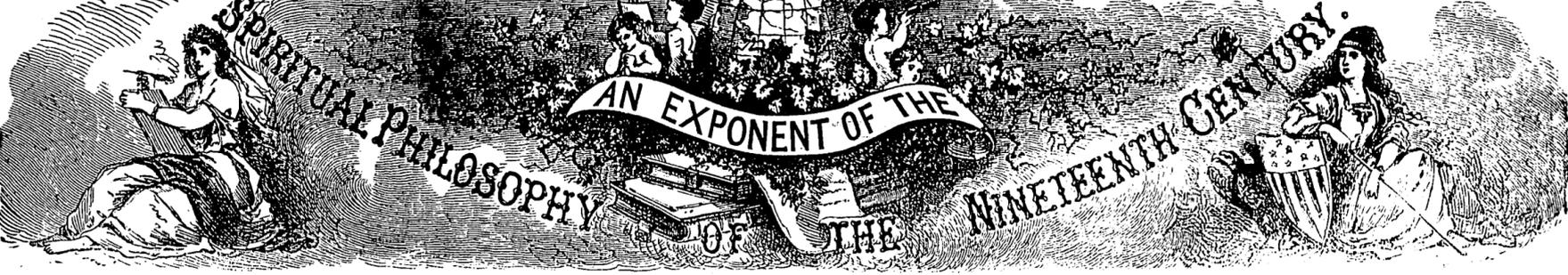


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## The Rostrum.

### HAS SPIRITUALISM A MESSAGE TO THE WORLD—WHAT IS IT?

Being a Trance Discourse Delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, Ill., March 30th, through the Medium Instrumentality of

MIRIS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

"Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all."

Humanity is a temple; the superstructure of the universe, whose foundations and dome are alike and invisible to man, but whatever tends to the perfection of this structure is intended from the beginning by the Divine Architect. He knows what foundation stones are needed, and the breadth and height intended; he knows wherefore the lines must be cast so deeply, because the structure rises to such height; but whatsoever pertains to its upbuilding is that which relates to the infinite purpose.

Man also in the aggregate is like a sea, whose tides pulsate with the infinite heart, swayed by powers which the infinite has fashioned, but whose ultimate shores only can be known by the immeasurable; and that sea, whether rising or falling, whether beneath the tidal influence of the sun of truth or depressed by the magnetism of earth, still is surrounded and encompassed by the infinite. Whatsoever pertains to its existence must be known to the infinite possession, and within its power and purpose must lie all possibilities of man. Man is a plane whose ultimate purposes and beginnings few can attempt to fathom, but whose existence upon the earth's surface is unquestioned as a moving, absolute entity, beyond which lie the infinite purposes of eternity.

Whatsoever unfolds man and brings forth infinite purpose is provided for in the divine economy, and even though it may seem the furthest from his present possessions the ultimate good will follow to the ultimate perfection.

I count it therefore no accident that in this century a voice from the world of spirits speaks to man. I count it no casual discovery of the experimenter on the field of exploration, who, perceiving some line of communication, announces that fact to his fellowmen. I count it not even the result of human advancement in the aggregate, but rather the simultaneous combination of coalition or advancement of man, and the revelation of the Supreme Power to man by this "spiritual power"—not individual spirits merely, who are disenthrallled from time and space, but the divine intention of the Supreme Intelligence, who knows the point of junction between the created human purpose and the uncreated infinite purpose, and knows at what point in the universal unfolding the rays of light from the sun of truth will be required to the perfection of this infinite purpose. If we recount the visible structure of the universe something that is governed by laws; if the moving worlds and sphered systems have regular motion or divine perfection, mathematical order in their unfolding; if all that pertains to the universe itself as seen by man and understood by his intellect must of necessity be the result of a power equal to what is intended by the universe, then surely that in man which portends a higher state must be answered by something equivalent to the portention, and that power must manifest a response in the world which alone can respond to it. I mean by this that if material science and the solution of it were adequate to satisfy the mind of man, he would be satisfied with it. The pursuit of science would be sufficient, and external knowledge flowing into the mind in all grand achievements would satisfy and sustain the soul. But as material knowledge is aware, while this may occupy it does not satisfy; while it may employ the mind and give fervor and brilliancy, it does not sustain the soul, and there are no rays more lofty, more grand, more wonderful, than the cravings of genius or of gigantic intellects of earth. These are they who pray audibly through science, through art, through whatever achievement they may acquire on earth for grander perception and loftier possession.

