us if future generations are wise and noble, if we pass into nonentity? Of what avail to them to be wise and noble, if life is only the fleeting hour? Not yet will I believe Nature to be such a sham—such a cruel failure. The spirit rebels against the supposition of its mortality. The body is its habitation. Shall the coat be claimed to be the entire man? Shall the garments ignore the wearer?

This is the animal side of man. Physically composed of the same elements, and having passed through these innumerable changes, he is an epitome of the universe. As man was foreshadowed in remotest ages as the crowning-type in the series of organic life, so man foreshadows superior excellence. Springing out of his physical perfectibility, arises a new world of spiritual wants and aspirations, unanswered and unsatisfiable in mortal life.

IF THERE IS AN IMMORTAL SPIRIT, IT MUST BE ORIGINATED AND SUSTAINED BY NATURAL LAWS.

If this be true, we are to seek the origin of the individualized spirit with the origin of the physical body. We are to place the growth of one with that of the other. The physical body is the scaffolding by which the spiritual being is sustained, and when matured sufficiently, remains after that support is taken away.

A certain stage of progress or perfection must be reached before this result, else all living beings would be immortal. Like the arch, which unless completed falls as soon as the scaffolding is removed, the spiritual part of the animal falls at death. Continue the task still further and place the keystone in its position, and the arch remains self-supporting.

MRS. BOOTHBY'S SEANCES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Noticing a paragraph in your issue of the 17th in reference to Mrs. Boothby's seances, and having frequently enjoyed the privilege of attending them, I wish to add my testimony to that of hundreds of others, to the honesty of the medium and the genuineness of the manifestations. The first indications of spirit presence and power I witnessed occurred in New York in 1850, and since that time I have seen about all phases of it, and been familiar with its history from the period of those "sittings" at which we felt ourselves well paid if, after an hour or more of patient waiting, we heard a few faint raps, to its present seance, at which the denizens of the other

worlds meet us face to face, sit at our side, converse with us directly with their own voices, and tell us of immortality. After all my experience I am free to state that I have met with no medium more willing or desirous that everything should be conducted honestly and fairly than Mrs. B. She has been not only willing that all possible precaution should be taken to avoid the semblance of trickery, but has insisted that it should be, even when those present did not think it necessary, she herself being the greatest skeptic.

It is not requisite that I occupy your space in any enumeration of the various "phenomena," so-called, that have occurred at her seances, as they have been similar to those that have many times been recorded as occurring elsewhere. I think, however, from what statements I have read and from remarks made by persons present, that the forms and features are generally more tangible and distinct than they usually are at most materializing circles.

Now why the question of the genuineness of Mrs. Boothby's, or any other person's seances, should hinge on the fact that any one individual is admitted to them or not admitted, is a problem that some possibly may, but which I am unable to solve. There is not, probably, one Spiritualist who has not, at some time, been told he could not attend a certain seance, or who, after having been admitted, has not been told to leave it. Some time since I applied to a lady, well and favorably known as a materializing medium, for a seat at one of her seances, and my application was refused. But I did not rave, and declare the whole thing a "swindle" and the lady a "humbug" for that reason. I remember long ago walking about three miles to attend a circle. It was in the infancy of the cause, and if, luckily, we got anything, it would be considered very meagre in this day of abundance of spiritual food. I was rather weary when I reached my friend's house, and almost regretted I came so far to get so little; but I consoled myself with the thought that the few raps I might hear, and the message of half a dozen words I might receive, would abundantly reward me, because of those whom I had buried and called "dead."

So I seated myself, with others, and thought it good to be there. But I had scarcely done so when the medium said I must leave the room—she did not know why or for how long, she only knew I must do so. I made my exit rather reluctantly, and found myself, with the sombre light of a tallow candle, in a cold room, where I sat for about two hours, revolving in my mind the old adage, "All doubtful things are very uncertain."

In such experiences some individuals labor under the impression that mediums have no rights which skeptics are bound to respect. But, thanks to common sense, there are some who think they have. The experience of Mrs. Hull at Portland, and of several other materializing mediums in the West, has led these sensitives to act with an increased degree of caution, and it is high time that the public was led to understand that a lady has a right to guard herself against a possibility of personal injury without subjecting herself to a charge of being a fraud.

Again, we should remember that in this matter of mediumship there is "a power behind the throne"; that it is not Mrs. Boothby that grants or refuses an application for a seat at the spiritual banquet. The host is behind the veil, he is unseen, and yet he controls the whole; and when the request is made it is he who answers it, and not the passive instrument before us. But, alas! the public is not cognizant of this fact. In its ignorance of spiritual laws it knows nothing of it, pools at it if even suggested, and the medium is obliged to incur the displeasure of the applicant, and, in many instances, listen to his opprobrious epithets.

The unseen workers in this cause know best the conditions required, and being masters of the situation feel authorized to control them. The refusal of a person does not necessarily imply personal unfriendliness. Years ago, when Mr. Sunderland lectured on mesmerism and biology, and Tremont Temple was crowded with interested auditors, some of those present were forced to go upon the platform and make an exhibition of themselves. Where one was susceptible to this power hundreds were not, and it would have been considered very foolish for those who could not to be thus acted upon to have denounced those who were, as deceivers, swindlers and dupes. And it was not from any ill-will of the lecturer that they were not moved. It was simply because certain temperamental or magnetic conditions must exist in the person to produce those results.

