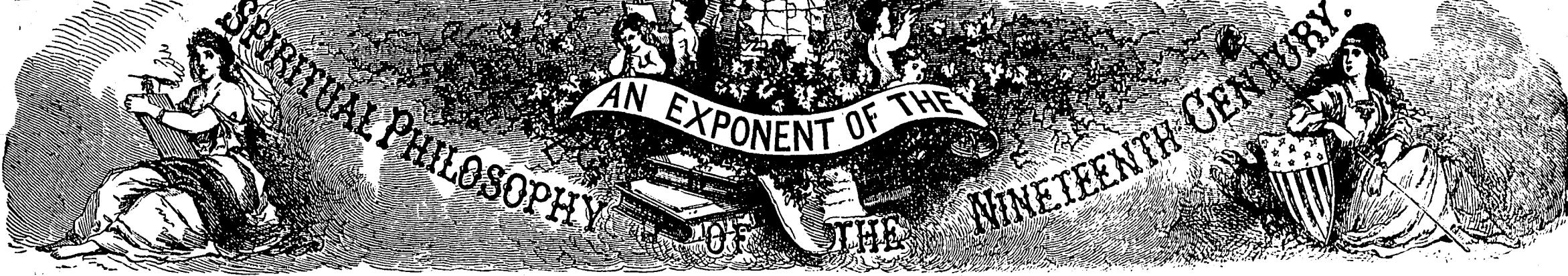


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The Anniversary.

THE CHILDREN'S LYCEUM;
An Address and Poem Delivered by the Spirit
Guide of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
in Chicago, Ill., March 30th.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by A. M. Griffin.)

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of Chicago, under the conduct of Miss S. Jeanette Bushnell, took part with the First Society of Spiritualists of this city, in the services given at the Third Unitarian Church, Sunday morning, March 30th, 1879. The occasion was the commemoration of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. The central portion of the church was occupied by the "groups" of children and their teachers; and the usual exercises, especially the "words of wisdom" by the members of the Lyceum, engaged the close attention of the audience. The subjoined address by the controlling influences of Mrs. Richmond was listened to with much interest:

THE ADDRESS.

"Except ye become as little children ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."
"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In these words of Jesus we discern that all humanity must become in the state of childhood. I do not mean by this the lack of knowledge or wisdom; for have not your little ones sometimes a more direct knowledge than you? Do they not speak the truth when you falter? Do they not sometimes arrive at direct principles when with all your reasoning you fail?

The innocence, the integrity, the clear-sightedness and single-heartedness of childhood is the condition of the kingdom of heaven; and that being the kingdom that is within you, it is quite clear that no one can have a state of happiness unless there is a state of childish innocence and truthfulness.

We are here to-day, children of smaller and larger growth, to commemorate the advent of this beautiful philosophy into the world. One of the greatest blessings that it has brought to humanity is a consciousness that all human beings are measurably in their childhood state on earth, and may pass to higher degrees of wisdom in spiritual life. If anything were needed to make the spiritual philosophy and religion complete, it was this very appeal to the hearts and minds of the little ones.

To-day we desire to call your attention to this system of education, of improvement, of unfoldment, as being superior to any other. In the first place, spiritual power and the intercommunion of the two worlds inculcates a system of unfoldment instead of enforcement. That unfoldment is natural; it is like the growth of these flowers that you perceive around us here to-day.

The basis of spiritual teaching is not that man is prone to do evil, and that all children are born in sin, but that the spirit is prone to do good if it has an opportunity; and the reason that there are any bad people in the world is because there are not favorable opportunities for expressing the good that is within them. It is a system of growth instead of oppression, of encouragement instead of terror, of development, instead of being forced into the direction of righteousness by fear, terror, arbitrary punishment, or other rule of the supposed Infinite.

To teach children that they have a spirit in the beginning of life, that that spirit is all there is of them, really, that it pervades their minds and hearts, and is the immortal principle; to teach them that it is that which shall live forever; that immortality is not something to be attained, but something which they naturally possess; that they grow and unfold in the immortal kingdom, a portion of which is the earthly life, and to have this so natural that death and all its accompaniments shall not be filled with terror, but with joy, is the sublime method of this system of instruction. It also teaches that the uses of life include all that belongs to their spiritual and moral natures, and that education is valueless unless it is accompanied by the same ingenious spirit, the same candor, the same truthfulness that childhood possesses. We would that this thought could take utter possession of your minds; that not only you would come here from Sabbath to Sabbath to listen to teachings from the spirit-world, but that you would come here as participants in the great religious thought that this power involves; that you would send your children, or accompany them, which would be still better, to take part

in the exercises, exercises that must touch the heart, that must stimulate within the minds of little and large, of old and young alike, the best endeavors of human existence.

Another advantage of this system of thought is that it inculcates the lesson that in spirit-life all teaching is the direct result of growth, and that symbolism, or the use of symbols, is one of the favorite methods. In spiritual life, as it should be in these groups, every group has a corresponding color to the name, significant of the degree of unfoldment and growth, delicate tints that resemble the thoughts of childhood not yet fully expressed. So we should have in a properly arranged Fountain Group a picture of a fountain upon the standard, with delicate tints like pearl around. The standard of the Stream Group should also be symbolic, and the various colors from blue to rose, from rose to yellow, should merge until the last group should be expressive of the highest wisdom, which would be the color of the sunlight. Tracing these colors to their legitimate source we see that red, yellow and blue are the primal colors. They are the primal colors because they represent the basis of life. Every combination of these primal colors would be a combination in wisdom. The red is the combination of earthly Love and Power; the yellow is the combination of earthly Knowledge and Wisdom; the blue is perfect Truth. Now, all shades intervening between these, such as violet, mauve, lilac, delicate purple, represent the different shades of thought, and those thoughts are symbolized in spirit-life by the atmosphere around. So that all spirits, whether in spiritual or earthly existence, have the emblems of their spiritual states surrounding them. When I see a little child around whom is a light of white tinted with rose color, I know that child is pure, and I know that child is loving. When I see another with white delicately tinted with blue, I know that child is pure; I know that child is wise. When I see one with white tinted with yellow, I know that child is pure, and has unusual knowledge for the years. When I see one with variously blending hues of white tinted with a rainbow edge, representing the various colors, I know that child has gifts in many directions.

