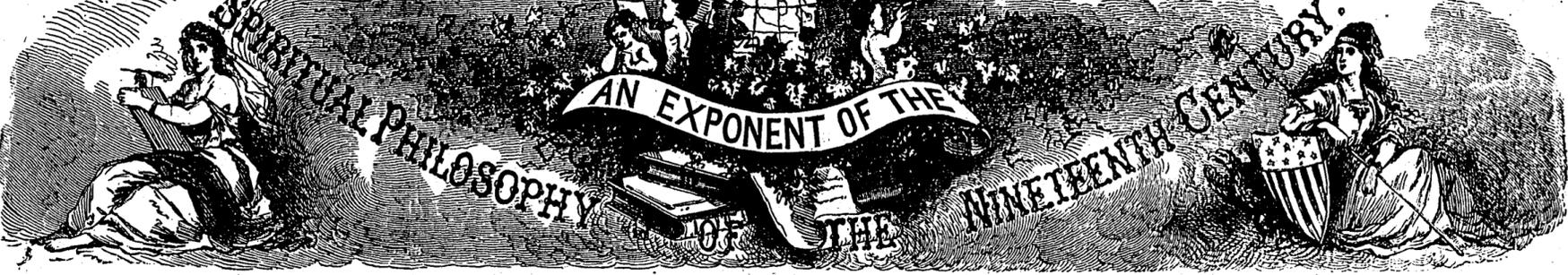


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLI.

COLBY & RICE, Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1877.

{ \$3.00 Per Annum, In Advance. }

NO. 7.

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## VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

A SEQUEL TO

A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

### CHAPTER III.

"Now with swifter, swifter motion, Swaying with the swaying tide; Onward, to the shoreless ocean Of eternity, we glide."

—Sarah Gould.

Of the hundreds of thousands of Christians living in this world to-day, hardly one seems familiar with the supreme facts of the physical universe; not to speak of the heavenly spheres, to which their attention is hereby sincerely invited. These celestial facts, not fancies, are as numerous as the sands of the sea. Between the centre and the two poles of the earth lie the whole philosophy of mineral, vegetable, animal, human, and angel existence. We need no other revelation of God; and no other teacher than reverent Reason.

Let us now resume our subject. It must be remarked, in the first place, that the south-pole of the earth is destitute of elemental polarization. Strange to relate, it is neither positive nor negative, owing to its intimate relation to the great equalizing solar-power; and, consequently, the south pole is a neutral ground, and therefore perfectly favorable to the interflowings and counterflowings of the electrical and magnetic currents.

Although in the southern hemisphere these celestial currential floods are constant, and far more abundant than at the north-pole, yet the southern sky is seldom illuminated by them. One reason of this is their great height; another is, the position of the spectator is seldom favorable. There are, however, as several modern scientists well enough know, certain states of the tropical atmosphere, which will admit of observation; at which times the southern horizon, also the expanse of eastern sky away up to the zenith, is gloriously decorated and overspread with many-colored illuminations. In Australia and in the palm-growing zone the inhabitants can recall several such displays. In diagram No. 2 (see Banner of Light of April 21st,) the volume of outgoing and incoming elements is correctly represented as being larger in diameter than that of the earth itself. The mild, magnetical radiance of this vast ocean is reflected upon the earth in tropical nights, rendering every object and scene far more than ordinarily beautiful. This immense volume of outflowing elements is inseparable from the Zodiacal Light, with the particles of which river these elements perpetually intermingle at their fringed edges, receiving and imparting heat, light, electricity, magnetism, and dynamic energy.

Let us not, however, in these chapters, repeat what has been written concerning these celestial wonders on pp. 414-16 Gt. Har. Vol. V., and in other works of the series; to which (for a differing flow of considerations) the investigator is referred; but, to make clearer and more explicit one or two points, I now ask attention to the accompanying diagram, No. 3, giving another and more limited representation of the aerial streams as they operate in the southern hemisphere.

It will be remembered by the studious reader of the volumes referred to, that I have affirmed that there were electrical rivers setting toward earth and toward the various planets in our system from different sections of the spiritual world. By the above-mentioned diagram, which was drawn with stricter reference to relative proportions, your attention is called to the diameters and relations of the central channel of these currents. The arrows at the earth's surface indicate the atoms flowing from every part of the earth to the north pole, *V*; thence, above in the atmosphere, *a*, a streaming southward to the south pole; from which, frequently like an inverted pyramid, but more resembling the half of a hollow sphere, the magnetic rivers rise and flow out into the planetary spaces. Between these twin-rivers, as you observe, is indicated the returning magnetic stream, *c*, which conveys constant pulsations to the life of mankind from the great central sun of spirituality and intelligence in the Second Sphere. (See Nat. Div. Rev. Part I., wherein is given a true explanation of the method and source of the author's "impressions" concerning the real realities of things, laws, essences and ideas.)

Before leaving this subject, however, there is one fact more—viz.: the geometrical principle of right lines, giving the shortest distance between the earth and the Summer-Land, which inherent principle perfectly explains the truth about the directions of these interstellar rivers. But here arises a natural question as to the revolutions of the planets, comets, &c., whose orbits come near or cross the path of these celestial gulf streams. The answer is: The materials composing these rivers render them either positive or negative to the approaching planet, and *vice versa*; consequently, as an elastic ribbon would be repelled by an electrified ball presented sufficiently near to its surface, so these rivers float away, either bending downwards or else ascending into a grand prismatic arch, thus giving ample room for the passage of a planet. But immediately afterward they resume their customary direct courses. The composition of these currents is such that they swing and flow like the waves of sound and light, with vibrations and straight lines and with pulse-like throbs unceasingly; thus harmonizing under all the conditions of space with planetary revolutions, with the flight of comets, and with the stupendous movements of the immeasurable Univerſum.

Departing now from a further detailed consideration of this subject, not being consistent with the primal purposes of these chapters, I pass on to answer a large flock of buzzing interrogatories, which have been recently generated.

An impression is now beclouding the reader's mind to the effect that all personal communication and all spiritual commerce between earth's inhabitants and the population of the higher spheres, is possible only through the aerial rivers—that every one, either going or coming, must first find these particular currents, and then sail, float or glide upon them in all voyages undertaken through the heavenly expanse.

This supposition is based in error. For have I not already many times affirmed the great fact, which was most completely confirmed by Swedenborg, that the world of spirit is omnipresent? He records over and again, "Wonderful Things seen in the World of Spirits," which is one thing; but he means, and very truly means, something totally different when he gives "Relations of Things seen and heard in the Spiritual World." By the latter terms he meant the Divine side of the universe—in three indwelling divisions—the natural, the spiritual, and the celestial or heavenly. Against these three divisions of the Spiritual World, as you will remember, Swedenborg offset and balanced his three hells, one within the other; the most interior and remote hell being the exact opponent of the most perfect and inmost heaven, and this antagonism to exist to all eternity!

But however widely and absolutely we may differ with Swedenborg when expounding his theological hypotheses, (by which he was, for so many serious and busy years, psychologized both day and night,) we yet agree with him when he affirms, what common sense and intuition and science concurrently confirm, that, on a principle of correspondence, just as the soul is within the natural or material body, so is there a world of spirits or a spiritual world within the natural or material world. In this essential we agree with Swedenborg.

Accordingly, when a man dies to the external world, he very soon becomes alive to the existence and the things of the world internal. Without leaving the chamber of death—which is not an uncommon occurrence with persons of a certain earthly constitution and uninspiring mind—the individual is, or may be, in a position to take immediate note of many "Wonderful Things seen and heard in the World of Spirits." He observes what was before the *inside*, but which has now become the *outside*, of every person, object, event, &c. He can discern (or see) exactly what is occurring in the very room wherein "he died" only a very few hours previously. Persons who thus naturally, or by affectional preference, linger near and hover about the "place of their birth" (which is usually called *death*), are frequently mentally and spiritually disqualified either to receive or impart light and happiness. But they are in the omnipresent "world of spirits," and this is the only point we now desire to impress upon you.

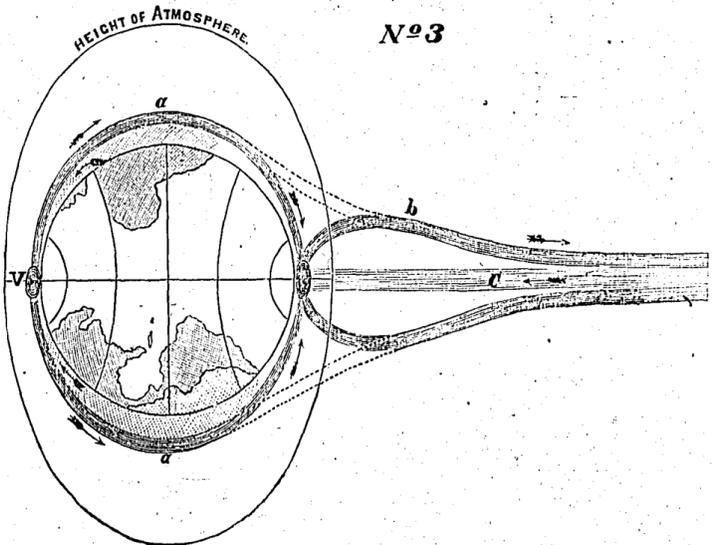
Swedenborg described, under psychological dictation, and by force of the logical requirements of his biblical system of correspondential revelations, the situation of "the world of spirits" as *intermediate*, or as a sort of *hadean* neutral territory, between the three eternal heavens on the one hand and the three eternal hells on the other. But accepting the truth that the spiritual is *within* the natural, as the soul is within the body corporeal, it follows logically and scientifically and truthfully, that whenever and wherever a man dies, *then* or *there* he becomes forever an inhabitant of the interior universe; and it is logically and naturally follows that from that time and from that place the death-emancipated man may and does ascend into the air, and either by volition or involuntarily, (for do we not all speed away on the earth both night and day at the fearful rate of sixty-eight thousand miles an hour?) and thus he can and thus he does, sooner or later, enter his appropriate place in the Summer-Land. For there is no space in the fields of infidelity which cannot be traversed by beings whose existence revolves upon that wonderful pivotal power called Will. The fields of earth can be crossed from any point and to any other point; even so the celestial streams can be forded—the aerial oceans navigated; and thus the very rivers of paradise may be made subservient to the eternal unrest of mind.

And yet the orderly method of traveling be-

tween the earths and the interior universe, is by means of the currential rivers already described; and these are therefore the recognized royal, celestial highways intertwining and connecting spheres and globes, which revolve at incalculable distances from one another. (See "distances," &c., in the *Stellar Key*.)

Amid the sad scenes of this rudimental world, and amid the overwhelming hardships of our common physical and social life, what a relief it is to contemplate the wisdom, the loveliness, the grandeur, the uplifting love, the boundless beneficence which exist for us under our very feet, and all the way round the earth, and over all our heads! All mankind are by necessity great travelers and restless; because all our eternal life is a progressive and endless journey. If we halt by the way, if we attempt to take a brief needed repose in the lengthening shadows of our sunset days; then forthwith the spinning earth, like a

summit of experience, which is flooded with infinite possibilities. You are essentially the same man, you were before you died away down there on the rudimental earth. All your spiritual looking-glasses reflect the well-known disposition, character, and countenance. The angel spectators about you plainly see you through and through; you are by them weighed in a new balance; and love and justice, not appearances and circumstances, are now and henceforth to be your judges. Whatever you are *really* worth—that is the price the angels will stamp upon you; and then they will point out to you the unbroken pilgrimages of eternity. And then, moved forward in your own orbit, like the globe itself, by the inherent principles of revolution and progression, you enter "into heavenly rest," through the wide-open gate of love and wisdom and work. You will build altars, and erect monuments, and set up a tabernacle to endure forever. But as



FLOW OF THE MAGNETIC RIVERS INTO SPACE.

steed at his highest speed, runs away with us; and very soon he ruthlessly destroys everything we hold in the arms of love as most sacred. Driving, driving—drifting, drifting—onward and inward every moment, whether sleeping or waking, whether good or evil, whether obedient or transgressing, whether in the mystic charm of love or enveloped in the blackness of despair—onward and inward through birth into life, through death into life again, rapidly or slowly, yet with the certainty of resistless fate—upward "Where the glorious arch is lifting," speeding with the swiftly, softly, sweetly flowing river of transparent and glittering beauty, which glows with the effulgence of liquid gold, which reflects the stars around and the suns above like a ribbon-mirror composed of purest diamonds—still onward we go, floating through scenes more resplendent than the hallowed dreamings of angels; and thus we arrive upon the dimpling margin of the Summer-Land—to form new associations, to grow by feeding on new surroundings, to unfold in the warming and illuminating atmosphere of the divine love and wisdom, instructed by the past, thankful for the present, and hopeful for the future which shall be everlasting.

And now we may rest. Listen! Did you say "rest"? What! you, an everlasting pilgrim, *rest!* You *rest!* With a combination of elements and with a living battery of attributes which embody the activities of all dynamical principles; which are empowered to outlive and to comprehend more than all the belts of inhabited stars that beam with splendor all over the bending heavens. Impossible! And the reason is this: you take beautifully into yourself the live wine expressed from the experiences of the whole history of mankind. Its inwrought pleasures fatigue you; its evils in your fluids harass you; its ambitions in your brain-matter push you out into the most rapid express trains; its drudgeries in your muscles disgust you; its great labors in your very marrow drive you into the invention of labor-saving machines; its rattling and jolting and jarrings outrage your ears, and they force you to study and to evolve the system and the instruments of consoling and healing music; its dredgings and drainings and tunnelings put you out of temper, and they suggest to your reason and hope a world after death, which shall be all beauty and all perfection; and, presently, overcome with the oppressions of an abounding materialism, you hasten gladly to lie down upon the couch of beautiful, restful death. Your friends bend tenderly and weep over your cold body. They draw what they call "consolations," with the old bible-buckets, from the same old wells of faith. At such a time they even reach over and encroach upon forbidden ground; yea, even appealing to Spiritualism, but only as it is given to the world in the gentlelines of Whittier:

"With silence only as their benediction,  
God's angels come  
Where, in the shadow of a great affliction,  
The soul sits dumb."

And you? They say that you have gone to "your rest"! What? With the fire and frenzy of the world stored in your very life, with the experiences of all the hosts of your predecessors mixed with the elements of your affections, and inseparable from your attributes of thought? Do you know *who* you are? And do you know *where* you are? You are what the whole past universe of effects have made you. And you have ascended (having first died) to a more commanding

surely as generation follows generation, so surely will truth crumble your altars, overthrow the monuments, and consign all your tabernacles to the ever-shifting sands of time; and thus your religions, your governments, your schools of thought come and go, just as you came and went, and the universe is and will forever be all the better for it.

But we are admonished not to fill our intellectual sky with too many clouds of Nature's great system so replete with grandeur and magnificence.

A man's great, self-important and strutting individualism becomes fearfully and wholesomely diminished in the presence of that which is irresistible and eternal and sublime. His strength is displaced with a profound feeling of helplessness; and his experiences and his very existence seem like thistle-balls drifting in the unknown winds of destiny. These feelings are spiritually wholesome to you; for such an honest humiliation may augment your growth. So long as you do nothing to merit a loss of your own self-respect, and so long as your self-abnegation is occasioned by your devotion to what you esteem as the best truth, so long you are a safe and a truly growing man. Your feet will ascend upon the golden rounds of a Jacob's ladder, which is daily let down from the Summer-Land; and the gleaming meadows beyond the sunset will blossom for you; and upon your pilgrimage you shall hear the soft footfalls of loving guardians; while your hands shall touch those whose inmost hearts beat faithfully in unison with the truth you love and worship.

