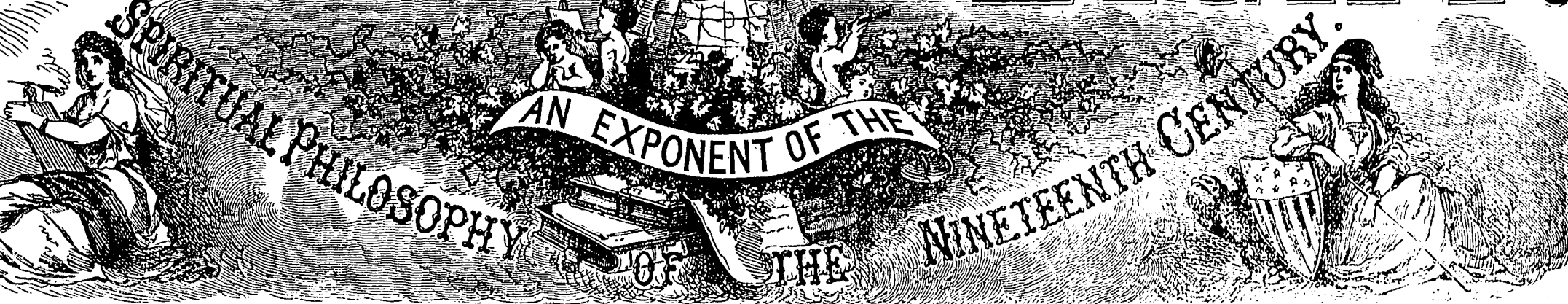


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The Rostrum.

PETER'S VISION FROM THE HOUSETOP.

Lecture Delivered at Republican Hall, New York City, Sunday Evening, Dec. 15th, 1874, by
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRICHAM.

[Stenographically reported for the Banner of Light by William James.]

INVOCATION.

Oh, thou who art the presence of harmony divine, thou spirit of wisdom and of love, our Heavenly Father, we bring our thoughts to thee, lifting them from that which burdens them, taking them out of the tangled places in life's great skein, and in the light of thy love we would find the inspiration which is the food of our spirits, our life, and the bread of heaven to our souls. Thou knowest, oh Father, how deep are the troubles thy children bear; how dark the nights through which they wander, praying to thee. Thou knowest how oftentimes their hope grows pale and droops like a flower that the frost has touched. We need not bring before thee and number one by one our troubles and our crosses; for far better than we thou knowest how deep are the sorrows and how heavy are the burdens we bear. We need not tell thee of the waves and discord, but thou seest deep down into the water; thou knowest how far the darkness and the storm descend.

Oh, Father, trusting then in thy infinite knowledge, thy broadest comprehension, we pray to thee that something of thy heavenly harmony may flow into our lives like a blessed baptism of strength and understanding. We pray, oh Father, in our weakness that we may feel the strong arm which ever sustains; the clasping hand that will never loosen to allow us to slip away into everlasting loss and destruction. We pray to thee that that love which is unchanging, unfaltering, wise and perfect forever, may be felt in our natures; but there are times, oh Father, thou knowest it well, when it seems to thy children that thy love is yet as far away from us, though it enfolds us, as the blue sky enfolds the earth. Oh, thou who givest light unto the very heart of the blossoms, thou who dost send light down, shimmering through the leaves of the forest, thou who dost come in all things in Nature with the touch of thy inspiration, may we feel that thy love is not only over us, and under us and around, but through us all, forever. Teach us, oh Father, thou who dost touch the angel lips with inspiration, thou who dost bring to the waters of life healing, teach us this, oh God, our Heavenly Father, that thy love cannot fail; that thy wisdom cannot err; that we are to show ourselves more worthy of thy love and of thy protection by the love we bear each other. Teach us to be kind, to be charitable and to be forgiving and to be patient, and through all this life to find the good that lies beyond the shadows of earthly disorder, to find the hidden good of manhood and of womanhood and to bring it into life and activity.

Teach us, oh God, how to work, so that we may help others; that the dark paths may be illumined; that the vexed questions may one by one be settled; that no longer doubts, dark and fearful, may lie in the pathway of thy children—between them and heaven. Help us to work together, and however small may be the good that we accomplish, oh Father, grant that there may be some good that we can do. So trusting thee, so praying for harmony, and patience, and charity, and peace, we would love thee, and seek to obey thee forever. Amen.

LECTURE.

You have heard announced the subject chosen for this evening, but unless that which precedes it and that which follows it is also as well-known, much of the meaning of that subject is lost. Therefore we will read to you from the tenth chapter of Acts:

There was a certain man in Caesarea called Cornelius, a centurion of the band called the Italian band. A devout man, and one that feared God, with all his household, gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always. He saw in a vision evidently about the ninth hour of the day, an angel of God coming in to him, and saying unto him, Cornelius. And when he looked on him, he was afraid, and said, What is it, Lord? And he said unto him, Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God. He said now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter. He lodged with them a tanner, whose house is by the sea side; he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do. And when the angel was departed, Cornelius was departed, he called two of his household servants, and a devout soldier of them that waited on him continually; and when he had declared all these things unto them, he sent them to Joppa. On the morrow, as they went on their journey, and drew nigh unto the city, Peter went upon the housetop to pray about the sixth hour. And he became very hungry, and would have eaten: but while they made ready, he fell into a trance. And saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth: wherein were all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter; kill, and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean. And the voice spake unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common. This was done thrice: and the vessel was received up again into heaven. Then while Peter doubted in himself what this vision which he had seen should mean, behold, the men which were sent from Cornelius had made inquiry for Simon's house, and stood before the gate. And called, and asked whether Simon, which was surnamed Peter, were lodged there. While he thought on the vision, the Spirit said unto him, Behold, three men seek thee. Arise therefore, and get thee down, and go with them, doubting nothing: for they have sent thee. Then Peter went down to the men which were sent unto him from Cornelius; and said, Behold, I am he whom ye seek: what is the cause wherefore ye are come? And they said, Cornelius the centurion, a just man, and one that feared God, and of good report among all the

nation of the Jews, was warned from God by a holy angel to send for thee into his house, and to hear words of thee. Then called he them in, and lodged them. And on the morrow Peter went away with them, and certain brethren from Joppa accompanied him. And the morrow after they entered into Caesarea. And Cornelius waited for them, and had called together his kinsmen and near friends. And as Peter was coming in, Cornelius met him, and fell on his knees, and worshipped him. And Peter lifted him up, saying, Stand up; for myself also am a man. And as he talked with him, he went in, and found many that were come together. And he said unto them, Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation; but God hath shewed me that I should not call any man common or unclean. Therefore came I and ye without reproofing, as soon as I was sent for: I ask therefore for what intent ye have sent for me?

