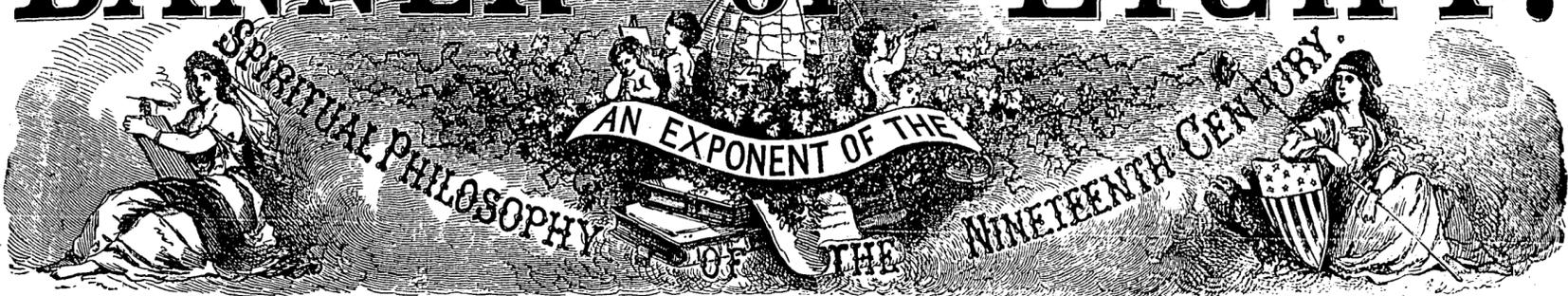


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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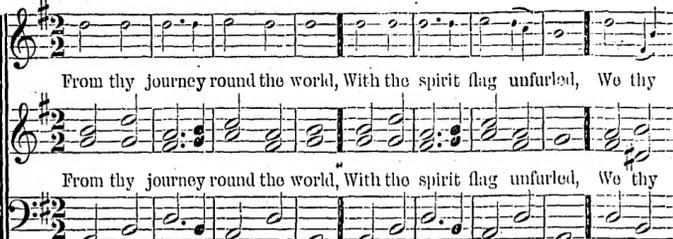
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"WELCOME HOME."

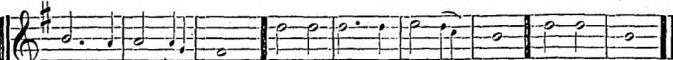
CONGRATULATORY TO DR. J. M. PEEBLES,
ON HIS RECEPTION IN BOSTON, JUNE 1st, 1878.

Words by JOHN S. ADAMS. AIR, "PLEYEL'S HYMN."



From thy journey round the world, With the spirit flag unfurled, We thy

From thy journey round the world, With the spirit flag unfurled, We thy



friends-to-geth-er meet, Thy return with joy to greet, Welcome home.



friends-to-geth-er meet, Thy return with joy to greet, Welcome home.

I.
From thy journey round the world,
With the spirit-flag unfurled,
We, thy friends, together meet,
Thy return with joy to greet;
Welcome home.

II.
Thou hast borne o'er land and sea,
Truth—the truth that makes men free.
Once again, as in the past,
'Mid familiar scenes at last,
Welcome home.

V.
Welcome home! While life shall last,
Where'er our paths are cast,
If to Duty's mandate true,
We shall find, earth's journey through,
Welcome home.

III.
Thine the mission was to bear
Blessings all the world shall share—
Unseen threads that yet shall bind
As one people all mankind.
Welcome home.

IV.
Not alone we meet to-day;
Those who've led thee on thy way,
All unseen though they may be,
Join with us to give to thee
Welcome home.

the medium to do so, regarding a certain Fourth of July. It was the one in the past when you helped me to remove (what was left of better days) into my new quarters, when with whitened hair and broken spirit I left the home which had been endeared by so many associations." This is an allusion to a former communication, in which I was asked if I remembered what occurred on a certain Fourth of July. The day was too vaguely specified to enable me to answer. But the question now appears to have been asked in order to furnish occasion for a test. The Fourth of July referred to was that of 1849, when I did help my father remove from his old home to a new one. My father completed his sixtieth year fifteen days later.

9. Within the last four days I have had a voice, not that of a mortal, join with me in singing "John Anderson, my Joe."

The voice announced itself as that of J.—S.—. In the early part of July, 1877, I heard a voice in whisper, not that of a mortal, announce itself to me as J—W—L—, and thank me for calling upon you two days before. The "medium" had certainly never heard the name of your mother, much less that I had seen you. In the same way within three days a living voice not mortal, giving the same name, has earnestly requested me to write you. Of course all these seeming facts are delusions, or the mockery of evil spirits; at least so I ought to believe, if I were to follow the teachings inculcated in the Rev. Dr. C.—'s last Sunday evening's sermon. This sermon has been handed me by Mrs. R—, and I have perused it with some care. Pardon me if I amuse myself with imagining him in conversation, after the style of a modern clergyman, or of Tyndall or Huxley, with James, "the Lord's brother." Transporting Dr. C.— to the vicinity of Jerusalem, and to about the thirty-third year of our era, we will suppose that James has asserted in his presence that the crucified Jesus had risen from the dead. Dr. C.— may be imagined testing James's faith; "something in this way:

Dr. C.—How do you know that Jesus rose?

JAMES.—I saw and touched him.

Dr. C.—When and where?

JAMES.—In a room at night. He came in when the doors were closed, and vanished before they were opened; but all present saw him.

Dr. C.—Was he really tangible, and are you sure you touched him?

JAMES.—He was really tangible. I am sure that I saw and touched him.

Dr. C.—My dear James, that is all delusion and illusion. Either some one was in the room, slyly personating him in dress and features, or some evil spirit presented himself, or you were in such a state of "mental expectancy," all of you, that you saw and touched only what you wished to see and touch. No spirit can come in the semblance of flesh into a closed room and vanish while it remains closed. This is hallucination pure and simple. Your Jesus never rose from the dead; and, James, neither you nor any other person saw him as if alive after death. But if you did see him, remember that "no severer denunciations are found in the Bible than those against necromancers, sorcerers, &c." Turn to

Deut. xviii: 10-12. If you saw a real spirit, it was not Jesus, but some demon personating him for the time being. You teach, James, a "doctrine of devils," in teaching the resurrection of Jesus.

If Dr. C.—'s sermons were put into dialogue I think I fairly represent the language in which he would be bound to address a "witness of the resurrection of Jesus," had he lived in the first half of the first century. It is interesting to see that no section of the Christian world, except a small body among the Shakers and Swedenborgians, has one word of welcome or any kind recognition for this class of phenomena. When the great scientific minds of all countries are strenuously maintaining that the possibility of a future life is altogether dubious, the Church is doing its best to suppress the evidence that demonstrates to the very senses the reality of such a life. It is unfortunate that her guides, blind leaders of the blind, are always opposed to the disclosure of any new truth. They imprisoned Galileo for teaching the verity of the Copernican system; they earnestly resisted the diffusion of all true knowledge of astronomy or geology; and now, when the telegraph, telephone and phonograph at least suggest that we may reach our departed loved ones, these same blind guides are the first to discourage the effort and to disseminate suspicion in regard to the only known modes of access to the invisible world. First, they hold that the mediums are all deceivers; secondly, the inquirers are all deceived or hallucinated; thirdly, if the mediums do really open the veil between this world and the next, demons alone may be expected to be the only visitants. This is all the fruit the Church can reap from the wonderful array of facts that show the world to be entering upon that period when, in the language of the unknown author of the Apocalypse, "there shall be no more death." That is, practically, no more death, because our loved and lost ones are to be found to be still alive under higher and more desirable conditions for all modes of sentence than when in the body.

The urgency of voices dear to you, though not spoken through fleshly lips, impels to this communication, the first and probably the last upon this subject with which I shall ever trouble you. Pray receive it kindly, and hereafter we will speak only of the things that perish, as those that belong to the immortal world are seen by us from points of view so dissimilar.

Very truly your friend always, D. L.

The force of the guinea you have in your pocket depends wholly on the default of a guinea in your neighbor's pocket. If he did not want it, it would be of no use to you; the degree of power it possesses depends accurately upon the need or desire he has for it—and the art of making yourself rich, in the ordinary mercantile economist's sense, is therefore equally and necessarily the art of keeping your neighbor poor.—*Traskin.*

A newly invented mariner's compass, designed to overcome variations of the needle due to local causes, employs four thoroughly insulated magnets, which can be so grouped as to neutralize the distracting magnetic currents in any given case.

It is with a pious fraud as with a bad action. It gets a cautious necessity of going on.—*Thomas Paine.*

Literary Department.

ONLY A MEDICINE:

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

Written for the Banner of Light,

BY GRACE LELAND.

The April sun streamed brightly into the room. It seemed to bear a richer blessing even than was its wont, and to nestle gladly amid so much beauty and sweetness; it touched lightly the brown hair of Edith Percy, changing it to gold, and entering her heart bore its message there, and the young wife looked up and smiled with a happy, thankful spirit. She glanced around the room. Its furniture was all that exquisite taste with moderate means could desire for a lady's boudoir. Books, pictures, piano, birds and flowers, with a few gems of statuary, met her eye and thrilled her heart, each bearing its part in the symphony of "Home, sweet home." She glanced upon the pleasant grounds around the house, which would soon burst forth in bloom and fragrance, over the fields to the village beyond, and on to the distant hills. A look upward into the fathomless depths of ether revealed the spirit's search for the Divine Author of all this good, the child's loving recognition of its Heavenly Parent. The eyes drooped, and as they fell on the piece of fine cambric which she was daintily embroidering, her full heart overflowed with tenderness for the little life unfolding from her own, and happy, grateful tears fell upon her work.

"I did not dream a few short years ago that life could be so rich, so full," she mused. "Not many of these swift, happy weeks before our hopes will find their glad fruition, if Heaven be willing. And oh! how tenderly we are led through life's brightest sunshine! Dearest Howard! It is for him, even more than for myself, that I rejoice."

A rap at the street door interrupted her thoughts; for this April morning smiled on that happy home more than thirty years ago, and bells had not then been introduced into the quiet country town of Melford.

"Ah! good morning, Mrs. Percy." The village physician stood before her, and as he took the proffered seat he said blandly:

"I just met your husband, and he wished me to call and see you. He says although you are quite comfortable you are not very strong, and I told him perhaps your system needed toning up a little."

"Indeed I am very well, Doctor; but Mr. Percy is so careful that I think he is needlessly anxious."

"That may be; still I have great faith in stimulants in cases like yours." Then, after some inquiries, he added: "I will tell your husband to get you a bottle of whiskey at once, and you will find that it will make a new being of you. You will feel stronger and more like yourself."

"But, Doctor, I cannot! I must protest against taking whiskey, even for a medicine. My principles are strictly for temperance."