[To be Continued.]

### Invocation to One Departed.

BY H. W. PALMER.

There are who deem that life to which we cling  
With such tenacity is like the tone  
Which trembles for a moment on the string,  
Then fades forever into the unknown;

That when the body falls in ruin, then  
The soul or spirit passes like a cloud,  
And vanishes away as vapor when  
Death closes round us like an iron shroud.

Could we but know that those we loved so well,  
Whose absence from our circle we deplore,  
Still live and have a being, and now dwell  
In happiness on some celestial shore,

How would our mourning change to rapturous song!  
What lively faith, what courage it would lend!  
How would it calm our grief, and make us strong  
To bear our trials to the bitter end!

Oh, friend, the memory of whose cares  
Comes like a strain of music from on high,  
Oh, best beloved, from this wilderness  
Of gloomy doubt to thee I send my cry!

If aught of fond remembrance still remains  
Of those on earth who once to thee were dear,  
If aught of love thy bosom still retains  
For those who linger in this lower sphere,

Oh, come to us! a sweet assurance give  
That hand-in-hand hereafter we shall roam;  
Tell us that, though we die, we still shall live  
And love forever in our spirit-home!

Now, inquirers, I have not felt either the cold winds of a wintry storm, nor have I felt that strong heat of which we were told as prepared for the wicked. God's world is like your own, only more fine, more beautiful. Educate yourselves in simplicity of heart and in the utility of knowledge, and when the spirit gives up the body there will be no darkness for you. This is my experience—take it for what it is worth.—*Spirit George Dobler.*

### Original Essay.

#### THE REASONABLENESS OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

AN ESSAY DELIVERED BEFORE THE BOSTON RADICAL CLUB, MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 9TH, 1877. BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

I have selected this subject for our evening's talk for two reasons: First, because nobody else seems inclined to present it, and seeing as I do its intimate and influential connection with most subjects that are up here for consideration, I feel as though occasionally you should have a front view of it. My second reason I had better not mention now, it will state itself as I proceed.

Henry D. Thoreau, who in many respects was a remarkable man, once said, "Why should I, who am only a pencil-maker, talk with the gods?" I think I have about the same feeling that inspired those words, and am inclined to say, "Why should I, who am only a 'man of affairs,' talk with the gods?" I am aware, my friends, that this is the Radical Club, and not the godhead. I am proposing, however, an elevated and mysterious subject, yet I am living in my major axis, so to speak, a business-life, touching the world quite broadly as well as lovingly, and my timber rings of matter rather than mind; but still I claim to be thoughtful, industrious and honest. I hardly need say that I am a Spiritualist. I have a habit, perhaps it is an intelligent influence, of holding its flag on all occasions, even when I know by so doing my little stock in public estimation falls thereby.

There are so many worthy people who believe in its truth, yet prefer to be unaccounted, that I appear generally with an accent on it, "voting early and often." I feel that it deserves the fostering care of respectable recognition. Knowing its basis to be truth, and the truth that the world most needs to-day, as the greater that includes the less, I tremble, sometimes, for fear it might go out of current thought for the want of appreciation, or by mistaking it, as our fathers did its mother, when it knocked at the world's door a century or two ago, and the world said, "Witchcraft, begone!" and it went.

If Modern Spiritualism is true, humanity, whether it believes in it or not, lives, moves and has its being in it as an environment. A poet has expressed what I mean by environment very truthfully and beautifully, so I will quote his words:

"The spirit-world around this world of sense  
Flows like an atmosphere, and every where  
Waits for these earthly mists and vapors dense,  
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

I wish very much in treating this subject to keep this idea as a literal fact before you, and shall keep as close as possible to the loggia-land of spirit for the purpose. Please keep your ear to the undertone of my thought, and sense, if you can, the "footfalls" of the departed.

We read in the Bible that Saul, the defeated and disheartened king, visited a woman of Endor, who had a familiar spirit, and had a sitting with her. After a few preliminaries familiar to Modern Spiritualists, she said to Saul, "I see an old man coming up, and he is covered with a mantle." And Saul perceived from the description that it was Samuel, the prophet, who had died and had been mourned for by all Israel, and he got a communication from him. As the fact is now noted, the details need not be here related. A little later in Jewish history it is written that the Prophet Elisha prayed, and said, "Lord, I pray thee open his eyes, that he may see." "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha," &c. I do not know as these two incidents are facts; they certainly are either miracles or fictions to all intelligent persons who are not Spiritualists; to the latter they are probable truths, for the same things occur to-day, with a trilling qualification. Let me supplement them from my own experience: I had a relative—she is a spirit now—who during the last twenty years of her life could often see spirits; generally they were her near relations, and very often they appeared for an intelligent purpose. I had another relative who could hear the spirits sing, and she would often repeat to us the words of their music. Others could not see the forms the one saw, or hear the music that the other heard. I had reason for believing them to be what they claimed to be, the souls and voices of people who once, like ourselves, were human beings. Both of these persons were of very sound mind, and were educated, sensible people. I think these quotations from Scripture and experience are what they purported to be, and were glimpses of that spirit-world that floats around this world of sense, and which the poet beautifully and truthfully expresses thus:

"The spiritual world  
Lies all about us, and its avenges  
Are open to the unseen feet of phantoms,  
That come and go, and we perceive them not,  
Save by their influence."

I lately went to a woman of "Endor," that had a familiar spirit, and had a sitting. I had good reason for thinking that the late Ralph Huntington, who died several years ago, was in my company; perhaps "shadowing" me. I therefore wrote his name on a piece of paper, and asked him "if he or anybody else had anything to say to me?" I put the writing in an envelope and passed it to this medium, she of course knowing nothing of its contents, and the envelope was at no time out of my sight; the lady held it in her hand and wrote on a piece of paper the following reply: "John, 'The Reasonableness of Modern Spiritualism' will be a good form to present the subject to the friends, and I will be there.—Ralph Huntington." This mes-

sage was rather a surprise, the train of thought was so entirely different from what I expected. Instead of asking for a fish and getting a stone, I asked for a stone and got a fish. The suggestion appeared to be a good one for an essay, and I have, as you see, adopted it. I hope I shall not disappoint either you or him.

I have no sort of doubt but he has kept his word, and the old gentleman is with us to-night, in the address of the spirit, and others also from the land of souls, as it is sometimes called, not because of the subject, but the reasonableness of it, under the circumstances of the continuity and interpenetration of the two worlds. I hardly believe a prophet's prayer ever opened a man's spirit-eyes; that is the only doubtful part of the Scripture story, not the invisible surroundings referred to. If some Elisha could pray our eyes open, I am inclined to think that most of our knees would smite together like Belshazzar's, and probably it is better as it is. Do you remember the lines of Leigh Hunt which begin:

"How sweet it were, if without feeble breath, Or with the breath of angels, to be seen, To see ourselves from below to heaven, And heaven to see from this world below!"

I think even an inferential idea of our surroundings would color our lives and our objects in life. I know it has mine, and I think the mission of Modern Spiritualism is in part to affect that object. And any statements I may make for illustration of my dealings with the dead, or rather arisen, will be as much to keep this fact before you as the circumstances themselves. Of course there are reasons for my speaking so confidently of Ralph Huntington. It would be ready reading for me to go at great length into details, hence I presume some upon your faith in me. Perhaps I had better have my statement of his being here endorsed in a general way with some disinterested testimony. The poet Longfellow is quoted in this circle, as well as everywhere. Will you listen to what he says? It is only poetry, but maybe he is speaking wiser than he knows:

"There is a power greater than any, the best of which is the power of the soul, that is not with us, but in us, and as it is, so is the power of the world."

Modern Spiritualism is wide spread, and wider spreading, and as radicals and reformers we have got to utilize it. Its sudden numerical constituency nothing in history has equalled. Thirty years ago it was naught; to-day it counts its millions. Every country, civilized and semi-civilized, has its manifestations, and its adherents. Its literature is extensive and creditable, besides, finding its expression in general literature, illuminating the pages of thought in its whole domain. Whether true or false, then, under such circumstances it demands attention, both from its fascination and its volume.

I will briefly relate an incident that happened lately; it may not have any direct bearing on the subject before us, but it will enable me to introduce a word or two that has.

A few days ago a wealthy man, and the President of a bank, bearing me make a remark to a friend, looked at me with some surprise, and said, "Wetherbee, are you a Spiritualist?" I said I was. He remarked in reply, "It is the greatest humbug and delusion I know of." Said I, "I have heard the same thing said of your banking institutions; but I suppose Pope's well-known lines will apply to many institutions and isms, as well as what he had in his mind when he wrote:

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien, That to be hid he seeks his place beneath, But see how oft, familiar with his face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

I asked him if he was familiar with the subject, or had investigated it? He said no, and had no time to spend on such nonsense.

I said my twenty years' experience and study of this subject had taught me two things: first, never to say a matter was a delusion, or nonsense, until I knew what I was talking about; and second, never to waste my time arguing with a man on a matter in which he had no information; and then to give an upward twist to our colloquy, as well as to accent the pity he probably had for me, as a subject of delusion, I gave him the latest news I had from the other world, which seemed to have a bearing on his case, and for the purpose of showing the reasonableness of this subject, I will give it to you as well as to him.

Having a friend who had a "familiar spirit," I visited her on a late occasion. She became entranced. I know she was unconscious, and did not know a word she said. The "familiar spirit" controlling her said, "An oldish man is here; he knows you; he has a long, full beard. (How much this sounds like the interview Saul had with Samuel near three thousand years ago.)

"One touch of Nature makes the world akin." He gives his name as Thoreau," spelling it. Said I, "Is it he of Concord and Walden Pond?" "He nods his head," said she, entranced. I need not continue this in detail, but say this spirit made a number of bright, quaint remarks, and this was one of them: "Orthodox ministers and millionaires are the most lonesome people I meet with in the Summer-Land."

To see the reasonableness as well as the aptness of this remark you should have been present and known what preceded his appearance; for the sake of the illustration I will briefly relate it. The spirit who preceded Thoreau at this sitting, and very likely suggested the remark, was the late Ralph Huntington, who has already been introduced to you, as suggesting the subject of this essay. I should lower my voice out of respect to his presence, did I not feel that I have his approval for quoting him. When he was clothed in flesh and bones he was a millionaire, penurious and cold. He once did an act that astonished me, and would you, if you had known him and the circumstances. He used to speak of it afterwards as an act that he was proud of, but always said he must have been insane to have done it; he said something made him do it, it was not himself; he was disturbed when he thought what he had done, but as I have said, afterwards he was proud of it and liked to speak of it, perhaps because he was in the end no poorer for it. Now since his death, or rather resurrection, he has several times come to me through different mediums, and refers to the fact and his view of it since he became a spirit. He is disinclined to be thanked or flattered; seems to be thankful to me; says the "setting me up in business," as he calls it, was not his act; that he was influenced by a spirit to do it, and he says when he referred to it, "you knew it was not my act," and he is right. On the special occasion referred to, when this woman was entranced, he gave me this communication; I wrote it down from mem-

ory, but it is substantially as he uttered it. As I have already said, I feel very sure of the identity of this spirit, and the communication is remarkable for its reasonableness, and may have had something to do with giving me a subject. He spoke as follows:

"Summer-Land securities, like the securities current on Change, do not come by the asking, they all have to be earned. Poor in the one, the man may be rich in the other; the former boil no pots, and in the affairs of life are not considered assets. Successful business men often make a poor showing when they close on the mortal and wake in the immortal state. There is but one way by which the 'gilt-edged' securities of earth can be translated into the 'gilt-edged' of the Summer-Land, and that is unselfish uses. Both kinds are in your market now: the enduring find few takers, the passing are in active demand. If I had known ten years ago what I know now, I would have left less money, but I would have been more affluent now. I did, you know, an unselfish act of considerable magnitude, and worried about it. I was glad before I died that I did it. I have learned since I came here that it was the influence of a spirit, and was not born of me, but nevertheless it is the best investment I have now in the Summer-Land, and makes me quite comfortable."

I think the world would be better clear through if it could realize what my old friend Ralph realizes now, don't you?

Do you remember that old epitaph over the grave of a worthy old couple:

"What we sowed we reaped, What we reaped we ate, What we ate we gave, What we gave we left."

I have thus far led you along without much regard to logic or consecutiveness; but perhaps now I had better concentrate my thought a little more than I have, narrow the stream, at least, even if I do not succeed in deepening it.

When Mr. Huxley, the English scientist, was lecturing in this country a few months since, I was struck with his introductory presentation. Of our cosmogony he said there were three ways, and but three ways of accounting for it: 1st, that things had always been as they are now; 2d, that there was a creation; and 3d, the theory of evolution. This subject comes to me in the same triangular way: 1st, man dies, and that is the end of him—the materialistic theory; 2d, man dies, and is raised from the dead—the resurrection theory; 3d, man never dies, or the real man survives death. We can say, I think, the survival of the fittest, or the theory of evolution.

I do not propose to elaborate these divisions into an argument, but simply to recognize them, for the sake of clearness and concentration. "Man dies, and that is the end of him." If so, then a dark shadow falls on the world; it is the grave of hope. I think with Buckle, feeble as is the belief in immortal life, yet if it was eradicated it would drive most of us to despair. Nevertheless, I do not see how anybody can help being a materialist who is not a Modern Spiritualist. I was one: experience and facts have made me a Spiritualist, against my wishes, at first, as well as against my constitutional ideas. I thank the intelligent influences of

"The spirit-world that transcends this world of sense, Floats like an atmosphere."

for reaching me so effectually. I could not exactly say with Hamlet, "Thou comest in such a questionable shape I'll speak to thee"; but there was something so reasonable in the way the subject first opened to me, that it struck a light in my soul that has never and will never go out.

Let me here relate an incident, one of thousands; the circumstances are interesting, and if I never had any other would settle the materialistic theory as far as I am concerned.

Mr. B—, an old, intimate and valued friend of mine, became feeble by age, and after much waiting died; and it so happened that the last word on his lips at the instant of death was *Jesus*, the fraction of a word which, if finished, would have been *Jesus*, and probably was; so thought we all, as circumstances seemed to warrant it. At the funeral services the minister spoke of it as a happy and consoling omen. In about a week after this old man's death, I had a sitting with a worthy lady "who had a familiar spirit," that is, a medium. She knew nothing of my social affairs, or that any of my circle had died. She became entranced, and Mr. B— came to me through her, she being unconscious, and said: "John, I never expected this; it would have been a relief and comfort to me in life if I had understood this subject as you do."

I said to him (remembering the incident referred to), "Have you found *Jesus*?" He said, "No, but I have found *George*, who has helped me so that I could come to you so soon." *George B—* was our friend and connection, and has been these dozen years, and is almost a "familiar spirit" to me, and on this occasion it was very natural that he should have been with us. Mr. B., continuing, said, "He (*George*) appeared in sight at my bedside when my spirit was about leaving my body. I saw and spoke to him before I had lost sight of the earthly scenes around me." "Then," says I, "your last utterance was '*George*,' and not '*Jesus*,' as was supposed, was it not?" "Yes," said he, "and I saw the mistake at the funeral services; but it was just as well; they all liked it better than if they had known the fact." And so they would.