And Cornelius said, Four days ago I was fasting until this hour; and at the ninth hour I prayed in my house, and behold, a man stood before me in bright clothing. And he said, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God. Send therefore to Joppa, and call hither Simon, whose surname is Peter; he is lodged in the house of one Simon a tanner by the sea side; who, when he cometh, shall speak unto thee.

Immediately therefore I sent to thee; and thou hast well done that thou art come. Now therefore stand up, and be present before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God. Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: In every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.

The word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ: he is Lord of all. To-day any person should say to a multitude he had received a communication from a spirit, and had been commanded to go to a certain place, and found on his arrival that the same spirit who gave him the command had been to them and foretold his coming, what do you think the multitude would think of it? Spiritualists listening would say: "Well, that is not strange, for we have experiences quite similar, and can easily see why this can be true." The materialist, hearing him, would say: "Oh! that man is certainly deluded; he is on the high road to the insane asylum." The member of a church, some popular church, who has not gone under the surface of his sectarianism, hearing this thing, would say: "Oh, that man cannot be! It is impossible; he must be deluded by that Spiritualism which is so terrible in its teachings and in its consequences." If you were to say to him: "What have you against Spiritualism? certainly you have a prejudice against it; what is that prejudice based upon?" the general answer you would receive would be this: "It is at war with Christianity; it denies the Bible; its teachings are wholly immoral, and it is a very dangerous thing to have anything to do with it." And yet we tell you that the one who can compare his own experience with the experiences of the past is best able to understand those old experiences, and take them into his belief because he understands them.

With the past it is not a contradiction to the past. It is said that history repeats itself; but we believe it is as a spiral pathway running from depths of darkness upward toward the light, but repeating itself only in days and nights with its progress. So if in the olden days spirits or angels had anything to do with mortals, why may they not now? Suppose we ask sectarianism that question—why may not these things be to-day? The general answer is this: "Because the age of miracles has passed by." Suppose, then, we take this position: There never was an age of miracles in the sense in which theology takes it; for in the sense in which this is commonly accepted, it means there was an age when God's laws were suspended; when it was possible for things to take place by special acts of His providence; but these interrupted laws finally resumed their sway, never again to experience such suspension. We learn this from nature: that the immutable reigns and rules forever; that there is no order and system and harmony; and we learn this from nature: that if one of the stars above us were to be stopped in its course, or were to depart from the laws that hold it in its place, then, indeed, through all the wide realms of life would chaos reign.

In the midst of the spheres there is no discord to the ears of God. Man finds discord because he does not understand God's harmonies. But Nature finds the echo of its external statement in the Bible; the laws of God are unchangeable. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; without variableness or shadow of turning. If theologians tell us that in the olden days there was greater need of spirit-communication or the intervention of the children of the Lord than there is now, ask them if the world is so very near heaven, in their own estimation, that there is no need of heavenly helpers. Do they not assure us that crime and wrong are spreading far and wide? and in their prophetic counsel in this city, did not the clergy send forth the sign of their despair over the condition of humanity? If through need, in the olden days, heaven was opened and mortals had helpers, the same need knocks at the door of heaven to-day, and God has not grown deaf to the prayer of his children, and if those doors were ever open they are just as widely open to-day. But, says the doubter, "We believe these things because the Bible tells us they are true; but we do not believe your modern manifestations; there is no authority to believe them on." Was there ever a weaker thing said in defense of an error than that? They believe a thing is true because the Bible says so! Suppose a person with a critical and analytical mind should say to them: "How do you know the Bible is true?" what would they say then? Why, they would respond, "It is true because it is true, and it is the Bible." Oh, logic most sound—gratitude of faith—is it that? No! It is rather something which melts in the light of a clearer understanding, and of the deeper questionings of humanity! We look at the Bible then, and with a careful search seek to find the truth as it is therein revealed, and then, through that same search, seek on the part of humanity to find the truth as it is in the present. We learn that at last we learn not to call anything common or unclean, but to find the good and the sacredness of the past and of the present, and of the old and of the new as it is called—and the Ancient Spiritualism and the Modern Spiritualism; so we cannot call anything which God has given common or unclean. We take this book and say first, "Men, did you ever understand it just as it is?" "Well," one says, "I take it just as it is; it is a sacred truth—nothing but the truth! It is God's own inspiration, his own expression, and I believe in it." But, we say, do you understand it? have you reasoned upon it? Does your mind, your reason ask when you say you believe? or is this receptivity of yours entirely inactive—the receptivity in which there is no virtue whatever? He who discriminates in his old, he who takes the wheat from the chaff and has it prepared in the right way, who takes the grain from the husk, finds the most nourishment, does he not? But in the mind of one begins a little cloud, perchance, hungry because of pride. Such an one says, "Do you mean to tell us there is chaff, there are husks in the Bible? Why, it's God's truth!" We answer: Friend, where there is chaff, where there are husks, they are only the works of man's misunderstanding. God's work is the true grain, perfect and indestructible. If we say to them, "Do you accept all the Bible just as it is?" they answer, "Of course we do." "What then will you do with the contradictions?" "Why," they say, "there are no contradictions."

But suppose in one place you read, "God is love," and in another place "God is a consuming fire," what will you do with that? Suppose in one place you read, "Man hath no preeminence above a beast;" and then in another that "this mortal shall put on immortality," what will you do with that? Suppose in one place you read "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth;" then suppose you read in another, "If a man strike thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also;" "Render good for evil, and blessing for curses," what will you do with that? Suppose in one place you read, "Moses talked to God face to face," and in another, "No man hath seen God at any time." Are these contradictions? It looks a little like it, but if you seek to understand, you will find that instead of being further from God, and from God's words, you come so close to him that through these ancient tests it appears as though you heard the bidding of your Father evermore bringing to you the manifestations of his truth and his love.