"Oh, yes, I do not doubt that. So are mine. I don't believe in alcohol as a beverage—not at all. But it is a valuable medicine—as mercury and arsenic and many other poisons are, you know. You do not need much medicine; you only need to be toned up a little and you will be all right."

"No, Doctor, do not urge me. I cannot take whiskey. With care I shall do well, I am sure, without medicine."

Then followed a wordy if not sound argument, by which the Doctor strove to convince Edith of her need of the stimulus.

"Well, just try the whiskey," he continued, "and I'll warrant that it will do you good. It won't hurt your temperance principles to take it for medicine. I'll call again in a few days, and hope to find you feeling stronger. Good morning." And he left the house.

But a shadow had fallen on the happy spirit. Something had driven out from it the peaceful sunlight of an hour ago. What was it? Did the future years for a moment unveil a dread, dark specter from their silences—a shadow of the Coming Ill?

She knew not what it was; only that it was a gloom and a weight!

Haunting shadows! how little do we know their meaning when they thus steal into our hearts. Only through the process of refining which the years work out in us do we become their interpreters!

contracted. He had only mistaken his calling, as many do.

While we have been glancing at Dr. Phillips and his mode of practice Howard Percy has been meeting and overruling his wife's objections to the doctor's prescription; for in his great anxiety for her he trusted too blindly in the judgment of their medical adviser, who, he thought, must know better than they could of the strengthening properties of stimulants. And as they passed into the dining-room he added:

"I fear your strength will give out, for you have always been so delicate, you know. Try the whiskey, darling, for my sake if not for your own. The doctor must know best."

Although Edith was not convinced, she at last, through her love for her husband, yielded to his wishes, and gradually the haunting specter of the unknown evil vanished, and the sunlight again streamed into her soul.

Thirty years ago hygienic laws were but little understood by the common people, and even the medical faculty groped sometimes in darkness from which modern thought and science have evolved the light of truth.

Ere we again enter Edith's home we see that October has written its wonderful idyls on maple and birch, which November's blasts and keener frosts will soon erase from field and wood. We find Edith with the same happy look which her face wore when we first saw her, only that it is deepened and chastened into a holier meaning now. She smiles as her husband plays with the babe in her arms, whose infantile laughter is music to their ears. His face is hidden for a moment against his mother's bosom, then the bright, roguish eyes peep out for a glance at his father, and the little voice gushes forth in a trill of childish joy. He coos, and talks, and tells a wonderful story in his baby language, the spirit of which, if not the letter, the delighted parents catch. It is not strange that they are proud as well as fond of their little one. His brain is large and well developed, yet his physical development is as good. The features are promising, the organization fine and firm. Let us listen a moment:

"Howard, I often look into the future of our little Allen. He seems so promising! Think of his ancestry: no crime, no vice, no bad habit, even, tainting either branch of our families as far back as we can trace. A line of ancestry so free from vice must prove a blessing. Loften look into his innocent little heart, and rejoice that it is not marred by any dark, hereditary stain!"

"Oh, you foolish little dreamer!" The fond kiss accompanying this appellation robbed it of any implied reproof. "The little Corporal is about right in his father's estimation; but, bless you! I don't suppose there is much difference in babies. Every parent's first-born is a prodigy."

"But you know, Howard, that the parents form the character of the child, and that physical, mental and moral traits descend from generation to generation."

"That is true. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation, and probably their virtues also descend in the same manner."

"For example: How many become victims to intemperance because their father or grandfather filled a drunkard's grave. Oh, thank God that our little one has no such chain forged on his innocent spirit!"

"Yes, thank God!" reiterated her husband, who fully shared his wife's views and feelings on the subject.

Reader, we may be excused, perhaps, if we pass into the adjoining room, and open the door of a small closet. On a shelf stands a bottle half filled with whiskey. Edith no longer protests against the use of it as a medicine, for Dr. Phillips has convinced her that it is necessary to meet the demands upon her strength while she nourishes her babe, and that the child, as well as she, will be the better for it.

The little Allen grew and thrived, a busy little fellow, for whom the days were not long enough, so much he had to attend to. The least carelessness on the part of the older members of the family was at once taken advantage of, with a quickness of thought and motion that was surprising. Now delving into his mother's work-basket with mute delight; now diving into some just opened drawer, turning its order into a bewildering confusion in a twinkling, with the charming unconsciousness of mischief which belongs only to infancy; now, when on rare occasions allowed the range of the dining-room, hastening into the pantry or store-room, and diving into the mysteries of flour, and meal, and molasses; a little rogue indeed!

He went through the usual infantile processes with zeal, got his teeth with ease, and crept, walked and talked much after the usual baby fashion. He was truly a sunbeam in that happy home. But there came a change. This little hero of a year and a half, who had passed through

The usual routine of babyhood's experiences with wonderful equanimity, at last faced his first great trial. Deprived of the maternal sustenance, the tiny system of the child felt a cruel craving, which no one suspected, for the stimulus which had been a portion of his daily food. Sadly he pined. Often his cries rent the air, and wrung his parents' hearts with a grief, a want that he could not tell. He knew not what he wanted, but the deep, cruel craving would not be appeased. The Infinite Father saw it all—the beginning and the end—and in his inscrutable wisdom and tenderness marked out the tortuous way of the child to himself. The angels looked down, and saw the hidden serpent at its work, and perchance their tears fell on the golden curls of the innocent babe! But the parents knew nothing of all this, and they called in their physician, who prescribed a soothing opiate, which stilled the child's cries, but left its hurtful traces on the brain and nervous system.

Notwithstanding all this the little Allen grew into boyhood, a beautiful, promising child. His home influences were pure, bright and loving always. Parental affection shielded him from every known evil, and sought ever to develop and strengthen the good in him, and to check the faults of his impulsive, ardent nature. He was a good child, with a strong love of truth and of right, and a tender affection for his parents which was truly unselfish. His chief fault was an occasional irritability, which sometimes burst forth into a violence of temper which caused his parents great uneasiness, as they could not divine its cause, and could only with a feebly check its expression. After these outbreaks of passion, Allen would promise through bitter tears to try to control his temper; and, boy that he was, he won many a victory on the unseen battlefield of the soul, fighting there an Apollonian, so marked that he could not know what it was. It was that quick, impulsive temperament which feels intensely, but is able to throw off sorrow easily. In everything he was earnest. Study, work and play, each had its claims for him. It was not strange that all who knew the earnest, warm-hearted boy, predicted for him a noble manhood.

"Hurrah for the cold water army! Hurrah! hurrah!" And Allen rushed into his mother's boudoir, waving his hat in air, and flinging his books upon the sofa, ran to her for the accustomed kiss.

"Well, my little son, I think you have some news for me, but first lang your cap in the hall and lay your books in their place, then come and tell me all about it."

"Yes, in less than a jiffy, mamma," singing, as he left the room.

In a moment he returned. "Mamma, isn't it jolly? We're going to have a Cold Water Army, and wear badges, and carry banners, and march to music, and sing the pledge, and never drink any—any—what do you call it? rum, or wine, or anything that can intoxicate." "Oh, won't we have jolly times? And Henry Seaver and me."

"Henry Seaver and I?"

"Oh, yes, mamma. But I can't stop for grammar. Henry Seaver and I are going to march together, and I want you to make me a banner. Will you, my nice, little, good mamma?"

"Certainly, my dear. And what shall it be?"

"Oh, I don't know, something first-rate, you know, that you can get up. You always think of top-top things. John Bowser's sister is going to make him one with 'Away the Bow!' on it, and we're going to have some temperance song-books; and one song is 'Away the Bow!' You'll hear me sing it 'like a house afire' one of these days."

"Yes, I don't doubt that, Allen. I think I can paint you a pretty banner—a picture of the 'old oaken bucket.' There will be a well with a sweep, and a boy drinking water from the bucket. How will you like that?"

"Oh, that will be top-top! Won't that be jolly? 'T will be the best one of the lot!"

And by way of emphasis Allen executed various wondrous gyrations around the room, after the usual fashion of boys when they toss away speech as too tame and insignificant for use, and have recourse to heels and toes as a more fitting and natural expression of the exuberance of their feelings.

"And, mamma—stopping suddenly—"we are going to have a picnic in the woods, and we shall speak pieces and carry lots of good things to eat; and you and papa must go, won't you?"

"Yes, we will go if possible. Where will it be?"

"Over in Mr. Grant's woods—there by the big oak, you know. Oh, mamma!" lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, although they were only in the room, "only think! we are going to learn 'Away the Bow!' to sing, and then when we come home from school we boys and girls are going to stop and sing it to poor Tim Jones, and then perhaps he won't drink rum any more; and we're going to get him to sign the pledge, and then he'll get poor Johnny some new clothes; his are all ragged, and I think his mamma has mended them till they can't be mended any more. I'd give him some of mine, only they are n't big enough."

There were tears in Mrs. Percy's eyes as she looked down into the earnest little face uplifted to hers; for he was leaning his arms now on her knee, while the restless feet were still beating time to his thoughts on the carpet. She glanced into the future. Would not this earnest, brave spirit that looked up to her out of little Allen's blue eyes find in that future a grand and noble work to do? With a mother's fondness and pride tingling her vision she saw him a friend and helper of humanity, working for the good of others, bestowing help and comfort and blessing on the needy souls of earth. Then—a shudder—a shiver—what was it? It seemed, as she gazed upon that beautiful picture of future years, that a dark pall suddenly dropped before her eyes and shut it out, and a strange foreboding touched her heart and left a chill where the warm sunlight of hope and happiness had smiled a moment before.

"Allen," she said gently, "I think we can find some way to provide some clothes for little Jimmy, and we will hope that his father will sign the pledge, and you may try to persuade him. You make your parents happy, my son, when you try to do good and to help the needy. God gives us all a work to do in helping each other all we can."

"Isn't it queer, mamma, that drinking such stuff makes folks act so and look so bad? What makes it?"

"Because, my child, it is poison. It injures the health in many ways and produces different diseases; but it affects the brain the most, so that those who drink much lose their senses."

"Did God make rum?"

"No; God made the pure, cold water, but man makes rum and whiskey and wine."

"Well, I think the first man that made rum, and such stuff would better have been planting potatoes. Oh! there's Josey Wilson down the road. May I go and tell him about my new banner?"

"Yes, but don't be long."

The years sped on and Allen was eighteen. One of nature's grandest paintings was hanging in the western sky—a July sunset. The great Master Artist, the good Father Spirit, is not regardless of his gifts of beauty to his children, but hangs throughout his vast studio of nature his choicest works for all to gaze upon. Allen Percy and Laura Stevens sat hand in hand, enjoying the beauty of all that gold and amber.

"What is it like?" he asked.