This was not the reading of my mind, for I had never doubted but the last word was intended to have been "*Jesus*." I am very sure now, from his own testimony and the "reasonableness" of it, that it was the lifting of the veil and the sight of his and my friend *George* that brought his name to his receding lips; and so has materialism receded from the domain of my thought. It often happens at the closing in of earth-life, as the sands are running low, that it does what Elisha's prayer did for the young man—opens a man's spirit-eyes before his eyes of sense are closed, and he gets glimpses of the spirit-world that surrounds this and us always, whether our eyes are open or shut.

Man dies, and is raised from the dead—the resurrection theory. This, in a literal sense, seems to have died out of good society, figuratively speaking. Poetry and epitaphs still sing of the "awakening angel," "the last trumpet," and "the resurrection day"; but the resurrection of the body, like the creation of the world out of nothing, though it be the literature of revealed religion, is not to-day its thought, and we know it cannot be true. The consolation to-day in the house of mourning is in the separation of the body from the man. I think it is the tribute that Orthodoxy almost unconsciously pays to heresy, or the modern spiritual idea. "Old Mortality," in retouching the obliterated epitaphs of the past, leaves "She sleeps well," "Here lies," "His quiet spater," and the like, and has given Socratic, and says, "Bury me

where you please, if you can find me!" or Thoreau, and says, "I take no interest in graveyards; I have no friends there!"

Poetry and sentiment, as survivals of beauty, find expression often enough, but no literal significance. Gray's elegy still says:

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid, The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Beautiful is the poetry, but who believes in the idea? Reasonableness is in the idea now current in Christendom as a graft, and with Socrates and Thoreau and indigenous in Modern Spiritualism. The latter has certainly robbed death of its terrors, and makes it possible for the Rev. Mr. Murray and George MacDonald, the writer, to say that death is but the waking up for the first time in our lives. This is a beautiful thought and uttered by evangelical men, but its genesis is not in their belief, and in its expression we again have the tribute that even Orthodoxy pays to the reasonableness of Modern Spiritualism.

The third point: "The real man survives death—the evolution theory." It would be claiming too much to call this the theory of Modern Spiritualism, for the sensible part of the religious world lives in the atmosphere of this thought. Is it not possible that humanity is refining, becoming sensitive and receptive to the spirit-environment that I have repeatedly referred to, and is beautifully expressed in the lines I quoted which end thus:

"And everywhere, Where through these earthly mist and vapors dense, A vital breath of more ethereal air."

The human heart has dragged its anchor, drifting rationally into, at least, an indistinct belief of the survival of the soul of man on general principles, more indistinct in some than in others according to their organization, or as they have imbibed the teachings or undertow of Modern Spiritualism.

Modern Spiritualism is the central point under this head, and carries the life of this thought and supplements the vague idea with approximate definiteness. It certainly puts a torch behind the transparency of current religious thought in this and other connections, and illuminates the whole. The volume of Christian thought on the point of the survived spirit is that it is somewhere, maybe near, maybe far off, no one knows, no traveler returns, connection not made. Modern Spiritualism supplements this "know-nothingism" with communications, intercourse, influence. If I wish then to show "the reasonableness of Modern Spiritualism" I must simply show the reasonableness of the manifestations or communications.

In the course of these remarks I have given you a few instances of many in my experience of claimed communications. Of course you will say there is the rub, the doubt; are they mundane or supermundane? the proof is not a matter of argument, but of experience, and I am convinced. Take, for instance, the communications quoted from Thoreau, Huntington, and Mr. B. I am not so sure of the identity of Thoreau, still I think it was he, but of the latter two, Ralph Huntington and Mr. B., I am as sure it was they as I can possibly be of anything, even the persons in this room, for I see none of you, only your *hunks*, and only the image of them, according to the scientific theory of vision. I merely stop to note this so you may not think me loose in statement when I say I am as sure of the identities of the two spirits quoted as I am of you.

The several experiences or details given you of departed spirits referred to will show you that they are still human beings; that the thread of their earth-life has not been broken by the change called death; memory runs across the border line of mundane life into their once earthly life or undergradation; that the distinguishing characteristics of their earth-life inhere in them in their promotion, or awakening, and as far as this goes is it not reasonable, and what you would expect, or even desire? I ask any one if heaven would be endurable if we were debarred by distance or conditions from knowledge of, or interest in, the attachments of our earth-life? If memory is a faculty of the survived man, he must take an interest in the affairs of earth, or at least in the loved ones at home; it cannot be otherwise. If memory dies with the body, then we do not survive death. Without a past in our consciousness we would be a new creation, not a survival. Modern Spiritualism, then, on this point opens up to us just what we would naturally expect and desire above all things. It may be to-day crude, like a diamond in the rough, needing both the lapidary and an improved setting. It is often found in the company of publicans and sinners. From a want of a unit of measure between spiritual and temporal life, or the need of the coming man to translate the communications or measure the angle of refraction of a straight line between a point in the spirit-world to a point in this, they may not in their volume be of much practical value, but the main fact is there for all that, and the claim is not only reasonable, but the fact that there should be communications is reasonable, and the quality also is reasonable when we remember that spirits are but human beings.

The claim is not only reasonable, but it makes the Christian religion reasonable, and makes the Bible a reasonable book, and any and every argument that questions the genesis of the manifestations of Modern Spiritualism turns Scripture into fiction.

A man prominent as an Atheist for the last thirty years, says he does not believe in the spiritual-phenomena because he does not believe in any spirit; he believes that when a man dies, that the whole man dies. If I was a Christian, said he, and believed in the existence of a soul after death, I certainly would be a Spiritualist, for if there are souls, why should they not manifest? How a Christian can help believing in Modern Spiritualism, I do not see, says he; it must be that they are not honest, only respectable; pretend to believe in a future life, but do not any more than I do. I think this atheistic writer and preacher is right on this point; a Christian man who has not an ear to windward on this subject, is at heart a Materialist. So we have not only Orthodoxy, but even Atheism, paying tribute to the reasonableness of Modern Spiritualism.

The thought may naturally arise, that if these communications are from spirits, why are they not more reliable? We might reply, that spirits being but men, why should they be? but that is not the answer. I am sure it requires that conditions be right at both ends of and all along the line of communication, and I am sure the right conditions are the exception. I think, also, that nine-tenths of the world make reliability synonymous with material success. I am sure, also, that the invisible world does not consider gold sixteen times as valuable as silver, or that gold, silver and precious stones are a compensation for short

virtues. I think there is reliability enough to prove their source, but not enough to relieve the human mind, or man, from the struggles of life. It is possible, also, that those human beings "who have awakened for the first time in their lives," see further ahead than we do here, and are not disposed to feed us with sweetmeats, even if they had the power. Who does not know that hard struggles and obstacles, though undesirable, are of inestimable benefit to the man, while ease, luxury and "silver spoon" births defertilize him, and though esteemed blessings, are often curses.

If spiritual communications opened to you a royal road to purple and fine linen, and fed you sumptuously every day, they would be popular at once, and everybody would be believers in them; can you conceive of a greater misfortune than such a reliability? I think the story of the old man who when about to die called his children to his bedside and told them he had buried his treasure in his field, and that they must dig for it, is after the style of many or most spiritual communications, at least on temporal matters; if true, or reliable, only indirectly so. The story reads that those children dug as requested, but did not find the buried gold, but health, wealth and manhood were born of the effort. The children were unquestionably disappointed, and considered the old man's communication unreliable; but was it? I could give you a volume of "buried treasures," so to speak, in the logic of my experience; the effort was the nugget, and short results were permanent gain. I am to-day enjoying the luxury of what at the time were errors, but the subject to-night is the "reasonableness," not John Wetherbee, so we will leave him.

I think I can make my argument stronger, and make more vivid the spiritual environment that I have so often referred to, by looking at man for a moment as something else than a bundle of flesh and bones; that we are now spirits, encased, for the time, in matter. I have a short communication from a spirit, which I will read. I not only value it for its source, for the circumstances which I shall not now speak of endorse its supermundane claim, but I think it very lucid on a subject not generally remarkable for lucidity.

"God is a spirit," said one of the world's teachers, "not located in this mountain, nor even at Jerusalem; but they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." The material universe is visible by the persistency of force. Matter atomic being invisible, if force should cease to persist space would be empty; the potency would be there, of course. God, then, is empty space with infinite power or potency; that is thinkable, is it not? That infinite All-in-All which I have imperfectly called space, has willed the universe into existence: God then manifest in matter. The material universe, then, is an extensive spiritual manifestation. It is nobody's and no angel's privilege to say when or how, or even if this was ever done; that is, had a beginning; it is simply thinkable. It is now wrinkled with age, in principle the same yesterday, to-day and forever. In manifestation or evolution ever new. In one sense without beginning or end, in another sense beginning and ending every moment. God, then, is a spirit; manifested in matter. He is the Cosmos. Man also is a spirit; manifested in matter, he stands before you. In the order of sequence, God, as a spirit, thinkably ante-dates matter. Man is a spirit, and he ante-dates his manifestation in matter. Matter exists, then, primarily for spiritual manifestations. We see God only in his manifestation. Man, also, is never seen, only his manifestation.

I would like to supplement this spiritual communication with four lines I once read in the Radical Magazine. They give, in a few words, the whole summing up of God and man. They are these:

"God is, without Him man is not. Man is, without him God is dead. Each by the other is begot. The God sea by the man stream fed."

I am trying to get man before your mind as a permanent rather than a passing institution. Clothed in flesh he stands before us. We do not see him any more than we see God. Probably we never will. In one sense we do not see his manifestation in form, nor can we touch him. Touch and sight are modes of sensing. His image is painted on our retina by the laws or vibrations of light, and by some process it gets translated into consciousness. There seems to be a discrete separation everywhere between the world of matter and the world of spirit.

We can travel across the boundary line of mineral into vegetable life, and from vegetable to animal, and from animal to man, and hardly find a break; but back of the mineral is a spirit, and the same of the vegetable. We call it force in both; it has intelligence, if not consciousness, for it can count exactly and make no mistakes, knows its likings as well as a fish knows bait; but who can span the separation between matter and the spirit controlling matter, whether we deal with the universe as the manifestation of God, or the human body as the manifestation of man?

I have aimed in my reading to impress you; (let me express my thought in the words of Pascal,) that—

"Man is but a reed, the weakest in Nature, but he is a thinking reed. Were the universe to crush him, man would still be greater than that which kills him, because he knows that he dies, and the universe knows it not. Our whole dignity consists, then, in thought."

I have tried to accent the point that the inhabitants of the spirit-world are factors in the movements and activities of this world, and, while doing it, I have kept, or tried to keep your thought on the invisible but real contiguity of the spiritual world. Of course I am not trying to convert any of you; but, admitting the fact of conscious existence after death, as an abstract idea, as common to Christendom, is it not reasonable that the existence should be near and, in an exalted manner, interested? and is it not reasonable that there should be manifestations of that nearness, and unreasonable if otherwise? Can you avoid connecting the legendary lore of the world's superstitious history with this contiguity and influence? Clay on the blind man's eyes, by a master-hand, made men look like trees walking, but the unmistakability of the fact of light was opened to that blind man then, and "questionable shapes," in connection with this subject, will in due time adjust themselves to intelligent perception.

With Lucretia Mott I say, "Truth before scripture, and before anything else." The test of inspiration is intrinsic, no matter in what book found, and a text from Shakespeare, for instance, like this, "The quality of mercy is not strained; it falleth like the gentle dew of heaven upon the place beneath," &c., is as heavenly in its source as if in the Bible. But, in closing, I will make a connection with the Bible, because

It is an accented feature or fact in the world's literature, considered sacred and holy by a large part of the civilized world, and has a future, I think, as well as a past, as a record of "spiritual manifestations."

With the light of Modern Spiritualism illuminating it, the Bible shows up, from Genesis to Revelations, as a "haunted" book in human history. In its associations and its contents sainted and unsainted shadows flit in and out and about it; poetry and religion, aided by the superstitious nature of man, give them fantastic shapes, and weird and sacred associations which the light and knowledge of to-day have made invisible, like the stars which shine only by night. Modern Spiritualism comes not to destroy these associations, but to fulfill; not to set "Fiction" to the Bible, but to give it a new setting in truth.

The world of mind is as full of thin places as is this geographical world; the hidden forces of both are very near manifestation always, and now and then find expression. The disturbances of Mount Etna, making it the workshop of gods and Titans where thunderbolts were forged for Joye, are still a fact, though geological science and the advance of knowledge have changed the idea in causation; Research has not dissipated the fact of submundane or inner disturbances or the contiguity of pent-up forces, ready when conditions are right, for expression; it has exorcised the delirious personalities and cycloplan one-eyed monsters, but the fact of ground swells of molten matter and expanding fluids are as vivid and as manifest as of old, when Homer sung and Ulysses wandered. So the Bible, fabulous under the searching eyes of science, its Jehovah, and lords, and gods, no longer frowny thunderbolts in Sinai any more than the myths of old in Etna; but as surely as stands Etna with its inner life, as a geographical fact of the earth, so stands the Bible with its inner life, or record, as a haunted fact in human history, to the eyes of to-day a spent volcano, a dried-up crater; but as of one side of the other, put your ear to it you shall still hear the rumblings of that book in its spiritual manifestations, which in an ignorant age were gods talking and wrestling with men, writing laws on tablets, giving superhuman power to men, distance lending not only enchantment but glory to the view. The Bible, then, is a sort of Homer's Iliad, not exactly a relation of facts, but distorted ones, but perhaps as near truth as even wise men could give of the mysterious facts or manifestations that they intended to chronicle.

In the eclipse of faith which within the last century has cast its shadow on the human heart, Coleridge, borrowing beautiful words to express a common thought, says:

"Where are now the fabled things that once peopled earth, That had their haunts in dale, or pliny mountain, Or forest, by slow stream or jebbly spring, Or chasms, or wat'ry depths; all, all have vanished, They live no longer, but the faith of reason, But still the heart doth need a language; Oh, never rudely will I blame his faith, On the myth of stars and planets, or the sun, This visible nature and this common world Is all too narrow."

Modern Spiritualism repletes space with entities; does not call to life the deities on Olympus or Sinai, nor the fabled beings that humanity in its infancy scattered through the valleys and the groves, the mountains, woods and air, but introduces us to a world connected with and permeating, surrounding and influencing this, and showing to us that the age of fable may not have been wholly fiction; that prophets, poets, seers and sensitives, have always sensed this spiritual environment, and in old times translated it into fanciful shapes, but it now puts on rationally as Modern Spiritualism opens up the subject.

The Rev. Nehemiah Adams says the curtain between the two worlds is growing thinner. He has no warrant for saying that evangelically. He and humanity are getting thinner; his curtain of flesh between the spirit-world and this is thinner, and he translates a death-bed fact as I have into a spiritual manifestation, and others do the same. The thin places of which I spoke in the world of mind are more abundant than was once the case, though the true poets always feel them, and in their fine frenzy feel influences they cannot define, and so sing still—

"Yonder they move; from yonder visible sky Street India's streets, our feet at this day 'Tis Jupi'er who brings whate'er is great, And Venus who brings everything that's fair."

But Modern Spiritualism with its "reasonableness" turns poetry and fable into prose, and instead of Jupiter and Venus, and the more commanding "Thus saith the Lord" of Holy Writ, finds the loved and the departed, the dead which after all are alive, the lost which are found, in a word, this contiguity of the spirit-world, sufficient to account for the traditional mythical lore, both sacred and profane, sufficient to account for and rationalize the ominous and occult in the affairs of life, the tutelary spirits and white ladies of tradition, the mysterious promptings of our souls, and the still small voices of intuition that are almost intelligent.