You read that God is merciful, that God is love. Is there anything plainer than that? And you find in this chapter which we have read to you, that God is no respecter of persons. Yet in the Old Testament you read, there was a certain ark prepared, the ark of the covenant, wherein in a certain sacred place the holy of holies the blessing of God rested. Now, it was deemed desirable to remove the ark from the place where it was to another place, where the Jews could bring to it their devotion; and while it was being moved from one place to another, it being drawn by oxen, one of the oxen stumbled, and the ark not resting securely, and a man put forth his hand to stay it, wishing to keep it from falling—wishing to keep it from destruction, and you are told the wrath of God came upon that man, and smote him dead; that God—

—he who has written upon the tables of stone, "Thou shalt not kill,"—actually killed the man for it! For trying to save from injury that which was most sacred in the eyes of the Lord! Now, what would you think of such a thing as that? Again you read of Jephthah, the one who so seems prayed for victory, as any great general might, and who, when he was going forth to battle, promised God if he would give him the victory that when he returned to his home, whatsoever came out first to greet him he would consecrate as a burnt offering to the Lord, because of the victory. When he returned rejoicing from his victory which God had given him, what came out to meet him? Was it a lamb? was it a kid? was it a dove flying out to meet him? More than that, it was his child, his daughter, and the Bible tells you (it speaks of the whole matter in that way), that he kept the vow which he had vowed unto the Lord. There is no condemnation in that word. What will you do with it? Why, friends, if you read that, and you are a Christian, you seem to you have found a contradiction, you can straighten the tangled threads, if you only wish to do it. If you try and do it. But one says, is it not a waste of time? No, indeed. If you can take a tangled place from the skein of any person's thought, you are doing good. If you can straighten any crooked path of faith you are doing good. It may be you understand them for yourselves, but there are others that do not, and that which they should understand is a stumbling-block in the laws of progress. Help them! You can afford to do it; and it is the only way that you can repay Heaven for all it has done for you. By helping humanity you make the truest payment for all the good that has been showered upon your lives.

You say, "Before you proceed with this can you straighten these tangled places yourselves?" In the first place, when men said God, or the wrath of God, is a consuming fire, they judged by what they saw of God. They saw that which you call compensation. They did not see that under the bitter was the sweet; they did not see that under the thorns the rosebuds were unfolding. No! They only saw what they called anger; but anger was the human term which they laid, like a black cover, over God's love and on God's justice. That explains it. And when you read that no man hath seen God at any time, and that Moses saw God and talked to him, you can easily understand that the guardian angels came to mortals, and that they did not know the difference between them and God. Take this passage, or this chapter, which we have read a part of to you, and you find that when Cornelius had been told by the spirit, or the angel, or man, for it is the same thing, that he came to him when Peter came to him, he was so full of superstitious adoration that the first thing he did was to fall down at his feet and worship him. Now, do you not see there was something in his nature, in his superstition, that made him believe Peter was more than a man—that he was a God. But Peter lifted him up and said: "I myself also am a man." So, in those olden days, when they saw the angels present with them, as Cornelius expressed it, they looked upon them—these messengers of heaven—and believed they had seen God and talked to him. Now, is it not better to say that it is the mere evidence that men did not understand; and, as we told you this morning, when they saw the servant of God, they called him God, or the wrath of God, it must be the same thing. They did not know that this divine and limitless King can never be beheld by the finite, save as the finite can see parts or manifestations of God. Then when you read these olden narrations you can find how human superstition has destroyed many things; and then in what seems to you to be an error, or contradiction, if you look at it closely you will find the traces of humanity all along the paths of the past; and, by learning to discriminate, you will love the truth far more, because you understand it; and it is then, when you find it in your reason and your thought, that you gain the full strength and benefit of the past.

When Christianity came, when the weak of Jesus of Nazareth had been done, and as these people had been instructed, how natural it was for them to carry out the old Jewish characteristics. You know the Jews believed themselves to be the peculiar people—the best on the face of the earth—in fact, the only people worth saving; and this egotism which characterized them does not characterize them alone, it seems to us, but we find it all through humanity; it is a certain element that goes to the surface almost everywhere. Now, when the Jews believed themselves to be marked by the Divine Presence and set apart from the rest of the earth, so when the Christians first gathered together in their small numbers, and with their limited strength, they believed that they were the only ones that heaven had vouchsafed its revelations to; and when, at last, Peter received this message upon the housetop, falling into a trance and receiving the vision from heaven, he was taught that God was no respecter of persons; he was taught that he must not call anything common or unclean that God hath cleansed. He was taught this broad and beautiful cosmian and eclectic religion of which we have spoken to you so many times—not a narrow religion. All that narrows humanity throws out the best of that life—it will keep the mean, you may be sure of that, but the best and the purest will be outside the limit. So it resulted that in the vision of Peter, strange as it was, yet heavenly in its design, he was taught to turn away from his Jewish exclusiveness and to go to those with whom the Jews would not naturally associate; and he was taught that heaven had regarded these people whom the sectarian Jew had once despised.

Now there is one other point to which we refer occasionally, and we would like to repeat to you now: you know there are persons who hold that angels can come back to mortals; but angels in their definition are intelligences who never lived on earth, but are beings specially created in another sphere or place of existence and have certain prescribed duties. We say many persons hold this theory. We believe that the persons called Adventists generally believe it, and in fact many sectarians hold the same idea; they believe that angels are not the spirits of their sisters, brothers, husbands and wives, their little children, or their friends who have passed into the other world; and while they hold fast to this belief they forget that in the presence of Jesus, Peter, James and John, there appeared Moses and Elias who talked with Jesus, they forget that one of the prophets came back to John the revelator, they forget all these things. But in this chapter which we have read to you is one of the best expressions of this particular point that we can bring to you; it is this: you know that it is spoken of the presence that came to Peter as an angel; it is spoken of as an angel, and it is also spoken of as a man; now that is correct, for each term is correct, there is no contradiction in them; it was the spirit of man he is described as appearing in. Let any good psychologist or clairvoyant speak to you of what they see, and they will tell you of a certain atmosphere or aura which surrounds a person, and if the person is good or true, that aura is bright. It has an outer brightness that transfigures them, even as Jesus was transfigured upon the mountain; if the person is evil, then the surrounding is like the shadowy twilight or the darkness of night. When you read of that olden parable of the wedding feast and of the one who had not that wedding garment, you who was taken and cast into outer darkness, the outer darkness spoken of is a literal thing; it is that which surrounds you while in the body, if your lives are degraded and sinful, and it is that which is apparent to those who can see a spirit after it has laid aside its outer garments of flesh. So when the Bible tells you that in the presence that came to Peter in his trance upon the housetop (and also to Cornelius previously) he (Peter) saw a spirit, we would call it a disembodied spirit, the spirit of man; and it was an angel—for an angel is only a messenger, and this certainly was a messenger. It seems that the whole meaning of the communication and of the vision was this: that men should not cultivate that narrow, sectarian exclusiveness, that they should not foster that aristocratic, narrow pride, which shuts out human virtues, and gives to the Pharisee his prayer; "I thank Thee that I am in playing robes as a Pharisee."