"Like the portals of Heaven," she answered; "and they seem to be ajar! I can almost see the white robes of the angels as they pass to and fro through the glory!"

"It seems to me like a glorious picture of things we cannot comprehend," said Allen; "as if we were sitting in the grandest of art studios. And what is art, Laura, but an approach to Nature? It never can fully express Nature, let it do its best. In art we become creators in our little way, yet what can we originate? We cannot go beyond—we cannot even reach Nature!"

"Because," said Laura, her eyes still on the glowing western sky, "one is the work of a finite, the other of the Infinite Mind."

The young man's eyes were fixed upon her face. He did not answer. He was thinking that no work of the Divine Artist could be more lovely than his young friend herself, whose little hand lay in his so trustingly.

And in truth Laura Stevens was very lovely. Her face, almost infantile in its sweet purity of expression, yet indicated a strong and active intellect, and a high mental and spiritual culture. There was a pause, and then Allen spoke:

"Laura, only a few weeks, and I shall be a freshman at Yale."

"So soon?" mused Laura. Then, after a pause: "Don't you dread the commencement of your college life, Allen?"

"Not at all. I have habits of application so well formed, thanks to my good parents, that the routine of study will be a pleasure as well as a labor. And as for the tricks that they play upon freshmen, you see I'm posted on all those things. Uncle David has told me how they serve the freshmen, and I shall be ready for them. And if anything comes, in spite of my caution, I shall receive it with a *bonne volonte*, or else good nature will join in the laugh at my own expense, as the case may be. Never fear for me, Laura."

"Oh, you will have no trouble, Allen. You always get along so nicely with everybody and everything."

"But what makes you look so sober, Laura? I shall write you every week."

"I hope you will, Allen; but I shall miss you; and I was thinking that now I cannot keep up with you in your studies."

"Yes, that is too bad! If you only lived near Yale you should have all my lessons second-hand, and *tes, you would beat me!*"

"Oh, no; you know you are so much better than I in mathematics and the physical sciences."

"And you—little tiny girl that you are—take the lead in history and metaphysics." Laura, you must call and see mother very often, for she will be lonely, and you will be a great comfort to her."

"Yes, I will call and see her often."

"Seven years of hard study, and then—and then! I look into the future often, Laura, and you are always the angel of the picture. Am I wrong? Do I hope too much? As children we loved each other. In my heart the boy love is deepening and intensifying into a higher and holier affection. How is it with you, Laura? Have I counted too much on our having been child lovers?"

"Let me keep my place in your heart. I have no wish to leave it, Allen."

A month of happiness passed. At the request of Mrs. Percy, Laura was often with them, and it seemed to Allen that each day flew by on silver wings of magic sweetness.

It was late in August when one day Allen went to a neighboring town on business. As he passed Laura's home he caught a glimpse of her sweet face, and stopped for a moment's chat with her at the door; then, springing into the buggy and touching his hat with that grace which was in-born, he rode swiftly on. Laura stood a moment in the doorway, looking after him. Her love for him was so pure, so childlike in its nature, that she had never been conscious of any feeling of pride connected with him; but now, for the first time, she uttered in the silence of her own soul:

"Oh, dearest Allen! well may I be proud as well as thankful to call you mine!" And as she passed into the house tears dimmed her eyes.

Those tears! She did not stop to analyze the emotions that called them forth. She was too young for that. She thought they were tears of joy, and that the burden pressing upon her heart was only the eager throbbing of her love for him. Perhaps that was all; and perhaps a shadow from the future just touched her spirit. Who can tell?

The remainder of the day wore on happily with Laura in her own home. Not so with Mrs. Percy. Her spirit had entered shadows for which she could not account, and ever, ever her heart was calling after her absent son. Allen's rich tones, and light laugh, and tender kiss at parting were repeated again and again in her mind, and a haunting fear that danger was near him tinged every thought. Often her prayers arose for her boy, that he might be saved from evil, but each time the truth pressed sadly upon her heart, that

"Our prayers are answered from the skies Ofttimes in strange and dark disguise!"

With this came the utterance of Holy Writ, with its wondrous comfort for fainting souls: "Be still, and know that I am God." And grasping in her spirit need the ever-present hand of him who once trod the hills of Palestine, she strove to utter, with him, that divinest of prayers: "Father, not my will, but thine, be done!" She strove to feel that whatever danger might threaten her child, he could not stray away out of the love and care of his Heavenly Father. Evening came, and pale and anxious she awaited her husband's return from his office.

"Edith, what is the matter? You are ill!"

"No, only anxious, Howard. I have been haunted all the afternoon by fears for Allen. I fear that he is in danger."

"Oh, nonsense! This is nervousness, my dear wife. He went off well and happy this afternoon. His business cannot lead him into any

danger. He will be here speedily, and will laugh your fears away."

Edith tried to think it was mere nervousness, as her husband had said. She tried to rally from fears which seemed so wholly without foundation, and for her husband's sake strove to be cheerful. She talked with him on various subjects, but she could not eat. There was a cry of pain and dread in her heart which she could not still by force of will or reason.

Yet when the village bell rang for nine o'clock, and they still listened in vain for the sound of Allen's coming, as they sat on the piazza, Mr. Percy, too, began to feel anxious, for Allen had never in all his life stayed away so late when absent on business.

"If he doesn't come by ten o'clock, Edith, I will take the horse, and start out to meet him; and that is, if you feel like being left with only Ann and Jack in the house."

"Yes, I wish you would go at once," replied Edith; "but hark! what is that?"

"It is only some young men in the distance. They have been drinking, doubtless, by the sound of their voices."

"They listened, as the sounds came nearer. Suddenly they ceased, and the steady, yet swift tramp of a horse was heard."

"Why did those parents listen so eagerly for every sound?"

"They are driving into the yard!" exclaimed Mrs. Percy. Her husband had already recognized the tread of his own pony, but had said nothing.

The horse came swiftly to the door and stopped. In truth the trembling hands that held the reins had been less a guide to the noble animal than his own instinct.

"What upon you, you beast! Here, Percy! Percy, I say! come along!" This was uttered in a hoarse whisper, the speaker not having observed the two standing in the darkness in the piazza.

"What is the matter?" was asked in the calm, firm tones of Mr. Percy. "Are you there, Allen, my son?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other, striving to put some appearance of respect into his drunken speech, "he's here, but he's—he's a little—boozey; he took a—*little too much*, you see."

Angel eyes, looking through the darkness which mortal vision could not pierce, saw a white statue standing on the piazza with clasped hands and straining, tearless eyes, peering into the darkness.

Mr. Percy had sprung into the house for a light.

"Here! Percy—I say—wake up! Thunder! he's tight as a loon! I say, Sampson, help me—get—him out!"

But a firm voice answered: "Hold the horse and I will help my son." And with the assistance of the young men Mr. Percy drew from the buggy the unconscious form of his son and bore him into the house. Edith, herself half unconscious, led the way into their own room with the light, and Mr. Percy laid him upon the bed. One moment he looked down into the unconscious face, then turned, and clasping his wife to his heart pressed on her forehead a kiss, and dropped on it at the same time the first tear which she had ever known *good* to dim his eyes. Then he left the room to look after the horse. The young men had gone; he could hear their drunken voices down the road. He called Jack to put up the horse. Then, weighed down and heart-broken, he returned to his wife and son.

(Concluded in our next)

Banner Correspondence.

Illinois.
 BUSHNELL.—E. E. Chesney, Esq., in remitting for a renewal of his subscription for the Banner, says: "I am especially pleased with your moderation and self firmness, as also your kindness in dealing with mediums, even when they go somewhat astray from the path direct, under some terrible temptation. Your remarks concerning the Mott affair I especially commend. Seven nights have I attended his seances, and upon each and every occasion I was overwhelmingly convinced by test after test, and by cross tests, by physical phenomena; but by physical phenomena not so much as by mental. When I first read of the redoubtable Pattee, it caused me not the faintest feeling of uneasiness for my belief; not the slightest ripple of feeling gave mingled pity and scorn for so rude and crass a person, who would weigh sunbeams on the business scales. There is an amusing phase of the business of exposition. The exposers don't seem satisfied with their own work. If 'Spiritism' is not done, why beat the corpse? If Mott has been so often exposed, Mr. Pattee's bare labors are works of supererogation. Really, I know of no better than the exposers how vain and futile is their work. Banquo's ghost will not down. Hence the spirit of exposition is rampant, rancorous, acrid. Hence Pattee and all his ilk really cannot tell the truth. They impeach themselves. THE TALE OF THEIR TALE will have no agreement with his head. Mark how the scorpion, Fabulous, coils round its own perplexity, and stings in its own head."

When will men learn that they cannot make truth, any but little unmake truth? Let them show denial till they make. Let there be in love and death and duty and nobility madly as they may, they cannot unmake any truth. Can a thousand Pattees with their little squirt-guns convince me of Mr. Folger (see Banner of May 16th.) that we did not see a hand write at Mr. Mott's which was a spirit hand, and which, now visible and tangible in an instant was neither visible nor tangible? It was the most wonderful work of the most beautiful of all his sights I have yet seen. He had been so marvelously shapely, almost perfect, and shone with a light of its own. Again: I have seen a full-bearded man at Mr. Mott's, in an instant give place to a man with 'Burnsides,' who stood aside for a third, wearing simply a moustache, who in his turn gave way to a friend of mine with perfectly beardless face, when quick as the apple of the eye a gentleman appeared vividly, wearing chin whiskers only, which were very heavy. And all these gave way for my wife in the spirit-world. All this within less than three minutes! All these spoke to me clearly and distinctly in whispers, and very intelligently."

ROCK ISLAND.—A correspondent writes: "We have been having some remarkable manifestations in a family circle, where there was not a believer a month ago. One person has become developed as a materializing medium without the use of a cabinet. When first controlled she gave tests, etc. Another one is developed as a physical medium—an Englishman, about forty years old, now in government employ. Our spirit-friends have it all their own way, as we are novices in spiritual phenomena."