I have not attempted to prove the truth of Modern Spiritualism, knowing it to be true. I have tried to make it appear reasonable, as suggested by my one earthly, but now spirit-friend, Ralph Huntington. Hoping what I have read has been satisfactory to him and other spirits present, "as silent as the pictures on the wall," and thanking you for your patience in listening to me, I will close, just adding by way of finish a few lines from Mrs. Stowe, which Robert Dale Owen liked well enough to read as part of the funeral services of his late wife, after her passage to "the other and contiguous world":

"It lies around us like a cloud, The world we do not see, Yet the sweet closing of an eye May bring us there to be. Its gentle breeze from our cheek To receive applications from persons desiring to employ women as housekeepers, nurses, companions, readers, copyists, private teachers, or in domestic services, bookkeepers, etc. They hope thereby to be of service to employers and to capable and deserving persons needing occupation. Communication may be addressed, Bureau of Occupation, B. Y. M. C. Union, 18 Boylston street."

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.—The following card refers to a branch of the work of that truly liberal institution, the Young Men's Christian Union, which has in the past been very successful in accomplishing much for many applicants for position, and also greatly appreciated by many ladies, gentlemen and business firms who have wished to secure the services of such as this Bureau most promptly and carefully supplies:

BUREAU OF REFERENCE. BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN UNION, No. 18 Boylston street. Local Committee. Members of this Committee are in attendance at their room every day, from 11 to 12 A. M., where they are glad to receive applications from persons desiring to employ women as housekeepers, nurses, companions, readers, copyists, private teachers, or in domestic services, bookkeepers, etc. They hope thereby to be of service to employers and to capable and deserving persons needing occupation. Communication may be addressed, Bureau of Occupation, B. Y. M. C. Union, 18 Boylston street."

"Mrs. Farr of this village," says a Wisconsin exchange, "has had no less than seventy attacks of illness during her lifetime, and still lives." She must be one of the "Brave Women of Seventy-Sicks."

"I wish I was a podding mamma. "Why?" "Because I should have lots of sugar put into me."

Children's Department.

Written for the Banner of Light. TO MY ANGEL MOTHER. BY LUCY E. NEWTON. Darling mother, are you here While I speak your name so dear? Are you standing by my side, Oh, so near, my steps to guide? Do you hover o'er my bed? Do you soothe my aching head? Wrap your mantle, snowy white, Round me, in the still, dark night? Are you with me when, in grief, I know none to give relief? Do you whisper in my ear, "Cheer up, child, your mother's near?" "Yes," methinks I hear you say, "I am with you, night and day, When you wake and when you sleep, My dear loving watch to keep. "I am with you, child of earth, When in sorrow or in mirth; So be happy, come what will, For your mother's with you still."

SONGS OF SPRING.

I think that the birds were the first poets. Certainly the sweetest poetry is like their singing—free and fresh and natural—the singer's soul pouring itself out in delight and rapture that nothing can repress. Never does the unanswerable question, "What is poetry?" seem so foolish as it does in spring, when the air is laden with it—when it floats upon the clouds, sifts through sunbeams and raindrops, and rises as incense from opening bud and bursting leaf and springing grass, and even from the brown earth itself. Poetry? Why, you are living and breathing in it, and you can no more define it than you can define your own life. The beautiful smile of Nature is like the smile of a mother upon her child. How it gladdens the little one, who would be no wiser or happier for hearing a definition of its gladness, if there was one to be given. In the presence of the dear mother, Nature, we are all little children, happy in her beauty, and blessed with her blessedness, we know not how or why. We all have learned to welcome March, in the old rhyme which must have made itself, since nobody appears to know just where it came from: "March winds and April showers Bring forth May flowers."

Wordsworth has a little poem about March, of which some lines run thus: "The small birds twitter, The lake doth glitter, The green gold sheeps in the sun; And the waterfalls gleam like gossamer. Their heads are never raising— There are forty feedings in England, where the fields are green earlier than is usual with us. How is it possible that out of the frozen brown earth even the smallest blossom should rise like a star, or bring up its little cup of perfume? How marvelous that the colorless and shapeless cloud beneath our feet should be transformed into flowers by the magical touch of spring! No tale of enchantment was ever half so strange as that which we read in the unfolding leaves of every returning May. There is only one thing more marvelous than this new creation which we behold around us, and that is ourselves, who are so made that we can enter into it all. You, little child, whoever you are, looking out into the most glorious landscape, can sing for yourself this song: "Great, wide, beautiful world, With the wonderful water round you curled, And the wonderful grass on your breast— World, you are beautifully dressed! The wonderful air is over me, And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree; With cities, and gardens, and the hills, And talks to itself on the tops of the hills! "You friendly Earth, how far do you go With the wheat-fields that nod, and the rivers that flow? With cities, and gardens, and the hills, And people upon you, for thousands of miles? "Ah! you are so great, and I am so small, I tremble to think of you, World, at all, And yet, when I see you, I feel as if I were a whisp' inside of me seemed to say, "You are more than the Earth, though you are such a dot— You can love and think, and the Earth can't do that. It must be that the flowers are glad to come up out of their underground cells, "We are there together, All the hard weather, Dead to the world, keep house alone," as good George Herbert says, and look into human faces again. Another writer puts it in this pretty way: "In the snowing and the blowing, In the cruel blast, Little flowers bent their growing Form beneath our feet. Softly tugs the spring, and cheerily— Darling are you, and cheerily— Till they answer, 'We are nearly, Nearly ready, dear. "Where is Winter, with his snowing? Tell us where he is, and where he is going, Going on his way, Poor little flowers, But his time is past; Soon my birds shall sing above you— Set you free at last."

And you remember how "Daffy-down-dilly had heard underground Of the streams as they burst out their white winter chains— Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering rains;" and how, knowing that she was wished for and waited for and needed, "Daffy-down-dilly came out in the cold, Through the brown mesh of the snow, Although the March breezes blew on her face, Although the white snow lay in many a place;" and the rest of Daffy-down-dilly's wise sayings and doings, all which are worthy to be heeded. As one after another of the wild flowers comes back to greet us, peeping out of the grass or reaching toward us from shrub or spray, we feel as we do when dear old friends return to us after long absence.—Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas.

Afraid of the Devil. A painful scene appears, by the account given of it in the Stirling Journal, to have occurred on a recent Sunday, in a church near Gartmore, in that county. The minister, who is in the habit of warning his congregation on special occasions against the machinations of the evil one, was delivering a discourse on his favorite theme, when suddenly a large window blind and roller behind the pulpit lost its hold, falling right over the preacher, and completely concealing him for a time from his flock. In its descent the roller smashed a number of window panes, and the clatter of the falling glass added panic to the already terrified condition of the ensnared preacher. Ignorant of the cause of the sudden darkness and horrible noise, he thought he might have exceeded the bounds of discretion in his denunciations of the devil, who had thereupon arrived hastily in person bent on retaliation. A frightful shriek of "I am gone!" echoed through the church, and the maddened preacher with one bound cleared the pulpit, nor ever stopped until he reached the extreme corner of the edifice. It may be well imagined that the suddenness of this alarming incident and its dramatic nature exercised a most powerful effect on the nerves of all who witnessed it. Fortunately there was no general panic, or the consequences might have been serious; but the story should be a lesson to those ministers who touch upon the delicate question of the personality of the devil to retain their self-possession under any circumstances, and not to leave the pulpit unless absolutely ejected from it by force.—Pall Mall Gazette.

San Francisco.—Mrs. Dr. E. Smith writes to corroborate spirit-messages as follows: "The message contained in the Banner of March 24th, from Charles E. DeLong, is correct. I knew him several years ago, and saw him after his re-

Banner Correspondence.

Buffalo.—Edward John Robbins, in the course of a letter written some timesince, says that the promised manifestation of a materialized form walking out in the garden (through the mediumistic powers and presence of Mrs. Blandy,) was accomplished last summer: "On one of the brightest moonlight nights of the season, at 10 o'clock P. M., our spirit lady friend 'Alma,' walked arm and arm with Mr. E. L. Chamberlayne to the end of the lot, a distance of at least a hundred and fifty feet from Mrs. Blandy, (the medium,) and returned, stood chatting with us, a little company of six, gracefully saluting us, wearing a white silk dress with long train, and holding up her foot to show us that she had on the shoes she had borrowed of Miss Flavia Colie, she having stated that the conditions would not allow her to materialize shoes suitable for the occasion. The same lady has successfully experimented with paraffine, and has given us two molds of an exquisitely formed hand."

"I should like to say a kind and earnest word or two to Spiritualists generally, and the very foremost of all I would say is, Stand by your mediums! do not go over to the enemy at the first appearance of fraud. When manifestations consisted only of raps and tips, the movement was in its infancy, but now that materialization stands at the head of physical phenomena the whole aspect of things is changed; rough and malignant opposition to a medium in those incipient phases of control was not greatly detrimental to that medium's health and life, but in materialization the case is entirely different." He refers to the serious consequences which followed the outrageous treatment meted out to Mrs. Markee, and says: "We as Spiritualists cannot afford to lose the services of such a medium, and only for the gratification of the malice of enemies to the cause. Those Rochester expositors (?) went with no honest purpose of investigation; if they had, they would have put her under strict test conditions. But no; that would not have suited their purpose; they knew well enough that if they had secured her, and a form had appeared outside the cabinet, their intention would have been frustrated. And here let me warn mediums, never appear before skeptics except under strict test conditions."

"All hail to that noble man, Thomas R. Hazard, for his defence of our persecuted mediums! There are enough ladies and gentlemen to occupy all the time our mediums can give, without having their invaluable powers wasted on people who have determined beforehand that the whole thing is a humbug, and whose only desire is to make it appear so. Let the turbulent element who prowl around the spiritual fold in order to break it up, be excluded, and let those in only who are receptive enough to at least conduct themselves with violence. Brains are to a certain extent like the soil; some are suitable to the growth of one thing, some another, and it is labor lost to try to plant a spiritual idea in a thoroughly materialistic head, the possessor of which does not know that there are a great many conditions of matter, and that his poor little five senses are only adjusted for the cognizance of some of the grosser portions of it. In this low condition of life we wear our mortal dress, as the diver does beneath the water, to enable us to accommodate ourselves to this earthly state, and like that diver we put it off as soon as we ascend to our normal condition, which is the spiritual state. My last word is, Stand by our Mediums; give them every chance; remember the most experienced in the spiritual ranks know but little of the wonders awaiting the world's attention, and which can never be revealed unless we foster and cherish the avenues through which only it can come to man."

Michigan. NORTHVILLE.—Capt. H. H. Brown writes: "You publish those beautiful lines, 'There is no Death,' in the Banner of the 17th of April, saying they had been credited to Bulwer, &c. Now, 'Honor to whom honor is due,' and our beautiful West gave that inspiration. While in Dubuque, Ia., in July, '75, Mr. J. L. McCracken, city editor of the Dubuque Times, gave me abundant proof that he was the author. Among others, he showed me a letter from a son of the late Lord Bulwer, denying the authorship for his father. Mr. McC. is in reality a Spiritualist, and although not so understood, nor comprehended by himself, is a rare inspirational medium. This poem was written while on a sick bed, and all his poems are either written thus, or while he is in a state of ecstasy described by him as painful. As this poem is among the finest our West has produced, please let your readers know who wrote it."

A bit of bigotry prevailed in the Michigan Legislature last winter. Mr. McCracken, prominent Spiritualist, has written a work entitled, "Michigan in the Centennial," and one of the arguments used to defeat an appropriation to furnish copies for the State Library and to exchange similar works for the library, was the fact that the author was a Spiritualist, and extracts from Mr. McC.'s previous works on liberal topics were read, and doubtless materially affected the result. "How long, oh Lord, how long!"

Massachusetts. ORANGE.—Dr. W. L. Jack writes: "One and all unite with earnest desires and best wishes for the Banner's further extension over the country and in other lands. I find it the paper of the people here in this community. Spiritualism is not dead, judging from the friends who have called upon me here, and from what I have learned from other sources. Mr. Wales B. Eddy, wife and brothers, are true souls, whose hearts are ever engaged in the good cause."

SOUTH EASTON.—N. W. Perry writes: "I have been a subscriber for the Banner for seventeen years, and see, no reason now to withhold patronage from so worthy a paper, and which is ably edited and managed. Do not be discouraged. You are doing for humanity a good work, which will extend into the far distant future."

California. SAN JOSE.—A correspondent forwards us the following abstract (from the columns of the Mercury) of a lecture recently delivered there by Hon. Warren Chase, on "The Scientific Evances of Immortality": "The speaker showed how narrow was the limit of things of which the senses took cognizance, as compared with the infinity that lies beyond the reach of the senses. It was the duty of science to trace the phenomena of nature to their causes, and in doing so it was generally demonstrated that long established theories were found to be wrong. The theory of creation, of the rainbow, of the earthquake, of lightning and thunder, and of many other things, had been disproved of science. There was no waste land in the universe. It was possible, and indeed probable, that the limitless expanse of space teemed with life in some form. The evolution of the water-lily from the ooze and slime of the stagnant pool was no more mysterious than the unfolding of a spiritual body from the mortal which shall possess all the faculties of this in a higher degree—no more mysterious than the evolution of the physical body, with its wonderful structure of bone, nerve, muscle and brain, from the minute cell. The phenomenon of an intelligent something—fallible like the intelligence of mortals—existing outside and independent of the mortal, is interwoven in the history of all ages and nations. From the oracles of Delphos down to the present day. Wherever science had attempted to investigate these phenomena, the existence of beings that once existed as humans, possessing organizations, impalpable to the physical senses, had been demonstrated."

San Francisco.—Mrs. Dr. E. Smith writes to corroborate spirit-messages as follows: "The message contained in the Banner of March 24th, from Charles E. DeLong, is correct. I knew him several years ago, and saw him after his re-

turn from Japan, on his way to Virginia City, Nevada. I also read the message of George S. Sorren, in the Banner of March 31st. I knew him at the same time and place, (the city of Marysville, Cal.) where I first became acquainted with DeLong. George S. Sorren has lived many years in San Francisco, and passed away from here. He was, as he says in his message, a native of Boston. I am happy to testify to the return of these friends and the truthfulness of their messages."

Illinois. SPRINGFIELD.—J. A. writes: "I am a searcher after truth, and a short time since commenced investigating the spiritual phenomena. I subscribed for the Banner, and am most interested in perusing its contents, especially the 'Message Department.' I hope Spiritualism is true; if it is you are engaged in a noble work."