Oh, friends, the meaning of that vision, the meaning of the inspiration which came to Peter, and when the spirit was poured out upon the Gentiles, ought to be with you to-day, written in your thought in letters of light. It seems that when in the house of this centurion the people had been gathered together to hear what Peter was to say, even then you read the Holy Ghost descended upon them and they spoke, these Gentiles, in different tongues. Then the Jews wondered much, for they did not believe this gift of meekness could come to any one aside from the Jews. Then they remembered the olden words of prophecy, that John might indeed baptize them with water, but that they should afterward be baptized with the Holy Ghost. Now in that particular connection it means the Holy Spirit, or the spirit of holiness; it means the inspiration of that particular form of meekness which lifts human character, which makes the soul of man better and stronger in all that is noble, right, good and pure. But how was the vision remembered? Follow on the history of sectarianism through the past, the history of religion—understanding religion, however, to be something high and holy. Did you ever think, friends, of the wide difference in the wide differences between the words and the strains in which they are rendered? You know how beautiful an anthem may be! You know how your soul may be lifted to heaven by music and the words it breathes; but you also know that some grand music in the world may be wedded to words that are trivial—words that are even degrading; but it always seems as though the music soared still in the heavens; the words could not drag the music down!

So in the past: religion and sectarianism have not been wedded in harmony; sometimes, if the sectarianism was broad enough, the true religion lifted it; but oftentimes the true religion soared in the light, and the narrow sectarianism trailed in the dust. So the past gives us its history. When the Catholic Church grew, through many an effort, into comparative strength, at first it had a certain element of humility; but when at last it forgot this humility, this wonderful tie which should bind it to all human need—when it forgot that religion was so broad and bright and beautiful that no person could bind it and hold it and keep it all, then it grew to believe that its creed was alone right; that those who had it were the only ones to enter heaven; then it spoke of itself as the church, with special account on that little word. When the Episcopal Church took its position, did it not have the same feeling? What ever church it is, it considers itself as being right, and looks upon the others as having not the true path—has having a way that disagrees, a winding way, not the straight and narrow path that leads direct to the kingdom of heaven. Now we do not mean that all churches are narrow in all things; but we do mean that sectarianism itself in its strength cultivates narrowness—having a certain element in it which causes its followers to feel that they alone are in the right. And yet when we look through them all—in the Catholic Church, in all the Protestant divisions in the land—we find there are silver chains running out under the walls. Do you know what the Evangelical Alliance meant a while ago? Do you know what great revivification efforts were made when the different clergymen met together, laboring in the common cause? Do you know what the union, the meeting of men throughout the land to-day, the different alliances formed among those who are laboring as shepherds for the people mean? Do you know what this golden spirit of charity means? Why, it is only an unconscious recognition of a certain unity that exists under the letter that killeth; a certain unity of feeling and of spirit under that element, cold as ice, which we call sectarianism. They are learning this; that there is good everywhere.

But, friends, the time is very near at hand when not only in Christian faith, as it is called, but among all religions, among all people, you will find, here and there, God's truth climbing out, and you will not call anything that God has blessed common or unclean. You know how great has been the effort of Christianity to help humanity. You know how missionaries have been sent forth to all the distant heathen lands. They have been to those who have worshipped the great spirit, Buddha, as it was called, to carry to them the elements of Christianity, and now the Buddhists are actually going among the Christians as missionaries, bringing

their elements of Buddhism. Can we say our religion alone is right while we look at other faiths? Among the savages, as we call the North American Indians, among those who dwell in the distant lands under tropical suns, all over the world, yes, and even in the paths of mythology, we find the outpourings of God's spirit, of God's truth, and we cannot call anything common or unclean that God has so blessed. Even among the Mohammedans there are elements of truth that stand strong and indestructible, as well as many which are of earth, earthy truths that tower high to heaven, and shining from them like the eternal snow upon the tops of the highest mountains, we find the light of God's love and the benediction of His Spirit forever!

So when to-day Spiritualism comes like a billow to the land, it does not come with a new church, it does not come with a new creed, it does not come building a temple in the midst of people and saying: "I want to go forth and gather all the people together into this creed, this belief, this temple, that they shall worship God in our way." You know how men go into caves where there are stalactites and stalagmites with all their white crystals; now, if you go in without a light, all the whiteness is darkness, simply because you cannot see; but if you take a light with you, all around you is the glory of that snowy beauty, the gleaming crystals everywhere. So Spiritualism stands in the world—the torch-bearer! It holds the light in its hand. It does not say we bring a new religion. No! It only holds the light, and from far-off southern oceans we find answers; from climes among the frozen Arctic lands come back the sparkle and the glitter; far over the wilds of the Western forests, across the wide plains, away to the sunset sea, everywhere comes to us the answering light, and all over the world we find these truths which God has implanted in humanity everywhere! Now, what are we to do to find the best? What are we to do that we may understand these truths? Why, learn to discriminate! Learn to separate a fancy from a fact, learn to take reason, and logic, and the truth of spirituality, instead of blind superstition, which is so credulous and so utterly deaf and blind to the new; learn this: that God is the God of the living, and that there are no dead; that the past, present and future all melt into the unity of God's being, and he is the God of all men—no respecter of persons, but everywhere, to all humanity, according to the capacity of the individual to understand.

To this Modern Spiritualism, as it is called, we find there is a great deal of opposition from the outside world. There is a great deal of ridicule, a great deal of condemnation, a great deal of private and of public scorn. You know it, you read of it, you hear it everywhere—every one of you will be familiar with this—and yet, when we see or know of these things, never for a moment do we ever deem it expedient to say that we have ever had, has been seemed and despised by the people who were beneath it—who had not grown up to its level. And shall we have condemnation for them because they do not understand, and we are scorned and ridiculed? Rather we will try to forgive them, and with a tender pity, lead them to comprehend what we mean. Be assured that as snowflakes melt in the warmth of sunlight, so their scorn, their ridicule, their opposition, will all melt away when they only come to understand. Some say, "If your Spiritualism is true, then why did not these manifestations come to Doctors of Divinity, to the scientists, the philosophers, the wise men, at first?" Because pride was in their heart; because they had their established positions, and they were afraid that in some manner they might be compromised by investigating the unknown or unpopular thing. So, when Spiritualism came, it merely proved once more the truth of the olden aphorism that God had kept these things at first "from the wise and prudent," and had "revealed them unto babes." Every truth is born in a manger, but it progresses from its humble estate—it does not remain forever in the narrowness and obscurity in which it is first seen.