The man of small vision may be contented with little; the man of feeble aspirations may for a time be satisfied with poverty of possession, but he who has much craves more, and he who has largeness of mind also knows the vacuum existing between that mental power and the infinite possession which he covets. In the schools of subtle thought that have pervaded the world this truth, that whatever the intellectual splendor of a period, has only served to show the contrast between itself and the possession which spirit alone can give. I refer to the subtle philosophies of the German schools that so define and captivate the intellect as to enslave it, perchance without satisfying, as to give it scope without liberty, power without knowledge, and a certain kind of majesty without sublimity of spiritual grandeur. I refer to the school that preceded the Christian age, and to priests who succeeded it, who have captured the sunlight of truth but the semblance of it, and have worn false gems for reality, dazzling the world with splendor but not with truth. I refer to the materialisms of the present hour that deal so far in the realms of Nature as to make fabric for mental raiment and intellectual unfolding without feeding the soul that un-

derlies; and as a tree might be embodied or a life might be pictured, so this superficial structure answers a purpose but does not satisfy the cravings of the mind. Christianity would do this in its essential sense if its spirit pervaded the claims of its word and letter go, but the spirit does not so pervade it, and the result is an intellectual splendor-worship and a feebleness of spiritual power. I can well understand, therefore, that in the present glittering age of intellectual sophism, in the present age of grand achievement of material facts, in the wonders of commerce, in the freighted powers of general intelligence, the one longing cry of the soul of humanity must needs find response in the only other source from whence an answer can come—namely, the disembodied spiritual power of the universe. The embodied soul is doing its utmost, the embodied intellect is solving problems daily, its meeting face to face the rules of Nature and solving the riddles of past ages. But the great riddle remains unsolved, and must remain forever unsolved, except there is individual testimony, given by individual testimony, the answer that can only satisfy the individual mind. No one can partake of food for another; no one can be warmed and clothed for another; no one can be sheltered for another, and that which the individual spirit hungers for is spiritual truth. In whatsoever manner that voice may come, the answer must be to itself and none other. I may break the bread of life to you, but cannot compel you to partake of it; I may show you the pathway to its solution, but cannot point to the experience that will give it to you; it must be your own individual state, your own individual acceptance, your own individual perception, and it is not my province to determine by what methods you shall arrive at the daily bread that shall sustain your souls; if you have it, it is enough; if you have it not, it is your misfortune; but I can solemnly aver that there is bread for you just as soon as the spirit shall be in the condition to receive it, or shall have awakened to the consciousness of its need. Stretch forth thy hand, oh man of might, and see if thou canst level the forest tree and bring the ocean to thy subjection! Stretch forth thy mind, oh man of thought, and see what vast fields are exposed; what wonders are discovered; what problems solved! Stretch forth thy hands, oh soul, if thou art enlangued in spirit, and see what response is there awaiting, as the fountain waited for Moses to strike the rock in the wilderness—waiting as the truth waited for the silent hand of love to unfold it in the star of Bethlehem waiting as the firmament waits in its solemn splendor, fulfilling the laws of its being, until man's feeble vision shall have attained knowledge of its life—the bread of life, the knowledge that is to satisfy each soul, is waiting, not in idleness, but in activity, pulsating toward you forever, gathering strength and power until the benign day arrives.

Those who have not doubted a future; those in whom the strength of human reason and of human reason have not extinguished the vision of the soul; those whose wild natures have no longings that are not satisfied with daily opportunities and daily duties; those who look upon birth and death with tranquility, or with tears that rather seem to wash away the clouds, leaving a serene sky, can have no conception of the state of that mind torn with unrest, shattered with doubt, abiding in the midst of continuous faith of unbelief, longing for an answer. Few natures are strong enough to understand the depth and breadth of despair; few natures are strong enough to comprehend the magnitude of a profound unbelief; few, and happily so, are aware of the longings of a perpetual doubt—and yet these few are so strong of mind upon the earth as will sway the multitude in their wake; as will kindle fires of revolution; as will create epochs of thought; as will throw the banners and blight of belief over the milder main of many generations.

There are they who through sublime fervor lead the nations to hope, or through sublime scorn lead them to despair. There are those who kindle the fires of prophecy, light the torches of belief, set all hamlets in a blaze of fervor over the divinity of some sacred saint or shrine, or who, as the mildew upon the verdure, cast a damp and a blight upon the whole human landscape. The fires of inspiration have sometimes been kindled in the human mind, and humanity has dwelt in perennial summer-land. Unbelief has likewise had its day, and under its blighting curse error has reaped the results of revolution and despair, the mildew of unbelief, the fruitful source of crime and darkness, the very strength of bigotry, the cause of that same blight. As the too fervid rays of the sun may produce reaction upon the earth, so sometimes bigotry and the absolute conflict and strife of belief have produced the opposite of unbelief. But I am speaking now of that unbelief which thought not denominated culture, but wherein not human reason, but human unbelief, has been exalted; wherein the powers of the mind have expressed death and desolation with regard to immortality and the love of God; the splendor of the material universe, the infinite sovereignty of nature, tortured into scourge and lust, the tempest only seen, and the serene calm of summer-time forgotten. I have seen periods in human thought when those who believed in nothing have absolutely tortured their brain into consciousness that in all the visible and invisible universe is nothing but darkness and destruction, when winter seemed to fill the entire year, when sorrow and disease seemed the prevailing occurrences of life, and all blooming flowers, all beauty and loveliness, all human affections and love, seemed blotted out in the fearful horror of annihilation.