So that every attribute of the mind is mirrored upon the atmosphere, and could you see one another as spirits see you, as your guardian angels see you, you would discern that every little thought which you possess goes vibrating through this aura that surrounds you, and makes a bright or a dark shade upon it according to the nature of the thought. If the little friends will take note, (and there is no objection to the larger ones) they will discover that if they have a thought of anger it disturbs this beautiful atmosphere, and through the white light, and through the red, or yellow, or blue, there is a shade of darkness, just as though on a bright summer day you had on a beautiful white robe and should stain it with something that soiled your hands, and then you would say, "Oh, mamma, my dress is soiled!" So this atmosphere becomes soiled by the anger or the falsehood, or any other thought that is unworthy of truth, and the aura around you then becomes shaded by it; but the tears that gather in the little eyes wash away the shadow, just as the beautiful rain descends to earth to wash the soiled white garments, and make them clean.

Little hearts are prone to repentance more than larger ones. Sometimes the larger hearts shed tears when the eyes do not, and these tears are noted, and take effect in purifying the spiritual atmosphere. There may be those in your midst, or those with whom you come in contact, whom you consider naughty, who have shadows all around them, but you must remember that these probably have had no lessons like yourself. They do not know that the spirit is white and clean within, and that it is their business and their duty to keep it clean. You must help them to find it, help them to find the fountain of tears that washes away the stains; help them to find the fountain of love that washes away hatred; help them to find the fountain of truth that washes away the error, and they too will become happy and blessed as you are.

In spirit-life a fountain symbolizes the sources of knowledge, and it also signifies that which may make something clean. Little children minister by the fountains, and when spirits come from earthly life who have had sorrow or misfortune, or who have sinned, these little children stand by the fountains in spirit-life, and gather waters, and sprinkle them over the forms of those who are shadowed, until they grow bright, accompanying this action with words of loving kindness. If you pass into the Lyceum in spirit-life, in the various outermost circles you will find these little children busy at their fountains. You would think them at first playing, but play is work also. By great activity they attend to those who are brought from earthly life, those little children, maybe, who had no home upon earth, and no one to care for them, no one to brush the stains away from their spirits, or to wash their faces and keep them clean—these spirit children gather around the fountains, and wash the children's faces until they grow bright and shine like their own. Then they kiss them over and over again, until there is no shadow or stain left upon them, and they become also messengers like the spirit children.

Each one of you little ones in the Fountain and Stream Groups can also be messengers. If you see a little child on the street who is hungry and weary, or with face stained, you say, "Come home to my fountain and I will have your face washed and we will love you, and that will make you well and clean and happy." Bring them into the Fountain Group and they also will learn to do good and be loving and happy as you are. Then as you pass on, the river and lake are

symbolized in spirit-life by children of larger growth; and on the lakes in spirit-scenery, set around with beautiful hills and verdant fields, you will see children sporting in boats made of such light substances that you would imagine they could not hold their weight—boats like pearl, or rainbows, or like the moon of these fine evenings when her horns make an exact canoe—you will see them sporting there and wonder what they are doing. They also are performing works of love, for other children receive into spirit-life are taken to the bank of the river or lake and are washed until they are made clean. The river is of love, and its waters do not chill, but they make clean and glad and pure; and then when they are bathed they are robed in a garment of whiteness. This garment is fashioned by these spirit messengers and made of their thoughts, woven of flowers and sunbeams and such other substances as spirits can use.

Further on, the sea and the ocean expand. They represent broader thoughts and wider range of vision, until the soul is really launched in the voyage of eternity. Here are larger sails, and ships, and these are freighted with the thoughts of those that come and go. As ships that pass on earth from land to land, bearing messages, bearing cargoes of spices and silks and treasures, so these spiritual ships pass to and fro from the different spheres or to earth, bearing the messages of wisdom, bearing the cargoes of flowers, bearing the souls over into the land of spirit-life. And the shore is also a symbol of spiritual existence. After the voyage, after the sea of knowledge is passed, then the shore of safety, then the spirit-life is attained; and in some beautiful harbor of that bright land the Golden Shore waits for those who are coming. With children, maidens and youths who have passed from earthly life, waiting to receive them, how many of those in middle age here are looking forward with longing eyes to meet their children there—now no longer babes as when they left you, but grown to youth and maidenhood in that fair land? These wait for you on this shore and form the Shore Group that shall greet you when you come, while all along on the different heights that overarch this shore are seen their waving banners of thought.

The Banner represents the standard, the symbol, the expression of truth, of work, of progress; and those who bear the banners in spirit-life are the standard workers in their sphere; they are those who go before piloting the spirit to the world unseen; they are those who pass on and say, "Here is a higher height"; and as in the picture and favorite poem Excelsior, they are those who seek the higher points of truth, and pass those truths to those who are beneath them.

Star is a symbol of light and wisdom and advancement, and this is perfect in its expression. There are those in spirit-life who are like stars, who shine out from their abodes as an expression of wisdom and love; and these beam upon you from their spiritual home in representation of their degree, beam upon you as light beams to the mariner when, far out on the ocean, he seeks to discern the beacon that represents the shore near his home; and each one may become a star in degree, revealing the light of the spiritual kingdom. So we might pass on through the whole groupings; but we have given you sufficient to show that every one is a symbol, until you come to the very source that represents the loftiest splendor of spiritual growth; then even beyond this are spiritual states, each one more and more glorious until you arrive at the pure white light of absolute truth, whose beaming rays are reflected from thousands of such groups as we have pictured. The white is the central, and around this are ranged all groupings and multitudes of groupings, until at last in pure freedom of worship, in utter liberty of conscience, in the abiding light of that which is true, the spirit, after passing through its stages of progression, is ready to enter the celestial kingdom, where again the angels are waiting to receive it to higher states of life.

Surely this is but a glimpse; and yet no flower unfolds, no tree yields its verdure in the summer time, no blade of grass appears, no mountain towers high in the air, and no cloud floats across the summer skies that is not vocal with a lesson to your minds, that you may not make illustrative of these sublime teachings to the little ones of your household and to your own souls.

I would that you were all members of the Lyceum. I would that you would all take your places by the side of the children and learn as they do, lessons of wisdom, lessons of love, freighted as they come from the lips of childhood, oftentimes from inspired utterances, from words and works that abide in history wherein these storied treasures are found; from those golden chains that unite you to every age and make all truth a revelation, and all inspiration the word of God; from the lips of flowers, teaching the lessons of wisdom; from the voices of the stars, gaining strength and power; from the mountain heights the lesson of progress; from the eternal heavens the lesson of liberty and knowledge, until at last all are linked together in the golden chains of spiritual life.