Before we pass from this subject, which has so much significance to the thoughtful mind, we would say, that although the modern manifestations of Spiritualism are looked upon with so much scorn, this scorn would melt away, would depart entirely, if the people only understood the ancient Spiritualism; if they read their Bibles instead of shutting them up, and holding on to them, and saying, "Oh! you do not believe the Bible; you are trying to take it away from us." And so we say, friends, do not hold it so tight that you cannot get the covers apart; open and read it, and you will then understand the new when you understand the old. How easy to believe that in olden days God made the finger on Mt. Sinai to write for his passionate child, Moses, the ten commandments on the tables of stone, which were broken so quickly afterward—for you know Moses, in his anger, broke every one of the commandments at one time, and afterward had to retrace his steps to receive their duplicates from the Most High—how easy it is for some people to believe that, without ever a doubt; but if you say to such to-day: Friend, I certainly possess my senses, my sight, my hearing, and yet in the presence of other persons, who are equally intelligent or sensible, I have received through the mediumship of a certain person upon a slant, fitted with fingers, shut and locked, securely bound even with cords and sealings was dropped upon the knots, a message in the handwriting of a friend, and signed by the name of one that men call dead, what is the result? Speak of this to the multitude and they will hold on to their own glorious Bible and say: "Oh! you ask us to believe too much; we cling to the old, the truth, and nothing but the truth." We only repeat: Read and understand. It is so easy for persons to accept the past entirely, and, psychologized by an idea, as we might say, to believe it all sacred, and to shut their eyes to the present; but, friends, we ask to-day for thought, for reason, for investigation; the more thorough it is the better it is—the better for you, and the better it is for the truth. Did you ever think what honest investigation is; what real investigation is? You know when a beautiful statue is finished and is to be shown to the multitude, at first all the people are gathered together, and there is the statue veiled, but at last a signal that is given, or when the right time comes, the veil is taken away and the statue revealed. Now investigation stands by the side of the veiled statue of truth, and in its honest effort it only takes off the veil and shows the truth to the world. This, then, is what Spiritualism asks: that with honest investigation you shall discover that which will bring comfort to the mourner, understanding of the future to the skeptic—the proof of immortality, the proof of endless progression, yes, and of the reality of the Bible itself, the truth of religion; and this will come to you when the light of Spiritualism shines most brightly, as it should.

Among those who look upon Spiritualism oftentimes with scorn and derision, we find a class watching here and there for something which some medium has said, or some Spiritualist has written, which they feel to criticize. They say to the people, "Now listen! There was ever anything so absurd as that?" and this perhaps may not be in connection with this peculiar chapter, at a certain time a man rose at the close of a lecture given

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BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

It is reported that immense beds of mineral have been found in Southern Utah and Arizona. In the opinion of some experts this remarkable discovery is of greater importance than was that of petroleum in Pennsylvania. Mineral was found in European countries, but only in small quantities. In the localities above named the deposits are said to be twenty feet thick, and to extend over many square miles.

Self-made men have generally a great deal to say in praise of their architects.

An old man, owned by a family in East Whitehall, entered the kitchen during the absence of the servant girl and ate up all the pancake batter, and now the family say that they "don't like their batter-in-man."—*Whitehall Times*.

The baby-carriage is condemned by the Berlin physicians in cases where the little ones sit facing their nurses and are pushed backward. The natural desire of the eye is to draw nearer to what it sees, and the practice of reversing this normal order of things and causing surrounding objects to recede is liable to affect injuriously the development of both sight and brain.

Talmage's smile would make a good cover for a circus tent.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A palmtalking artist delivers himself of the following concerning a popular painting: "The artist has attempted the difficult task of foregrounding the body of Mayfield, on a background in oblique perspective, and the result is not wholly successful." We should suppose not—why do men undertake such foolhardy enterprises?

A WINTER MORNING.

The snow-drifts pile the window-ledge,
The frost is keen, the air is still;
The lane that lies below the hill
Is drifted even with the ledge;
Gray skies, and dark trees shaken bare,
Blue smoke that rises straight in air—
And down the west a yellow glare
Is driven like a wedge.

—*Frank Taylor, in Midwinter Scribner.*

Drawing a moral from a flying insect horror familiar to the schoolboy, a paragraphist says: "It is never too late to mend. Even the Devil has his Darning-Needle."

In Russia there is a religious sect called the "Helpers." "Their teaching is that they should live by stealing and getting into debt." A similar society exists in this country, too; but they are not called "Helpers." They are called Editors.—*Figaro*.

Another defalcation in Massachusetts. This time at Easthampton, \$12,000 the amount. The defaulter is Moses H. Leonard. He is a deacon in the Payson Congregational church. Had he been a Spiritualist instead of a Congregationalist, what a noise the church organs would have made over the event! But with Bro. Leonard it was only a "financial irregularity."

"New departures" are very like the snow;
They often come, and yet as quickly go—
To "Dave Jones's locker."

A late attaché of a Philadelphia theatre bequeathed his head to the house to be used as the skull in "Hamlet," and yet there are people who deny that the American stage is getting ahead.—*New York Herald*.

In Russia the dreaded plague has at last made its appearance at Wyszakowsky, a town near Moscow. The accounts from the infected districts are very distressing. People are dying like rotten sheep, and business is at a perfect standstill. The means for medical and sanitary relief are extremely limited and imperfect, and the suffering is heartrending. A frightful sickness has broken out among the Russian troops at Adrianople, and reports say this is also the plague. The excitement amounting almost to a panic among neighboring nationalities is hourly on the increase. No one can read of the awful ravages of this Russian plague without a shock to his sensibilities. Only five out of a hundred of those attacked survive. What would Boston people say if their streets were filled with the dead, four hundred corpses in a single street, and with no knowledge even whence relief could be obtained?

A Protestant Premier at the head of the government of Catholic France, and a Jew Premier holds the helm of Protestant England. As Galileo observed: "The world does move."