There are hosts of beings in the spirit-world determined to stay the incoming tide of spiritual light and human progress on earth, and they work in unison with those of like desires yet tabernacled in the flesh. They labor to this end with an earnestness and a determination in comparison with which the recent contest of the two great political powers for the presidency was tame and feeble. They seek to discourage the aspiring, to throw obstacles in the way of the investigator, to give an appearance of fraud where none exists, to make honesty seem like deceit, and build up mountains of distrust out of molehills of misapprehension.

The experience of Mrs. Hull, to which I have alluded, is an illustration of this. I believe Mrs. Hull to be a genuine medium; a truthful, conscientious woman, who was magnetically forced—overpowered by the combined wills of those determined to prove her an impostor, and caused in that instance to assume a spirit-form—in

the same way as Sunderland caused one of his audience to go on his platform and declare that he was General Washington. In sympathy with the clique of doctors, who that evening invested her home with their determined wills, were those in spirit life like bent upon crushing her medium powers. Thus, those on earth acting on the medium, and those in the unseen world warring upon her controls, made a joint attack and succeeded in their united efforts to give honesty an appearance of fraud, and scored one to the credit of bigotry and ignorance.

This is but one of hundreds of instances, occurring in all parts of the world, indicating the character of the opposition and one mode of its procedure.

Therefore, I conclude that if the gentleman to whom you allude was refused admission, *there was some good reason for it*. And, supposing he was not admitted, what then? Is it to be presumed for that reason that trickery and deceit hold carnival there? Is it to be presumed that of the hundreds who attend these seances, not one is as acute and as ready to detect fraud as he? But Mrs. B.'s seances are not confined to her own house. They have been held in scores of other houses—the residences of families as intelligent and as desirous of knowing the truth as any one can be—and, thank Heaven, as determined to assert and defend it when known.

In conclusion, let me add a single word for all mediums. They are sensitive, mentally and physically, to an extreme degree. They need the sympathy, the aid, the protection of those strong in earthly magnetisms. Their unseen attendants give them spiritual strength, but it is for those who yet occupy these earthly temples to give them that material strength which they so much need.

JOHN S. ADAMS.

West Roxbury, March 18th, 1877.

Spiritual Phenomena.

MATERIALIZATION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Last evening I was present at 1027 Ogden by the usual Sunday evening seance held having a few hours previous arranged, and held at a friend's house, and the prospect was by no means encouraging for a successful seance. There were some twenty visitors present.

It was a long time before any manifestation of consequence occurred, but finally two female forms opened the curtain alternately, that were identified by Mr. Wolf (a gentleman present well known to Spiritualists) as being the materialized spirit forms of a lady and her waiting-maid who were killed in some railroad accident which he named. The entire form of the lady was tastefully arrayed in the purest white, while her head was surmounted by a beautiful coronet on the front of which a diamond-like gem ever sparkled and shone with star-like brightness. The waiting-maid was clad in garments of a more sombre shade. Both these forms were presented for a short time at several intervals, sometimes both together, but generally separate. On one or more occasions they were accompanied by another spirit, clothed in white garments, who I think Mr. Wolf said was associated, when in earth form, with the other two in some way.

Soon after these spirits retired, the glorious angel, Elizabeth du la Rue, opened the folds of the curtain, and had the *temerity* to exhibit her fully materialized form arrayed in its customary resplendent robes at the very moment when she must have known it could be seen by all present that the veritable Elizabeth du la Rue was then sitting in the first row of the circle tending baby. (That is, allowing all that is said to be true.)

Still another female form presented itself, clothed in white, but seemed unable to stay. Then came on the scene the real star of the evening, the brilliant, sylph-like and bewitchingly graceful form of the little "Princess" as she is called, but who probably represents as well some Persian or Eastern dancing girl of most rare accomplishments. She was *petite* in person, but of exquisitely perfect proportion, and moved and danced about the room more like a butterfly than a human being, scarcely touching the floor with the toes of her taper ankles and feet, as she kept time with the music performed by a blind organist, (whom I think it might be well for Philadelphia Spiritualists to patronize.) Her beautiful ball or dancing dress seemed studded with diamonds and gems throughout, that glittered in its wavy and ever-moving folds like stars of the first magnitude in the firmament. The lovely vision remained at intervals for minutes at a time on the floor, finishing each dance in succession called for by the music, and ever and anon approaching to within a few feet of the front row of the circle, when, as if to screen her face from too ardent a gaze, she would gracefully unfold and throw aside and aloft a snowy gossamer veil, rivaling Queen Mab's in delicacy of texture and material.

Just before leaving Boston, some two weeks ago, I held a private seance with Mrs. Rockwood, No. 14 East Springfield street, when Theodore Parker came to me, (as he frequently does there) and through quite a number of other mediums, and said that the next time I went to a materializing circle, it was his purpose to present himself to me in a way that I should feel sure of his identity. Being aware that spirits are frequently unable to perform all they promise, (probably through lack of proper conditions,) I placed but little reliance on what was said, and his words on that occasion had escaped my memory, until Mr. Bliss announced to me that there was a spirit in the aperture who wished me to come to him. I

know that Mr. Parker was not at the time in my thoughts, but no sooner did I look upon the face presented, than I felt sure that it could be no other than his, from the strong resemblance to him on several portraits I have seen of him. The nose especially was exactly like his as it has been represented, and the whole expression of countenance indicated beyond cavil a man of marked mental strength and intelligence, and of high moral and polite culture. He seemed to be much pleased at our meeting, and spoke several times to me in whispers. Every feature and line of his face was as distinct as possible. While I was quietly regarding them, the folds of the curtain opened, and out stepped again the beautiful Princess, and turned her face archly toward me. As I returned to my seat in the circle, the little couple instantly joined me and danced by my side, until I had nearly reached my place, when she went capering back on the tips of her toes, and vanished for the evening behind the folds of the cabinet.