"An Attempted Abduction?" Those who will not believe the utter helplessness in which a really sane person finds him (or her) self enveloped when accused of insanity, will do well to read the following paragraph, where a respectable lady on a public conveyance and under the presumedegis of the common law, barely escaped robbery and outrage—perhaps ending with murder—at the hands of a pack of unprincipled parties, who seized her under the plea that she was an escaped "crazy woman." It will be noticed that she was at once deprived, by this charge, of all assistance, either on the part of the railroad officials or the ladies and gentlemen (heaven save the mark!) who were her fellow passengers. Her case outlines a danger to which any sane person (male or female) is exposed under the present state of public sentiment, which confessedly allows such a wide margin for tyrannical action on the part of the regular medical fraternity, that even the thieves and murderers in community are now availing themselves of it as a shield under which to ply their hideous trade:

"Mrs. Florence Watson, a young and richly-dressed Ohio lady took the cars at Chicago recently for Iowa City, where she intended to visit her husband's relatives. A man took the opposite seat and looked at her intently. After a while he left the seat and another man took his place, and subsequently four men sat there in turn, each watching her closely. It was now dusk. The six men, after holding a consultation with the conductor, entered the car together and announced that she was a crazy woman and the wife of one of them; hence the passengers would understand why she had been watched by them. In vain did she protest that it was a lie. Nobody believed her. At Rock Island her captors endeavored to put her off the train, saying that she must change cars for Iowa City, but she clung desperately to the seat. The passengers shrank nervously from her, and she was completely in the power of six desperadoes. As the train drew near Durant she recognized her brother-in-law upon the platform. He was waiting to meet her, in accordance with a despatch which she had sent from Chicago. She rushed to him, but he had been gagged and in a moment the train was in motion. At Wilton, where she had to change cars, she attempted to escape, but was surrounded by her persecutors and forced to take refuge in a baggage car, after she had sprained her ankle. At Iowa City she made a frantic appeal to the conductor to take her to the leading hotel, where the landlord's wife would vouch for her sanity. The conductor assented, and the unhappy woman was identified and rescued. The strain had been too great; she fainted."

The British secular press speaks in commendatory terms of Mr. J. J. Morse's trances-lectures wherever he travels. This is surely a sign that bigotry is not quite as active there as in the past. We give below a few specimens: For nearly an hour and a half the oratorical, medium, lecturer, or whatever name he chooses to put upon a fluency, a logical and grammatical correctness, a fitness of language and figure, upon this abstract subject: "Hinduism, Jainism, Buddhism, and the various religions of the East, which would hope to equal in their normal condition, without the most laborious preparation beforehand, and the greatest coolness during delivery. He never paused, and every eye riveted on the speaker by an hour and a half poured out a flood of eloquence without stopping or hesitating for a single moment."—Birmingham Daily News.

Mr. Morse is what is called a speaking medium, of no mean order, for he kept crowded audiences in tensely listening each evening for some time, and he has certainly most powerfully and accomplished addresses.—Darlington and Richmond Herald.

His (Mr. Morse) denials with the various theories set up against spiritism, and his own statements, which are so well known, and became so eloquent as to provoke rounds of applause from the audience. As the lecture proceeded, every eye riveted on the speaker by an hour and a half poured out a flood of eloquence without stopping or hesitating for a single moment."—Birmingham Daily News.

State Organization of Spiritualists and Liberalists in Arkansas. The Spiritualists and Liberalists of the State of Arkansas met in convention on the 31st of March, 1877, at 10 o'clock P. M. at the residence of Dr. J. A. Meek, of Jonesboro, Mo. Dr. J. B. Wilson was called to the chair, and Bro. Gideon T. Miller was chosen to read the minutes of the previous year. On motion of Dr. Meek, a committee of five were appointed by the President to frame a constitution and draft a code of by-laws for the benefit of the society, and the said committee was instructed to be ready to make their report by 3 o'clock P. M.

Thereupon the Convention adjourned. At 3 o'clock P. M. the Convention met promptly, and the Committee on Constitution and By-Laws submitted the following: Resolved, That the Committee appointed to draft a Constitution and By-Laws for the Spiritualists and Liberalists of the State of Arkansas, be and they are authorized to do so. Resolved, That we agree to adopt the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists of the State of Tennessee. A. J. POTTER, JAMES D. PHILLIPS, JOHN A. MECK.

On motion, the report of the Committee was adopted unanimously. The Convention then proceeded to the election of officers, and Jos. A. Meek, of Jonesboro, Mo., was elected President; J. B. Righter, of Helena, Vice-President; G. C. Greaser, of Fayette, Secretary; Aden Lynch, Treasurer; Jesse Turner, Van Buren, J. C. Greer, Woodruff, J. O. Bagby, Helena, Peter Anderson, Craighen, James N. Ansell, Wittsburg, and Briton Johnson, Wittsburg, Trustees. The President and Vice-President were appointed Delegates to the National Convention of Spiritualists, which is to meet in 1877. Alternates, Jesse Turner, Aden Lynch. Resolved, That the Spiritual Magazine, Banner of Light, Religion-Philosophical Journal, and other spiritual papers, be requested to publish the proceedings of this meeting.

Passed to Spirit-Life: From Roxbury, Vt., March 21st, Susan Allen, wife of Jehial Allen, aged 68 years. For some years she has borne life's blessings and its sorrows together, and now the blow falls heavily upon the one left upon this side of life. Our beautiful Spiritual Philosophy sustains him, and he will not be long in spirit, and that by-and-by he will meet her in that bright world where pain and death are known no more. The services of the writer were required at the funeral. ABIE W. TANNER.

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Let residents in other States purchase and circulate this pamphlet, for the arguments which apply to the case in Massachusetts are equally true in every State in the Union, and the germs of thought furnished by Allen Putnam, Esq., and proved by numerous cases, by Charles W. Emerson, Mrs. Ricker and others, as here reported, deserve the most extensive diffusion among the people.

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This is the great moral power that is to be abroad in the world—that you are never to forget your responsibilities to one another; that you are never to forget that you are on life's battlefield, and that the suffering and the sinful and the various kinds of moral obliquity in the world are to be met and overcome by you. There are helps to do it everywhere, aiding hands extended from the skies, willing minds reaching down; but we cannot reach all the way. You do not begin to build an edifice from the top—we [spirit intelligences] cannot put on the dome until you have laid the foundation and made the walls. The structure of moral and social life of earth must be commenced here by you. What the spirit-world can do is to encourage the laborers, point out the aim of the edifice, show the immortal obligations that lie beyond, and wait with the starry-crowned dome of perfect social and political life for you at last to possess. But here on earth your own deeds, and lives and perceptions, educated and prompted by us, must lay the corner stone. You must fashion the walls, and if they are not secure and crumble away you must fashion them again, until finally you are on tiptoe, as far as you can reach with every lofty aim and endeavor you rear the social fabric, lay its foundation in human equality, in human justice, in human love; then the hands of spirits engaged in the same work reach down from their height and crown the edifice with the dome that they have fashioned.—*Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.*

**Our Faults and Follies.**  
Dr. Bartol, of this city, very recently preached a discourse at his church on the Faults and Follies of the American people, in the course of which he told a great many home truths and laid down a great many sterling propositions that will wear and wash. To begin with, he declared that perhaps our worst faults, as a people, were a habit of self-laudation, a passion for partisanship in all its forms, moral levity and trifling, and a craving for sham aristocracy. He said that we were not content with the eagle as our emblem, but it must be the spread eagle; and he might have added that everybody wants it to scream. He called it rather an Americanized peacock in its vanity and pretentiousness, than the composed, solitary, thoughtful bird of the mountain. Of late years and during our more recent experience he said it had become the buzzard or vulture.

Then there is the tendency to do cheap work, which manifests itself everywhere. We want great wages, but we do not possess that stern conscientiousness which is resolved to give good work in return. Jonathan is a notorious jack-at-all-trades, said Dr. Bartol, and that is another reason why the market is filled with cheap work by all classes of mechanics. The manufactured articles of the past out-wear modern-made articles in the ratio of a hundred to one. We confess that we run off after the rage or the fashion, when we seem to be tired of the modern productions and turn back to look up old-styled chairs, bedsteads, tables, bureaus, and clocks, for the reason simply that they express substance, endurance, plainness, honesty, in a word. It is only because we have grown sick of all this modern deceit and dishonesty. And our clothes, not less than our furniture and houses, express the shallowness which cannot deceive even ourselves. Our female dressing is childish to the verge of imbecility.

What we Americans are pleased to call our "culture," the doctor commented on with especial severity. He plainly charged that the ignorance of the Tabernacle, the bluster of the Temple, and the idolatry of the Cathedral exercised such an influence over the minds of the young that they had really come to think themselves cultivated, when they did not as yet know what culture means. It is all a smattering, a conceit of knowing, a gabble about matters of which there is as yet no thorough and close knowledge. But we are not to be left to loll in the shade on the grassy banks of our complacent self-contemplation. We have got our share of work to do in the world, and we must do it right along. There is no time for indulging in self-satisfied comparisons of ourselves with others. We should never do much for ourselves if our faculties were not called out into their highest activity by the necessities of our case and situation.

It is such grave and far-reaching problems as what Dr. Bartol calls the African, Indian, Chinese and Irish questions, that are in the future unquestionably to exercise the deepest care, and compel unconsciously the growth of character

which would never show itself if it were fed on dissertations concerning "culture." We need the real thing, the solid meat of the matter; the sentiment of it, which is at best but the fragrance and aroma, we can afford to let take care of itself. In the African and Indian problems especially, we are addressed for the service of the very largest and best qualities of the national character. We actually need serious and urgent things like these to take us out of the rut of our exaggerated self-opinion and call forth into activity faculties that should not be thus buried. Little indeed do we know what is the best mode of our common education. It is pretty certain that we should select the easiest, which is the least effective way, if left to ourselves.

**Tuttle's Arcana of Spiritualism.**

The first edition of this work was published some years ago in Boston; but the greater part of the copies were destroyed in the great fire, and consequently it has never had in this country the circulation to which its peculiar merits entitled it. We know of no work on Spiritualism that we would so confidently place in the hands of an earnest and scientific investigator. The breadth and catholicity of Mr. Tuttle's treatment of the subject may be accurately inferred from the two opening paragraphs of the book:

Spiritualism is the knowledge of everything pertaining to the spiritual nature of man, and as spirit is the moving force of the material, it is in its widest scope, it grasps the material of nature. It embraces all that is known, and all that is yet to be known. It is a comprehensive science, receiving all that is good and rejecting all that is evil.

Who believes in a fourth and fifth existence, and that departed spirits communicate with those who are still on earth, are spiritualists; but only as they utilize the faculties, and harmonize their lives, are they entitled to the name in its highest meaning.

Thus, it will be seen, it is not as a mere intellectual curiosity, but as a prompter and quickener of spiritual life—of a genuine religion (which, according to Matthew Arnold, is "morality flushed with emotion")—that Mr. Tuttle regards Spiritualism; and in this view, we are confident, he will have the full sympathy of all those in our ranks whose good opinion is valuable and likely to prevail.

The present edition of the "Arcana," now for sale at our office, was printed in Glasgow and published by James Burns, London. It is very neatly got up, and the volume is one of the most elegant that the literature of Spiritualism can exhibit. The type is large, clear and new; and the paper, printing and binding, are of quite a superior order.

The style and the clear arrangement of the contents are in good keeping with the mechanical features, and these are subdivided into sections, amounting in all to three hundred and thirty-six, each with its appropriate heading in small capitals. This gives an open and attractive aspect to the book, and adds much to the reader's comfort and the facility of making references to what one has gone over. A list of "Authorities," consulted in the preparation of the book, and a careful alphabetical index, add to the completeness of the volume, and make it one of the best and most available for standard library use.

The book begins with a general statement of principles, of which the two paragraphs we have quoted above are specimens. The subjects are: What is Spiritualism? Who are Spiritualists? Principles on which all agree; Man a dual being; Immortality; Death; Relations of the Spirit to the Spirit-world; A Future State of Awards; Salvation, how attained; No Arbitrary Decree; Relation of the Earth-life to Spirit-being; Destiny of Spirit; The Spirit-world; Hell and Heaven; Origin of Spiritual Beings; Grades; They are frequent Visitors; Mediumship; Character of their Influence; Communications Fallible; All Communications from one source; There can be no Miracle; Brotherhood and Divinity of Man; Incentives of Spiritualism; Its Object; Influence of the Departed; It can have no Creed; Organization.

An introductory chapter follows this general, condensed Statement of Principles. In it the author traces human progress in a philosophical spirit, his aim being to show that all reform in human affairs is evolved by the gradual advance of mankind in a knowledge of the laws of the universe and in the attainment of positive truth. "Oblivion," he eloquently says, "devours the dross of the world, and leaves only the great and shining truths. A truth once revealed is never forgotten. All that mankind has conquered from nature remains conquered forever. No inquisition can suppress it; no irruption of savage hordes can blot it out."

In chapters two and three the subject of the evidences of Spiritualism is taken up, various interesting facts are given, and the theories advanced in explanation are ably discussed. The utter failure of all solutions except the spiritual to cover the demonstrated phenomena, is forcibly made apparent.

Two deeply interesting chapters, (1) on the Relations of Matter and Force to Spirit, (2) on Physical Matter and Spirit, follow. In a note to the latter, the author modestly refers to the corroboration, which recent science has given, to the principles laid down, as far back as 1858, in the first volume of his "Arcana of Nature." He says:

"When it was written, I searched in vain for the least scientific testimony confirming its statement of principles. I was surprised to find that in Europe holding the same views, but could not procure their works. I wrote an impression with faith in the utterance of the controlling power. The power which wields sun and world on their orbits must reside in themselves." Motion belongs to the atom. Motion is ever the same, directed in different channels, and differing in force, but never ceases the same. "Life is born of motion" (p. 20). Life, then, is the specialization of the living principles of matter. And it is there here that intelligence is specialized through life from the intelligence organizing creation. The theological present up long loss; the most dignified of its forms, and the most sublime. Now, as I write, this very doctrine, that matter is nothing but force (being, in its various manifestations but a modification of motion), is everywhere in scientific Orthodoxy. In the "Arcana," it is stated that there is no inertia. The statement was ridiculed; but now the idea of "inert, brute matter" has passed away, and many who have hitherto been tending over the whole ground from physical motion to intelligence. (See compilation by Youmans of the essays of Joule, Mayer, Helmholtz, Cantner and Faraday—"The Correlation and Conservation of the Physical Forces.") It is notable that the first volume of the "Arcana," having been translated into German, should be repeatedly quoted by the learned and fearless Richter, in his work on "Matter and Force," in proof of Materialism.

Of the remaining chapters of the work, the reader will find those on "The Phenomena and Laws of Spirit," "The Philosophy of Death," "Mediumship," "Mediumship during Sleep," "Heaven and Hell," "Religious Aspect of Spiritualism," "The Old and the New," all of especial interest, full of fresh thought and acute suggestion, based on legitimate scientific inferences. It is at present the fashion of a hostile, unscrupulous press, whenever any event of an unpleasant nature, having the remotest bearing on Spiritualism, takes place, to strive to make Spiritualism bear all the odium of it. The other day, when Mr. Jones, of Chicago, was shot by a man avowedly not a Spiritualist, whether insane or simply jealous time may show, so respectable a "daily" as the Springfield Republican headed its account of the affair as "The Last Thing in

Spiritualism." With just as much reason, if instead of being a Spiritualist Mr. Jones had been a member of an Orthodox church, the same paper might have headed its sensational stuff as "The Last Thing in Christianity." The reporters and scribes who indulge in these miserable flings at Spiritualism (because they think it pays, we suppose) will do well to read Mr. Tuttle's chapters on "Mediumship" and "Heaven and Hell." Impurity of thought or life is not one whit more chargeable on a rational Spiritualist than on a rational Christian. The said scribes know this, but then—when the dog is down, hit him if you can!

As Mr. Tuttle has derived much for his guidance in the preparation of this book from inspirational sources, his style is for the most part rather didactic than argumentative; but readers will be surprised at the strictly scientific character of the work. In his preface he says: "I have faithfully, carefully and conscientiously presented my impressions as they have been given me by my masters, the invisible spirits, and I claim neither the honor nor dishonor pertaining thereto. I have written in hours of pleasure and pain; when life was a joy, and when, overtaken, it became a weariness; but ever have I been cheered by the presence of spirit-friends, and, bathed in their magnetism, been supremely blessed."