"Do you think," writes a young student of human economy, "do you think the human race is decaying?" Not at all, not at all. Part of it is not decaying because it is yet alive, and the portion of it that is dead, doesn't decay because the medical student don't give it a chance. Oh, no, the human race was never, in all its history, so well protected against decay as at present. Be thankful that you live in an age when the grave has been so short of its power that it can't hold a man so long as a sieve would hold a spoonful of quicksilver."

THE DEATHS OF OLD PEOPLE.—It has been calculated that about one death in each nine thousand of human beings may be regarded as in every occasion and feature of it strictly a natural death, coming not from any disease, or shock, or change, or critical experience, but from the ripening, maturing and consummation of all the natural processes which minister to and terminate life. When one dies this natural death, it is as when ripened fruit, without a worm in it, and with no shaking of the tree, falls to the ground. It is because it is ripe.

Blessed is the healthy nature. In the harmonious adjustment and play of all the faculties, the just balance of oneself gives just feeling toward all men and all things. Glad light from within radiates outward, and enlightens and embellishes.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

A heart that ever overflows
With love for all its kind,
And pitying weak humanity,
To errors oft is blind;
A hand that in the cause of right
Is lifted, not for greed—
These two, combined with a clear head,
Make just the men we need.

E. P. Goodrich, M. D., Boston, writes as follows to Edwin D. Babblitt, D. M., author of "The Principles of Light and Color":

"I think your work one of the greatest and most valuable of this century. So far as I know, you occupy the field alone. All nature is done and mankind here before have tried to explain the visible or material side."

It is perfectly safe to have any men owe you a grudge, for they never pay anything.

The "God-in-the-Constitution" lunatics are at it again.—*The Chicago Alliance*.

HABE INGRATITUDE.

When dormant snakes are warned to active life, They feed on grub made from domestic strife, And as they crawl, and crawl, and hiss, and sing, Those who have warned them they will often sting.

A north-end boy has a dog named Penn. He might be called a "quintine" animal, as he manufactures enough Peruvian bark to cure all the ague in the country.

The Hawkeye must have been studying the Bible, as it reports from the four corners of the globe. Nowhere else can we learn that the globe has any corners.—*Santa Barbara Independent*.

A Cape Town (So. Africa) despatch states that on the 21st ult. a British column, consisting of a portion of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, a battery of artillery and 600 native auxiliaries, was utterly annihilated near the Tugela river by 20,000 Zulus, who captured a valuable convoy of 102 wagons, 1000 oxen, 2 cannon, 400 shot and shell, 1000 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, 60,000 pounds weight of provisions and the colors of the Twenty-fourth Regiment. It is estimated that 5000 Zulus were killed and wounded in the battle. Fifty English officers were killed. Several attacks made subsequent to the 21st were repulsed by the British, but they were finally compelled to withdraw their forces across the border, and wait reinforcements before again taking the offensive.

There is a land where every child is thrilling,
With rapture every pulse may not know;
Where sweet repose the storm-tossed heart is stilling,
And harmonies celestial ever flow.

The following explanation of a legal term is offered by a Teutonic member of the police force: "Ven I git me out a habes corpus, I can cluust so vell catch a man where he aint as where he is."

About "Departures."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
There is considerable stir in our ranks over what may be called "departures." Herbert Spencer's law of evolution from homogeneity to heterogeneity is in fullest force. A process of sifting and sorting has begun. What is of the spirit remains; what is of man departs. *Non voyage*.

We are yet living in an age of heroes. The sacrifice of self for the good of the whole, is still a living principle. All honors to this ancient and modern virtue! The "departures" are not from the unfolding life, but the rarer spiritual vestment of our late brother, Andrew Jackson Davis, seems a surprise to some good folk; it is not so to me. The act is in fullest harmony with his character—it is his sweetest inspiration. Again Christ suffers on the cross; again Socrates drains the fatal cup of henlock; again a man dies—figuratively speaking—that the truth may live.

It is painful to reflect that his fate has been forced on our late lamented brother—that the sacrifice is not of his own seeking—that his martyrdom was not a choice but a necessity. Oh, these friends of ours—what sins have they not to account for?

What man more unoffending than Andrew Jackson Davis? For years he labored to multiply books. It was almost his only source of enjoyment. He asked for none other, and was fully contented to die a book-maker.

It was an evil hour that brought him friends who imagined that they discovered a universal philosophy, a dispensation, a sort of Alpha and Omega, in his writings. They have given him no rest. Their enthusiasm has scaled his fate.

What could our late brother do? None knew better than he the delusion under which they were laboring. None has ever placed a lower estimate on his writings than our deceased brother himself—none has ever more deprecated leadership. But his friends would have it otherwise. In and out of season they have paraded him as the source of all truth—as the central sun of divine inspiration—as the foundation and the pinnacle of philosophy.

Hence this sad immolation! Wherefore this meekness of all men gave himself bravely for sacrifice! He died—again I speak figuratively—for the cause he most loved.

"I will set myself apart," quoth he, "and then these foolish friends of mine will see their mistake. I will separate myself from the spiritual, and they cannot fail to recognize that I am, as other men, of the earth earthy; that in myself there is nothing; that out of me and beside me and beyond me is everything. I will teach them that a single grain does not fill a bushel measure; that a drop does not make an ocean. The lesson that spirit is not man and man is not spirit must be taught over again—that progress halts not in time, and moves forever through eternity."

I will make candid confession that our figuratively deceased brother had little inspiration for me. It was not his fault but mine. Still, I always gave him a warm place in my heart for his pleasant ways, his unassuming manner, his genial soulfulness. But now I adore him. What he could not be to me living he is to me dead. I have added another saint to my calendar. Another Man-God has mounted to Olympus.

I wish it were in my power to hasten other "departures." My saint's calendar is yet open. On the heights of Olympus there is room and to spare. I suspect that others are waiting to go, if not already gone. There is a "high authority" deeded in the east-of-garments of aristocracy and majesty—sweet names to roll under one's tongue—busily engaged in purging English Spiritualism. When he is done I suspect he will find that the vomit has turned against him, and that it is himself who is cast out. I feel convinced that a chapter recounting something of this sort will in the near future figure among his "Unpublished Incidents." This individual is altogether too good for the company he conceals himself. Let none restrain him from making a "departure" at the earliest moment possible. I could extend this list, but will desist. The signs of "departures" are many, and those who run may read. Then what a tumbling there will be of "high authorities!" Let us be warned and stand firm.