I think some other spirits manifested immediately after this, but am not entirely sure. Mr. Bliss, however, soon summoned me to the aperture in the cabinet, at the request of Capt. Davis, who is, I think, the most prominent conductor of the circle on the spirit side. Capt. Davis greeted me cordially, and as a mark of especial regard twice placed his cap on my head. I was both surprised and pleased to find that Mr. Parker had not yet left. He too again greeted me very kindly, directly after which a female spirit, clothed in not over brilliant white, opened the fold of the curtain, but almost immediately disappeared, being, seemingly, too weak to hold control. I thought that Mr. Parker might have remained in the cabinet for the especial purpose of assisting this spirit to materialize.

Directly after this the sainted Elizabeth du la Rue again suddenly opened the folds of the curtain and stood within a yard of me. I thought her aspect was more pensive than I had ever seen it before, but whether this was caused by the little piece of flirtation she must have witnessed in connection with the little Princess, I am unable to say.

There was a very genial, straightforward gentleman from the northwest part of Pennsylvania, as he told me in the circle, whose name I did not learn. The Indian chief Black Hawk came to the aperture in the cabinet, and beckoned the gentleman to come to him. After their interview was about ended, I happened to say that I once saw Black Hawk in New York, with some few other Indians who had been delegated to wait on their great father, Gen. Jackson, who was then President. I remembered that one other of these Indians was known as the prophet, but did not recollect the others. I also remembered pretty distinctly Black Hawk's features, especially his aquiline nose, from which probably his name was derived. By his request I went to the cabinet, where he greeted me most cordially, and slapped the top of my head with his hand pretty severely in token of good fellowship. He looked the Indian in every particular, even to the feathers (I think of the eagle) that stood upright on the fore part of his head. But no sooner had I placed my eyes on the renowned Indian warrior than his countenance reminded me of what I had forgotten, that a son of Black Hawk constituted one of the delegation, who I now well remember very much resembled him. Black Hawk looked younger than the old chief, and I feel sure that it strikingly resembled the son as I saw him in New York some forty years ago or more, both in complexion and feature.

Next came running out of the cabinet, full of life and fun, the little Indian squaw, Blue Flower. She is perhaps four feet in height, and was dressed in brownish colored clothes, with the exception of a white pointed fringe around the bottom of her outside garment, which was an ornament she had acquired lately, and was, as I understand, an indication or badge of progress. After her usual greeting all round, Blue Flower ran up to Mrs. Bliss's baby and looked inquisitively into its face; she then went to a table on which stood a music-box, which she wound up with her own hand and set it going. To show the strength of the little creature—after first asking me to take up the box in one hand, that I might observe its weight—she also lifted it in her right hand and carried it about the room.

Blue Flower looked the Indian in every particular, was very talkative, and remained on the floor in full sight perhaps half an hour, dividing her time between talking and dancing.

A highly pleasing manifestation that occurred at this circle was the presentation of spirit hands, which I was invited to come up to the cabinet and witness. One delicately formed female hand was first presented at the cabinet aperture which I took in mine and examined. Then came another of the same character, followed by others, until I counted six distinct hands. After the first hand was examined by me, it commenced to move about, and as each subsequent one was added to the number, the motion of all was accelerated, so that I was unable to count them reliably after the first six appeared, although I think there must have been a dozen or more present at one time. They came alike from above and below, and on either side of the cabinet. I placed my head a little within the aperture, when my face, beard, neck and head, were immediately covered with moving hands. All of them were of the softest and most delicate texture. There could have been no deception in this manifestation, as the hands were as distinct and well formed as any lady's.

The materialization circle closed with the appearance on the foreground of old Mrs. McCarty, a familiar spirit of the circle, and the boy Billy, the "boot-black," both of whom were clothed in very dingy, indifferent garments. It was very droll to observe how the old woman manifested an undoubted affection for the little boy by constantly scolding at him in her Irish brogue, and occasionally pushing him back into the cabinet with a threat that if he did not behave better he should not come out again.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.
Philadelphia, April 2d, 1877.

MANIFESTATIONS IN CLEVELAND.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mrs. H. Wilson, materializing medium, wishes to announce that she will be at home at her place of business, 471 Sixth avenue, New York City, on and after April 10th, ready to receive calls.

Mrs. W. has been in Cleveland two weeks, holding sances with great success. A great many Spiritualists who never had an opportunity of seeing a materialized face before have now been fully gratified. The faces appearing at the aperture of the cabinet in rapid succession were just as varied as those in the audience, and with as much

clearness and as lifelike as so many living persons. All conversed freely with the circle, and did many wonderful things, considering they were materialized spirits. The presiding spirit, "Capt. Ben," gave freely of his whiskers which he clipped off and gave to all who asked, and this was kept up night after night, without any apparent diminution of the fine, black, luxuriant growth. Among the wonders to be met with at these sances is the sudden opening of the cabinet door when talking or singing is going on inside; while the door is swung wide open, the audience rush up, see nothing but the medium sitting in her chair in a deep trance, with mouth hermetically sealed up, and the talking continues for some minutes by answering and asking questions. This is a phase I have never witnessed with any other medium after the spirit-form disappeared. But history is fast repeating itself. We read in the scriptures where I think it was St. Paul, speaking of his conversion, makes the remark, "Hearing a voice, but seeing no man." Mrs. Wilson has done a work here that will add greatly to the strength of our cause, notwithstanding the miserable efforts of Bishop, who was here at same time, under patronage of the churches, showing off his burlesque (pretended) imitations. Yours truly, D. A. EDVY.
Cleveland, O., March 28th, 1877.