Such I conceive to be the period that filled and followed the French Revolution. Such I consider a portion of the period when under the dominion of priestcraft, the Roman empire fell into to believe and dogmatism. Such I conceive to have been the period just preceding the Reformation; and such, in milder form, the period preceding the advent of the spiritual truths of to-day. Not that the blight is wholly removed, and that the mildew is universally departed; civilization is larger; the world has more avenues of intercommunication; there is no sublime bigotry and no sublime skepticism to fill the world with terror on the one hand and destruction on the other. But under the blight, it was, it cast its shadow over the surface of intellect, pervaded community, threatened religion, based as most modern religions must have been upon the superstructure materially, instead of the foundation spiritually, and so identified itself with every system of modern thought, as to be inhaled in the atmosphere and to pervade the entire fabric of society.

Christ upon Calvary, veiled in the misinterpretation of the past, could not be the living Saviour to all; but the living voice, however humble, that speaks to the living man, spirit to spirit, soul to soul, heart to heart, mind to mind, consciousness to consciousness, is the daily bread that the spirit needs. Happy are they who have found that voice no longer lean against the barriers of heaven with breathless hearts and souls unnumbered. Happy are they whose dead being buried out of sight do not yearn in silent agony over the sepulchre asking for a voice that

never comes from thence, but wakened instead to the glad song of birds, to the blooming of springtime flowers, to the sweet voices upon the atmosphere that herald the advent of diviner life. Happy are they who have awakened from this mildew of unbelief with revivifying showers of tears, tears that have been caused to flow by no strong hand of man, by no contemplation of wars in Church or State, by no deadly blow of possessions cast away, but by the sweet sounds of childhood from the world unseen, or the gentle vibrations that tell of a life beyond. How subtle, how beautiful, how perfect this arrangement that the simple may hear the greatest message and the burdens of the world by sounds that would not disturb a philosopher in his study. How wonderful that the power that can move the universe adapts itself to human understanding, draws tears from the eyes of the unbeliever, dries the tears of the mourner, sets the captive spirit free, wakens the world from its lethargy by such gradual stages of advancement as that it takes its place in the world, nor in a country of continents, but in a land unheeded, but there, ready to be recognized, ready to feed the hungry soul, ready to minister to those who come—not aggressive, not triumphant, not complaining, not denunciatory, but bitter because earth has starved her own children spiritually, not bitter because the spiritual head of the Church upon earth has left them stranded upon the sea of unbelief, but patient and willing, as the mother is patient and willing to feel her wandering son when he comes home at night, having lost and torn upon the sea of human passion. As the mother waits years, saying, "The light is always ready, the love is always here, the food is always at hand, my child; come to me!" so truth, with such unseen ways and such simple methods, arrives to supply your daily need, takes its place by your fireside, enters the mind and lips of a little child; speaks to you the word that is familiar to you, the word of a departed parent or child, and says there is life beyond death.

There is nothing in all the broad realm of philosophy; there is nothing in all the wonders of a superficially-created religion; there is nothing in the sublimity of human art or mechanism; nothing in the majesty and wealth of industry, that can at all compare with this impalpable yet palpable voice from the world of spirits. Its import we may not measure to-day, nor in another year, nor in a century of years, nor in a century of centuries; but if you know what it was to lack that message; if you know what it was to hunger beside the door of eternity; if you know what it was to watch the spaces and find no responsive form, then you understand what I mean—that it is not simply a voice to satisfy your yearning for the time being, to quench the love of nature that would not be assuaged when death came, but a voice that peoples eternity; that sets the stars in their places with intelligence; that counts the orbbed spheres, aware that they are numbered; that fills the living vital air with consciousness, and makes the gradations of eternity possible of beginning by establishing one step that lies beyond.

I have said that humanity is a temple—that its foundations and dome may be known only to the Infinite who purposed the structure. Shall I not say that humanity, individually is also a temple of that temple; that each man may be fitted to adorn that temple by the paths of life and the ways wherein you move, and that a knowledge of its vastness and its power and import is just so much value in the structure itself?

I have seen a tree that would rend a rock in twain in its growth. I do not know that it was a misfortune to the rock, but I do know that the tree was a greater blessing. It cannot be said of Spirituality that it destroys anything in its growth. A truth can destroy nothing beyond itself. If it destroy that which is beneath it, does it not supersede it? Is not the tree more valuable than the rock which it rends in twain? And shall we not say that whatsoever truth may break asunder it gives somewhat in its place, not only somewhat but more than it has destroyed? Nor can it tear away a previously formed structure of truth until by expansion that structure is overthrown and the new one is also formed.

Spiritualism is no iconoclast; it takes away no altars, no shrines; it supplies altars and shrines to those who have none, and if it shall reveal that yours is a mockery, is that the fault of revelation? If certainly takes the place of belief, and knowledge takes the place of faith, it is not a misfortune. Upon no shrine or altar of truth does it lay hands, but as the verdure springs from the sterile soil when watered by which, as a great avenger, it destroys anything upon sun and dews descend, so upon hearts long unused to belief and unaccustomed to bright hopes, it descends with the power of sunlight and of summer showers. Oh, if those immersed in sepulchres hear its voice and come forth, shall you blame them? If their eyes are wild and they stagger uneasily in the new-found birth, rather assist them that they may be adjusted to its brilliancy, and say, You will be strong when accustomed to the brightness. Oh, if those who are freed from the thralldom of that fear, talk incoherently and grow delirious, seemingly, with joy, blame them not. Have you seen a man released from prison? Do you know how the sunlight seems and the air, and how strange his freedom seems? Let us rather conserve the power that lies in truth to fold and shelter him about until he shall be strong enough to walk; clothe him with such raiment as truth has fashioned for you, and give him with vision till he is able to bear the light.