Mingling above your heads at this hour, the children of the invisible realm are congregated. In the center is the conductor; around these are arranged the groups. The outermost groups are the fountains, and they pass toward the center, which is the representative of truth. They perform their evolutions and their recitations, until the air is filled with their thoughts, and these arch over them like rainbows, until above you is not the vacant air, but a rare pavilion formed of these little ones' flowers and words of love, until the center is at last a pure pavilion of white lilies, forming a grand dome that leads up to the heaven of stars, and round and round

in circles of ever-living light are congregated the little ones, until this white pavilion and all this circle above you form a pyramid of flowers that blossom in the garden of God so rare and choice, that all have voices to sing, and all have hearts to pray, and all have hands to work; and these are of the kingdom of heaven.

At the close of the address, Mrs. Richmond's controlling intelligence invited the children of the Lyceum to propose subjects for an impromptu poem. "The Lyceum," "Little Children," "What is Truth?" and "Words of Love," were accordingly proposed by the little ones, and woven into verse by the lady speaker in the following poem:

God bless the Lyceum evermore!
It is a link 'twixt earth and heaven;
God bless the eyes that, seeing, gave
To earth this light by angels given!
God bless the hearts and hands who toil
Even for the little children's sake,
That out of earth and its turmoil
A loftier purpose may awake!
God bless that truth that brightly shines
Within the attributes of heaven,
'Neath whose blessed anthem, by whose rays
The clouds of error, swiftly driven,
Part, and the sky revealed o'erhead
Shows where the angels softly tread!
What words of love are breathed more clear
Than little voices we have heard,
Like sounds upon the atmosphere
Sweeter than any spring-time bird
That fills the air with warbling clear
Until it reaches life's bright sphere?
These are the words of love I give:
Each child is precious unto me—
As precious as the flowers that live,
More dear than pearls beneath the sea,
More bright than stars that shine above
And light the way where angels move.
Truth shines upon you not afar,
But from within your own blessed souls,
And brighter than your polar star,
Or than the sun are its controls.
And vaster than the orb'd spheres
That move throughout unending years.
I see the groups in yonder world:
I see a consoling sphere;
How glorious banners are unfurled,
How gorgeous still from year to year,
Its words unfold in deeds that live,
And unto man's bliss tokens give.
Oh, little children, for the sake
Of those who love in heaven and earth,
Of all blessed actions here partake,
Until you breathe that higher birth!
Oh, larger children, though demands
Of outward form may bind you here,
Obey the blessed, divine commands
And seek the little children's sphere:
Come unto them and learn with them—
Come unto Truth and learn her light;
Touch but her glorious garment's hem,
And she's revealed unto your sight.
God bless the Lyceum evermore—
The children and the leaders dear,
Those who conduct and by whose words
Wisdom and truth become more clear!
God bless each heart and hand that strives,
In loving actions here below,
To form the Lyceum that survives
In spheres above; and ye shall know
That grander Lyceum on that shore
Where Truth endures forevermore!

Anniversary Celebration in Brooklyn, N. Y.—Morning, Afternoon and Evening Exercises—Phenomenal Spiritualism, etc., etc.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The Thirty-First Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated by the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society, on Sunday, March 30th, by exercises especially appropriate for the occasion. The morning was devoted to Lyceum exercises—the Lyceum also participating with the Society in the afternoon celebration. In fact our anniversary celebration began on Friday evening at the Eastern District Conference. But that my report may not make too large a demand on the columns of the *Banner of Light*, I will confine it within the limits of the Sunday celebration.

The large Institute Hall was profusely and artistically decorated with flags and Lyceum banners, and there were generous contributions of floral offerings on the rostrum. The opening exercises consisted in the singing by the Lyceum children—the large audience joining—of the following stirring stanzas written by C. Fannie Allen:

HOLD OUR FLAG.
Lyceum members, see our banner,
With its colors clear,
Let us join in glad hosannas
That its light is here.
Chorus—Hold our flag in stately glory!
Angels bending nigh,
Sing with us the sacred story,
Love can never die.
Through the waves of doubt and error,
We have made our way
Till beyond the reign of terror
We can sing to-day.
Chorus—Hold our flag, etc.
Though the way is sometimes cheerless,
Yet the sun shall shine;
Truth comes forward, strong and fearless,
Making life divine.
Chorus—Hold our flag, etc.
Hold the flag, the Lyceum's marching,
Hear our mottoed song:
Onward, onward, never falter,
Right shall conquer wrong.
Chorus—Hold our flag, etc.
Onward, till beyond death's river,
Free in life we stand;
Joining with the angels ever
In their Lyceum band.
Chorus—Hold our flag, etc.

Mr. Charles R. Miller then said that though the hour and the occasion would justify, and might seem to demand from the President of the society something in the shape of an annual address, he would content himself, in view of the number and ability of the speakers whom the Committee of Arrangements had provided for both the afternoon and evening sessions, with very brief introductory remarks. Another year has added its record—its glorious record—

to the triumphs of Modern Spiritualism. Never in recorded history had any new religion or any reform movement made such giant strides, such mighty progress. In the brief period of which this day was the Thirty-First Anniversary, Trifling and insignificant as the raps seemed to be when spirit intelligence first made known their presence at the Hydesville farmhouse, the home of the Fox family, that event goes down into history as marking the decay and disintegration of old institutions, and the dawning of a new dispensation. Our annual celebrations are the milestones of history. See how rapidly we are making history! and what great achievements have marked the progress of our cause, and what grand events have clustered around the stainless banner of Modern Spiritualism. On the 21st of March, 1848, communication was established—orderly, methodical, intelligent and responsive communication—between the two worlds, the world of spirit and the world of matter, the world of causes and the world of effects, the world of intelligence and the world of objective realities through which this interior spiritual or life-principle manifests itself.

In an address delivered by Prof. J. R. Buchanan before the Brooklyn Spiritualist Society, by whom the first anniversary celebration was given, he gave a summary of the great achievements of Modern Spiritualism. Knowing this summary to be entirely accurate, and as it comes to us under the authority of a great name, I will quote from Prof. Buchanan's *Evolution of Mind*: "Psychometry has been in public progress thirty-six years. Hands have been materialized, and when grasped by the living have melted into air; human forms have appeared in all the perfection of life, walked and talked with their friends and vanished; messages have been written on the inside of locked doors, and persons have been lifted in the same manner; musical instruments in full view have been played on by unseen hands, and voices proceeding from vacuum conversed in an interesting and instructive and most satisfactory manner; hands have suddenly appeared on a table and written messages in full view, then faded away; substances have been created and left with those to whom they were given; alarming noises have been produced for many weeks, and houses have been shaken as by an earthquake; mechanics and others, without knowledge of art, have been changed into skilled artists and have painted pictures of the dead whom they have never seen, blindfolded in the dark or blindfolded in the light.