Massachusetts.
 WORCESTER.—M. A. Howes writes: "How glad I am to meet the dear old Banner each week, for the light and truth it brings to me; and I feel like clasping the hands of those who have so long labored to send forth this herald of truth" to the world, and succeeded in so firmly planting in the homes and hearts of the people the ever-living truth—the return of our spirit-friends. (Those sands no doubt have been best in reading those

messages from their dear departed friends from time to time.) The more I look into this philosophy the more I am amazed, for it is so vast and far-reaching; its phenomena so varied; its light so brilliant at times, illuminating beautifully the very background of eternity, and revealing plainly the friends that have left our side. But we must search further and know more. I claim it is a science, and, if rightly understood, would bring the whole world at its feet, because it takes hold of those finer and more subtle laws in Nature; laws we do not sufficiently understand yet, but which will be very much better understood ere another quarter of a century rolls over our heads. Science will yet be made to blush at her obstinacy; she now stands aloof, afraid to touch her feet with the feet of her beloved embrace. A science and a belief in a future existence and an Overruling Power that governs and holds all things by certain laws. The spirit-world is all law with thought that is constantly being thrown off by great luminous minds—that are grasping for truths that are out of our reach, and they are constantly imprinting those grand, mighty thoughts upon receptive brains, and we hold that by study and investigation and research into Nature's laws we can bring the soul-world into rapport with this world and ourselves, thus giving spirits a chance to reach us. Spiritualism is a grand and glorious principle that, if rightly lived up to, would bring peace to every household, would bring to the mind of man pure and elevating thought, and would clothe us with an unseen power that would help to throw off all demoralizing influences and link us with the angel-world. I feel that the soul of man is immortal; that it lives beyond this earthly existence. It is our birthright, given to us by the Great Immortal Spirit-Mind. Then should we not take good care of it? Should it not be our first thought, morn, noon, and night, how to provide for and nourish and feed this immortal spirit? The soul is an emblem of purity, a spark of the Divine Life, placed in these bodies of ours to be developed into God-like manhood and womanhood. Let us feed this spark with love."

New York.
 BURLINGTON FLATS.—Whitman Town, in renewing subscription, says: "I like the Banner. It contains food for all well-wishers of humanity and progress. Spiritualists in this vicinity are few and far between. We have no lectures, little literature, and no circles, except the family circle. Brother Harter, of Auburn, N. Y., delivered a funeral discourse at Edinboro, this County, a short time since, to a good audience of Orthodox hearers. Would that more such seed could be sown broadcast over the land. I am sure some of it would fall on good ground, spring up and bear fruit. It is to be lamented that on liberal occasions people have to listen to the old Bible doctrines of the creation, the resurrection, and endless punishment, when they don't believe anything of it, and half of them don't know what they do believe."

A Mistaken Criticism.
 To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
 It is currently reported of Col. Ingersoll, the eloquent iconoclast of modern superstitions, that when he was asked by a clergyman with whom he was holding a discussion, "Will you be good enough to put your finger upon one single law of nature which your puny wisdom could improve?" the orator turned upon his questioner with this prompt reply: "With all the pleasure in life: I could make health catching instead of disease."

It is probable that the reverend disputant had no effective response at hand for this rally, since the theory generally in vogue in the modern Christian church, bearing on the point in question, would preclude a successful reply. At least no response is reported.

The writer has little disposition to take up the cudgels in behalf of ignorant and conceited clergymen, and is no blind worshiper of Nature, in the sense of holding that everything in the universe is now at the highest point of perfection—but is convinced, on the contrary, that the grand plan of Nature is one of evolution, or progressive development, which plan necessitates the existence of lower or less perfect conditions from which higher and better are being continually evolved. Nevertheless I feel prompted, in the interests of truth and human enlightenment, to inquire whether the gifted iconoclast above referred to is right in his imputation against Nature. In other words, is it not the fact that health is equally "catching" with disease?

It may seem a novel proposition to those who have not been accustomed to look upon it in that light; yet I am confident that abundant evidences, of both ancient record and modern experience, go to establish the truth that health may be as really imparted by either contact or infection as is disease of any kind.

Surely no Modern Spiritualist, acquainted with the facts of healing by the laying on of hands and other modes of personal contact, and by means of magnetized paper, water, or other substances—also in some instances apparently by the mere impartation of an atmosphere or healing emanation, without touch—surely, no person acquainted with the overwhelming mass of facts of this nature developed of late years in almost every part of the civilized world, can question the existence of a "law of Nature" under which such results occur. And every Christian clergyman, with every attentive reader of the New Testament, ought to know that numerous facts of the same character are affirmed in the pages of that book, as having occurred hundreds of years ago. The trouble, however, with clergymen generally, and their followers, is, they have assumed all facts of this nature to be miracles, in the sense of phenomena, contrary to or above the laws of Nature, and never to be repeated. Hence such are estopped from making a true and effective answer when the wisdom and beneficence of the Author of Nature are called in question on this ground.

It is a little surprising that a student of human nature and of history, of so independent and comprehensive a stamp as Col. Ingersoll, should have overlooked a class of facts so patent and so potent as those above alluded to. True, they have been persistently denied, declared, or ignored by those interested in maintaining the established order of things, in both the theological and the medical worlds. But the bold thinker and philanthropist, laboring for the emancipation of his kind from the chains of ignorance and superstition, as Col. Ingersoll claims to be, ought to be able to see that the popular theory of health, which makes its restoration or preservation depend on the virtues of pills, powders and potions from the apothecary, is a gigantic superstition against which he may well level his most effective batteries.

No; it is no part of the plan of Nature that disease should be "catching," and health not equally so. On the contrary, it is the province and function of every really healthy man and woman to impart health and vigor to all about them, just as every diseased person imparts more or less of disease to all associates. And this they constantly do, to greater or less extent, either consciously or unconsciously. This follows inevitably, from the universal law of impartation and reception—the giving off, by every living organ-

ism, of subtle emanations partaking of the qualities and states of such organism, whether healthful or diseased, and the absorption, more or less, of these emanations by surrounding organisms, dependent upon their conditions of receptivity at the time.

True, certain persons are so constituted that they generate and give off health-imparting emanations in greater quantities and of purer and more potential qualities than do others. Such, if they recognize the powers they possess, and intelligently exercise them, become noted healers, therapists, "medicine men." Of these almost all ages and nations within the historic period have furnished examples, among whom may be mentioned Æsculapius; Apollonius, of Tyana; Plotinus; the ancient Egyptian priesthood generally, also that of Greece; Jesus of Nazareth and his early disciples; the Roman emperors, Vespasian, Constantine and Hadrian, with many others; and, in more modern times, Greatrakes in England, Gassner in Switzerland, the Curé d'Arns and Zouave Jacob in France, with others too numerous to mention, in our own time.

No doubt this power of imparting health, for the cure of disease, may, like all other powers, be greatly increased by proper exercise and cultivation, and it may be impaired or lost by over-use, neglect, or disuse. And doubtless numbers who naturally possess the power to a useful extent, are ignorant or skeptical in relation to it, and hence seldom or never attempt its exercise. To this prevalent ignorance and skepticism, together with the fact that comparatively few persons have genuine health to impart, must be attributed the general unbelief in the contagiousness of health.

It is well known that certain physicians are far more successful in practice than are others who are guided by the same rules and administer the same supposed remedies. Indeed it has been noticed that the mere presence and touch and cheerful words of some medical practitioners are far more potent as health-restorers than are any quantities of drugs scientifically administered by others. The same is true of nurses and other attendants upon the sick. The difference no doubt results chiefly from the fact that the one class possess and impart a healthful vigor which is caught or absorbed by the patient, while the others are either destitute of this element, or lack the faculty of impartation. The first are natural healers, and may, as they sometimes do, dispense with drugs altogether; while the latter class should never enter the sick room.

It is true that many diseased persons do not "catch" health from any source, and so continue to suffer. But it is equally true that many healthful persons do not "catch" diseases—that is, they may be exposed repeatedly to the most infectious maladies without being affected. This is doubtless owing to certain conditions of their systems, either constitutional or induced, which render them unsusceptible to the contagion. The writer's observation has been that persons who, through negativeness or a certain quick impressibility, are most liable to take infectious diseases, also to be sympathetically affected by the sufferings of those around them, are the ones who are most easily relieved of suffering and cured of disease by the laying on of hands and other simple processes used by "healers."

In fact, physicians in general know how, by the practice of simple rules, to render themselves impervious to contagious disorders. They avoid exposure while fasting, exhausted, or in a negative condition. And there are good reasons for believing that mankind, when sufficiently enlightened and spiritualized, may not only become fortified against all such diseases, but also to resist the action of virulent poisons. "They shall take up serpents" without harm, "and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them," said one of old, and doubtless it was all in accordance with a "law of nature" but little understood as yet.

We submit, therefore, that Col. Ingersoll's implied indictment against Nature, to the effect that she has erred in not making health "catching" instead of disease, is an entire mistake, and should, in legal phrase, be quashed.

Ancona, N. J. A. E. N.

THE WORLD OF SONG, by Mrs. Josephine Walcott, of Santa Barbara, Cal. Riverside Press, Cambridge, 1878.

The above-named book of some one hundred and sixty pages is filled with pleasant reveries, hopeful prophecies and earnest pleadings for truth's own sake, which cannot fail of enchanting the attention of any person who may feel to give it even a casual examination. The contents of this fine volume have found their present shape in response to the oft-repeated request of the author's many friends, both in the Atlantic States and on the Pacific slope. Mrs. Walcott is one of the most valiant and indefatigable workers for the advancement of the woman suffrage cause in California, and for the upbuilding of the Spiritual Philosophy. The beautiful climate and grand scenery of Southern California seem to permeate these poems with a strong local coloring, whose warm light sifts across the mind of the peruser like a bar of sunshine. Read the following choice piece of versification as a specimen, and see if our statement is not borne out:

A DAY OF GLADNESS.

The light wind lifts the tasseled corn,
 And ripples in the golden sheaves,
 And o'er the wide sward, warm and brown,
 The lustrous orange swings its leaves.

The constant roses bud and bloom,
 The lilies gleam along the way,
 And all the fair land glows beneath
 The glory of this perfect day.

The lowing herds browse on the hill,
 Or eager seek the cool, still stream;
 The bleating of some distant flocks
 Falls on the sense, like some dim dream.

And high athwart the ether space
 The wild bird carols to the sun;
 And drowsy, golden-crested bees
 Hum softly through the pastures dun.

The azure sea smiles to the sky;
 The azure sky smiles on the sea;
 The air is glad with laugh and song;
 The warm, sweet sunlight falls on me.

And I am glad, oh, wide, sweet earth,
 For sometime through the mist of tears
 I saw this landscape and this sea,
 Adown the vista of the years.

I will be glad; for true as thou—
 Oh warm, sweet earth, and wide, sweet sea,
 A soul knelt at my soul's white feet,
 With love that answered love to me.

I will be glad: the tropic sun
 Shines on the land this perfect day,
 And orange buds and orange blooms
 Lie white athwart my sunny way.

Our Old Settler's Creed: Kind words for the afflicted; a lot of bread for the hungry; love to God and charity to all.—Elder Nuttle, in Fox Lake, Wis., Representative.

None are so old as they who have outlived enthusiasm.—Frederic B. Martin.