MATERIALIZATIONS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

We are in receipt of a long communication signed by Mr. Porter, Mr. Lee and wife, M. Douglass, Miss E. Douglass and Mr. Napier, all of Sacramento, giving the details of a private sance they recently attended at Mrs. C. M. Sawyer's, a materializing medium in San Francisco, from which we will give the following facts: The cabinet contained two compartments, separated by a wire screen. In the rear one, behind the wire door, the medium entered, and being seated, the door was closed and securely fastened, precluding the possibility of her face being seen at the aperture of the cabinet. "Flow," one of Mrs. Sawyer's controlling spirits, very soon appeared at the aperture, and after opening the door of the cabinet, showing herself and the medium at the same time, stepped out, saying "Good-evening," and then returned. The next figure that appeared was that of a girl of about twelve years of age, in white flowing robes and very black hair. She stepped out of the cabinet, spoke the name of "Emma Douglass," and vanished. The next was the figure of an old man, who walked out some ten feet from the cabinet to where Mr. Porter sat, led him up to it, where he could see the medium sitting in the inner room, behind the wire screen. This apparition then vanished. Mr. Porter was asked by a voice from the cabinet to put his hand inside the aperture; upon complying, it was grasped firmly by a hand which he recognized as that of his father, by the loss of his middle finger. "This was a surprise to Mr. P., for he did not know that his father was in the spirit-world, but supposed he was still living in Canada. The door was then thrown open, revealing the medium sitting in a chair, fully entranced as before. The spirit advanced and stood beside Mr. P., who recognized his father, looking as natural as in life. He gave his name as John Porter, and said he had been dead over two years. He then entered the cabinet and appeared as that of a woman, holding an infant in her arms. She was dressed in deep black, was of medium height, dark brown hair and black eyes, (the medium is a blonde.) She said her husband and daughter were in the room, and she asked to speak to them, and had brought her little one with her. She then stepped out of the cabinet, and walked directly to Mr. and Miss Douglass, who at once recognized her. The daughter was very much affected by the unexpected appearance and clear recognition of her mother. The spirit having kissed husband and daughter, entered the cabinet and disappeared. Again the cabinet door was flung open by the invisibles, and all could see the medium in the same position as before. Presently a white misty object commenced forming in the cabinet, which gradually became more distinct, and grew larger; presently it advanced to the door, when the forms of two little children could be distinctly seen, a boy and a girl, apparently about six years of age, holding each other by the hand. They spoke, but not loud enough to be understood. But what astonished the beholders most was the appearance of a luminous semi-circle over the heads of the children, which gradually grew brighter and brighter, until the words "Truth is dawning at last," could be read plainly; then all vanished as gradually as in the process of forming. This closed the sance, and the medium was found, very much exhausted, in the compartment in which she had been securely locked at the beginning of the sance.

"S. J. FINNEY'S NOTES."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The mortal whose brain whirled at the thought of a "Defic centre," may scoff at the ideas put forth in "One of S. J. Finney's last notes," but all must confess that the thought is beautiful. Now whether this or the reverse be true, our mind has ever been—and we believe to our everlasting benefit—carried back to the Fountain-head from which flows the river of life.

Although we would not attempt an argument in proof of a "Defic centre," yet it seems to us what we know at the present time of the law which governs the motions of the heavenly bodies in space, would draw us to the conclusion that, however distant, there is a grand central point of attraction of all the planetary bodies throughout the immensity of space; and, reasoning thus, the mind will naturally settle upon this point as the "Defic centre."

Let us accept for one moment this idea of a centre somewhere in space; then can we as easily dispose of its circumference of boundary? We think not. For even to imagine a boundary we have to think of something outside, and what can there be outside any less ponderable than space?

If, to satisfy the longings of the human heart, the mind must fix upon a point beyond which the soul of man will never reach, would it not be more reasonable, instead of trying to establish a centre to space for this point, to recognize, say, the centre of our universe or cluster of worlds as the end of our migrations?

We do not wish to appear as one who thinks he can enlighten the advanced minds of to-day as to the ways of the future life, or of things appertaining to the material universe; yet it gives us unspeakable joy to recognize in this glorious company of bright, orbic unbroken family, and one of the untold millions that people the immensity of space, holding an unchangeable position through the coming ages of a never-ending eternity.

HENRY C. CALL.
Bangor, Me.

The Anniversary.

The Twenty-Ninth Anniversary in Brooklyn, N. Y.

OFFICIAL REPORT.

The Brooklyn Spiritualists celebrated the 29th Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism at Galatin Hall, 422 Fulton street, on Sunday, April 1st. Both afternoon and evening services, which were well attended, were held in the large hall, and in the afternoon exercises the Children's Progressive Lyceum participated.

The hall in which the services were held, and which is one of the largest and finest of the Brooklyn assembly rooms, was tastefully decorated with flags and Lyceum banners. The platform and speaker's desk were profusely decorated with flowers, the floral decorations being all the work of the ladies of the Lyceum. Mrs. Hussey, who had charge of the matter of decorating the hall, was before she came to Brooklyn, Guardian of the Bridgeport Lyceum, and there she has never failed or grew weary in her labors for the Lyceum cause.