Considering the extraordinary fact in regard to its production the book is itself an overwhelming argument in favor of the fundamental claims of Spiritualism. But its lucid arrangement, its clear, sententious, incisive style, its array of cogent facts, all bearing directly on the topic treated, give the book great value as a compend of the admitted phenomena, and a careful résumé of the legitimate deductions.

The "Arcana of Spiritualism" ought to have a prompt and extensive sale. It is an elegant volume of 456 pages, and will be sent post-paid from this office for \$1.50. Mr. Tuttle's high and increasing reputation as one of the most accurate and scientific of the inspirational contributors to the literature of Spiritualism, will undoubtedly secure for the work not only the attention of Spiritualists, but of all persons disposed to investigate the phenomena under the most favorable auspices.

**The Medical Law of New Hampshire.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Having patients in the principal towns and cities of New Hampshire, and desiring the privilege of visiting them without any services, without feeling that I am a patient (as well as myself) engaged in breaking or trampling upon the laws of the State, I would suggest that the State, so far as the next Legislature convenes this year, should repeal the law which restricts the practice of medicine to those who are licensed by the State, and that any physician or any mode of practice may be employed by the sick when they so desire, and that the law which is now in force elsewhere in your columns, and circulate it for signatures among the people of the different towns and cities in the State, and that the Legislature convenes this year, should repeal the law which restricts the practice of medicine to those who are licensed by the State, and that any physician or any mode of practice may be employed by the sick when they so desire, and that the law which is now in force elsewhere in your 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Gen. Robert E. Lee.

(Given through the instrumentality of Jennie S. Budd, April 20th, 1877.)

A few days ago I was standing on your platform, but not being able to get into communication with your medium, I transferred my attention to the audience, and seeing on one of your front seats an individual who was extremely mediumistic, I placed my hand upon his head, and in the best way I could, I communicated here at the Banner of Light. It was not because I wished to make any disturbance—not because I wished to interfere with the machinery which I found running here—but because I was present and felt that I would like to communicate.

I had received, before leaving my own physical form, some evidence that spiritual communion was true. I control to-day, though I know I may be subjected to the criticism of many throughout the country; yet I care not for that. I control at this time to plainly say to my countrymen, North and South, that the angel-world is working with mighty power, and not until this spiritual power is acknowledged will man ever be truly happy. Not until the North and the South shall in reality feel that they are brothers and sisters, shall there be "union of heart and union of hand."

I would say to the people of the United States: draw near to each other and clasp each other's hands, feeling, in the depths of your souls, that you are one great family, for the day is coming when you will need to be strong—when you will feel the necessity of oneness of purpose—when your hearts will sink within you unless this is attained. Be true to yourselves! Look not at outside appearances, but see to it that each soul is pure and true. I will simply sign my name—Lee.

The last vestige of the Slade trial seems now to be swept away on the legal flood. On the 19th of April the case of "the Queen v. the Justices of Middlesex" was brought up before the High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench, first division, at Westminster, Justices Mellor and Lush attending. Mr. S. Hill, Q. C., with whom was Mr. Cooper, appeared in an effort to make the rule absolute, that had been granted calling upon the Justices of Middlesex to show cause why a mandamus should not issue commanding them to hear the appeal in this case from a conviction of the stipendiary justice at Bow street. The matter received a thorough legal canvassing by Messrs. Massey, Hill, and the Justices, after which it was announced that the Court had come to the conclusion that the rule for a mandamus must be discharged—which it was without costs.

The Spiritualist (London) for April 27th contains an abstract of a sermon on Spiritualism delivered on Sunday morning, the 22d, at the Roman Catholic Church, St. Mary's, Moorfields, by the Rev. Canon Gilbert. From his account it appears that he invited the youthful medium, Willie Eglinton, of Walthamstow, to his house, and put three Fathers of the Church to hold him at a table, whilst he (Canon Gilbert) sat at a little distance off watching everything which took place. Owing to the strong adverse magnetic battery furnished by these gentlemen, (which completely subdued the sensitive instrument before them,) and their determined forcing of their own conditions upon the invisibles, instead of allowing the phenomena to proceed normally, the séance was not a success, as might have been expected under the circumstances.

READINGS AND DISCUSSIONS ON SPIRITUAL SCIENCE.—Mrs. Emma Harding Britten will give her next Sunday Evening Reading from "Art Magic," May 13th, at New Era Hall, 176 Tremont street, Boston. Subject: "Spiritual Forces in Nature." The reading will be succeeded by a short address, after which the audience will discuss the subject in ten-minute speeches or questions. The proceedings will be summed up by Mrs. Britten. The meetings are very interesting.

Another meeting was recently held in the interests of their cause by the Woman's Suffrage Association of California, at Dashaway Hall, San Francisco, Mrs. Laura De Foree Gordon, presiding. The business brought before the meeting referred mostly to the best methods to be employed in encouraging the circulation of petitions for the adoption of the sixteenth amendment to the National Constitution, and to arrange for a combined movement on the next State Legislature.

M. C. Vandercook, of Allegan, Mich., sends us a song entitled, "Cease Thy Weeping, Saddened Heart," with the composition of which he has striven to cheer the dark hours of an invalid's lot. The piece is put forth in good style by Frederick Place, 861 Broadway, New York City. Those who desire to confer a favor both upon themselves and the author, can do so by forwarding 35 cents for a copy to the address of Mr. Vandercook, at Allegan.

The excitement in Haverhill and vicinity seems on the increase, concerning the Rochester (N. H.) phenomena, and, judging by the accounts in the Publisher, notwithstanding the heated opposition evoked, the medium is steadily gaining ground, and creating a strong public sentiment in her favor.

An exhaustive article from the pen of a well known literary gentleman, concerning the question of the medical crusade now sought to be waged by the fossils of the profession against all progressives, will appear in our next.

Ere this paper reaches the reader, it is probable that Dr. Monck's term of imprisonment will have expired. The friends in London announce their intention of giving him a public reception on his arrival at that city.

Mrs. Maud E. Lord was announced to hold sances in Troy, N. Y., recently, and the Spiritualists of Albany hope to receive a visit from her.

Mr. John Henry Weaver, who for some time past has been identified with Spiritualism in Baltimore, passed to higher life May 3d, aged 66 years.

J. V. Mansfield's present address is 61 West 42d street, (corner 6th avenue) New York City.

W. Lawrence, the East London medium, is now incarcerated in Cold Bath Fields Prison.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Nelle L. Davis Barnes writes us from Louisville, Ky., under date of April 30th, announcing in the course of her letter (which we shall print next week) that she is located in that city, and will answer calls to lecture at points not too far distant from her home.

Thomas Cook, State lecturer for Minnesota, will speak in Minneapolis during the Sundays of May, afternoons and evenings, and will receive calls for week evening lectures in the country anywhere within a half day's journey by rail or otherwise of the city. His labors for the summer will be directed to any part of the State where called. He hopes to receive numerous calls from the southern portion of the State. Will attend grove meetings or funerals anywhere in the State. Address Farmington, Dakota Co., Minn.

Dr. H. B. Storer has been speaking in Stafford, Conn., for the past few Sundays, meeting with excellent success. Dr. S. is often called to attend and conduct funeral services, the law of adaptation finding him a ready and well-attuned instrument to voice the needed inspiration on such occasions.

Warren Chase and wife, after a successful tour to San José and other points, have returned to San Francisco for two more Sundays; at the expiration of which they go up the coast. Mrs. Chase has been very successful with her mediumship, and has given good satisfaction; and her husband has done equally well as a platform advocate. They will travel during the summer, and return to San José in the fall.

Cephas B. Lynn speaks in Stoneham, Mass., the first two Sundays of May, and in Springfield on the two concluding Sabbaths. He will continue in Springfield during the month of June, where he is evidently popular, the friends there, after enjoying his services for two months past, allowing him a leave of absence from their midst of only a few weeks' duration.

J. Madison Allen addressed the citizens of Peppercall at the Unitarian Church, April 29th and May 6th; and spoke at East Peppercall May 4th, on the science, philosophy, and practical utility of Modern Spiritualism.

Mrs. F. O. Hizer, of Baltimore, follows Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, who concluded a two months' engagement with the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society last Sunday evening.

The only avowedly celebrational services, in England, marking the Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism, were held at Doughty Hall, London, on the evening of Tuesday, April 10th. The exercises comprised selections of vocal and instrumental music, a few speeches, recitations, and a pleasant interchange of social amenities among the assembled guests, a substantial tea forming a prelude to the after proceedings. Among the speakers J. J. Morse, our English agent, made a marked impression.

We regret to state that, by our last English advices, Dr. Carter Blake is still in a critical condition—his health showing no perceptible improvement.

A dispatch from Cape Town, South Africa, announces that Transvaal has been annexed to the British Empire, and the British flag has been hoisted at Pretoria.

Judge A. G. W. Carter has removed his office to No. 13 Chambers street, New York City. It is whispered that he intends returning to his home in Cincinnati ere long.

Alexander Calder, Esq., President of the British National Association of Spiritualists, has been decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

See advertisement of "The Spiritualist" newspaper in this issue. It is conducted with ability, and should have a large circulation in the United States.

Mr. Foster is still at the Winthrop House. The critics are after him. It is all right. He is enough for the whole batch.

John Sypfers, Lockport, Ill., has brought out a new monthly paper, devoted to free thought, and called The Agitator.

Dr. Mack is now on a tour from London outward through the provinces.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

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

NEW ERA HALL, Hotel Godman, 174 Tremont street.—Readings and discussions on Spiritual Science, are participated in on each Sunday evening at this hall, under direction of Mrs. Emma Harding Britten.

EAGLE HALL, 616 Washington street, corner of Essex.—The Circle of Students, meeting 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.

PYTHAN TEMPLE, 176 Tremont street.—The Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society will hold a Test Circle every Friday evening, commencing at 7 1/2 o'clock. Many prominent mediums have volunteered their services. Admission 25 cents. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

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

Rochester Hall.—A large and appreciative audience assembled in this place Sunday morning, May 6th, to witness the exercises of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The following fine programs were given on that occasion: Songs by Jennie Miller, Nelle Thomas, Jennie Shuman and Florence Danforth; recitations by Grace Fairbanks, Grace Ames, Carrie Habercorn, Ella Carr, Ernestine Eldridge and Lovest Allyn; a piccolo solo by Mr. Beasley, and a fine selection by Prof. Alonzo Bond's Orchestra completed the services.

The Lyceum Association will meet at the residence of Mrs. Hattie Wilson, Hotel Kirkland, (corner Kirkland and Pleasant streets,) at 7 1/2 o'clock, on the evening of Friday, May 11th.

WILLIAM H. MANN, Rec. Sec. Eagle Hall.—Mrs. Dick's lectures at this place last Sunday afternoon and evening, upon "The Sunny Side" and "Shady Side of Life," were replete with interest and listened to with more than ordinary attention. Mrs. D. was obliged several times during the lectures to stop and describe spirit forms, which were all recognized by persons in the audience.

Mrs. Wildes was present and read the fifth of the series of essays given through her hand, which was instructive and entertaining.

amateurs by many who had not the opportunity of witnessing the play on its first performance by them. The charges were sustained with fidelity and marked interest by Messrs. F. L. Union, E. D. Stokney, W. F. Dearborn, Jr., E. L. Bullock, H. B. Drisko, B. P. Weaver, Jr., H. B. Herberts, R. L. Blackford, and Misses Lizzie J. Thompson, May R. Blake, Florence E. Collier, Minnie B. Towle, Eva E. Masury, Etta E. Ballou, Helen M. Dill. The audience gave practical demonstration of pleasure through frequent applause, and the Association has reason to record the evening as a triumph.

The May-day Party held under the auspices of the Children's Lyceum at Palm Hall, on the afternoon and evening of May 1st, was a pleasant affair, both for the adults and the little ones who attended.

The Ladies' Aid Society gave their closing party for dancing at New Era Hall, on the evening of Friday, May 4th. The occasion called together a happy assemblage, who evidently by example (if not precept) voted this, the final social for the season, a success. This useful organization will take a vacation during the summer—its meetings closing with the end of May, to be resumed in the fall.

Verification of Spirit-Messages.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I am a constant reader of the Banner of Light, and take great interest in perusing the Message Department. I saw a message about three weeks ago, purporting to come from Dr. GURLEY THAXTER, formerly of Abington, Mass. I was well acquainted with him, as that is my native town; he was our family physician, what he says in his message appears very characteristic of the man. He says he was not in the habit of asking many questions when he was called to visit the sick; I have heard that remark made about him; he was considered a very skillful doctor.

Last week I read a message from Dr. SHUTE, formerly of Hingham, Mass. He was the physician in my grandfather's family; he died about six years ago. I remember him very distinctly—he was between five and six years old. When he visited my grandfather in his last sickness he would come on his old horse and armed with saddle-bags, etc., after the ancient type of physicians. He was a terror to me; when I saw him coming I would hide away, for it had been whispered among the children that he was in the habit of shooting folks, as his name was Shute.

TILSON GARDNER, Cochesett, Mass., March 14th, 1877.

Work in Pennsylvania.

The State Society is endeavoring to open the way for some work in this State. The President, Rev. Cyrus Jeffries, in his letter of acceptance, after modestly speaking of his incompetency to fulfill the important duties, says: "I ask the friendly aid of all my brothers and sisters in our great cause, in organizing our scattered forces into one grand army of active, living, working, moving veterans, that the sheen of our power, the roll of our numbers, the splendor of our philosophy, and the triumphs of our religion, may sap the foundations of prejudice, superstition, and ignorance, and unlock the fetters of pre-arranged bigotry from the minds of the people, until our divine religion shall become the wonder and admiration of every vicinity, taking from the people nothing but their sorrows, while the anathema of their children, proud of their emancipation from creeds and priests, shall sound in harmony through every valley and on every mountain of our State."

The Board has appointed Rev. Cyrus Jeffries, Burt Cabins, Fulton Co., Henry T. Child, M. D., 631 Race street, Philadelphia, Joel H. Rhodes, 250 1/2 North 9th street, Philadelphia, and Anthony Higgins, Jr., of Philadelphia, missionaries.

The Spiritualists hold sances in Parkersburg, and some marvelous manifestations are reported. The meetings as yet are in private families, but we presume the friends of the new movement intend giving them, in time, a more public character.—The State Journal, W. Va.

Subscriptions for the new works on the Phenomena, Philosophy and Present Position of Spiritualism, which "M. A. (Oxon.)," our talented English correspondent, proposes to issue when a sufficient number of names is secured, will be received at this office.

For Sale at this Office: THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly. Price 30 cents per copy. \$3.00 per year, postage 25 cents.

HUMAN NATURE. A Monthly Journal of Zoological Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents per copy. \$3.00 per year, postage 25 cents.

THE SPIRITUALIST. A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science. London, Eng. Price 5 cents per copy. \$3.00 per year, postage \$1.00.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK. A Weekly Journal devoted to the study of the occult. Price 5 cents per copy. \$2.00 per year, postage 50 cents.

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Devoted to Spiritualism. Published weekly in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents per copy. \$3.00 per year.

THE LITTLE BOGGETT. A Children's Monthly. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 10 cents per copy. \$1.00 per year.

THE SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Published monthly in Memphis, Tenn. S. Watson, Editor. Price 20 cents; by mail 25 cents. \$2.00 per year.