From such dungeon-cells and charnel-houses of fear has humanity come forth that we need not think it strange if there be wild talk in the air and gesture of joy; but could you see the air peopled above you, the spaces smiling upon you, with the souls enshrouded therein, you would have no fear; for does not the greater encompass the less, the larger truth infold that which is beneath it, and God the universe? Better souls speaking through channels of intermediate spheres may not speak so audibly nor so distinctly as you might wish, but consider that you could not hear it if they spoke their highest thought; that each stage of your pathway is a stage of growth wherein higher vistas and greater borders of truth are discovered, and that the angel-world, working all the while, perceives that these growths are essential, and smile upon you with their endeavors, their assistance, their character, their truth and their patience.

Spiritualism is a living voice, not a manifestation merely; it is a power, not a semblance of it; it is a truth, not a weakness; it is a knowledge, not a belief; it is a certainty, not a faith; it is eternity, and not annihilation; it is supreme and absolute consciousness, instead of Lethe. Its message is unending, its voice daily activity, its power is the power of human life; it unfolds as spirit unfolds, and it is visible and palpable as your soul grows toward it. When you arrive you are a person; when you see, understand, perceive its existence, it beckons all powers to

your aid, reveals to you the answers to all questions, but sets your mind free and at rest in exact proportion as its knowledge becomes your possession and your daily life; speaks all voices, interprets all tongues, is Christian, Hebrew, Parsee, Mohammedan, not according to creed, but according to the breath of love infused into those who minister to the spirits of men.

On Monday evening, March 31st, a public entertainment, consisting of recitations, music, etc., was given by the Children's Lyceum, upon which occasion Mrs. Richmond's control improvised the following poem, which was kindly reported for the *Banner of Light* by A. M. Griffin:

### ANNIVERSARY POEM.

A few short years, and the atom's life  
Pulsates in the shining stars of space;  
A few short years, and the star is rife  
With the sun's rays from afar.

A few short years, and the lightning's breath  
Earth's messenger has become,  
Speeding with phobos swifter than death  
To every fair earthly home.

A few short years, and the iron steed  
Has borne the burthens of life  
Far over broad continents with his speed—  
The sea is with commerce rife.

A few short years, and the sweetest sound  
That ever mortals have heard  
Has come and dashed the whole world around  
Pleeter than plion of bird,  
Brighter than star that within the sky  
Abideth never to die.

Thirty and one are the harvest moons  
That have sunk into life again,  
While out of the distant Southern lagoons,  
And from the low lands of pain,  
Glad souls have arisen to heavenly life  
All freed from earth's cares its sorrow and strife,  
And the subtle presence of their love  
That teaches man whither the soul must go.

Small are the uses of sands on the shore,  
Small are the star-flakes in heaven,  
But the sweet pulsations that evermore  
Unto mortals here are given  
Beat with a true angel's love,  
Far beyond earth's most darkened strand.

So ultimate truth shines at last to the soul,  
And messengers swift, born of heaven,  
Put forth all their power and earnest control  
As to-night this message is given,  
That speaketh not only from land unto land,  
But from heaven and from the grave below,  
And rouses each nation by upward command  
To the fervor of heavenly glow!

Sad hearts, who have folded your loved ones from sight,  
Oh think of the message this day bringeth forth,  
That out of the darkness of death's gruesome night  
They waken to living and glorified birth.  
Oh ye who have wept by the dark, angry grave,  
And heard what his palsied voice can tell,  
Oh think of the blessings souls recent gave,  
The heart-warming rhyme of that silvery bell.

That countless of all things that the earth has seen die,  
Of the flowers that were dead on the ground,  
Of the hopes that all blighted and vanquished must lie,  
This one latest joy has been found,  
That of all the old errors the earth has seen die,  
Of warfare and of famine and of war,  
This terror is dead, even death could doth die,  
And your loved survive—love you again.

With magical motion the swift coming years  
Will bear you away from earth's pains,  
But evermore down from the sun-brightened spheres  
This magical motion remains,  
And the message returns as with life's blessed command  
It passes from ocean to land.

Oh, blessed is truth, and as far as the soul  
Of the infinite, white and made clean,  
Oh, blessed is harmony, whose sweet control  
Forever in spheres of bright sheen  
Moves like the pulsations of music's blessed sound  
That have woven around.

Thirty and one are the magical years  
In the bright golden cloth of this night;  
Thirty and one are the thoughts that through tears  
Flew the way to the heaven of light;  
And angels in blessed magic numbers send forth  
Their words of sweet command and peace—  
"O, sweetest of joy is now borne unto earth—  
Death's fear and Death's thralldom shall cease!"