The Lyceum procession, as it passed up and down the main aisle, the children all in white, singing sweet songs, presented an appearance that was as imposing as it was beautiful. The singing was followed by a recitation by Miss Jessie Peterson. Little Jessie—"Rosebud," as we call her—is a great favorite, and though scarcely eight years old, has the self-possession and artistic taste of a trained and experienced speaker.

The Chairman, Mr. Charles R. Miller, delivered the opening address, and was followed by Mrs. Dr. Cooley, who read extracts from Emma Hardinge Britten's History of American Spiritualism, the selections being the account—now become historical—of the first raps at Hydesville.

In the order of exercises, which was printed and distributed through the audience, Mr. William Fishbaugh was announced as the second speaker, but in explanation of his absence a letter was read full of cordial greeting and good will.

The singing was under the direction of Mrs. Dr. Cooley. Mrs. Clara A. Allen presiding at the piano. An anniversary hymn, published in Banner of last week, prepared for the occasion and dedicated to the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society by Mrs. Hussey, was sung by the choir, the audience joining in the chorus.

Mrs. Helen M. Slocum, of New York City, was the next speaker, in introducing whom the Chairman said she was an old and faithful worker in the cause of Spiritualism. Years ago, when it cost more of self-sacrifice and moral courage to be publicly identified with Spiritualism than it does to-day, Mrs. Slocum—residing in her late home, the divine gift of mediumship—was an active worker in the cause. At one time Mrs. S. was President of the Vermont Spiritualist Association. She had always given evidence of her faith by her works. The Chairman said he esteemed it a great honor to stand on the same platform with a lady having a record so honorable and a life so full of usefulness.

Mrs. Slocum, after a few preliminary remarks, asked the audience to remember when it did? Because the way had been prepared for it, the time was ripe. What was the condition of the public mind at the advent of Spiritualism? People had learned too much to be satisfied with the doctrines of total depravity and eternal punishment, and a cry seemed to reach to heaven from the multitudes upon the earth who were beginning to know that there was beyond the grave. A new, apparently the great demand was a magnetic power of sufficient force to cause the door between the two worlds to swing back noiselessly upon its hinges never to close again. George Fox had prepared the way for Spiritualism; his mission the mind from the outer world before they could get into harmonious relations with the spirit-world. If we would only become passive we could receive spiritual impressions. This was the great spiritual movement of Fox, which has left its impress indelibly on the race. Fox did not claim that his impressions came from spirits, but he believed them to be from God, when doubtless they were through the agency of spirits. Neither was John Wesley known as a Spiritualist, though his belief in their presence and communications was the vital power which gave him success. [In proof of Mrs. Slocum's statements in regard to Wesley, she quoted from his Journal.] What, the speaker asked, was the condition of the religious world at the advent of Spiritualism? Total depravity and eternal punishment were preached in all our Orthodox churches.

She told of the conflict her own mind had had with those ideas, her friends all being members of Orthodox churches. She was not able of a birth, and this she thought was the cause of gloom and despair. Night after night she had spent in agony praying to God for light, that she might feel the assurance of faith. Who can live in devouring flames? This was the condition of the speaker's mind when Spiritualism revealed itself.

Mrs. Slocum related some most interesting personal history. Her father came to her and showed her that the lowest and most degraded being yet had bright possibilities. Every human soul had a grand and glorious future somewhere in eternity. She then became a medium, seeing and hearing spirits; she could tell whenever a friend was about to die, and just after one had been passing away she distinctly heard the voice saying, "The golden gates still stand ajar; another day and you will pass through." Which prediction was verified by the sudden death of a daughter of sixteen years.

The regular speaker of the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen, followed Mrs. Slocum. As I have not preserved any minutes of Mrs. Allen's address, I will give the brief report as I find it in the Brooklyn Daily Times:

She claimed to speak under her own name. She speaks from subjects given by the audience. In most churches there is a prayer before the sermon. The Spiritualists have what they call an "invocation" before their lecture or address: "Oh life and power of Truth, each day we come to thee in thought, seeking wisdom and inspiration. Not in the name of God do we bow, but to mighty and holy law, which we find in flower and fruit, in seed and sower; that law which shall yet eventually mold all of us into something far nobler than our loftiest inspirations ever conceived." Mrs. Allen now takes the questions all together in her hand and proceeds to answer each separately. "What does Horace Greeley think about counting in President Hayes?" "Why did Oakey Hall run away?" Instead of giving any answer to these two questions, she gave the "report courteous" in this manner: "I know well those questions did not come from Spiritualists. I have heard some people say that Spiritualists are a little unbalanced. Let me suggest that there may be a little lunacy outside of Spiritualism." "Can a Spiritualist believe in the divinity of Christ?" "Yes, it was possible to do so—but not if he exercised his reason." Next came "Spiritualism from the Spiritual Standpoint." This was exceedingly well done; the delivery was very rapid; at times rising to impassioned eloquence. Now it is just this phase of Spiritualism that bothers me. The Spiritualists claim that Nellie J. T. Brigham and C. Fannie Allen are entirely uneducated women. Now, as they both are graceful and quite eloquent public speakers, and as a doctor of medicine said to me after hearing the former, "Why she is a walking encyclopedia," I should like very much to find out this royal road to knowledge.

"I was surprised," continues the Times reporter, "to find that it was six o'clock. The three hours had passed so pleasantly I had taken down no note of them; and as I am no Spiritualist (though for some time looking for light in that direction) this alone must prove that I had fully appreciated the afternoon's entertainment." The Chairman declared the assembly adjourned at 7 1/2 o'clock.

EVENING EXERCISES.