"The medium of spirit-power has painted pictures with artistic skill and effect, and graceful combinations of color, such as no trained artist could have produced in the same manner. All the powers of matter have yielded to the spirit-power which makes and unmakes it, and thus proves that not matter but spirit is the Lord of the universe. What a wealth of demonstration have we had profusely poured out! Human minds have been inspired and spirit voices have sung with supernatural sweetness in languages they never knew, to speak of future events in prophecy—the life, the hopes, the wishes and the advice of our sainted loved ones in the spirit-world—to discuss matters of science and philosophy with a profound knowledge never derived from books, and to discuss the sciences of poetry, beautiful and lofty as if from the great masters of the lyre, a living miracle of intellectual power which all the colleges of Europe and America combined might strive in vain to equal. Would the poet laureate of England, would Longfellow, Whittier, or any living poet, dare to compete in improvisation with such a woman of limited education whose lips are used by the immortals?"

In listening to or reading Prof. Buchanan's summary of the triumphs of Modern Spiritualism in this, its childhood period, all will realize that the picture is drawn with a master hand, and Spiritualism has at last found a historian worthy of the great cause and the banner so transcendent. I will add another item to the list of its great achievements, and that is the conquest that Modern Spiritualism has won over such great intellects—thoroughly trained and disciplined minds—as Alfred R. Wallace in England, and J. R. Buchanan in America. In this connection I speak of a class of scientists of which Buchanan and Wallace are only representative names—men whose adherence to and championship of the cause of Spiritualism are incidents and events, the importance and significance of which cannot be overestimated.

In welcoming this anniversary to our Thirty-First Anniversary—the celebration of the greatest event in human history—my duty would only be half performed if I did not also welcome the angel hosts, the invisible intelligences who are here in great numbers, to enjoy and participate in these anniversary exercises. On the spirit side of this celebration, there will be an intensity of devotion and delight which we mortals, on account of our fleshly limitations, cannot share or fully realize. Borrowing the language with which to greet our angel-guests, I say to them:

"Welcome, angels, pure and bright,
Children of the living light.
Welcome to our earth, our earth,
Children of the glorious birth.
Oh, we joy to feel you near,
Spirits of the loved and dear,
Chains of love around us twine,
Gems of beauty, all divine."

Directly following the chairman's remarks, "The Child of the Cloud" was sung by the Howard sisters, to the great delight of the audience.

The regular speakers, Dr. W. H. Atkinson and Mrs. Helen M. Slocum, both of New York City, and Capt. H. H. Brown, were invited, and took seats on the platform.

Capt. David, the able and efficient conductor of the Children's Lyceum, interrogated the children with many questions on a great variety of subjects. This proved to be not only an interesting but an important part of the afternoon exercises. The questions and answers had been previously prepared, and as they embodied much knowledge, and evidenced a high order of intelligence, the audience manifested their satisfaction and keen appreciation by frequent and hearty applause.

The singing, which was under the direction of Mrs. Dr. A. E. Cooley, was of a superior order, reflecting the greatest credit on Dr. Cooley and her assistants. Mrs. Cooley was assisted by her daughter, Mrs. Clara Allen, an accomplished vocalist, Capt. Vandercor, Mr. Green, and others.

In introducing the first speaker the Chairman said the Committee of Arrangements had tendered an invitation to Dr. W. H. Atkinson, because he was so well and so favorably known to the Spiritualists of Brooklyn, and also for the reason that on anniversary day there was especial significance in calling to our platform
[Continued on eighth page.]

Foreign Correspondence.

ECHOES FROM ENGLAND.

NUMBER NINETEEN.

BY J. J. MOORE.

English, Irish and Foreign Correspondent of the Banner of Light.

At the time of writing this Mr. J. Tyerman, of Australia, is in London. He has been speaking at Doughty Hall. Mr. Tyerman's abilities are of no mean order, and added thereto, the fact that "for conscience sake" he came out of the Church and dared to be free from its spiritual restraints, these two circumstances have been sufficient to insure him a hearty welcome. The London *Free Press* and *Daily News* has a portrait of our brother in its issue of March 7th, which is a very correct and striking likeness. Mr. Tyerman speaks most enthusiastically of his experiences in America, and especially of the fraternal courtesy of the editor and staff of the *Banner of Light*. It is a matter of regret that his stay in our midst terminates so soon, as by the time these lines are in the hands of your readers Mr. T. will have sailed for his distant home.

A new book has just been issued, "M. A." Over its author, Mr. W. H. Harrison its publisher. Anything that "M. A." writes is always worthy of attentive perusal, and his new work, entitled "Spirit Identity," is no exception. The student who desires to search out the evidences of spirit action, the Spiritualist who may wish to fortify himself with further facts, the skeptic who really cares to weigh our evidence, each is appealed to, and all may find interesting matter in this volume. It is clearly printed, nicely bound, and uniform in size and price with the author's previous work, "Psychography."

The *Psychological Review* is to appear monthly on and after April 1st, and is to be reduced in price from thirty cents to twelve cents per copy, English price. It will no doubt do even better than it has done. The change in price and its more frequent issue are moves in the right direction. That old and much-liked monthly, "Human Nature," having ceased to exist, the new monthly will have an open field to grow and flourish in. Mr. William White will still continue his labors as editor for a season at least.

The fortnightly discussion meetings, at the rooms of the B. N. A. S., still continue to attract and interest steadily companies. By the way, Miss Burke is now the Secretary, *vice* Miss Kishlingbury, resigned.

The Sunday services at Doughty Hall, Quebec Hall and Cavendish Rooms continue to be held, supported by their several patrons, and each fulfill an important duty. The "Lycium" at the last named place appears to be meeting a want of that kind that has long existed.

Mr. C. E. Williams is still doing very well, and his sermons are more conclusive and convincing than ever. Dr. F. W. Monck is still very ill, and is away upon the Continent. Mr. J. Burns has just recovered from a severe illness. And if nothing particularly startling is transpiring in London just now, at least each worker is at the post of duty, and all are doing their best to help forward the common cause.