### PENUMBRAL COGITATIONS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"The Sage of Texas," one of my inspirers on this visible and mundane plane, says to me, "My dear philosopher, is not 'penumbral' a little strained for a heading? Is not the word 'spiritualistic' a good adjective enough with which to qualify your 'cogitations'?" Yes, too good, my dear Sage; I assure you I shall never tire of the word "spiritualistic" or "Spiritualism." Still, you know the best of tunes become monotonous and tiresome if sung too often and made common. I have heard people say that the "Sweet By-and-Bye" and the "Grandfather's Clock" are getting a little over-used, but I do not think the adjective spiritualistic is. I thought, however, the word "penumbral" was newer, and did not cover so extensive or limitless a field as spiritualistic does, and so, perhaps, would be more definite, especially for the use I intended for it, in the matters I proposed to treat under its head. Besides, it always appeared to me that writers of mediocrity got attention to an article or a book by its title. If the one I have chosen ceases to be fit, or explanatory, I shall lay it aside and appear out in a "new bonnet."

The *penumbra* is the semi-lighted shadow around the *umbra* or complete shade; one familiar with the phenomenon of an eclipse will understand what I mean. In a figurative or mental sense this material world may be considered the *umbra* or shade, and the environment of the spirit is its semi-lighted border, its *penumbra*, so to speak. No one in the form knows anything immediately of the perfect light of the spirit-world; our intellect, through our senses, connects with the material or objective universe, but, in the language of Renan, "in the soul there rises a sacred voice which speaks to man of quite another world—the world of the ideal, the world of truth, of goodness, of justice." This spirit-world is very near us, and seems to be, as I have said, in a figurative sense, the lighter border, the "penumbra" of this visible world of shadow. I think all the intellectual lucidity, even in the realm of materiality, which is the domain properly of science, is born of this penumbral boundary where we have heard the footfalls of the angels, or inner light of the soul, or subdued gleams of spirit-light adapted to our condition, which at best is but seeing through a glass darkly; we might call it an aurora borealis in the soul, or a twilight

of the coming day that will open eventually on all; the flashes of lustre in that border-light are some of the omens, dreams, the visions, the inspirations, the premonitions, the influence that more or less make up our psychical life, and in this latter day, since the advent of Modern Spiritualism, are summed up in the various phenomena known as spiritual manifestations, leading so many of us in our hearts to feel as well as often audibly to say, as Coleridge wrote, and perhaps wrote wiser than he knew, these lines of spiritualistic poetry:

"Best spirits of my parents,  
Ye are around me now, ye shine on me,  
And, like a flower that buds forth from a ruin,  
I feel and seek the light I cannot see."

This much by way of explanation should have in their minds the thought that troubled the Sage. I think the spiritually-minded soul who reads this cogitation will see the fitness of the title even through my ambiguity.

This semi-lighted border around matter, or mortal life, (I speak of it objectively, but the reader of course sees that I am but projecting a subjective thought,) is more apparent to some people than it is to others, the perception of it is not confined to Spiritualists; I do not know as they are blessed with it on the average more than those who are in the dark on the subject of Modern Spiritualism; I have met with people who had a very vivid sense of this light before Modern Spiritualism dawned on the world, and the Bible and history is full of instances of a perception of it, even though the observers, or recorders of them, may have thought it supernatural, and perhaps of a divine source. I had an ancestor—she is dead now, but by no means lost, for she has manifested many times since her departure. She was a sickly, nervous woman, and full of fears, was often laughed at for her imaginings, (3) but her inner senses were open to this spirit environment, and her forebodings so often proved premonitions, or predictions, that even the earthly minds in her social surroundings quaked at her orphic prognostications, and in their hearts would bet on her chances that she spoke as one having authority. She was a seeress, and at times, and often too, her inner eyes opened on a world that we did not see, and the room to her would be full of the departed; she could describe them, name them and their movements; they were our kindred who had shuffled off the coil; when she thus saw them clairvoyantly she had a way of knowing what they would say, for they symbolized rather than talked. At other times her inner eyes were not open, but her ears were, and she could hear the angels sing, and repeat their words to us, and she would say, "Hush! the angels are singing," she not wishing to be disturbed. The reader can hardly imagine with what pleasure I, who am earthly, if not sensual, or devilish, receive the sensuous proof-to-day of this invisible intelligence, first proving to me that death is not the end of us, and proving also to me that these ancestral manifestations to which I have referred were intelligent and natural phenomena, full of meaning, and being what they claimed to be, visitants or communications from the spirit-world. I am as sure as I am of any fact in astronomy that there is this "penumbral" surrounding, at least in a figurative sense; that a spiritual world environs and permeates this, and is as palpable a fact as that Jupiter has four moons; a telescope reveals the one fact, and a condition reveals the other, and though both are invisible to ordinary human senses, both are unmistakably real facts.