TO BOOK-BUYERS.
The attention of the public is respectfully called to the new and complete edition of the *Banner of Light*, published by the Banner of Light Association, No. 201 Broadway, New York. It is a beautiful volume, and contains a great deal of interesting and valuable matter. It is now ready for sale, and will be sent to any address on receipt of the price.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1878.
PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,
No. 201 Broadway, corner of Province Street, Lower Floor.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS,
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
No. 10 CORNHILL, BOSTON.
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
Nos. 2 AND 4 HAMBURG STREET, NEW YORK.

COLBY & RICH,
PUBLISHERS AND EDITORS.
ISAAC H. RICH, EDITOR.
LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
JOHN W. DAY, EDITOR.

Letters and communications for the Editor should be addressed to the Editor, Banner of Light, No. 201 Broadway, New York.

A Fair Chance.

How much depends on the chance a person has in this world is never known to others, and for that reason it becomes us all to exercise the utmost possible charity. Mr. Murray touched this subject recently in one of his Sunday discourses, treating it with a rare suggestiveness which it fairly deserves. There are few of us but at times wonder how it would have been with them if they had been born into different circumstances. Man, said Mr. Murray, was not made for failure, but for success. There is no part of his nature that suggests a crippled state. All God's organisms seem so infinitely ingenious as to serve perfectly the purpose for which they were designed. The spiritual nature of man will be found to be constructed for success equally with his physical nature.

To fail is to be subjected to loss such as taxes the system beyond anything else in the way of calamity that comes upon it. The speaker regards failure in business as among the least of failures. The loss of character is the worst bankruptcy of all. That carries down everything else with it. All individual loss like that is a common loss, the whole community suffers from it. There is no sadness felt in any heart, said the speaker, that does not move the ripples of its waves into the surface of my sea. The more you educate the mind, the more you give it an amount of joy and a capacity for suffering that ordinary nature can never feel. The dreadful story of the death of Jesus was not supernatural. It was the story of a loyal spirit which was enabled to bear on his own great heart.

It is perfectly true that some failures, so considered, are the result of a man's being born out of his proper time. In other words they are born too soon. The Saviour was instigated by the speaker as the most illustrious proof of his statement. It is of the first importance that a man be fitted to his time and his time be fitted to him. In order to prevent all such failures, the speaker said that our civilization should be made so wide and varied in its wants that there shall be work for every class of talent. The only reward that is paid in this country for service is money. The work done by the men of finer fibre of mind and a genuinely spiritual elevation is rarely recognized, if it is at all. The ear-ear ones crowd these rudely aside and do not permit them to be known. In respect to inheritance of nature, Mr. Murray said that he could easily see that he possessed the mould of both his father and his mother. He could see that he was really the child of both parents. Here, said he, is a child born in one block of houses, and all is done that can be done for its intellectual, moral and spiritual advancement. He grows up honored by his fellow-men, and when he dies there is wide regret felt and expressed. In another house, on the same night, in a small room, in a state of poverty, a mother in the presence of a drunken husband brought forth another boy, and after thirty years or so you hang him. But, added the speaker, when you have for any cause, you're hanging, not I. That boy has clearly not had a fair chance. He will start in eternity as he did the first day he was ushered into life here.

wherever it exists, and enabling the common mind to become conscious of the wealth which lies waiting about it for lack of due appreciation and appropriation. What we all need together is a deeper and quicker insight, and a larger capacity for true sympathy.

Paine Hall and Liberalism.

There is a certain ear mark, so to speak, about liberality of sentiment and sympathy, by which it may be known as soon as it is seen, and by which it is particularly distinguished from the article that exists only by profession. Whatever agents offer for the practical emancipation of the human mind from superstition are readily welcomed by truly liberal persons everywhere. Spiritualists are glad to see any contrivance operating to batter down the walls of superstition and bigotry, confident that when that is once done the light of heaven will be let in. They therefore do not content themselves with grumbling and growling because a structure for the proclamation and exchange of free thought, like Paine Memorial Hall, is not exclusively their own; but are heartily thankful that it is another avenue opened for the entrance and exit of liberal sentiments, that it is an enlargement of the common ground on which all men may freely compare and debate their opinions, and that it is practically significant of the progress which Liberalism is making in men's minds at the present time. If this is not all they could wish, it is at least something. The symptom is a healthy one. It shows that there is a breaking up of blind prejudices on all sides, and at such a time it would fill the hearts of those professing Spiritualists to seek to excite their animosity.

We cannot, therefore, but regard the elaborate assault of the Religious Philosophical Journal upon the management of the Paine Memorial Hall property, to rescuse it from the auctioneer, as inspired by something very different from a truly liberal sentiment, and calculated to excite hostilities in quarters where it is entirely unnecessary to provoke them. If, as the Journal asserts, the publishers of the Investigator are blank materialists, while Paine himself believed in a God, it can certainly allege no complaint that they have been so far warped in their faith as to desire to preserve this merited memorial of a man who held to better things than they do. It only shows, taking the Journal's assumption for granted, that Thomas Paine's character and teachings have benefited those whom the Journal condemns. If they are guilty of inconsistency in desiring to magnify the name of a man who believed in what they do not believe in, the punishment be upon their own heads. For ourselves, we can only say in all modesty that we do not feel specially called to administer it to them. We are only rejoiced if it is true that the contemplation of Thomas Paine's life and character has had the effect to change infidels into deists and worshippers of matter into worshippers of God.

The assumption of the mortgage on Memorial Hall by the proprietor of the Investigator was undertaken at the risk of all the property he had in the world, and at the last moment when it became apparent that it otherwise would be lost for ever. For assuming such a responsibility no one deserves to be abused with respect to his face to the public. In the eastern section of the country we are in the habit of welcoming all agents and agencies whose cooperation helps on the dawn of the great day of mental emancipation; and we will refuse to believe that the people of other parts of the country look at it any differently. If Paine Memorial Hall is used for purposes that seem inconsistent or incongruous, so is the Boston Music Hall used alike for the teachings of Col. Ingersoll and the preachings of Mr. Murray—for masquerade balls and the singing of the children of the public schools. A public hall is practically devoted to public ends. Whether it be professedly dedicated to Music or Liberalism, it is practically for the use of the public, and the rental it is willing to pay help toward the support of the property for the chief object for which it was erected. It is in this sense, and in the manner that we have repeatedly expressed a wish that Paine Hall might be preserved from the hammer of the sheriff for those uses on the side of Liberalism which are in such increasing request.

Mrs. Andrews of Springfield.

Mrs. Louisa Andrews of Springfield, Mass., with her son Mr. Lancelot Andrews, (a graduate of Yale, who recently took the highest honors of his class in scientific studies,) also with her sister, Miss Emily G. Jones, sailed for England from New York on the 4th inst. It is the intention of Mrs. Andrews to fix her residence for a time at Brighton, a healthy and pleasant watering place. Both she and her sister have been for many years devoted investigators into the phenomena of Spiritualism, and there are few writers in our ranks better qualified than Mrs. Andrews to present the subject favorably and clearly to the English public. Her contributions some ten years ago to the London Spiritual Magazine on the subject of the Slade phenomena are models of exact and graphic narrative; and the readers of the Banner have not unfrequently had opportunities of reading her pithy and pertinent comments on matters pertaining to the great subject in which they are interested. We commend Mrs. Andrews warmly to the confidence and respect of our English brethren. She is a lady of the highest character, socially and intellectually. Her son, Lancelot, is a lineal descendant of that Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester, (born 1565, died 1626.) and one of the authors of the common translation of the Bible: that same Bishop Andrews whom Milton celebrated in one of his Latin elegies, bewailing his death in language of the most impassioned regret and adoration. The Lancelot of our day bids fair, if he lives, to prove himself worthy of his great ancestor. Wishing Mrs. Andrews and family a prosperous voyage, we again commend them to the acquaintance of our English friends. Mrs. Andrews's address for a short time will be "Care of Mrs. C. Barnard, 6 York Road, Western Road, Brighton, England."

James H. Young, 245 Gaquet street, New Orleans, La., has compiled a neat pamphlet of some fifty pages, whose title-page sets forth its objects as follows: "Rules and Advice for those desiring to form Circles, where Media may be developed through whom they may commune with Spirit Friends, together with a Declaration of Principles and Belief, with Hymns and Songs designed for Circle and Social Singing." The brochure retails for fifteen cents per copy, and may be obtained by addressing its compiler as above.

Rev. John Tyerman Coming to America.

This brave and eloquent defender and advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy has accomplished much good for the cause in Australia, and elsewhere—much of his work having been the severest kind which falls to the lot of the pioneer. Mr. Tyerman was at one time a member of the ministry of the Church of England, and his bold advocacy of the new truth which came to him called down upon him the usual fate of martyrdom—his temporal affairs being thoroughly wrecked in the struggle which followed the loss of his stated employment. He is reported by all who have listened to him to be an earnest, convincing and eloquent speaker, and certainly deserves a warm welcome to the shores of this continent. The following letter from Mr. T. will explain his plans more thoroughly:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Dear Sir—I sent you a short letter some time ago, which I see you have kindly published in the Banner, intimating my intended visit to America. I now write to inform you that I shall come by the mail which is announced to leave Sydney on May 23d, and is due at San Francisco on June 20th. Having received an invitation to deliver a course of lectures in Auckland, New Zealand, before proceeding to America, I shall leave home a fortnight hence, and will catch the mail at Auckland.

With your kind permission I will give a few subjects on which I am prepared to lecture; from which any societies wishing to engage me can choose, if they think proper. I can assure you that it is with considerable diffidence that I offer to lecture on Spiritualism, in the land of its birth, in its modern form, and where so much has been said and written upon it, but I trust I shall be able to give something which those interested in the subject may think worth listening to.

- I shall also lecture on what are popularly called Free Thought subjects. I hardly like, however, to make this distinction between Spiritualism and Free Thought, because *True Spiritualism*, as I understand it, includes all that is worth having in *Free Thought*. Still, as I suppose those distinctions will be kept up a while longer, some of the following will be called Free Thought, as distinguished from spiritualistic subjects.
1. Any society wishing to engage my services will please address me for the present in care of Mr. H. Snow, 314 Kearney street, San Francisco, to whom I have written, asking him to be good enough to take charge of letters for me until further notice.
 2. The following are a few of the subjects on which I shall be happy to lecture, viz:
 1. Spiritualism—its Character and Claims to Investigation.
 2. Spiritualism Considered from a Biblical Point of View (a course of four lectures).
 3. The Teachings, Uses and Objects of Spiritualism.
 4. The World to Come, as Revealed in the Light of Spiritualism (a course of four lectures).
 5. Spiritualism as a Destructive and Constructive System.
 6. Is this World Man's only State of Probation?
 7. Orthodox Spiritualism and Materialism—Which is the Best Calculated to Benefit Mankind?
 8. The Bible—Is it the Word of God? (a course of fourteen lectures).
 9. Who and What was Jesus Christ? (a course of five lectures).
 10. The God of Christendom, a Human Creation.
 11. Is there a Devil? or, the Scarcetown of Christendom Unmasked.
 12. Is there a Hell? or, the Doctrine of Eternal Punishment Examined in the Light of Reason, Justice and Benevolence.
 13. A Trinity of Distinguished Free Thinkers—Voltaire, Paine and Bradlaugh.
 14. Organization and Circumstances—their Influence on Life and Character.
 15. The Origin and Modern Christianity Compared and Contrasted.
 16. Creeds and Dogmas—a Plea for Theological Revision.
 17. The Evolution of Religious Ideas—Human Origin of all Religions.
 18. The Popular Views of the Atonement Examined and Disproved.
 19. Liberty in its Relation to Human Progress.
 20. The Church of the Future.