THE CRUCIBLE. Published in Boston. Price 6 cents.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published monthly in New York. Price 10 cents.

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, Agate, each insertion.

For all Advertisements printed on the 6th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on 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 Mrs. C. M. MORRISON, M. D., P. O. Box 2619, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street, My. 12.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS FROM LOCK OF HAIR.—Dr. BYRNEFIELD 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. BUTTENFIELD, M. D., corner Warren and Fayette sts., Syracuse, N. Y.

GUARANTEES EVERY CASE OF PILES. Ap. 21. 13w\*

A LUXURY as well as a necessity. Dr. Hooper speaks of Cocoon as "admirably adapted for the sick, while for those in health it is a luxury." All grocers sell that prepared by Walter Baker & Co., or which will be found unexcelled by any foreign or domestic manufacture.

Thousands have been changed by the use of the Peruvian Syrup (a protoxide of Iron) from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, and happy men and women, and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial. For Dyspepsia and Debility it is a specific. My. 12. 2w

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.

MRS. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Heating and Developing, office 200 Joralemon st. e. c., opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. Ap. 21. 4w\*

J. V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 61 West 42d street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Ap. 7.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, DR. J. E. BURGOS, is also a Practical Physician. Office 121 West Eleventh-st., between 5th 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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS, J. J. MORSE, the well-known English writer, who act in future as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to subscribe, please send their remittance, Warwick Cottage, Old Ford Road, Bow, E., London, Eng.

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DR. J. H. R. A. E.

On 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 verbatim, and 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. Danekin.

The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings are held at No. 9 Montgomery Place, (second story), corner of Pine Street, every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons. The Hall will be open at 2 o'clock, and services commence at 3 o'clock precisely, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor egress until the conclusion of the service, except in cases of absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited.

As most of the messages given at the Banner of Light are published in our own papers, it is desirable that those who from time to time may recognize the party communicating, should write the name of the party on the envelope, and forward it to the office of the Banner of Light.

Questions answered at these séances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read by the controlling intelligence by the Chairman, are sent in by correspondents, and are published.

Donations of flowers collected.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

We wish it distinctly understood that Mrs. Rudd, the medium engaged at this office, takes no fees for spirit communications. She sits exclusively for us, is paid by this establishment for her services, and the messages given through her instrumentality are printed from week to week in these columns. As we freely receive from the spirit-world, we as freely give to the inhabitants of earth.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Invocation.

Our Father and our Mother God, as the sun shines to-day through the material windows, flooding all with light and life and beauty, so may spiritual light shine through the spiritual windows of the soul, lighting up each individual spirit until all shall feel the presence of the great hereafter, until they shall know that they are clasping hands with the angel-world.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will hear your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[By J. M. Clure, Albany.] If the planets are inhabited by human beings, do beings from those orbs dwell in the same spirit-world with the inhabitants of our planet after the death of the body?

Ans.—Many of the planets are inhabited, but each planet has its own spiritual realm, and individuals passing away on that planet gravitate to the spirit-world belonging thereto, but they are not cut off from our planet, neither are we cut off from them. We can commune, can commune and be together, can shake hands, can recognize and understand each other. We are not separated by any great chasm, we are not separated by any great bridge, but we stand one with the other, we clasp each other's hands.

Q.—A correspondent in Virginia, Nevada, asks: To what extent are Mrs. Rudd and Mrs. Danekin entranced while delivering messages? Are they conscious at the time?

A.—[Dr. Mann, one of Mrs. Rudd's controlling band of spirits, said:] We cannot answer for the Baltimore medium, but we can for our own. But we will say we have every faith in the medium spoken of in the distant city. As for our own, she is unconscious, perfectly so, and has no knowledge of what is said through her organism at these séances while in the trance state. She is as much surprised when she peruses the messages as are any of the Banner readers. If you ask to what degree she is rendered unconscious, perhaps an illustration may be out of place. She is more conscious now than she was a few months ago, when, on entering a dentist's room, under control, we requested of the dentist that some teeth be extracted while she remained asleep. With a medical practitioner at her side, gazing into her face to see if the muscles changed their expression, the dentist took from her jaw several teeth, extracted a piece of bone, and cut off some of the gum—performing what he considered a very delicate operation—while the medium sat entranced, perfectly unconscious, and as happy as one could be. A waking to consciousness, she inquired if it was all accomplished, having had no feeling whatever in regard to it, knowing not even that she had been placed in the dentist's chair until after she awoke. Now if this is not a test of unconsciousness, then there is no unconsciousness where chloroform or ether are used. We bring our instruments before you; they are controlled by various individuals, spirits, who, if they do not give their life according to each friend's idea of it, then they are at once pronounced humbugs. Suppose you could place yourselves on the other side of life, and then could come in contact with a medium, do you think you would remember all the incidents which occurred in your earth-life, and speak of them? You will not feel that it is necessary to speak of every friend you have left behind you, to tear open the wounds which perhaps have been healed. But if you can, in some distant place, make yourself known, and give a message, as well as you may, through an instrument which is provided for you, however rough the attempt may be, you will be thankful for that privilege. When we find disembodied spirits standing upon this platform, we invite them to control our medium and give the people of earth as much of their experience as they can. We do not expect they will always contribute messages which will seem so much like their own selves as when in their natural body.

When it is banded about from mouth to mouth that the medium daily searches the newspapers in order to find out the names, ages, diseases, time of decease, &c., of the individuals whom they represent as returning to communicate to earthly friends, such traducers must admit that the mediums must be very active individuals. It is well known that one of the mediums alluded to by the questioner is busy with her duties in the medicinal field, while the other is in poor health, and has a family on her hands which must necessarily have considerable of her care. If these slanders were true, these two instruments would have to employ several scribes to work for them, or they would not be able to describe to you the different individuals who come from time to time! Then, again, it must be admitted by these cavillers, that the mediums possess extraordinary memories, for sometimes at this circle as many as seven or eight different influences control the medium at one session. We assure you, friends, our instruments are unconscious; and we have no reason to doubt, from what we know, that the other instrument is unconscious, also.

Q.—The Religio-Philosophical Journal of Jan. 20th contains the following, from an "Inquirer": "I am in doubt, bewildered, and comparatively lost. Will you come to my rescue, and raise the curtain that covers my eyes?" An answer to this question is given on the head of "Donations for God's Poor Fund. Now, if he is able to make a comet, a planet or a sun, why can't he take care of his own poor?"

To this the editor of that paper replies: "It is not well to cavil over the name by which you shall do good, and under any name the benign effects are the same." Will the controlling intelligence please speak of the "Banner Poor Fund" and its results, for the enlightenment of the correspondent above named?

A.—We will do what we can to raise the curtain, and to allow the correspondent of the Re-

ligio-Philosophical Journal to gaze upon the picture which we may paint. Each religious denomination has its poor fund. The Baptist church calls upon its followers to aid them in the distribution of alms for the benefit of the Baptist denomination; the Orthodox likewise; so do the Unitarians, Universalists, Methodists and Episcopalians. In fact, every denomination does the same, but even then there are many people left out in the cold, who belong to no religious society, who are the sheep of no flock. What shall we do with them? What shall we call them? This was the point at which we arrived a long time ago, and we said, in looking over the wants of the poor, and in looking over the whole religious world, there are some that are left out. What shall we call them? We decided to call them "God's poor," because we knew they were God's children, yet they belonged to no religious society, they were bound by no creed, they were bound by nothing, they were, as it were, without the pale of every church, from every religious society, therefore we called them into ours, yet they were not necessarily Spiritualists, but we knew they were God's children, therefore we established a fund and called it "God's Poor Fund."

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—A question comes to us like this: "Why is it, when you visit mediums and converse with spirit friends, or propose to do so, that we can always get anything except what we ask for? For instance: we may ask for some pet name, and never get it, while we may receive other things?"

Now we would say to the individual who has thus thought, that there is one great trouble with those who visit mediums: they go with a set question in their minds, something that they particularly want to know about. They must have that and nothing else, and this acts upon the spirit in such a manner that it makes them positive to his or her power, consequently they cannot receive the best they so much wish for. We would once more say, please visit mediums with your souls pure and your hearts seeking for good, then allow your spirit-friends to go on talking quietly as they would talk with you at home; then they will at last, after a few sittings, be able to recollect the story of their lives, and pick up little thoughts or incidents here and there, and weave their story so clearly that you would be satisfied. If you go to mediums with your mind made up as to what they are going to tell you, and determine that you are not willing to receive anything but what rest assured you will get very little, continuing on that your friend is present. When spirits speak to you, and tell you of many little incidents, such as would be impossible for the medium to know, receive such; do not say you do not get any tests because you get not the particular thing you ask for. Be patient; remember we are doing all we can, and endeavoring to develop our mediums the best we know how. We only wish it were to-day as it was in the days gone by, when many of the mediums were surrounded by the purest of influences, and only allowed to have those and no other, so that the angels might speak to them. I urge upon you, therefore, the necessity of surrounding your subjects with pure and true material influences, if you would have pure and true spirit communications.

James Eaton.

I suppose all are welcome here, whether we go out of our own accord or whether we are called out by sickness or disease. It is some years since I passed away from this world, and I lingered from Weare, N. H., by my own hand. I lingered some three weeks after I did the work, but at last was ushered into the spirit-life. Yes, to some extent I regret the step taken, and yet I feel that the spirits—the people of this life—are far more charitable to me than those that live upon your planet.

I have experienced many changes. I have felt a strong power surrounding me since I have been here. I have had a desire to do better, to know something of life, and the angels have opened kindly the gates and let me to wisdom's ways, and I have learned a great deal.

Say to my earthly friends in Weare, N. H., that James Eaton returns; that if they will set aside the past and look only to the future, and give me the benefit of their kind wishes and sincere desires for my future progress, I will be very thankful to them. I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for this privilege of return. It is a privilege many enjoy, and there is many a "God bless you" in the spirit-world for the avenue open to us.

Deacon Jeremiah Kilburn.

Will you please say, sir, that Deacon Jeremiah Kilburn, who passed away in 1862, would be very glad to meet any friends who choose to call upon him? I have found this life a real one and a strange one. I scarcely understand it, but I know that

"Life is real, life is earnest, and the soul is great; Dust thou art, to dust thou returnest, Was not spoken of the soul."

I was about fifty-five years old. I wish to return and speak to my friends.

Willie.

Are all free here, Mr. Chairman? [Yes.] Then I would like to send word to my mother that I was accidentally shot. No one meant to do it; I blame nobody. If anybody was to blame I was. My mother has been anxiously watching and waiting for me. I have communicated with her many times, but still she feels that if I would come here to this place and communicate with her, she should be more happy than she has ever been before; therefore I crave the indulgence, if it is not against your regulations, to put a letter into your post-office. I wish to say that my name is Willie. I would communicate with my mother and the friends in Putnam, Conn. Say to them the old is all past. I find such a glorious future, so much work for me to do! I am exceedingly glad to get hold of the right end, and that if there is anything that I can do to further the cause of Spiritualism, rest assured I shall do it. I have found such a beautiful home since I have been here! I don't think those last days were hard days. I know there was one who was disappointed. She will meet me up here, and we shall enjoy life far better than we could possibly have enjoyed it on your planet. There's a happy home, a bright, celestial home, in the future. I mean not to stand still, but to go on until I have gone up through the wisdom-circle to the celestial circle, and on beyond, if it is possible, for I want to know all there is to know.

And, mother, Willie has surely come back. You will recognize me when you see this message. Please feel that my hand is upon your head. Please, dear ones, remember I love you, for in the spirit-life we shall be united.

Col. Everett Peabody.

I suppose there is no necessity for an introduction, but that everybody is free here. I have been gone from earth some time. I went away in 1862 at the battle of Shiloh. After maneuvering for some time and doing the best I knew how with my troops, I received a ball through my upper lip, which passed completely through my head. You can understand that that was sufficient to cause me to leave the body, but I did not leave the field. I did the best I could for the success of our army. It was a sudden transition. It was like that—[snapping his fingers]—I was in my body, and the next moment I was out of it, with all the consciousness, with all the power, and more than I possessed when in the body; I really led those men on to battle. I really worked for the success of that field, and though my body was put in a gun-bowl until the time came when they could otherwise dispose of it, it mattered not, I stood strong in spirit, strong in power, and I worked with them. When the days went by, and victory was won, and all grew calm, then there came a time when I could attend to my own business, and I was a general, and I was where I was and what I was doing. For many weeks so real was everything to me, that I did not fully comprehend that I was out of the body, but I worked with a will. Even the horse I rode felt my power, and knew that I was there in the saddle, though I rode him not in body.

I tell you, friends, that life is a strange thing. You are here to-day and there to-morrow, but if you go out suddenly, in the full flush of life and manhood, you will find a power working with you. That power worked with me, and I tried to do all I could for my fellow soldiers. I wielded whatever power I had for the success of the Union army. I give my name to-day as Everett Peabody. They called me colonel, sometimes. In fact, they blamed me for bringing on the conflict. It was inevitable, it had to come. I know now that an angel hand was upon my head, a power out of myself led me on in that day of battle. It is over, and I am happy. I enjoy all of the privileges of spirit-life. I know that there is a life still beyond that which I have reached, and I shall progress into it as soon as possible. I want to learn all that there is to know.

John Brown.

I don't know, Mr. Chairman, as I can make myself understood through the instrument. I find that man and woman, Catholic and Protestant, have got to come through this one source. I have a very plain name, John Brown. I belonged to the police in your city. I have been gone away some years. I was buried from a Catholic church, and was a Catholic in belief. I must say I am astounded. I have been standing on the shore of the lake, listening to the waters as they broke on the shore in waves. I've been watching the row-boats as they came and went, hoping they would take me to some clime where I should understand something of life, but I find it is no use waiting; the rowing has landed me in a new place, and I trust that if there's anybody that would like to communicate with me they will give me an opportunity, and I should be glad to communicate with them, whether they be priests, bishops, laymen or private individuals.

I am very glad of this opportunity, and say this, that what has been taught in our church is a truth; what has been called superstition is no superstition, but reality; what has been called a myth is pure, reliable fact. Spiritualism is true.

Tom.

Massa, are you jess as willing dat niggers should come as anybody else? Massa, I dunno much. Dey allers said I was a fool. Spect I am, massa; but I want to send a message to Missus Margaret. She be somewhere in Philadelphia or New York; dunno which. Been slave long time. Come from Charleston; know what dat is? [South Carolina?] Yes, sar; and, sar, dat de all in my place in de world. But Missis Margaret, she write she's going to get big fortune. I want to write to her. My name, Tom; she know Hannah, dat tuk care of her; she worked for her. But we got sick of it, sar—we got sick of working for white man and white woman, and being nuffin but slaves. Understand, massa? But I don't want to see my missus sellin' out too cheap, so want to say to her, that Newport thing she's drivin' at so fast—if she don't look out 'e won't amount to nuffin! I be like the monkey's cheese; the lawyer keep nibbling at it till der ain't nuffin left. Dat's what I want to come for. I wanted to warn her through dis post-office. Her name is Scriven. I'm a black man—black all through. I pity her, but I don't love her. Hannah, she really loved her. She worked for her many years. I'm glad to get out. Thank you a thousand times, massa.

Julia Coles.

Please say that Julia Coles, of Quincy Ill., calls here to-day, and would say to her friends that she would be very happy to hear from them if they would like to hear from her of her journeyings in spirit-life and of her home. She would be very happy to communicate with them. She knows very well that a neighbor who has received your paper for many years will give the paper to her friends.