I had written thus much when duties called me to other ways, and before taking my pen again a little incident occurred, not by any means for the first time, but it seems to have made an impression on me, and though it may not be exactly what this title calls for, it would be likely to shade some what I might otherwise say if I should hold this thought back, so I had better write it; and after all, it may not be altogether out of order. Why is it that a declaration of a belief in Modern Spiritualism makes one's stock in public estimation decline? Robert Hare, the able scientist, in the early years of Spiritualism examined the subject and became a believer; but he lost caste thereby with his fellows, and never regained it. I saw him when thus in eclipse; he was wise, able and happy, for he had in him the light of truth. Had he acted the Nicodemus, and attended to it by night, nobody would have ever discovered any weakness or decay in him, for there was none—he was one of the clearest-headed men I ever met. The same of John Pierpont, his speech at the National Spiritualist Convention, when in his 82d year, was one of the ablest productions I ever read from anybody, and yet for the last decade of his estimable life he was a slighted man by his reverend brethren in the pulpit for his acceptance of our unpopular truth; and dying soon after that aged effort, the D. D.s. gathered to do him honor at his funeral. They remembered his early prime, his efforts for temperance and other reforms, his "Airs from Palestine" and other poems, his ability as a Christian minister; but the marked and prominent feature of his later life, his adherence and advocacy of Modern Spiritualism, was never even hinted at. Other similar examples in multitude could be quoted. But this was long ago; still, the prejudice exists to-day, and is visible in a thousand ways. I have no doubt, numerous as are the believers in Spiritualism at the present time, the unknown believers in the Nicodemus of Spiritualism outnumber them five to one. What a pity it is that every one does not hoist his flag, for mutual protection and encouragement, if for nothing else. The incident that I have referred to which has made an impression upon me and inspired the latter part of this cogitation, I will now briefly relate.

I lead, as many know, a State-street life, and I have many times in that *riado* of materiality had to bite my lips at weak remarks by weak

\* We are indebted for this fine discourse to the Chicago Times, to whose remarkable liberality of sentiment in this placing Mrs. Richmond's lectures and other spiritualistic matters before its readers, we have had frequent cause to refer in the past.—Ed. B. of L.

Children's Department.

TALES OF THE EVERLASTING MOTHER.

Written down from the Memorandum of ADELMA, BARONESS FAY, of London, in Austria, and translated especially for the Banner of Light.

THE VIOLET.

At last it is again spring! The violets blossom and give out fragrance as much as they can. It was a bright spring day. A light breeze wafted all kinds of odors by, but predominant over all was the odor of violets. The violets of whom I will tell you had nearly all blossomed since the last night. I know the place in the wood so well where the numerous violet families quietly blossom. It was quite a nest, and they all looked patiently at the sunshine, and awaited their future just as human beings do. The eldest violet had already become somewhat pale. It had lost its odor, but in the midst of the others was still so content. Because it was the eldest violet, however, it thought itself very wise, and acted as a mother to the young buds.

"My dear children," said she, "hide yourselves well under the green leaves, as I did at the time of blossoming. You see I remain still in the wood. But if you put yourselves forward you will be plucked by coarse human hands, and then thrown away to wither. Therefore do not let your little heads be seen. To-day is just such a splendid spring day when the boys like to come out into the woods. Hide yourselves modestly, then, as I did."

"And the violets all hid themselves anxiously under their green leaves, but their sweet odor betrayed them."

"Oh, the beautiful violets!" cried a maiden's voice. "Come, let us sit down here. What a lovely day!"

And they sat down close by the violets, who all began to tremble anxiously. But soon they became curious, and imprudently put their heads forward to look at the young couple.

"Let the violets alone," said the maiden to the young man, who was just going to gather them. "I do not like to gather flowers; it always seems to me like a murder. Let us leave them here in the wood to quietly live, blossom and die."

Her voice sank as she repeated the last word. "Oh! do not repeat that word, my dearest! I am not betrothed to-day yet. No, I will give you just three violets. To-day is the third of April. The violets have come late this year, after the first of winter. The boy, too, has had to struggle for his happiness. Now, dear child, this violet is my love to you, this my fidelity, and this one shall seal the bond."

With much violet he gave her a kiss, and she also kissed them as she placed them in her traveling bag, for they had just come from church. The foolish, humanly-minded, but foolishly interested, miserably from leaf to leaf, the little ants were working diligently in their mounds, but a few of the violets, contented the violets, said the maiden, as they wandered further.

"Love, fidelity!" murmured the old violet, for she was vexed that she had not been plucked. "By the time that we blossom again it will be forgotten."

"Do you think so?" said the little buds anxiously. Then came a wild boy with his butterfly net, one of our butterfly duffers in the "Hollow Violets" cried he, and directly he had a bunch together. "You will not take," said he to the old violet, "you are already withered, and do not smell. Away he went with nearly all the violets that were out."

"You may say, ill-bred boy," said the withered violet. "I should not like to go with you." But the young boy rushed into a room. There, grandmother, violet, so many, and so beautiful! He put them in a glass of water, and placed them before the grandmother, who expressed them with her little hand.