Of course, there are many more subjects on which I can lecture if necessary. Having lectured three years and a half in Melbourne, and nearly three years in Sydney, I have had to traverse much more ground than is indicated by the above list, but that will be sufficient to show the kind of subjects I take up.

In conclusion, I will just add that Mrs. Emma Harding Britten met with a most cordial welcome in Australia, and has achieved a brilliant success so far. Her visit will do a great deal of good. Could not some good text medium come over from America? Such an one would find Australia at present a fine field.

Yours faithfully,
J. TYERMAN,
147, New South Street, Sydney,
New South Wales, Australia,
April 25th, 1878.

Christ, the Corner-Stone of Spiritualism.

This new pamphlet of some 40 pages by Dr. J. M. Peebles is now ready for sale. Price, 15 cents. The edition of 2000 was readily disposed of in Australia, and the English edition met with a rapid sale. The following is a summary of the subjects treated upon: The Talmudic and Rabbinical Proofs of Jesus's Existence. Who was Jesus? And what the Evangelists say about him. What Thomas Paine, Lord Bolingbroke, Rousseau, Diderot, Strauss, Emerson, Carlyle, Max Müller, Sir Humphrey Davy and others say of Jesus Christ. The Estimate that some of the more competent and cultured of American Spiritualists, Davis, Denton, Brittan, Watson, &c., put upon Jesus. The Marked Distinction between Jesus and Christ. The Commands, Teachings and Spiritual Gifts of Jesus Christ. The Belief of Spiritualists and the Church of the Future.

The pamphlet, written with the author's usual clearness and terseness of expression, shows a large degree of reading and research. In drawing the distinction between Jesus and Christ, the writer says: "The two words, Jesus and Christ, should never be confounded, or employed interchangeably. They are not synonyms. Jesus was not called Christ from his birth. The reason why Jesus so positively charged the disciples to tell no man that he was the Christ, was because he was not the Christ, but simply Jesus, the prophet of Galilee, and, as termed by the apostle, 'the other Jesus.' Christ, from *Christos*, in the Greek, and this, some *Kris*, to appoint, signifies anointed, enlightened, divinely illumined. Remember, therefore, that Christ is a principle—an impersonal principle—and a title, rather than so much avowedly in the form of man."

Spiritualist Camp-Meeting at Lake Pleasant.

J. H. Smith, Secretary, writes us as follows, under date of May 20th: "The managers of the New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association have perfected their arrangements for the meeting at Lake Pleasant in August. The association has leased the grounds for ten years from the first of January 1879, and have contracted for a large dining hall 25x80 feet long, two stories high. Rooms in the east end of the building will be reserved for headquarters and post-offices. The second floor will be used for circle and lodging-rooms. A kitchen 16x26 will also be built, and the railroad company are putting up a brick oven, adding more seats to the auditorium, and making various other improvements. Speakers engaged for this season are J. Frank Baxter for two weeks, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, C. Phas B. Lynn, Bishop A. Reals, Giles B. Stobbins, H. C. Lull, E. A. Wheeler, Dr. R. T. Hallowell, Capt. H. H. Brown, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes Snow, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, C. Fannie Allyn, and others; and Prof. Wm. Denton and J. M. Peebles are expected to be present. Several cottages are to be built this season, and many more will build when they find the grounds are secured for a term of years. Wm. H. Eddy has signified his intention of being present at the meeting this year, as well as other mediums for materialization. These gatherings have become very popular, and the prospects are that the meeting this year will exceed in numbers any that has preceded it."

A Buddhist Priest Coming to America.

Mrs. Mary M. Peebles, who came on from Hammonton, N. J., to meet Dr. Peebles and attend his reception by the Boston Spiritualists, brought him, among other letters from foreign lands, one from Mr. Doncarroll, a prominent Buddhist layman of Colombo, Ceylon, specifying upon what terms a distinguished Buddhist priest would visit America, and spend a year as a missionary to begin the work of evangelizing the corrupt and war-practicing Christians of America. This Buddhist, Doncarroll, corroborates what we previously published in one of Dr. Peebles's letters, that two Buddhist priests were already in France, the one teaching the Pali language to some University linguists, and the other laboring as a missionary among the Catholics.

We hope that nothing may prevent the contemplated visit of this Buddhist priest.

"The Quality of Mercy."

Our Chicago brother does not quite comprehend our meaning when we say: "The Banner has been always just, not merciless, toward all fraudulent attempts to help on the phenomena." This, he tells us, is "a nut he cannot crack." If he will turn to the dramatic works of one William Shakespeare, he will find in the following lines the sentiment that prompted our words: "And earthly power doth then show likest God's, When mercy seasons justice. We do pray for mercy, And that same prayer, doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy."

Resurrected.

On May 28th Dr. Josiah Jordan, Treasurer of the Free Religious Society of Springfield, Mass., passed to the spirit-world. He was a firm, intelligent and consistent Spiritualist, and was a highly esteemed citizen of the community in which he lived. Death was to him an open door to larger opportunities in high and holy things. Mr. Jordan will be greatly missed by the workers in the Free Religious Society. He was constant in his attendance upon the meetings, and most cheerfully bore his share of all burdens.

BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY FACE TO FACE, or, An Oral Discussion between the Rev. Migtuwatte, a Buddhist Priest, and Rev. D. Silva, an English Clergyman, held at Pantura, Ceylon, with an Introduction and Annotations by J. M. Peebles, M. D.

This bulky and deeply interesting pamphlet of 100 pages is now ready for sale at this office. Price 25 cents. Dr. Peebles's seventeen pages of Introduction, treating of the nature of Buddhism; of its following of 500,000,000; of its notion about Nirvana; its moral influence; the ten commandments of Buddhism, and the death of Gautama Buddha, with the annotations and concluding remarks, are richly worth the price of the work.

The body of the book contains the full report of the arguments adduced *pro* and *con*, and what the disputants thought and said of the other's religion. At times, the two speakers were not only sharp, but severe and terribly bitter. It is plain enough to be seen in reading this spirited discussion between a "heathen" and a Christian, that Dr. Peebles sympathized with the Buddhist priest. In the following paragraph from the 97th page, the Rev. Migtuwatte said that: "Buddhism inculcated the purest morality and urged the necessity of self-denial, self-sacrifice, and charity. It encouraged peace. It tolerated all religions in its midst. It had nothing to fear. It pleaded of men to follow the example of Holy Buddha, and pointed the sick and the sorrowing to the blissful state of Nirvana. Quantities of books could be adduced in proof of these teachings, but it was needless to do so, as he had, he hoped, to the complete satisfaction of his auditory, proved the truth of Buddhism and the falsity of Christianity."

By reference to our third page the reader will find the Haverhill Publisher's report of J. Frank Baxter's closing lecture in that city for the present. The Publisher has shown the utmost fairness and candor regarding the presence and labors of Mr. B. in its neighborhood, also in reference to the spiritual phenomena which have, through Mrs. Pickering and others, fallen under the notice of its representatives, and as a friend of fair play deserves the patronage and countenance of all who love freedom of thought—whatever their specific beliefs—who may make their home in Haverhill or vicinity.

A trustworthy correspondent, who has had several sittings lately in Philadelphia with the Bliss mediums, pronounces the manifestations in their presence unqualifiedly legitimate, notwithstanding all that has been said and published to the contrary.

Be sure and read the letter of Mrs. Mary E. Bond, on our fifth page, concerning the cure of her daughter through the use of Dr. Stone's system of *Condensed Air*. We are knowing to this case, and remarkable though it may seem to the stranger reader, all the statements contained in it are true to the letter.

Much interesting matter prepared for this number of the Banner was necessarily crowded out to make room for a full report of the reception given to Dr. Peebles.

Dr. J. M. Peebles at Amory Hall.

This place of assembly—corner West and Washington streets, Boston—was well filled on the evening of Sunday, June 21, by an audience whose attention was closely held for upwards of an hour by Dr. P., while he depicted his conceptions of what a true life for humanity must be, and interspersed his logical remarks with specimens from a large fund of anecdotes of travel, and the rendition of brief narratives, pathetic and humorous, which served to illustrate his positions in the happiest degree. J. B. Hatch, on calling the meeting to order, announced himself as highly pleased in being the first individual to whose lot it had fallen to introduce the Pilgrim to an audience in the character of a stated lecturer since his return to the United States. The reading of selections from the 7th chapter of Matthew, songs by Miss Maria Adams and Miss Collier, and an Invocation by Mr. Peebles, succeeded each other, after which the speaker launched out upon the consideration of his theme. Love, not force, was the spring of reformatory power. The four redemptive agents which were to save the race from error were, to his mind, right generation, right education, right social surroundings and right heavenly influences to impress and inspire us in the proper course as we journeyed along the path of human life. He was gratified with what he had seen during the session of the Children's Progressive Lyceum in the morning, and complimented its officers highly for the work they were doing in teaching the young the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the continuity of life beyond the grave. The Jacobian adage said: "Knowledge is power," but the experience of society was that knowledge was not the best form of power, unless the man possessing it was governed by his moral faculties. He would have the young taught to be honest and sincere; to recognize the necessity of their being and remaining mentally, morally and spiritually, ever in harmony with the provisions of the law of justice. He referred to the great influence for good exerted upon human nature by the revelation given by Spiritualism that all the acts of the individual pass in procession beneath the eyes of the loved beyond the river of time; also that heaven was a condition rather than a locality, and was to be achieved by personal effort.

So much of our space this week has been devoted to the report of the reception exercises, that the giving of anything more than the foregoing meagre abstract of Dr. P.'s discourse is at present impossible. He left Boston, June 3d, to visit an invalid brother. He will soon return to this city, and at the expiration of his stay, himself and wife will repair to their home in Hammonton, N. J., where he will remain till his engagements at the summer camp-meetings bring him again to Massachusetts.

Dark Seances.