In the Province, spiritualism manifests a degree of activity and energy that is sadly disconcerting to our opponents, and puts to flight their industriously-accumulated *charges* concerning the decline and impending death of our cause. Mediums abound in private families, and the voice of the spirit is heard on all sides. By a cultivation of mediumship and a judicious exhibition of resultant phenomena the work is helped forward most materially. It is ever a source of satisfaction to reflect upon that we may have taken part in the development of any of our media that are now doing common service in our ranks. Our mediums, God bless them, have talents enough to encounter struggles without end. Poor souls! they need all the sympathy they can get, and earn all the paltry copper they obtain. In the north of England Mrs. Melton—*nee* Fairbank—has been long and favorably known as a physical medium of no mean powers. She was at one time medium in attendance at the society of her native town, Newcastle-on-Tyne, but latterly has been pursuing her vocation independently. Her friends speak very warmly in her praise as a medium, and on many occasions the writer has witnessed excellent phenomena in her presence. The two young ladies, the Misses Fairbank and Wood, have done more to bring conviction to the minds of hundreds in the north of England—especially in the Durham and Northumberland districts—than many are aware of. And those friends of theirs, who stood by them in the days of their developing, must indeed rejoice at the bountiful harvest that has been sown and reaped. By the way, Miss Wood has entered into a contract with the "Spiritual Evidence Society" of the above town, by which she gives her services to that body exclusively for three months. The phenomena obtained through her mediumship continue as satisfactory as ever.

The writer has just concluded his third annual engagement with the above society, and has been reengaged for another term of twelve months. If crowded audiences and enthusiastic praises are any test of the worth of the work of his spirit controls, then indeed its value is very great.

Since my last a series of lectures have been given in West Hartlepool by Mr. Burns, and a sort of debate took place at the close. But as abuse and misrepresentation constituted a large share of our opponent's arguments, but little real good resulted, unless it be the demonstration of the fact that being a minister is no warrant for a man behaving as a gentleman. Mr. Burns also held another debate at Bishop Auckland, sustaining his cause with dignity and success.

Seeclemen are, as a rule, credited with being "canny folk," but for once the shrewd Scot has been beautifully sold. That clever young "saver" of the Old South has been "at it again" in Glasgow, and, considering the avowed object of his charitable (?) intentions was a hospital, nothing that can be said is too strong concerning his action.

It must be a supreme consolation to Mr. B.'s friends and employers in America to discover how impartial this individual Bishop is in the distribution of his favors. He is, however, acting in the best manner possible to make himself a drug in the market.

Your correspondent, Mr. Editor, is just as busy as he can be. In fact, there never was a time when his services were in greater demand. His ten years of hard work are bearing fruit in all directions.

Keep heart, good friends. Look forward hopefully. Stand by our media. Strengthen the hands of their friends and supporters. Maintain our press. It is the charter of freedom. May

the *Banner of Light* long wave over us, and its tried and trusty workers be well sustained. Each working for the other, remember ever we are brothers all.

Edw. Tre. Turner, (Editor *Banner of Light*),
Dorset, England.

LONDON LETTER.

BY SUSAN G. HORN, AUTHOR OF "STRANGE VISITORS."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Only a few hours of travel intervene now between a republic and a monarchy; and less than a day's journey brought me from the French Republic and plain Mr. Grey, or "mutton gray," as his opponents delight in calling him, to proud old England and "Her Gracious Majesty, the Empress of Hindostan."

I arrived in England just in time for the wedding of the Duke of Connaught; and, in company with some of Major Forster's party, took the morning train for Windsor on the eventful day. The sun shone out brightly, and the March wind blew merrily as we bowed over the road toward the royal borough. On reaching Windsor, which seemed blurring over with "merry wives," judging from the round, smiling feminine faces and plump figures which thronged the streets, we found, to our dismay, all the avenues approaching the castle blocked up with people, and nowhere standing-room from which to view the spectacle of the day. But led by unseen direction, we pushed our way through the crowd to a house directly facing the castle. Here we diligently applied for an outlook, when we were generously taken up stairs by the proprietor of the house to a window overlooking the whole scene, and told to make ourselves comfortable, as we were welcome.

Directly before us loomed the grand old castle, with its grey, massive walls, its turrets, battlements, round-tower and streaming flag, transporting us back to the middle ages, while the magnificent troops, with glittering steel, waving plumes and prancing steeds, lining the path leading from St. George's Chapel to the Castle, seemed altogether like a living representation of a tournament as described by the pen of Sir Walter Scott.

Presently the silver trumpets sounded, and down the road came the royal cavalcade: gorgeous state carriages in scarlet and cloth of gold roll one after the other. We see the royal ermine hiding the widow's mourning on this festive day, and Queen Victoria bows gracefully from her carriage window to the huzzing crowd. Bride and groom, prince and princess, all disappear through the grey archway to St. George's Chapel, where so many royal brides have knelt in times past, hopeful or hopeless. There Anne Boleyn knelt and breathed her sad prayer to the God of Kings. A right royal chapel it is, for none but those of kingly blood can be married within its ancient walls. Centuries have rolled on since then, and the marriage question remains a puzzle alike to clergy and statesmen. Let us hope that the nimbus of glory around this young bride may not fade into an abyss of darkness.

In half an hour the ceremony is finished, the trumpets sound again, the band strikes up Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and the gorgeous pageant comes forth, the foreign bride sitting beside her newly-made husband, and, like ordinary mortals, the royal party hasten to the castle to luncheon.

Just as we were wishing that the Queen had invited us also, the gentlemanly proprietor of the house in which we were, his fine English face beaming with cordiality, appeared, bearing a luncheon of sandwiches and sherry wine, which he offered to his stranger-guests, to refresh ourselves with, while the royal party was partaking of their refreshments elsewhere, a more illustrious party in the eyes of the world, but certainly not a happier group than we, formed in our upper room, eating our unlooked-for repast, and gazing upon the brilliant panorama spread before our eyes, with our ears filled with the music of marriage bells pealing from every steeple in Windsor, and listening also to the other music from the spheres which pealed through the spiritual air around us. Indeed we were happy! feeling that human nature was not always mean and calculating, but could break forth in expressions of good-will on occasions like this, and that it was a good thing to be an American on a Prince's wedding day and receive an important bit of English hospitality.

Spiritual matters are just awaking with the spring-time, so Mr. Burns informs me. My publisher assures me that "The Next World" will appear with the opening spring, a fitting time for a work of its character. Mr. Burns tells me that the delay in its issue has been of some pecuniary loss to him, so many applications has he had for the work.

Major Forster and his interesting family intend spending the coming summer in visiting Switzerland, France and Germany, returning home in their loved America in early autumn.