"Thank you, my boy," said she. "Was it pleasant out in the woods?" "Oh, yes, grandmother! I have caught three butterflies, destroyed an ant's nest, and killed a spider. He would not do the violet."

Toward evening several more of the violets were plucked out. The young lady and the young man riding by. "Violet," she cried out, "I have not seen any this year yet. Oh, please gather me some. How the small roundness of the winter of the bouquet which you sent me for the ball. Do you remember still?"

Yes, he seemed to remember, for as he reached her the last violet that were there, he looked at her passionately, and kissed her little hand. She struck the violets in her basket and they took away.

The old violet was still unplucked, for the sun-rays had made it quite white. The night came, and a storm, and the withered violet slept.

The beautiful rider led all her violets. Here and there fell one in dust, in sand; trampled under the horses' feet; there they lay on the road till the night came and wept tears of dew over their lost life.

See! So it was with the violet family out in the woods. In the morning, in the first shadow of great oak trees, where the blackbird sings and the bees hum.

THE POOR OLD BEGGAR-WOMAN.

You know well the bridge before the great town? You have surely seen the old beggar-woman sitting there? At seven o'clock in the morning she came, and at sunset she went home on her two crutches. The passers-by gave her now and then a piece of money. In summer the dust of the streets filled her eyes, the wind blew on her, and in winter she sat there and froze. But still she was always of good courage, and covered quietly there and waited patiently for alms. But one day she did not come. Her place on the bridge was empty. The people wondered where the poor beggar was. "She is dead," it was said. She died quietly in the little room where she always slept. Nothing was found by her except an old well-worn prayer book, her sary, a pair of child's shoes, and a child's cap.

Of these things I will tell you the first story. I knew the blind beggar-woman as a pretty young girl. Her blue eyes looked out so brightly in the world. She served as maid in a rich house, and was the beauty of the place.

One day I saw her speaking with the young squire. She seemed to him that a rich peasant's son wished to marry her. The young squire seemed to be very anxious about it. He swore love and fidelity to her, by all that was holy, if she would let him remain his. And she believed him—the truth, however, was that she loved him—she truly loved him.

And now you will see. The mother worked richly, directly she had the first shoes. Then came a great misfortune, a small pox. It tore away the beautiful girl from the mother. She herself had the same illness, which left her completely blind. The little shoes and cap of her child she kept, and dressed them morning and evening. When this happened she was still young, and it lasted a long time, till she became the old blind woman.

At first she worked as well as she could, she knit stockings, she sold the children's fairy tales, and was looked upon as a shrewd and wise. People have often veneration and awe for those whom misfortune has struck so heavily.

One day the squire's lady came to her, leading her little son by the hand, and bringing the blind woman wool for knitting. As the young wife spoke to her in a friendly and kind manner, she rose, and with the tears rolling from her eyes, laid her hands on the boy's head and breathed a fervent prayer. In her good, true heart, she had forgiven all; there was no more resentment there; only the remembrance of her warm love and her beloved child lived still in her, and was her sunshine. And so the days were not long to her, and in the hour of death she had no anxiety. Angels came to fetch her away from the cold, poor room, and her child was there too, waiting for her. Light streamed over her. She could see! see!

[To be concluded.]

IS THERE ANY NEWS?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAISIES."

Oh, blow me the scent of one fly, to tell That it grew outside of this world, at least; Ah, show me a plume-tongued, or a shell That whistles of some unearthly coast.

But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still.

I have not read of what Is called for by the instinct of mankind.

Oh, the fervor and the faith we have left, Longing to know if the dead are alive; Longing for something to make us aware; They through the struggle are safe, and survive! Have we not prayed with hot tears in our eyes, Pain and expression of grief in our words, Just for the touch of some fairy-fair hand, Whisper of those that we know are the Lord's?

Have we not asked the Father on high, Open our eyes that they see through the gloom, Give us our comfort and faith in our grief, Faith that there's something to conquer the tomb? Oh, for assurance from those we have known, Those that are ours though death parted and gone, Just for a smile to illumine the night, Have we not asked, yet reply there was none?

Pause, ere we answer, by the dead, Promising true that their presence should be With us forever, as here they were ours; Nothing can part, not eternity's sea; Many the quill that quickened our life; Often the gathering that kept us from ill; Many the comforts that calmed us in grief; Constant the blessings that visit us still!

Open to some are the gates of the city, Stretched to some are the hands of the best, Eyes, like the stars, through the darkness are seen, Forms of the lost are restored and caressed; God in his goodness replies to our prayer, As we accept of the vision he sends, Shows us their life that is far as the dawn, Shows us their love that our pathway attends!

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BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

"A NEW PHILOSOPHY OF CURS."—Under this heading we print elsewhere a well-written article by Edwin D. Rabbit, D. M., setting forth the writer's views in regard to his new method of medical treatment. Two of the elements he makes use of are light and color, the application of which it will be seen by reference thereto he explains in his essay. This subject is one of vital importance to the human race, and all classes of people should investigate it. Dr. Rabbit's address is Science Hall, 111 Eighth street, New York City.