The editor of the *Religio Philosophical Journal* recently sent out the following for answer to certain of the leading lights in Spiritualism: "In your opinion, what is the effect of dark seances (1) in so far as they bear upon the scientific exposition of spirit-phenomena; (2) in so far as they affect the morals of Spiritualists?" To this query several gentlemen replied, including Andrew Jackson Davis. We subjoin the views of the seer:

1. There are visible effects which, according to the unchangeable laws of science, can proceed only from causes that are invisible—that is, from causes which, to our bodily eyes, exist and operate by necessity in total darkness. Hence it is strictly scientific to institute "dark seances" in order to correctly investigate certain phenomena in Spiritualism. 2. I am not aware that Spiritualism has evolved any "morals" exclusively its own. But I understand that right and wrong, or straight and crooked, are but "parts of one stupendous whole;" and that the human mind possesses inherent power to discriminate and to choose between them. Upon this principle I hold that it is immoral to use spirit phenomena for any purpose other than as evidences of personal immortality. As soon as you receive such essential evidence, that the doctrine of a future existence is founded in reality, it immediately becomes immoral to intemperately indulge in circle-holding and cumulative evidences to the neglect of important work in other directions. I hold that the prostration of our Children's Progressive Lyceums, and that the abandonment of such cooperative organizations as the "Moral Police Fraternity," is attributable to the above named immorality among Spiritualists. Orange, N. J. A. J. DAVIS.

The Medical Law in New Hampshire.

The friends in the Granite State who favor freedom in the practice of the healing art will do well to remember that the hour draws near when the question of the continuation or abrogation of the obnoxious law now on the statute books of that Commonwealth will receive legislative consideration. Those who are circulating the petitions for the repeal of this "Doctor's Plot" ordinance, (which seeks to prescribe how far the citizens of that State shall enjoy the right of personal liberty in choosing their own medical advisers when sick,) will we trust use the time now left to the best advantage. Let them give as far as possible every person of lawful age an opportunity to express their *disapproval* of this law, and as fast as the documents they carry are completed, forward them to Nathaniel White, of Concord, N. H., on or before the second Wednesday of June, when and where they will be properly presented before the constituted authorities. And so (in the language of the circuit court crier) "God save the State of New Hampshire," and, we may add, relieve her from the curse of legally entrenched non-progress in medicine!

"Memorial Sunday."

A full report of the memorial services held by the Children's Progressive Lyceum last Sunday morning at Amory Hall, Boston, will soon be published in the Banner. The session was a grand one, and shed credit alike on management and participants. Such was the evident opinion of the large audience present. The convalescence of J. B. Hatch, Conductor of the school, was regarded as one of the pleasant episodes of the meeting, while another was the presence of Dr. J. M. Peebles among the little ones. Dr. P. was presented with a fine basket of flowers, Miss Lizzie J. Thompson being the mouthpiece of the donors in a neat speech; a splendid floral display converted the hall into an arbor, and the music of Prof. Alonzo Bond's orchestra added to the attractions of an event which will long live in the memory of all who attended.

If Spiritualists all over the country could have seen and heard the proceedings at our Boston Lyceum last Sunday forenoon, they would *instanter* inaugurate just such Lyceums in every town in the United States, it seems to us. Why can't A. J. Davis be called out to carry into effect so desirable a result? He knows just how to do it better than any one else.

Annie Lord Chamberlain of Chicago is now on a visit among her friends in the East, and makes her home for the present at East Somerville, Mass.

Ann Tagonism is a naughty woman. She has gone West.

Message Department.

These messages are given at the Banner of Light Public Reading Rooms, 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa., on Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, from 10 o'clock to 12 o'clock, A. M.

The Banner of Light Public Reading Rooms are open to all who wish to read the Banner of Light, and to receive the messages of the spirits. The rooms are situated at 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Invocation.

Great Father of all, we come to thee speaking thy name with reverence, we know that it matters not what we ask, because thou wilt give us all we need. We come to thee speaking and calling power when we come with a feeling like the child who approaches and clasps the parental hand, even as the child would we, oh Father, come, and taking hold of thy spiritual hand ask thee to bring us up higher, that we may do good to humanity, that we may lift up the down-trodden, that we may give power and strength to the weak of heart, and in that way may we do thy work wherever thou mayest send us forth.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready for your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—What kind of substance does the spirit assume in order to be tangible and intangible? A.—In order for our spirits to be tangible, we draw from some medium the individuality, or from some ether of individuals, the aura, the substance, the magnetic power which enables us to touch you, which enables us to give our hands to you, and you, in return, to feel, and hear us. Intangibility refers to our spirits, but the pure spirit—the spiritual body—without drawing anything from the material elements.

Q.—What is the matter of the spirit's transition to the Summer Land, or leaving the body? A.—That is according to the profession of the spirit in the body while here. If the individual is developed spiritually, understands the laws, and is ready to go, the transition is very easy. If, on the contrary, he (or she) is ignorant, knows nothing of the laws of life, then the process of exit from the body is hardly in degree. Generally, if you watch closely with clairvoyant eyes, you can discover emanations like sparks of fire, coming from and arising above an individual, sometimes for seven or eight days before the spirit passes on to the Summer Land. Gradually the forces of the spiritual are withdrawn from the material body—sometimes the work commencing at the feet and ending at the head, at others beginning at the head and ending at the feet. In which latter case you will find death usually, if you look with clairvoyant sight, you can see the little circles of light, coming up from each part of the body, and forming a spiritual counterpart to the emanations from the chest contributing to make the spiritual ether above the prostrate body, by itself, the material limbs throwing off that which is to constitute the spiritual limbs, and soon, till the spiritual brain and head are formed; then the spiritual shape perfect and erect in its completeness, moves upward and onward, severing the fine cords which connect the material body, and that is the last there is of earth to that individual as far as his physical form is concerned. But the process varies according to the development of different individuals. We can give you a general rule to most cases.

Q.—Is the spirit a entity before it possesses or takes on a human body? A.—I know, as a medium, but I believe the spirit comes to be incarnated in both the father and the mother, and partakes in it of the qualities of both. That is all that we can say about it.

Q.—[By J. A. Newton.] A prediction was made some years ago by an astrologer, to the effect that we were just entering a period of physical disturbance that would extend over about ten years, from 1875 to 1885; that it would be characterized by devastating wars, earthquakes, famines, pestilence, floods, tornadoes, &c. He stated the cause to be the approaching nearness of Jupiter and Uranus to the earth. Will the controlling intelligence give us an opinion on this matter? A.—I can only say that the past years have proved for themselves whether the prediction was true or not. I know that the slight approach of these planets, and the consequent character of the past year, can judge of the future.

Q.—If a person is injured in mind by the knowledge of certain acts committed by persons with whom he is closely connected, and that knowledge makes him incapable through this life, though not a guilty party, if the future life begins here this burden off, will not that knowledge of the act committed still make him miserable? A.—Not necessarily. He may, for a time, after entering the spirit life, find some old fetters hanging about him, but he will gradually throw them off, and emerge into a brighter, happier life. If he has a knowledge of wrong that he should have made manifest, he will then do so, and put the blame on those with the trouble and trial, where it belongs. Not until he has done so will he be happy.

Q.—If man is immortal, how is it that with the deterioration of the body the mind deteriorates in old age, even to childishness? A.—It is very much like this: You may go up to your museum, and see a mummy there, yet you do not for one moment suppose that the mummy case is an individual. You look at it as some ancient relic of the past. In old age, man, by the peculiarity of the constitution of the earthly body, becomes, as it were, a second child, yet the spirit is ever active, and this is shown by the old man remembering what he did when a child, even though he cannot remember what he did yesterday. When the old mummy form is laid aside the spirit recovers the full action of faculties which have been stunted and held in check by the limitations of the human body. Then it finds itself in possession of all it has known, it compasses the present, and has a glimmering of what may be in the future.

Della P. Pike.

Della P. Pike, of Biddeford, Maine. I am not strong, for I have only left earth a few weeks; but finding this way of return open, I made up my mind that if there was such a thing as reaching Boston and communicating through the pages of your paper, I certainly would do it; and I came here yesterday, but seemed to be out of harmony with the conditions, or, rather, I did not seem to be assimilated with you, and therefore I

without. Today I feel perhaps I may be able to commend myself yet I find myself in a great maze—namely, yet I have come from an and I can scarcely tell you who I am. My husband's name is John B. I want to send to you and tell them that I live. I haven't got any long story to tell; I haven't found heaven, I haven't found anything worse. I have found a natural spiritual world where I shall live with my friends, and I think that when I fully understand it, it will be very grand and beautiful to me.

John W. Davis.

You can say John W. Davis, of Clinton, Missouri, called here, and that he is very anxious indeed to meet parties who will talk with him, and give him the information which he desires; also that he may be able to give them the information which they desire. I will do all I can to assist them. Say to them I have not lost my interest in life; I shall be around often, and will do all I can.

Charles Siegel.

Life seems strange to me. I find it but a stage, and each one on it is an actor. I have been good but a little while, and I return because this is at a long distance, and I hope I may reach some friend who will understand and know why I speak. I would like to send my love to Florence; say to her that I shall take an interest in her no matter where she is, no matter what comes, I shall be next her. My name, Charles Siegel, I will do all I can for every body who needs my aid. I find this world a natural, but still a very curious one. I didn't expect to find just what I did meet with. I didn't expect to find that life was a rehearsal, after all. I have come to the conclusion that we represent on earth the life of the spiritual. I have beheld some of the grandest forests here I ever saw; some of the most beautiful gardens, sparkling rivers, soaring mountains, the finest cities, the grandest villas. I enjoy all that I have seen; and I know that this life is real, and not a chimaera, whether you call it in its nature spiritual and apart from our representing the qualities and possibilities of refined matter. I can hear the finest music—some of the most sublime I have ever known I have heard within the last three days. Don't feel for one moment that death is anything to be dreaded. Life is far more to be dreaded than death. All you can do is to live your earthly life the best you can, and you will enjoy this existence when you shall attain to it.

I was twenty-six years old. I was from Cincinnati, Ohio.

Achsa W. Sprague.

I come with joy, with thanksgiving, feeling as I stand here to day that life is beautiful, is grand, and that the one great prayer of my life will ever be, "Thank God, I still live on." I have come not for my own gratification at this hour, but from the hope of doing good to a sister who asks me from time to time, "Can I do ought to aid the cause of Spiritualism?" When some one has spoken a faithful word, and made her heart ache to go on, and she knows not what to do or say, she has thrown herself back upon the spirit-world and asked, "Is there no one that will aid me? Is there no one that will help me? Can no spiritual force be brought to bear, that I may go on stronger than I do to-day?" Yes, I say, I will protect and stand by you amid all the experiences of that prison-like home; I will be by your side. And when your father's hand is placed in yours, and while your Uncle George stands beside you, and your grandmother stands beside you, at one in her purpose of love, why will you fear, though some one ignorant of the laws of life shall say a bitter word to you? Say this is a feeble attempt on the part of Achsa W. Sprague to reach Fannie Loomis.