Oh, these gnomes, who imagine that, as individuals, they are of any account in this world's cycling movement! Oh, this illusory egotism, that makes mountains of mole-hills! By all means let us have more sacrifices. The sooner the better. Let the deck be cleared for action. There is no room for puppets on the spiritual stage. Unselfish, individualized men are wanted. The spirit-world is one; we, too, must be one. There are no reserved seats in the amphitheatre of SPIRITUALISM, no private boxes, no lines of demarcation whatsoever. It includes all—the high, the low, the pure and impure, the king on his throne, the man on the galley—all are one in the sight of the spirit-world—all are brothers, wearily plodding along life's rough highway.

There are millions of bleeding feet to bind, there are millions of wounded hearts to heal. It is for these—above all for these—that Spiritualism is come. It spurs so-called "respectability," even as "respectability" denies its brother man. It is Christ come again, saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 17th, 1879.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SOLOMON FRY.

Mr. Solomon Fry was a pretty good man.

He believed in doing as he thought he could.

In living his life he was a righteous plan.

So he would if he could, and he would if he would.

But, somehow or other, things got askew.

He looked away at those that existed.

And thought that a brother to peace inclined.

Should be taken and shaken, and cuffed, and fisted.

So he pulled and he hauled,

And he leered and he jawed;

Busted and fustered,

His anguishes mustered,

Swore the true was the false, and the false was the true,

And the end of it all was, this Solomon Fry,
Got into a stew.

At length, one day, 'twas the seventeenth of June,

Something occurred that created a laugh—

Solomon found that the man he would hit,

Wouldn't hit back worth a cent-and-a-half.

So he thought and he sneezed,

Then he mused and he wheezed,

"Oh dear, I'm in a most pitiable plight!

What would a Kilkenny cat have done

If no other Kilkenny cat would fight?"

"Fought with itself," said a voice in the clouds.

And, though Solomon heard neither wisp nor groan,

He suddenly jumped to his feet, and cried,

"I'll battle it out, if I fight it alone!"

So, at it he went, he pummeled and pounded,

First up and then down like a rubber-ball bounded.

Got the worst every time, yet would never say die,

Till, at length, there was vacancy where he stood,

And that was the end of Solomon Fry. Jo Cosr.

New Publications.

WIDE AWAKE FOR FEBRUARY.—D. Lathrop & Co., publishers, 30 and 32 Franklin street, Boston—has for its frontispiece, "Kiss me, Katie." Among its chief attractions may be called, "Aunt Ruth's Valentine"; "Some Children's Books in Old Times," (which latter is a reproduction of specimens of the quaint illustrations which gladdened the eyes of our grandfathers, and even earlier generations); "The Dog-berry Bunch"; "Sunshine in Winter," and "Don Quixote, Jr." Too much praise cannot be awarded the installment (No. 2) of the new series, entitled, "Our American Artists." Albert F. Bellows is the subject this time, and a fine likeness of this gentleman, a picture of his studio, and an excellent representation of one of his paintings, entitled, "Stage Coaching in New England," are given. "The Story of English Literature for Young People" of the story of Alexander Pope and his friends, and is a worthy complement to a valuable collection of poems. The "Dox Department" merits close reading by all lovers of that faithful friend of humanity, music, poetry, etc., are afforded the "Wide Awake" patrons, and the little ones are not forgotten, "Planting a Pussy" appealing directly to their appreciation.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON for February—issued at Springfield, Mass.—has a story by James T. McKay for the

pioneer in its table of contents—the narration being accompanied by "Paper Roses," by Sarah O. Jewett, and "Katakuchi—The Avenger of Blood," by William Elliot Griffis, as short sketches. Among the essays may be enumerated "A Conventional Conscience," "What is Conscience?" "Ministers and Hosts," etc. A writer in its pages exhibits his hostilities by an attack on the Sunday newspapers, which to his parishioners mind exert an influence strongly conducive to the "Conventional Sunday," as he classifies the liberal following of which is getting to be so common now-a-days, and which is reprehensible saying of Jesus (if the bigots are correct in their enunciations) "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." The poetry, departments, etc., are of sustained interest.

GODLEY'S LADY'S BOOK—published by a company of the same name at 1006 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.—has a well-timed steel-plate picture, "St. Valentine's Day," as the initial number in its table of contents. A fine fashion plate colored, a succession of patterns, diagrams, hints as to dress, music, a Galop by Carl Paust, poetry, stories, "Fun for the Fireside," etc., etc., all up its well-printed pages. This magazine is well calculated to be indeed a "welcome guest" in every household.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—S. E. Wells & Co., publishers, 75 Broadway, New York, is received for February. Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada, receives biographical and other treatment; portraits and sketches of Bayard Taylor, the Marquis de Lorne, Princess Louise, etc., are also given. The departments are excellent, and "A Difference" bears within it a sound and healthy moral.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for February—published at 13 and 15 Light street, New York, by M. L. Holbrook, M. D.—has an interesting table of contents on the hygienic plane. Among the articles noticed is a sketch of Friedrich Ludwig Jahn, the father of modern German gymnastics. It also speaks a good word for "The Psycho-Physiological Sciences and their Aspects," which we shall reprint at no distant day.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART, issued by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, 56 Broadway, New York City, is a notable publication, and deserves the support of all lovers of good pictures, and pointed art criticism.

RECEIVED: THE SHAKER MANUSCRIPTS for February, United Monthly, G. A. Lomas, Editor. Published by the United Societies, at Shakers, N. Y.

YORK'S FLORAL GUIDE, James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.; one hundred pages and numerous illustrations.

THE definite contract first issued in 1877, by the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, under the Maine non-forfeiture law, has received a substantial endorsement by the Southern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Kentucky, which has recently adopted the plan of the Union Mutual, and will hereafter issue a similar policy to new insurers. The Southern Mutual is not a new company, but commenced business in 1850, and has nearly one million dollars assets, including a good surplus, and its action indicates that the efforts of President DeWitt to introduce a definite life insurance contract, touching the question of forfeiture, is meeting with the success it deserves, and its adoption by other companies shows that the well-considered and practical reform introduced by the Union Mutual was demanded by the insuring public, and is necessary to the continued success of the business of life insurance.

AYER & SON'S MANUAL contains more information of value to advertisers than any other publication. Sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents. Address N. W. Ayer & Son, Advertising Agents, Times Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

PARKER MEMORIAL HALL. Spiritualist meetings will be held at this hall, in Parker Memorial Hall, corner Appleton and Berkeley streets, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 17th, at 2 o'clock. The public are invited to attend free of charge. W. J. Colville will lecture during February. John Webster, Chairman. A. B. Barrett, Secretary.