37 Piccadilly Square, London. S. G. HORN.

EDW. LUTHER COLBY has been the editor of the *Banner of Light*, published in Boston, ever since it started, nearly a quarter of a century ago, and has been connected with the press of that city for half a century. For honesty, stability, integrity and devotion to his work, stability, no man stands higher. For several years we had both intellectual and business relations with him and his partner in that paper and publishing house, and never had the least reason to complain; but, on the contrary, had every reason to become more strongly attached to them, the longer our business relations continued. As an editor, Mr. Colby ranks high in the fraternity. His articles are always candid, strong, clear and intelligible. He is never personal nor vindictive, but ever charitable, as some think, too much so; but it is a virtue and not a fault. We did not start this for a personal notice, but to speak of his leader in the *Banner of March 1st*, on "Husbands and Wives," called out by a stir in the Legislature of Massachusetts, caused by an effort to get a law passed for the better protection of wives against their husbands. To us it seems a shame that any such law should be needed, and especially in the State of Massachusetts, which is supposed to be the leading State in the Union in literature, refinement and religion. Our able contemporary thinks legislation cannot remedy the evil which is admitted in husbands to wives; but he thinks it must come from an improvement in the inner nature—a higher and better moral character and sentiment. Of course this would accomplish it, but how to bring this about is a more difficult question. To us there seems to exist a legal obstruction, and to some extent a legal justification of tyranny. So long as the wife is made an inferior in law, and in social and political life, she will often fall into cruel hands. We have long contended, and still believe, that there should be perfect equality between man and woman, in or out of wedlock; an equality before the law, and religiously, socially, politically, and as property holders. We believe, with this equality established, woman could protect herself, as in case of physical weakness, which, as we believe, is her only inferiority, she would have the support of the law. *Santa Barbara (Cal.) Independent*.

"Why," said a member of the Illinois Legislature, of the lacking conveniences of his hotel room, "there isn't even a Bible to whet my razor on!"

Children's Department.

TALES OF THE EVERLASTING MOTHER.

Written down through the Mediumship of ADELMA, BARONESS VON FAY, of Gouditz (in Styria), Austria, and translated especially for the Banner of Light.

THE RUSTLING OF A TREE.

There stood a beautiful chestnut tree in a flower-garden in the town. It had grown up there, in this little piece of earth, between high stone buildings, and knew nothing of the magnificence of nature out in the country; nothing of the singing of the birds, nothing of the sweet flowers of the woods. It is true that a caged nightingale sang in one of the great houses; that the sparrows chattered on the roofs; and as the solitary tree knew nothing of the beauties of nature, so he did not miss either the singing of the birds or the odors of flowers. He grew up toward heaven, and saw at night all the dear stars. Under the tree was a wooden bench and a table, and the very often people sat and talked of all sorts of things. Sometimes they spoke of the country, and then the boughs of the tree rustled and sighed:

"I should like once to see the fields and flowers."

One day a young maiden came and sat down under the tree. She had a fresh wreath of wild-flowers in her hand, which she laid on the table and looked at, smiling happily.

"Oh, what a splendid day!" All these flowers he plucked and gave to me out in the green, fresh wood! And how the little birds rejoiced! how the sunbeams laughed through the green leaves! how the branches rustled and moved to and fro like the waves of the ocean, and the dew sparkled like diamonds in the cups of the flowers. We sat down on the soft moss, and as he gave me this wreath of flowers he said, 'I love you with my whole heart!'

And she took one of the flowers and picked the white leaves off, saying, with a happy smile: "He loves me."

The sun was setting, and she still sat there, dreaming on, till at last her weary head sank and a light sleep stole over her eyes. In the branches of the trees above her, the leaves rustled and the flowers moved to and fro. "He loves me!" "He loves me!" was whispered softly in the evening breeze, and the branches of the tree bent down over the fainting wood-flowers and kissed them softly, very softly. But the flowers lay still, withered and weary.

"All how desolate and barren are the town walls!" said they; "no song of the birds, no chirping of grasshoppers; there is not even a green frog here. The sisters are blooming out in the fresh woods; as they have broken off and brought here to perish. Is that love?"

And the nightingale at the window of the great house sang: "He loves me!" But the solitary tree looked down at the flowers with a frown; its twigs hung down sadly, but the topmost branches rustled as if in triumph to the evening stars, "He loves me!"

THE GREEN FROG.

There was once a green frog—a good-natured, foolish little fellow. He was very happy all day in the grass, creeping between the flowers, and shunning the sunlight. At midday he seldom spoke, but when he snelt rain in the air he began at once to croak. He was very fond of the moonshine, too.

One night a couple of human beings passed by his hole, he croaked. "Ah, the beautiful moonshine!" said said. "And the mild night!" answered he. They looked at each other and spoke of love and everlasting fidelity. At this the frog croaked as a warning: "He thinks on thy gold, child! he thinks on thy gold!"

Another couple went by. They walked silently, and he looked at her and she looked at him. He buttoned his coat, for he thought the evening was cool. The frog croaked: "They are already tired—already tired!"

Then a child came that way; she hopped and sang in the moonshine; she thought not of love, but was happy in her life. "You do not know life!" croaked the frog. "Do not know life!"

The grandmother leaned on the window-ledge. She folded her hands and thought of him who had died many years ago, and of the times when she had walked with him in the moonshine. "Ah," croaked the frog, "she has ceased to love! ceased to love!"

At dawn he hopped away, a cold, dull philosopher; he crept up the creepers of a house, and there, through a window he saw a cold, pale maiden lying on her bier. "And she has ceased to suffer!" croaked he, "ceased to suffer!"

OF THE BOY WHO WANTED THE MOON.

There was once a little fellow who was often very naughty, and he was an only child and accustomed to have all he wished for. One evening the full moon rose splendidly, like a glowing golden ball from behind the mountains.

"I will have the moon," cried the little fellow. Now it was just time for him to go home to bed, but he would not move from the spot.

"The moon!" said his mother. "That belongs to the good God."

"God is good, you say," answered the boy. "I will, I must have the moon." And he screamed and made a shameful noise. They led him home, however, washed his face, and laid him in his bed. Still he would not be quiet, but threw his contemptuous pillow out of the bed, crying, "I will have the moon!"

His mother left him. Then he crept out of his bed, and out of the house, and away over the fields, in his little white garment, after the moon. "There is the end of the world," he thought to himself. "I can catch the moon. Yes, I can catch the moon. The dear God has called it on, and I will take it down." And so the boy ran over the meadows, barefooted, in his little white garment, the evening breezes playing with his fair curls. The moon seemed ever to go further and further away, but at last he came to the end of the world. There he sat down on the edge of the earth, with his feet hanging down in space, and saw the moon still far, far away in the air.