Cora M. Knight.

Mr. Chairman, I'll register my name as Cora M. Knight. I came from Tuscaloosa, Ala. I desire to reach my brother James and my sister Sabra. I know that they are somewhere in the neighborhood, and I would like to reach them, and if Aunt Mary, who receives your paper occasionally, will only please send it to them I will be very much obliged, and I will do all in my power to reward her in the future. After receiving this message from this distant point, I do feel that they will give me a hearing nearer home. I have much to communicate which I do not desire to speak in public.

John D. Belmont.

My name is John D. Belmont. I went out from Saratoga a long time ago—four or five years. It was in the summer time, in July. I was not very large. I was only eight years old. I'd like to reach my sister Carrie, and my mamma and papa. I don't know how I'm to do it, but there's a gentleman here who says he'll see that somebody sends the paper to them, and if so, I'd like to say to them I love them very much, and I often bring roses to them, and it does seem strange they won't see them. Will my letter go all straight? [I trust it will.]

Gov. Andrew.

Friends, I am very deeply interested in the Spiritual Philosophy, in having it progress, in having this room opened so that interested individuals belonging to the spirit-world may come here and sit at this table and receive their bread without money and without price. I felt as if I wanted to say something to the Bostonians, and ask them to join hands with us in spirit-life, and do a greater work than they have ever done before. I want to ask them to make the year 1877 so full of spiritual light that any stranger, though he be spiritually blind, may see the brightness thereof.

I believe in liberty of conscience; I believe in liberty everywhere; and, were I to stand upon the earth again, no man should set bounds for me and say, "Thus far shall thou go and no farther." But I would say to him, "I will go wherever conscience dictates; wherever truth bids me walk there will I go. I will unfurl the banner of liberty, and standing under its folds, say to all humanity, I am free, and I will recognize all men as free in equal; no matter whether they are black or red, or white, or yellow, and I will help them on, upward and upward." I come here, I feel that I would like to take each one by the hand, and say, "I belong to you, and you to me. I join this band heart and hand, and I will work for and promulgate the cause of Spiritualism here and hereafter." I know now there was a power sustaining me, which guided and helped me. I know that my ideas were true; and although those ideas were fought down until I was compelled to lay them aside, if I were on earth to-day I would again hold them to the world with a stronger power and a stouter hand than ever before. Excuse me if I am earnest. I want you to understand that for the next year there will be wielded a new power, a new strength, a new force in your city, for this great and mighty cause of Spiritualism. You ask my name? Andrew.

Edward F. Ward.

I wish to give a communication here, if it can be received, trusting that some friend will be willing to speak to me from another point. I came into spirit-life, or rather, as I look at it now, I would say I was born into spirit-life some five years ago. I think it was in the month of November. I have learned, no matter how things may have looked in the past, that the spirit-home is a real home; that what was home to me on earth was but a shadow of the reality; that my aspirations and ambitions can now be taken advantage of; that I can walk onward and upward, trusting that I shall learn more of this great philosophy, which I certainly desire to do; and I hope to get more power, that I may visit the different parts of the spirit-world, and then, Mr. Chairman, I should be most happy to return and give you an account of my journeyings. Many have asked me, in thought, if it was possible for me to travel now in spirit-life. Yes; whenever conditions are right, I can go along the path-

way, and have no fear of being asked for pay. All our railroads are free, and we can journey from one part of the country to the other. We can visit each other. We meet our old friends and have many pleasant parties here on our side. Don't shrink and feel that this is a strange thing to say; it certainly is so. We have just as much social enjoyment here in the summer-land as you have in your land. We never deceive each other; we can't do it; we can't make believe we are glad to see a friend when we really wish he was a hundred miles away. It is real, straightforward work.

I want to talk with friends of mine. I trust if they hear of me they will call me to another point. I passed away in Sedalia, Missouri. My name, Edward F. Ward. I have some friends in Cambridgeport that I trust I shall reach.

George Bowers.

My name is George Bowers. I went out from Bangor about fifteen years ago. I think it was somewhere about the middle of April. I was chilled; I had been out of doors, walking—had taken a long walk, and some way became chilled all through and through. From that I never recovered, but had consumption. With that disease I passed out and came up here. I am not sorry for it, I am not freezing now. Neither am I heated now, as some of my friends told me I should be if I ever died. I have not found a place that smelled of brimstone, which never was particularly fond of. I never liked it even in my youth. I can match my friend in his statement, now the one who said I should get too near the fire if I ever died.

I wish to reach my mother's brother—Uncle George L. M. He being of an Orthodox turn of mind, and perhaps not wanting to hear from his nephew, I will suppress the full name; but I've got my hand on the telegraph wire, and I believe I can turn it in the right direction, and let him know I came here. There is a piece of work which he ought to have done a long time ago—an act of justice. I've telegraphed to him, and perhaps he will attend to it. If he doesn't, then I'll find another wire that will reach him. I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the privilege of putting my letter in. I don't know as I've worded it straight, but I've done the best I could. I never tried this thing on before, and I feel rather out of place.

Mary D. Frost.

I wish you would say that Mary D. Frost, of St. Louis, Missouri, came here to-day. I was ten years old when she went away. She went away about two years ago last June. It was sunset; they buried me at sunset. I have a sister and a brother that I'd like to reach. I have an Aunt Mary that always reads your paper. She asked me if I would come here and give a message, and I've been trying for the last four weeks to get here, and when I did there was such a crowd I could n't control; but to-day I got pretty near, and I thought maybe it was a good time for me to give a message.

Henrietta F. Miller.

I wish to send a message to a friend of mine. I trust he will read this, and will wait and wait patiently for the end to come, and I will encourage him and do all I can for him. I went away about five years ago, from your city—from Decatur street; my name is Henrietta F. Miller. I was twenty-six years old. That is all. I will be very much obliged, and I will do all in my power to reward her in the future. Please say that I would be glad to speak of, but will wait till I can see my friend in private.

Emeline D. Wadsworth.

Life's changes are sad to some, while life is filled with joy to others. My life was one where the shadows came more frequently than the sunshine, and many times my heart grew sad, and I longed so much to get away, to leave this old earth, supposing that then I should have perfect rest and nothing to do, only a home to live in. I had no idea of what the home was to be. I knew it was recorded in the Scriptures that it was like a city, I expected to find there a king, a ruler, and a throne; I expected to find beautiful streets and golden gates, and I thought that music would be heard all the time. I supposed there was a life full of joy, but not of activity. Many has been the long night that I have watched and waited, and asked that God would call for me, and when I saw forms round my bedside, I supposed they were angels sent by God, and yet many times they resembled friends I had loved in earth-life who were in the angel-world, or rather to my mind they had gone to heaven; and I remember a brother that came to me and laid his hand on my head. It was at midnight when all was still, and that brother was a ward boy. I believed fully that he was unhappy, and it grieved me much. Many long hours have I sat full of joy, but not of activity. Many has been the long night that I have watched and waited, and asked that God would call for me, and when I saw forms round my bedside, I supposed they were angels sent by God, and yet many times they resembled friends I had loved in earth-life who were in the angel-world, or rather to my mind they had gone to heaven; and I remember a brother that came to me and laid his hand on my head. 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Advertisements.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT. SARAH A. DANSKIN, Physician of the "New School," Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush.

DURING fifteen years past Mrs. DANSKIN has been the pupil of our medium for the spirit of Dr. Benj. Rush. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been permanently cured through her instrumentality.

The American Lung-Healer, Prepared and Magnetized by Mrs. Danskin. Is an unfailing remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis. May be Addressed (ill further notice): Care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Willis can attend to the diagnosing of disease by hair and handwriting. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled.

SOUL READING, Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give accurate descriptions of their leading traits of character.

DR. COOPER'S MEDIATED PAD AND BELT.

Warranted to Cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and other kindred Complaints arising from impurities of the blood.

THE Pad is designed to be worn upon the back, between the shoulders, the hand side next to the skin, this locality being the seat of the impurities.

DR. J. E. BRIGGS'S Magnetic Wonder! FOR THE EFFECTUAL, 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 the perfect and healthy action of which so greatly depend the general happiness of all women.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES. THE SPIRIT OFFERING. This picture represents a half-life-size figure of a most lovely child just blooming into girlhood.

THE SPIRIT BRIDE. This is the name of the beautiful crayon picture which attracted such marked attention in the BANNER OF LIGHT FREE CIRCLE ROOM.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MATERIALIZED SPIRIT OF KATIE KING. Taken in London, Eng.—Dr. J. M. GULLY being her companion on the plate.

PHOTOGRAPH OF VASHTI, THE SPIRIT INDIAN FRIEND OF MRS. J. H. CONANT.

PHOTOGRAPH OF PARAFFINE MOLD OF A MATERIALIZED SPIRIT-HAND, OBTAINED IN PRESENCE OF MRS. M. M. HARDY.

THE VOICE OF ANGELS, edited and managed by spirits, heretofore published monthly, containing nothing but messages from spirits of all grades of progression.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING. NO EXPENSE except for ink and paper, after curing GOLDING'S OFFICIAL PRESS and Electro-types for printing Cards, Labels, Circulars, etc.

DR. J. R. NEWTON. POSSESSES the power of healing at a distance. In a degree never equalled. However great the distance.

NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH, CONTAINING seven sections on Vital Magnetism, Unobstructed Manipulation, by Dr. E. B. FOSTER.

MONEY TO LOAN on Mortgage of Furniture, Pianos, Sewing Machines and other Household Furniture, not to be removed.

BOARDS WANTED—EMILY J. PIKE, No. 2459 Washington Street (Highland), can accommodate a gentleman and wife, or two single gentlemen, with good board and pleasant rooms.

DR. W. L. JACK diagnoses disease by lock of hair. Price \$2.00. 60 Merrimack St., Haverhill, Mass. May 5.—4w

Mediums in Boston.

NOTICE THE CHANGE OF PLACE. DR. H. B. STORER'S New Office, 29 Indiana Place, Boston.

WE TREAT all forms of Chronic Disease with remarkable success, by direct applications to the nerve centres of the spine, and by our NEW ORGANIC REMEDIES.

I. P. GREENLEAF, Medical Clairvoyant and Homeopathic Physician. OFFICE at 84 Montgomery Place, Room 4, Boston.

Dr. Main's Health Institute, AT NO. 60 DOVER STREET, BOSTON.

Mrs. S. E. Crossman, M. D. CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN.

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

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER, THE world-renowned Spiritual Medium, has returned from Europe. 46 Beach Street, Boston, Mass. Hours 11 to 7.

Susie Willis Fletcher, TRANCE MEDIUM, 7 Montgomery Place, Boston. Office hours 8 to 5.

MR. HENRY C. LULL, Business and Medical Clairvoyant, Rooms 633 Washington Street, (cor. Indiana Place.) Hours from 9 A. M. to 12 P. M. Generalists, terms one dollar. Circles Tuesday and Thursday evenings. Admission, 25 cents. 13w—April 7.

MRS. JENNIE POTTER, MEDIUM—Test, Medical and Business—135 Castle St., near 290 Tremont St. Hours 9 to 9. Sundays 2 to 9. May 5.—4w

MRS. J. C. EWELL, Inspirational and Healing Medium, 500 North 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Feb. 17.—3m

M. M. HARDY, TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 4 Concord Square, Boston. Office hours from 9 to 3.

MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, Test, Clairvoyant, Business and Healing Medium. Six questions by mail 50 cents and stamp. Whole life-reading, \$1.00 and 2 stamps. 75 Dover Street, Boston, May 12.

DR. C. ALBERT JONES treats all diseases of both sexes scientifically and successfully by mail. No patent remedies used or sold. Enclose a stamp with your letters. 288 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. 2w—May 2.

A. S. HAYWARD, Magnetic Physician, eradicates disease by Magnetic Paper, (price 50 cts.) Will visit patients. Letter address 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. May 12.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No. 40 Dwight St. Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested. March 3.

CLARA A. FIELD, Magnetic Physician, Inspirational Speaker, Pellet, Test and Business Medium, 28 West Street, Boston, Mass. 4w—May 6.

AUGUSTIA DWINELS, Clairvoyant, Trance and Prophetic Medium, 23 Winter St. Terms \$1. April 7.—2w

MRS. C. H. WILDES, No. 8 Eaton Street, Boston. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays. Hours 10 to 12 and 2 to 4. 2w—May 12.

SPRIT POWER! MAGNETISM IN SPIRIT MEDICINE! Chronic and Acute Diseases Fully Treated without Medicines.

MRS. EMMA EMERY, Spiritual Medium and Magnetic Healer, 204 Washington Avenue, Chelsea, Mass.

THE NEW MOLA; OR, The Spiritual Mystery.

The Ghostly Land, BY THE LATE DR. P. B. RANDOLPH, Author of "Eulis," "Pre-Adamite Man," "After Death," "Ravallett," etc.

EVERYBODY should read these works who care for the Truth, the reality of the Human Soul, the Progression of Earthly Life, and the attainment of Mental and Magnetic Power; also the Secret of Magic.

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Mercantile Savings Institution, No. 551 Washington Street, Boston.

DEPOSITS made in this Institution will draw interest quarterly, commencing on the first day of April, July, October and January in each year.

DR. J. R. NEWTON. POSSESSES the power of healing at a distance. In a degree never equalled.

Dumont C. Dake, M. D., PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN and Magnetic Healer. Cures Chronic Diseases incident to both sexes when all other means have failed.

\$7 WATCHES! Stem Winding! One agent made free to every agent. 57 State St., BOSTON.

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF MOSES, The Great I and Mysterious Book. Translated from the Hebrew. \$2.00. Sent by mail on receipt of 25¢ stamp. J. G. Stauffer, Bachmanville, Pa. April 28.—4w

BEACH STREET, Boston, Mass. Mrs. A. M. 46 COWLES, Proprietress. April 11.

Miscellaneous.

J. H. RHODES, M. D., Clairaudient and Clairvoyant, Medical and Electro-Magnetic Healer.

READS the interior condition of his patients with perfect correctness, pointing out every diseased condition more readily than the patient could do.

Spirit Physicians Examine the Patient. Dr. R. will, on receiving full and exact name and address, give, married or unmarried, and \$2.00, request a spirit doctor to examine the patient.

Medicated and Magnetized Paper, Magnetized for each special case, is one of the most potent remedies, and often the best mode of giving magnetic treatment.

Liver and Blood-Purifying Pills, Composed of the best known Anti-Bilious and Blood-Purifying properties in the vegetable kingdom.

J. H. RHODES, M. D., 259 North 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Feb. 17.—3m

New Life for the Old Blood! INCREASE YOUR VITALITY. "The Blood is the Life."

DR. STORER'S Great Vitalizer, THE Nutritive Compound.

SHOULD now be used by weak-nerved and poor-blooded people everywhere, as the best restorative of nerve-cells and blood-globules ever discovered.

THE Scientific Wonder! THE PLANCHETTE.

THE WRITING PLANCHETTE! THE WRITING PLANCHETTE! THE WRITING PLANCHETTE!

SCIENCE is unable to explain the mysterious performances of this wonderful little instrument, which writes intelligent answers to questions asked either aloud or mentally.

MEDIOMETER, Planchette Attachment.

A SIMPLE and ingenious apparatus for the development of writing mediumship. It can be readily attached to any Planchette, and is designed to eliminate all theories of fraud and unconscious muscular action.

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