INVESTIGATOR HALL, PAINE MEMORIAL BUILDING, APPLETON STREET. W. J. Colville will lecture during February. John Webster, Chairman. A. B. Barrett, Secretary.

PYTHIAN HALL. The People's Spiritual Meeting (Gospel) will be held at Pythian Hall, 126 Tremont street. Services every Sunday morning and afternoon. Good mediums and speakers always present.

EAGLE HALL. Spiritual Meetings for speaking and testing will be held at Eagle Hall, 100 Washington street, every Sunday, at 10 1/2, 11, and 12 1/2 P. M. Excellent quartette singing.

PARKER MEMORIAL PARLORS. The Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society will meet at this place, Parker Memorial Building, Berkeley, corner of Appleton street, every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. Mrs. John Wick, President. Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

ABOLITION HALL. Meetings are held in this hall, 100 Washington street, every Sunday evening, under direction of C. B. Marsh.

Amory Hall.—The threatening aspect of the weather did not prevent a full attendance at this place to-day. The question of the session was: "What is True Friendship?" The answers were well thought out, and the speakers here I would like to give a few thoughts suggested by it. We have a manifestation of it in the many kindly and gratuitous services rendered our Lyceum by its hosts of friends. To Prof. Fisher, of Cambridge Conservatory of Music, and his pupils, Miss Adams and Mr. Howlett, to Mr. Sullivan, Mrs. Upton, and others, we owe grateful acknowledgments for their repeated kindnesses. To the dear old *Banner of Light*, which has always spread its folds around us, and its courteous editor and proprietors, we owe a thousand thanks, for through its columns we are permitted to give sympathy to our friends, and our entertainments every week, thereby creating an interest we could not otherwise obtain, and through this means enlarging our audience and increasing our usefulness many fold. We cannot particularize, but desire every one who in any way contributes to our Lyceum, by talent or means, to feel that we fully appreciate this manifestation of unselfish friendship.

The exercises of the morning were as follows: Selection by orchestra, singing, responses and *Banner March*; remarks and farewell song (re-echoed), Mme. Upton; answers to question, "What is True Friendship?" song, Mr. Lyman; recitation, "The First Snowfall," Jennie Lathrop; "Be Kind," Jennie Smith; "My Old Man and Me," Alfie Peabody; "What is Love?" Charlie Lathrop; song by Mr. Charles Sullivan; recitation, "What was his Creed," Jennie Blackman; (encore), Miss Adams; and Mr. Howlett, accompanied on piano by Prof. Fisher, of Cambridge; reading, "Fold us in your Arms, Loved Angels," Helen M. Dill; song, "It might have been a Fanny," May Waters, Miss Florence Danforth; reading, "The Factory Girl," Harriet E. Collier; songs, "Sweet Spirit," Henry Dwyer; "Mr. Howlett," "O'er the Distant Mountains," Miss Adams; Wing movements led by Mr. Ford; closing with the Target March.

Wm. D. Rockwood, Cor. Sec.

Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Boston, Feb. 9th, 1879.

Pythian Hall.—The announcement of a conference for development called out quite an increase of attendance at this hall last Sunday. The morning meeting was opened by the reading of the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians, "concerning spiritual gifts," with comments thereon by the manager of the meetings, and invocation and remarks by Dr. Charles Court. A very interesting conference was then kept up until some time past the usual hour for closing, by Messrs. Crowell, Norris, Hall, Downs, Ricker, Hylague, Plummer and Crocker.

In the afternoon (the test medium) admitted failing to keep her engagement Dr. Court kindly consented to take the platform and allow him to self to be used as mouthpiece for the invisibles, and gave an excellent trance address upon "Progression," choosing as a text the passage of Scripture which speaks of "Jesus preaching to spirits in prison." It was listened to with strict attention, and was evidently enjoyed by all present.

These conferences for development of speaking mediums will be continued each Sunday morning and afternoon in the above hall, with some variations for lectures or tests, as circumstances may favor.

Charlestown District—Abbotsford Hall.—Sunday evening, Feb. 9th, an interesting meeting was held at this place. The exercises commenced by singing by the choir, after which

Mrs. E. M. Hickok made a few very appropriate remarks. After another song Mrs. M. C. Bagley, test-medium, occupied nearly one hour in speaking and giving tests, which services were pleasing to all. The speaker for medium for next Sunday evening, Feb. 16th, will be announced in the Saturday and Sunday papers. C. R. M.

Blindness Cured.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Jan. 20th, 1879.
DR. STONE—Dear Sir: For your encouragement and the benefit of persons suffering as I have, I wish to make the following statement: All my life I have suffered from a scrofulous affection, which at times has caused me great suffering, and which all ordinary remedies failed to cure. In August, 1877, I grew rapidly worse until I was incapacitated, and from intense suffering in my head I was considered on the verge of insanity, and finally lost the sight of my right eye and was in a fair way to lose the other from the effects of the disease. I had intense pain in the chest and a hacking cough. It seemed evident that my lungs were also attacked. I consulted a prominent oculist, who, after careful examination of my eye, decided that the optic nerve was dead, and nothing could be done for it. I afterwards doctored with two different physicians, whose remedies failed to give me any permanent relief, and when in September last I consulted you I was in a most helpless—indeed hopeless—condition. On the strength of your encouragement I commenced taking the condensed air treatment. In three weeks I had regained my eyesight—proving, I think, that the optic nerve, instead of being dead, was under pressure of accumulated matter, which, being absorbed by the treatment, relieved it, and sight was naturally restored. I can now thread a fine needle with that eye alone. My whole system has been thoroughly made over, and I am enjoying a degree of health that is surprising to myself and all my friends, who thought so short a time ago that my days were few. I cannot find words to express the gratitude I feel to God, the bestower of all blessings, who has through your wonderful air cure restored to me my precious eyesight and almost robust health.

I wish further to state that I ceased taking the medicine only the day before I commenced taking the air treatments, since which time no more of the medicine has been needed. My lips, nose, ears, and throat are all clear, and I am a resident of Rochester all my life, and can be easily found by those who wish further proof of what I have written.

MARY G. WOOSTER.
50 Goodman street.

This treatment is being successfully practiced at 104 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, N. Y. Send for circular.

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