"Oh you bad moon!" cried the boy. "You deceiver! You are not nailed to the mountains, but are hanging in the sky, and there I cannot catch you! I have no wings." See! there flew by him a proud eagle straight toward the moon. "Yes," cried the boy, "wings I must have, and then I can catch you, bad moon." And he cried for he was very cold, and he wanted wings. Then there came a beautiful white angel floating through the air.

"Oh, take me!" cried the boy. "I should so much like to catch the moon, dear angel."

The angel however said: "There are some things which belong to God alone, and which a little fellow like you cannot catch. Before you can mount upward you must die, and before you can be an angel you must be a good child. Come, I will carry you home to your little bed, and to your mother."

And the angel took him gently up, kissed away his tears, and laid him in his bed. The next morning when he awoke his good mother was there, and the boy related to her all about the moon.

"I will be very good," said he, "and then I can rise like the angel up to the good God. I will ask him then how he nails the moon and all the stars to the sky."

And the boy grew up, and became an astronomer. He knows now how the stars revolve in the universe.

[To be continued.]

WESTERN ITEMS AND OTHER ETCHINGS.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is nearly twenty years since the Spiritualists of Sturgis, Mich., erected their beautiful church edifice. The building is in a fine condition; the organ excellent, and the friends warm-hearted. Here Mr. Wait and Mr. Gardner are the Jachin and Boaz of the society. As a whole the sisters are the best workers. May I whisper aloud that more of the religious and devotional element would prove serviceable. Abram and Nellie Smith still reside in this prairie city, the latter lecturing during the winter months. I have lectured often in this place during the last twenty years. They urge me to make with them a year's engagement.

TOLEDO.

This is a thriving, growing city, with a large amount of the liberal element. I here gave some lectures upon travels, in the Unitarian church. The Rev. Mr. Craven is the pastor. By his request I occupied his pulpit a portion of the Sunday. It is estimated that a majority of those attending his church are Spiritualists. Recently I lectured a Sunday in Odeon Hall, Toledo, upon Spiritualism. The Rev. Mr. Craven was in attendance. There is a growing sympathy between Unitarians and Spiritualists.

J. H. HARTER.

This fellow-worker, a resident of Auburn, N. Y., has recently lectured to delighted audiences in Akron, Cleveland and Toledo. He is now speaking in Detroit, and expects to attend the Michigan State Convention of Spiritualists. He ought to be engaged at the Massachusetts camp-meetings next summer, for he makes things lively. His humor and pathos are inimitable, and his ever-bubbling fountain of anecdote is seemingly inexhaustible. Hear ye him.

KRISHNA, AND HIM NOT CRUCIFIED. Tell Brahmans and Buddhists that Krishna and Buddha were crucified; and, too polite to laugh in your face, they turn away pitying such ebullitions of ignorance. I have before me a letter, recently received from the scholarly Peary Chandra Mitra, of Calcutta, India. Here is a *verbatim* extract:

"Krishna was not crucified, but died a painful death from an arrow shot. He was a somnambulist. He knew that his whole race would become extinct. The race was called, *Yades*. While under excitement—while the race was quarrelling and killing each other, Krishna appeared, and sat on a tree, expecting his approaching departure. His feet looked like the red lotus, and a huntsman, taking them to be a bird, shot an arrow at them, hitting Krishna, and putting an end to his life."

Yesterday's mail brought me a most interesting letter from Maj. Young, of Marion. He was mine host while I was lecturing in Iowa last winter. The seeds of truth there sown are taking root. The harvest will come in due season. Concerning a visit to the Chicago medium, Mrs. R. C. Simpson, he says:

"She is the most remarkable medium that I have ever met. No candid investigator can witness the manifestations which take place in her presence without being thoroughly convinced that they are produced by the inhabitants of the spirit-world."

The testimony of Major Young, long engaged in the practice of law, and a critical observer by nature, is eminently valuable.

DIFFERENT ESTIMATES OF OCCULTISM.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, writing a few months since in the Australian *Harbinger of Light*, upon the comparative merits of occultism and Spiritualism, says:

"Spiritualism is one phase, and only one, of occultism. Occultism, as the science of the unseen universe, is only demonstrated in a very limited degree by Spiritualism. . . . Occultism, then, is the art of spiritual things, as Modern Spiritualism proper is a part. . . . For my own part I strongly recommend all Spiritualists to become Occultists," &c., &c.

On the other hand, Monsieur C. Constant, a noted scholar and author of *Smyrna, Asia Minor*, in answer to questions from the British National Association of Spiritualists concerning Occultism, Theosophy, &c., replies:

"You ask me what I think of Theosophy, and if the people of the East know more in the matter of Spiritualism than those of the West. Believe me the people of the East cannot be more ignorant than they are. I was born in the East; I have passed my life among its divers peoples, whose languages I speak. I have had communication with dervishes, magicians and seers. I have taken lessons in Eastern magic. I have writings and magic formulas, and I assure you that all this is nothing by the side of European Spiritualism; and that Theosophists will only lose time by seeking in Asia for the 'explanations of phenomena' which are only to be found in Europe. I have also studied Eastern antiquities, especially those of the ancient Egyptians; but there also there is little science, and it is loss of time to found societies, such as the Theosophical and others. I do not know the Society called *Arya Samaj*, but here there are plenty of sects of dervishes, who have their secrets (of course magical and masonic), but the greater part of the phenomena are merely mesmeric and spiritualistic, very badly observed and theologically explained."

In my forthcoming volume of a "Second Tour Around the World," I shall give considerable space to Magic, Occultism and Oriental Marvels. Spiritualism, in its higher and lower phases, explains them all. Possibly I should say that while the guest of the American Consul in Smyrna, I was permitted to form the personal acquaintance of Mr. C. Constant. I can only speak and write in his praise.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE ISLES OF THE OCEAN.

A good friend in New Zealand keeps me posted relative to the progress of Spiritualism in that far-away group of islands. Both the people and the press are becoming liberal. Late copies of the *Dunedin Age* give full accounts of a public discussion between the Rev. Mr. Green and Mr. Charles Bright, upon the Divine Origin of Christianity. Mr. Bright, whom I well knew in Australia, is a scholar and a close, logical reasoner. He certainly got the better of his opponent in the debate. I have only pleasant memories of New Zealand.

THE ENGLISH AND ZULU WAR IN AFRICA.

I am indebted to Dr. Hutchinson, of Cape Town, Africa, for newspapers and an excellent map of the seat of war. It embraces Natal and Zululand. Bishop Colenso, of Natal, is as zealous a defender of the rights of the Zulus and Kafirs of South Africa, as Bishop Whipple is of our Western Indians. Spiritualism is making headway in Cape Town and other portions of South Africa. Dr. Hutchinson is a zealous worker in its behalf, sacrificing both time and money.