Richard C. Anderson.

You can say that Richard C. Anderson called and gave his name, thinking it to be his duty. He is anxious to establish himself as an individual, and prove that he is not among the missing but among those that are ready to do their work. I have ever stood bravely in the front of the cause, doing whatever my soul told me to do, and will stand to-day in the same position, ready to do whatever seems right, and it seems right for me to come here and to speak my mind. I would say to one who is my class-mate and my friend, "Look well to the right; do what you think is best." You have been called to one of the highest places in the land, but remember there is a trust deposited in your hand, and you must fulfill the work brought forth for you by the angels-ones. If you shake your head and turn aside, it will be the worse for you and yours. I would have your name stand so high on the roll of honor that when future generations shall look at it they will say, "Hail, thou good and true and pure man!" This is the feeling that I have.

William P. Coe.

Say, if you like, that William P. Coe came here and gave his name. I am fifty-two years old. When I came here I thought I'd like to speak. I haven't got much to say, but I like to send my love and say I find things very different from what I expected.

Lewis P. Goddard.

I am Lewis P. Goddard, of Chicago. I have been called by several names in my life. I am going to give this one as the last one I had any hold on. If I didn't occupy this chair, or rather occupy the lady that holds this chair, I might speak a little differently from what I shall do. I'll try and do the best I can.

Mary.

I came here, Mr. Chairman, a little while ago, soon after passing into spirit life, and expressed myself as I saw things then. Had I expressed myself differently, surely no one would have recognized me and understood who or what I was. I come here to-day to reach friends who question in regard to whether it is I or not, because they feel I was "obsessed." I want to tell them obsession is a queer thing; that there is a greater law in the spiritual than they have ever yet understood, and unless they probe the matter more deeply than they do now, and get to the very bottom of the truth, I am afraid they will never understand what they so surely ought to. I will not own that I was obsessed. Spirits came to me. They brought to me a truth, and I have worked out that truth. No matter where it carried me, no matter what it sent me to, I worked that truth out. From the very bottom of my soul I worked for the spiritual. I don't care; if matters not to me, I am happy now. I am not dogged about, I am not sent forth penniless now, for I have a bank from which I can draw spiritual money if I want it to use. I am not dependent on a single soul. Not that I think those that were kind to me in earth-life, who did for me all that they could, but I don't think them wrong for saying I was "obsessed." I did not know whereof I talked. I talked from the spiritual, while they saw from the material.

Samuel T. Smalley.

Say it is Samuel T. Smalley, from Louisville. I have brought the key to unlock the mystery that has hung round my friends for a long time,

but I will not deliver it here, not until they come to me, and I can deliver it into their hands. Ask them to be watchful, to be guarded, and I will be with them. I have nothing else to say. I think it will be sufficient for them to know this.

William B. Hinman.

Again, Mr. Chairman, I present myself; again I stand upon your platform with loving hands laid upon my head, with kind hearts beating in unison with mine. I feel the clasp of the loving one's hand, and I know that she will help me over the bridge of life, and will give me strength to say what little I have to say. It is the same old story that I have told so many times over. There was no one to speak a spiritual word for me. I communicate to day because I wish to give encouragement to one who has been to me almost like a daughter, who has ever kindly remembered me, and never grudged her time or means. She has been discouraged many times, and has felt as if she was cast out from the spiritual temple, and should no longer lift her heart and voice for the loss of spiritual truth. I promised her that I would come once, twice, nay thrice if possible, to this circle, and would say words of encouragement to her. I come to-day to tell her that a brighter day will dawn. She need not fear; she will see starlight and daylight. We will see that she is taken care of; we will see that she continues in the spiritual work; and when the time comes for her to come home and live with us, we shall be glad to receive her. I have been a strong Spiritualist always. I believed it, too, and tried to act up to its teachings. I would not be a hypocrite while I lived on earth. I was not going to have any hypocrisy over my remains after I left the earth. I was a liberal thinker, and I was for years a Spiritualist. My name—William B. Hinman, of Falls Village, Conn. Direct my message to Anne.

Mary M. Joy.

I am Mary M. Joy. I was born in Montpelier, Vt., many years ago. I went from there to the State of New Jersey and remained awhile, and finally landed in San Francisco, Cal., with my husband and family—one daughter only. I went from there in '37 to the north of March, somewhere about the 10th. I have been attracted to different places, and have seen very many manifestations, and felt that I would like to do something, but I have never been able to fully demonstrate, to make myself manifest until now, and standing here I feel as if I would like to talk, and being instructed that I might speak, I placed my hand on this lady's head and find myself talking. I have forgotten really what I have to say, but I want to be known. That is the most that I have got to say.

George.

I wish you would say to father that George comes not as a little boy, but that I come as a man with a good deal of strength. Please say to him that I am going with him, and am going to help him all I can, and that I want him to put that thing through, not to falter one bit, but that we spirits are going to help him all we know how. Please say it is from George, to his father, A. H. R. I want it to go soon, because it is important that it should. Tell him to put the thing through, not to be scared one bit, for we are in the work.

George Roberts.

George Roberts was my name. I was sixty-eight years old. I died at Hartford, Conn. My home was at Stafford. I am a plain, matter-of-fact person, fulfilling what I consider to be the duty of every one. If knowledge is his concerning the law by which to return and make manifest in spirit his whereabouts. My attractions are not earthly, they are heavenly, but the whispings of duty bring me here to-night to make a revelation to you, though we die in the body we live in the spirit, have power to manifest, can give thought to our friends, and uplift sorrow from their hearts and place joy in its stead.

George A. Sawyer.

My name is George A. Sawyer. I got out of this life in Minneapolis, of congestive fever. I don't know what that really means, but I do know that I suffered much from it. I suppose you will want me to tell you when I went away, how long it is, and what my age was. I don't know how long since I went away, but the friends speak of it as being eight years. I know that in the summer when it was very warm. The Fourth of July had passed, and it seems to me it was about a week from that time.

Lulu Angell.

I thought I was going to find my mother here. [You can send a message to her.] My name is Lulu Angell. I lived in Providence, R. I. I died with fever. I began to get well, and I didn't. My papa is up here. He died with heart disease. He was all swollen up before he went away. He came up here so quick—died so quick, there didn't anybody know he was dead. I'd like to send you home to mother that there are some things which if she do not look out, will plague her ever so much. Please tell her I know all about it, all about the changes she has made, and everything else, all about my brother Charles, all about everybody, all about my aunts. Tell her to look out, there's something coming to her if she ain't very careful. I know she'll get my message. Papa said your post-office was n't like any other post-office. He said I could come bet- ter to go down the river in a boat. He used to be a pretty good sailor, but he went away and left us pretty soon afterwards.

Robert Cinnamond.

I do not know whether you have learned or not of my death. You did not know much about me except in a business way; but if you had any discernment you could have seen that I was dying. So at last it came. My name was Robert Cinnamond, my mother's name Amanda; my father's name was George Cinnamond. He has been dead a good long time, no loss to anybody, for I was not able to do anything or attend to any business. Inheritance will at some time or other assert its rights. I do not think as you do, nor would I have you think as did. I only do this because it's novel to do it. I do not see what good it is to be to you or me. I heard so much of this talking by the dead when I was going about, I thought if it was so I would try and see how it was done. This is my first attempt, and I don't know but it will be my last. I was only an expense to mother, and to tell

the truth I was glad to shake off responsibility. The world goes along just as it thinks it would have been better if I never had been born, but we cannot control those things. I don't believe as you believe, not at all.

Frances Howell.

My name was Frances, wife of Charles Howell, daughter of Joshua Hutchins. I was buried from Trinity Church, New York. I never tasted death. I am now only living a rational and natural life, one that brings tranquility to the soul, knowledge to the mind, freedom to go where I will and do as I may deem best—tangible evidences of a life beyond the grave with powers quickened into action. I thought, into discernment, into action, into knowledge as this could be, how much happiness would mortals enjoy while treading the plane of earth. However, it is never too late to learn; such has been my case. Those passed from sight, still memory I hold of all those who tendered kindness to me and who ever were my friends.

Philip Mottz.

It was at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, I died. Philip Mottz was my name; and why I come is not because there is any acquaintanceship or recollection individually of you, but there are connecting links that draw me within the climate of Baltimore. I formerly resided here. There is always a strange feeling connected with the name of ghosts or spirits. It has not been understood that they are substantial, having life or power to see, to weigh and to measure.

Remarks by Mr. Danskin.

Some of our friends seem to entertain the idea that when an unenlightened spirit controls a delicate, sensitive organization, the effect must be detrimental. Such is not necessarily the result. I have no doubt but injury may be done where such spirits get control of a medium who is only partially in magnetic rapport with the spirit guides. But when the spirits who are developing a medium have fastened their own magnetic cords so firmly that no other can use the medium for communication unless by their permission and under their supervision, then no danger need be apprehended.

Messages from the Spirit-World.

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

Messages to be Published.

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

Messages to be Published.

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

Verification of a Spirit-Message.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The message from Mrs. Alice Riggin, of Light street, Baltimore, is correct, I am happy to say. I knew her many years ago, and am sure her friends will know her at once. She was a mysterious little woman.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From San Antonio, Texas, May 5th, 1878, James Eugene Donnelly, aged 31 years.

From her home in Alton, Orange Co., Fla., of disease, May 2d, Mrs. Roxie D. Wood, aged 43 years.

From Pawtucket, R. I., of paralysis, James Elliot, aged 62 years 8 months 7 days.

From Carlisle, Mich., May 21, Mr. S. P. Minor, aged 67 years.

From the past twenty-five years he has been a believer in Spiritualism, in a regular attendant at spiritual circles, and endeavored in his humble way to impart to others the truth as he had found it, conscious that Spiritualism was the greatest boon of life. For him it had removed all fear of death; and as he neared life's close, his spiritual vision was opened, and he realized the mission of beloved spirit friends, giving him renewed evidence of the immortality of the spirit. He possessed a genial, kind and loving nature, and was greatly loved by his many friends. He left a wife and one daughter to whom he was much attached. The devotion of his wife to her husband during his long suffering, exercising gentle patience and careful solicitude in administering to his every want, is sure to receive ample compensation spiritually. Our brother has entered the higher life to enjoy the fruits of a well-earned life on earth.

The editor does not guarantee the return of manuscript contributions. Correspondents should always preserve copies of their articles. Newspapers sent for the editor should have the important passages marked in a conspicuous manner.

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ANNOUNCEMENT. THE VOICE OF ANGELS, edited and managed by spirits, now in its third volume, enlarged to twelve pages, will be published monthly at 5 Dwight Street, Boston, Mass.

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