The evening exercises were opened by singing the following hymn, written for the occasion by Mrs. C. Fannie Allen. The hymns were distributed through the audience on printed slips, enabling them to join the choir in singing:

THE GOD IN MAN.

Tune—And Long Song.
Old friends return, and sweep the strings
Of Love's unbroken lyre,
And while the spirit music rings,
Our hearts in joy aspire;
And forms grown weary on earth's sod,
Grow strong to join the van,
That bring the Fatherhood of God,
And Brotherhood of Man.

Those who have mourned our cruel graves,
Now learn to weep no more;
The olive branch of promise waves
Above each pilgrim's door.
We seek not truth, in sky and sod,
The law that life began,
That brings the Fatherhood of God,
And Brotherhood of Man.

Great earnest cries from prison walls
Penetrate the farthest air,
The gates wide open stand for all,
No longer shut and barred;
Hail, then, on life in sky and sod,
Let Science lead the van;
Promote the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man.

The air is filled with living thought,
And old scenes pass away;
The present is a revelation bright,
That ne'er shall know decay;
And deep within our hearts are felt
That bring the Fatherhood of God,
The Brotherhood of Man.

Pause not to weep, stay not to sleep,
The "kingdom" is now before us;
Bind up the wounded, aid the weak,
"Thy Justice" shall be done.
Away with Anger's foul full root,
Life's forces dare to scan;
Hail! Fatherhood of God within,
The Brotherhood of Man.

The Chairman then presented Mr. William C. Bowen as a well-known Spiritualist, and a gentleman who needed no introduction to an audience of Brooklyn Spiritualists. Mr. Bowen said:

As we are all aware, to-day is Easter Sunday, or Resurrection Day; and the most significant and beautiful thing about it is its hint of immortality. The Christian Church celebrates to-day the resurrection of the physical body of Jesus Christ (not a well-attested historical fact, but a theological fiction), amid the surroundings of gorgeous architecture and adornment of beautiful flowers, with the accessories of eloquent invocations and addresses, and soul-stirring music, all in commemoration of an old-time superstition. If they have any reason so to do, how much greater reason have we as Spiritualists to celebrate to-day the twenty-ninth anniversary of the scientific demonstration of immortal life, by the wonderful phenomena at Hydesville and Rochester, that ushered in the era of Modern Spiritualism. These phenomena have been seen and heard alike in the dwellings of the lowly and the palaces of the rich and influential, and together with the philosophy which is an outgrowth from them, have made the circuit of the world to cheer and make the hearts of millions. Some say that "Spiritualism is dying out," (the wish is father to the thought,) simply because they do not see a gigantic organization as the result of its twenty-nine years' work. The Christian Churches have organized and fossilized; Spiritualism has done neither, but has been like the leaven in the meal, and it will eventually leaven the whole lump. It numbers its adherents by millions, and some of them, who were once expected to have been vilified and persecuted. The pretext of protecting the English public against fraud in the Slade case, was simply the old spirit of persecution revived, with Slade the Spiritualist and true gentleman, as well as Chas. Bradlaugh, Annie Besant, and Mr. and Mrs. Elmy, the noble and enthusiastic Rationalists, for victims of blind prejudice and ecclesiastical spite.

Some Spiritualists, as trying what they call a "new departure," they want Jesus recognized as the spiritual leader. His name is one of the brightest and tenderest of human history, but the genius of Spiritualism takes no man, however great or noble, no book ever written, and only the voice of the Eternal Spirit speaking in your consciousness and mine. We need not doff our hats to the church.

I like these anniversary days; there should be more of them. It is exceedingly to be regretted that the 29th of January, the birthday of the illustrious, pure, and genuine philanthropist, Thomas Paine, is never celebrated by the Spiritualists of Brooklyn. Spiritualism moves on steadily, surely; and it will still continue to "shine forth as brightness," and "the salvation thereof, as that of a lamp that burneth."

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen followed Mr. Bowen with a most acceptable address in answer to numerous written questions which were handed in from the audience, and which were one of her most brilliant impromptu and inspirational poems.

Dr. A. B. Smith, who is, and has been from its first organization, one of the main pillars of the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society, was, as he came forward, most cordially received by the audience. Dr. Smith is richly endowed with spiritual gifts of healing. For twenty-five years he has been a faithful servant of the spirit, his labors as a healer having been crowned with the most abundant success. Dr. Smith said: My friends, it is too late for me to do anything more than to appear before you in response to your call, to bear my testimony to the truths of Spiritualism. There is no aspect of Spiritualism that is more encouraging, or that is exerting a more widespread influence in this and other communities, than that of the sick, by spirit power.

When the clouds of prejudice are removed, there will be no longer any controversy as to the superiority of spirit power—clairvoyance and magnetism—over drugs and mineral poisons as remedial agents in the cure of disease. In the beginning of my mediumship I was a farmer—never studied medicine—knew nothing about it—was very much opposed to practicing the healing art; but my spirit guides were persistent, and would give me no rest until I yielded to their requirements.

Dr. Smith's brief address was listened to with deep interest. As a clairvoyant and magnetic physician, his career has been completely successful, and his extensive practice in the "City of Churches" is a great element of strength to our cause. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The singing of C. Fannie Allen's "New Doxology," the audience rising and joining the choir, closed our interesting and ever-to-be-remembered Twenty-ninth Anniversary Celebration in the "City of Churches."

NEW DOXOLOGY.

Grand found of Life and Love and Light,
Inspire our hearts to know the Right;
Let us respond to Truth's high call,
With "Fence on each good will to all."