A TARGET FOR THE EAST.

A few months since an Australian weekly contained a violent article against Spiritualism, one paragraph of which pronounces the pamphlet "Christ, the Corner-Stone of Spiritualism," a dangerous missile, because designed to catch the eye and "influence Christians to study Spiritualism." Quite likely, Mr. Fenton. The *Ceylon Observer* and the Cape Town *Times* made war upon me, as the *Banner* readers well know. And now

the *Philosophic Inquirer* and *Anglo-Tamil Free-Thought Journal* of Madras, India, devotes a page in each of three consecutive journals to my doctrines of idealism and Spiritualism. Here is the closing paragraph:

"Truly as Büchner observed, 'That matter is the origin of all that exists, all natural or rather physical and mental forces are inherent in it.' But Dr. Peebles considers that everything cognized by the senses is unstable and unsubstantial. . . . Force and power, gravitation and attraction are but conditions of matter, and the conditions of a thing must remain inseparable from the thing to which they relate. And thoughts or ideas, instinct and will, are alike the results of the material brain. Force or power, idea or thought, is no entity at all; if our doctor doubts this truth, let him conceive a thing devoid of its attributes; or let him conceive force or thought abstractedly. And if he should think such conceptions possible, we ought really to class him with our Hindu Vedantists who hold the doctrine of Self-existent Ideas. We close our critique with our hearty thanks to a Spiritualistic friend, regretting to think that the mind of Peebles should be wrapped up in illusions until liberated by real knowledge."

These passages show how naturally the Anglo-Indian and the Hindu mind dive into metaphysics. If nominally materialists, their materialism takes the form of a metaphysical idealism. This critic—a clear-headed, kind-hearted Asiatic whom I highly esteem—will wake up some day in the spirit-world and find himself both a spirit and a Spiritualist. Then his "illusions" of matter will be dissipated, and he will enjoy the "real knowledge" of a spirit-existence. The spiritual is the real—matter is nothing but a shadow, a changing vesture.

THE LATE WILLIAM HOWITT.

You have the thanks of all true Spiritualists for speaking so kindly and appreciating in a recent *Banner of Light*, of William Howitt. He was no ordinary man; and if a little impulsive at times in his declining years, few can claim a tenderer nature, a warmer heart, or a braver soul than the royal-souled William Howitt. Never shall I forget the three days once spent in the sunny home of William and Mary Howitt, in the suburbs of London. Retaining much of their original Quaker simplicity, still their house was highly ornamented with paintings, libraries and rarest relics. It was a medium, the author of some sixty volumes, if I rightly remember, and a Christian Spiritualist. We continued our first acquaintance through occasional correspondence. One year ago this month I received a long and valuable letter from Mr. Howitt, a portion of which I shall probably publish in the future. I esteemed and loved him while on earth, and now that he has passed the silent portal I praise and honor him. Mary Howitt, a distinguished authoress, is one of the sweetest and purest of women. May the blessings of Heaven and that peace that flows like a river be hers till she meets her companion in the better land of immortality.

REV. R. C. FLOWER, OF ALLIANCE, OHIO.

It was my good fortune recently to form the personal acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Flower, a brave, energetic worker in behalf of a broad, national Christian Spiritualism. He has a large, well-balanced brain, with the nervo-bilious temperament. He is a vigorous reasoner, an eloquent speaker, and a superior trance-medium. For some time he was a popular Disciple preacher—a sect with a rigid, unwritten creed. Naturally a student, Mr. Flower, through research, mature reflection, and the exercise of mental freedom, threw off all the shackles of theology. Soon after he became a Spiritualist, leaving the old church and taking with him full two-thirds of the church-members. By resolution they call themselves the *Independent Christian Church*, worshipping in the College Chapel, with Mr. Flower their pastor. Recently this church has received quite an accession of numbers. They are generally received by the right hand of fellowship. Mr. Flower continues their pastor, doing the ordinary work of about three men; that is to say, he preaches Sunday, edits the *Independent Age*, and prescribes for the sick a portion of each day. He is not only clairvoyant, but a trance-medium, controlled by Dr. Jechris and other medical spirits, healing the sick with great success. His friends fear that his health must give way under such an amount of mental labor and psychic influence.

CALLS—CALLS TO LECTURE.

Never since entering the lecture-field have I been so pressed with invitations to lecture. The Macedonian cry from every direction is, "Come over and help us." Recently, I lectured thirteen nights in succession with the exception of one evening. In Battle Creek, Sturgis, and Toledo, they want to make yearly engagements. Yesterday, Mr. Van Scotten, President of the Cleveland Spiritualist Society, called, urging me to become their speaker for the coming year. These tell of the signs of the times. Young men and young women must come to the front. I am weary of this incessant public speaking, infinitely preferring the quiet of my library-room.

Young speakers must not wait for formal calls. Peter, James and John, the apostles and the martyrs of old, did not; but filled with the Holy Spirit they went through all the coasts of Palestine sowing the good seeds of the kingdom.

OUT TO BRO. TUTTLE'S.

My stay on Berlin Heights was exceedingly brief, owing to my being obliged to attend a funeral in Kirtland—a place noted for the Mormon Temple, on the front of which is inscribed, THE TEMPLE OF THE LORD.

THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST.

The funeral, that of Mrs. Plaisted, was held in the Baptist church, the pastor assisting in the services.

Progress is everywhere manifest. Bro. Tuttle, as usual, was exceedingly busy, reviewing books, and doing other literary work. Mrs. Tuttle, besides her daily house duties, finds time to paint, write poems and give public lectures in the Western cities. Her efforts are highly praised.

OUR BIRTHDAY—MARCH 23D.

It was during stormy March, 1822, that I came into this world of mingled shadow and sunshine—the latter ever in the ascendancy. Life is beautiful, even under the excitement and convulsions of this waning century. As the years thicken about me, my soul sits lighter, ever lighter on its earthly throne. Not that I dislike, not that I want to hurry away from my body, for we have had good times together. But I am going out of it some of these sunny days—that was the understanding when I entered it. The partnership was to last less than a century, the soul-experiences were to last for ages. I am satisfied. Ere many years, perhaps few, I shall say, "Good-by, body, go and make the grass green, and the spring flowers bloom," and then I shall go on, and I trust upward to join the innumerable hosts that people the interstellar spaces of infinity.

Cleveland, Ohio, March 23d, 1879.

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NEW YORK, N. Y., 1904.

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