Baltimore, Md.

Levi-Waever, Esq., Conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, sends us the following additional particulars concerning the celebration in this city, under the auspices of that organization. He says:

"The programme consisted of recitations, dialogues, vocal and instrumental music, and tableaux, all which were executed in a manner that reflected great credit upon all the participants, and gave evidence that the members of the Lyceum are progressing indeed."

The audience was large, and demonstrated its appreciation and approval of the exercises by frequent rounds of applause.

The Wootton family, consisting of six persons, brothers and sisters, all of whom have musical talent, and are a host within themselves, volunteered for the occasion, and added great zest to it. The solos by Miss A. R. Wootton were masterly efforts, and the songs, in which all the family participated, whilst they delighted the audience, gave evidence of brilliant musical genius.

The tableaux of Mercy and the Goddess of Liberty were executed in an artistic manner, and with beautiful scenic effect. The programme was not concluded until a late hour in the evening.

The occasion was a great success, not only in the performance, but in the bringing together

of the friends of the cause, who turned out in large numbers. I hope that the success which attended the celebration is an omen of further good fortune yet to be attained to by the society during the year.

We need laborers; there is work for them; we hope they will not look quietly on and see a few bear the heat and burden of the times.

The cause demands the united effort of all who accept the facts of spirit-command; if they will come forward, and engage as laborers in the vineyard, a harvest of rich fruitage awaits them, and the joyous songs of the harvesters will welcome their home."

San Francisco, Cal.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Spiritualists of San Francisco celebrated the 29th Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism on the 31st of March and April 1st. The hall was decorated with a great profusion of rare and fragrant flowers, donations from friends.

The chosen officers were Mrs. Laverne Mathews, President; Hof. Warren Chase and Mrs. Dr. French, Vice-Presidents; J. M. Mathews, and Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, Secretaries.

The meeting was opened with singing by Mrs. Cressey, "Waiting, only waiting." Mrs. Mathews then read the following poem, given to her by a spirit Indian maiden:

THE WATER-LILY.

In the forest, in the lowland,
On the margin of a streamlet,
Where its waters, dark and sluggish,
Outward creep, beyond its borders;
Where the mud is deep and murky;
Where the lily pads are sent,
And the myriad crawling reptiles,
Patience on its poisonous vapors,
Where the beavers build their lodges,
Build their dams of trunks and branches;
Where the trout, with dusky plumes,
And the blue two great goulds,
Frames her nest to hatch her writhlings,
Frames her nest with cry and clamor;
Silently upon the surface,
Or the pond where waters gather,
On its bosom, smooth and tranquil,
From out the mud and vermin,
Up from dark and shifty waters,
Up from rank and noxious vapors
Comes the water-lily floating.
With its broad leaves waving, whispering,
Sounding out delicate music,
Blessing all the lower orders,
With the perfume of its sweetness—
Shooting down the light,
Feeling on the mud beneath them,
Gathering life from noxious vapors,
Opening out a living center,
Pure and spotless as the angels;
Who shall say whence came that flower?
From what hidden source in nature,
From what secret laboratory,
In the dark depths of the earth,
Sprang to life such perfumed beauty?
Whence the spirit in that flower?
Whence the germ that never is failing?
Whose hand has made its petals,
Pure and spotless as the snowdrop?
Who will even dare to know it?

As from the dark and slimy pool
The water-lily greets our sight,
And one by one its leaves unfold
In golden meshes of light,
So from the hand of the Divine
The spirit's word is brought,
Unfolding elements of life,
Through endless ages taught,
As fruits, we still are children,
In the labyrinth of thought,
And as such we may question
Whence these inner mysteries wrought?

Mr. Warren Chase, in the opening lecture, gave a very interesting history of Modern Spiritualism. He summarized the work that had been wrought in the quarter of a century just past, and, looking forward, he predicted a religious, political and social revolution. The angels, he said, through honest mediums, are doing the good work.

Mrs. Dr. French gave a brief inspirational lecture, in which she welcomed the angels who were gathered with us to celebrate the day; and we were invited to join the celestial army in every good word and work.

Mrs. Hendee, a faithful apostle of the angels, gave a sketch of her twenty years' work as a medium.

Mr. J. L. York, of San José, made one of his well-timed speeches. As is his custom, he gave a theological sermon, but for the new law he had brave and hopeful words.

Mrs. Eliza Fuller McKinley, one of the early mediums, bore her testimony in a brief speech in behalf of Spiritualism. She is now an invalid, but confident that her work is to be resumed, and that a higher development was prepared for her of the new law. To her prophecy we all responded "Amen!"

Mr. Bates, of Wisconsin, in a few words declared himself a new convert to Spiritualism, and said he had, under some influence, been led to write. He proved his assertion by reading some of his poems.

Mrs. H. P. M. Brown opened the Saturday afternoon meeting with the question, "What have we done for the spirits?" She said if the law of compensation holds good in the higher spheres, we are indebted to the inhabitants thereof for what we have received. If we are forever asking, and never returning measure for measure, we are reprehensible in the extreme, and must be so regarded in angel-land; some time our every obligation must be executed.

Auntie Taylor, a venerable Quakeress, made a few remarks in vindication of the "new and living gospel."

Dr. C. O. Thomas, another Friend, came forward, and confessed himself a great sinner, inasmuch as he was sick; some law had been violated, and the punishment was being meted out. Mr. Fucy, a member of the Methodist church, spoke in vindication of the Bible, of Jesus as the Saviour, and in defence of Sunday schools where Orthodox doctrines were urged upon the children.

Mr. C. M. Stowe took quite another view of the matter. He presented a rational religion, a faith founded in love, good-will and good works. Both gentlemen made manifest in their remarks honest-heartedness and large charity.

Mrs. King spoke earnestly for mediums. "Give them strength, hope, confidence. Uphold them by tender sympathy and honest appreciation, then great good will be wrought."

The meeting on Saturday evening was opened by the following original poem, given by Mr. G. C. Irvin:

FLORA, THE GODDESS OF FLOWERS.

Once on a time, as the story goes,
On a flowery cloud in sweet repose,
An angel of light, from her home afar,
Hailed the twilight of life's earth-star,
Guided her light barque down through the blue,
Lighting on earth as soft as the dew.

Long had the sun retired to rest
On his crimson couch in the far-off west,
And Night shrouded with her starry crown
Saw how this angel of light came down.

Soft is her footstep as falling snow,
As hither and thither, to and fro,
Lightly she trips, or swiftly she flies,
Sowing the seeds of a glad surprise;

And as she sows a mystic rhyme
Flows from her lips like distant chime
Of bells tuned to sweetest melody,
Or the pattering of a silvery sea,
And I learned this song from her star-beam bright—
The song that the angel sang that night:

Grow, Violet, where the falling dew
Lingers latest thy strength to renew;
And you, dear Pansy, stay close by—
Watch Violet with your golden eye,
And, Lily dear, on the laketoe's breast
Thy spiciest head shall lovingly rest,
The dancing waves thy companions be,
For both are the emblems of purity.

From out green leaves shall the Daisy peep,
Over the lowly cot shall the Woodbine creep,
The Lilac climb o'er the window-pane,
And its fragrant breath the homestead fill;
And while in bowing I'll not forget
To find a place for sweet Mignonette.

And Heliotrope, with its fragrance rare,
And form of beauty, shall make more fair
The home of man, while the Rose, my queen,
As fair a flower as 'er was seen,
Shall bloom and grace each month of the year.

And thus did the angel sing and sing,
And forth from the ground did the flow'ers spring,
And I fancy the sun shone far more bright
For the magical change that was wrought that night;
Hills, valleys and plains were clothed
In garments that rivalled the rainbow's hue.

Then let us crown with garlands of love
This beautiful angel from above,
Who brought these gifts to brighten life's hours—
Sweet Flora, the peerless goddess of flowers.

The poem was well illustrated, as the sweet singer stood among all the flowers mentioned in the poem.

W. H. Mills gave a lecture on the "New Revelations." He claimed that the new revelations had been made to the soul senses. In the new light man sees himself the divine, the embryo God. He holds within his grasp power, wisdom,

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Booksellers

Dr. D. Higble, of Mungerville, Mich.
says he will send back numbers of the Banner
Light, Religio-Philosophical Journal, and the
Truth-Seeker, to any person forwarding him

✿ An encouraging letter in regard to the progress of Spiritualism in Washington, D. C. from our valued friend John Mayhew, Esq. came to hand just as we were about closing our columns for the press. It will appear in our next number.

✎ We have assurances from the committee who have had charge of the Slade Fund in England, that a detailed account of the expenditure will be forthcoming soon, which will be of a nature they hope entirely satisfactory to the donors.

J. Madison Allen is at present in Mattfield Mass., where parties desiring his services can address him.

A GIFT.—J. L. PATTEN & Co., 162 Will
street, New York, will send every reader of

in the State, can be accommodated on reasonable terms at the residence of H. L. STONE, Greenfield, Mass. Should references be desired, address DR. JOSEPH BEAUGRAND, Greenfield, Mass.; Mrs. T. L. CLARY, Williamsburg, Mass.; Mrs. J. C. BECKWITH, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Jan. 13. -18

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April 25.

it is not an inharmonious thing for him to
hand in hand with Moody and Sankey; they b
long together. Excuse me for what may see
strange language. I must speak as I see and
I feel.

Rev. Isaac White.

I come before you to-day, Mr. Chairman, n
with any expectation of converting the multitud

I wish you would say that Susan B. Lewis, of New Bedford, called on you to-day, and would be very glad if her friends would allow her the privilege of talking to the church on some matter of duty. They need not be afraid; no harm comes of it; God himself recognizes this privilege.

Moses Harrison.

I wish to say, Mr. Chairman, in the Banner, that Moses Harrison, of Tallahassee, Florida, called at your office and registered his name, and

out of my body. Now I have a sister, some where, Eliza, and I would like to reach her, if possible, and tell her that if she will listen to me I can give her some advice which will help her out of her difficulties. John Foss.

Clara Hopkins.

I suppose I must tell you my place of residence before I went away. I went away with asthma which terminated in consumption, from Atlanta, Ga. My name is Clara Hopkins. I want to reach my husband. His name, is William, and

to talk with them. I know this philosophy is true. If it entered into the army, it would do a great deal of good. I would have it taught at West Point, as one of the essential truths, if I could have my way. Will you please record what I have said?

I passed through, God knows, what terrors and trials and sufferings, but it is all over now. I've spent many years in the spirit-world, in happiness and in joy; yet I took, strange to say, a strong part in the conflict between the North and the South, and to-day I come back wishing

I saw and I heard, still power was not within me to speak. I saw the grief, I saw the anguish and I wanted to tell them to be still, but I had not the power.

I cannot talk any more. Do you know me [Oh yes.] A new-born spirit, learning the law of life on the other side. Dread not death. Have confidence in the power of the Eternal. All will

100

APRIL 28, 1877.