Gen. Benjamin F. Butler offers to Gen. Conway, who is endeavoring to render such help to colored refugees as to furnish them homes and to be self-supporting, twenty thousand acres of good farming land in Wisconsin, to be divided into small farms and given to these freedmen.

As rain breaks through an ill-hatched union, passion will break through an unrelenting mind.—*Dithamtopia.*

THE RIGHTS OF INDIANS.—Orders have been issued by the Secretary of War to Gen. Pope, commanding the department of Missouri, to furnish such military force as may be required, to enable the Indian Department to keep trespassers out of the Indian Territory and enforce the President's recent proclamation.

Makart's gorgeous picture, "The Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," to which Anthony Comstock, the reformer, objected, is at present being exhibited in Berlin, where it attracts crowds daily.—*New York Sun.*

A little boy living in Roxbury was recently cured of the diphtheria, with which he was very sick, by the caresses of his pet dog, that gained access to the room and licked the boy's face and mouth. The dog died with every symptom of the disease soon after. Who will say after this that top-dogs are not useful?

THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK. "I would puzzle a pagan, a Hindu, a Turk, To solve this nice question in morals, Why is it that eminent Christians at work Get up such unchristianly quarrels? It can't be by pursuing the savage's trade That the work of the Christian advances, And hands that write sermons were surely not made For fighting with poisonous lances. Much better it doubtless would be could they all Abandon unworthy ambitions, And leave these vile mixtures of acid and gall To people who have no business with wisdom. There is quite a temptation to favor the cult Of Egyptian, or Grecian, or Roman, When Christians can work with so sad a result, And common fame grows so unbecoming."—*New York Sun, in the Tatnagoe Court of Inquiry.*

Anger is ever ready with the tongue, while prudence waits to weigh her words.

Montreal recently had a visit from the fire-demon. Loss \$100,000.

A non-phrased theologian is said to have sat up until a late hour fruitlessly trying to get the tangle out of the following anecdote, which is related in Mr. Conway's recent book on the "Evolution of the Human Mind." I have had some acquaintance with a little boy who had used naughty expressions of resentment toward a playmate, was admonished that he should be more like Christ, who never did any harm to his enemies! "No," answered the wretched child, "but he's a going to!"—*Dithamtopia, Tribune.*

DUELING—Antiquated folly.

Now that the warm season is rapidly approaching, we shall hear of many new departures. But the stray sheep will return to the fold when the cold weather again sets in, we suppose.

Epictetus said: "What would I have died find me doing? Something benevolent, public-spirited and noble." How much fiercer to die than to die thinking only of one's own soul!

F. A. J. Davis commences his walk in the Exposition building in Des Moines to-night.—*Prairie City News, Iowa, April 11th.*

This is what the poet Whittier says and what Spiritualism teaches:

The tissue of life to be We weave with colors all our own, And in the field of destiny, We reap as we have sown.

When Gen. Grant left Lucknow he was escorted by a long line of big elephants—i. e., they were stationed along the track near the depot, while a battery fired off royal salutes in honor of the General, and a band played one of our national airs. That's to pay us off for treating the Prince of Wales so cordially when he visited Boston many years ago.

All of one long, happy hour, mamma had been reading to little ones Sunday afternoon, and talking to them about heaven and the angels, and showing them pictures of angels with their snowy wings. Suddenly Jack shouted, "Mother, when I'm an angel I want to be a shagreened shield on the part of the family circle, followed by the explanatory clause by Jack, 'Feathers on my legs, you know.'" Mother dismissed the little congregation without the usual benediction.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

M. Loyson, better known as l'ere Hyacinthe, has just brought out at Paris a brochure setting forth the doctrines of the New Catholicism. This little work is divided into five parts, comprising "Rejection of Pagan Infidelity," "Election of Bishops by the Clergy and their Congregations," "Celebration of the Liturgical Offices and Reading of the Bible in the National Tongue," "Marriage Allowed to Priests," and "Liberty and Morality of Confession." M. Loyson's new church, in the Rue Rochechouart, continues to be well frequented—so much so, indeed, that on Sunday there is not accommodation for all who are desirous of obtaining admission.

Each day doth bring its petty dust, Our soon-choked souls to fill; And we forget because we must, And not because we will.

Chill, it is said, has officially declared war against Fern. The perusal of such news is sad to a peace-man. It makes him feel chilly.

It is said that Queen Victoria was strangely moved when she heard the news of the attempted assassination of the Czar. Well she might be, for there are persons not even suspected who have canvassed the subject of putting out of the way the English sovereign—so says one of our spirit-friends.

PRESBISM AND OPTIMISM.—When it rains, one man says, "This will make mud." Another, "This will lay the dust."

CHEERFUL MISSIONARIES AT THE BOTTOM.—"With reference to the shrewd remark of an officer, 'I cannot disabuse my mind of that missionary spirit had a good deal to do with his (Sir Bartle Frere's) determination to break the neck of the Zulu power at all risks,' it is not without significance that he had been four days in Natal listening to the 'Interesting details' of the Norwegian missionaries before writing his despatch, asking for reinforcements for 'defensive purposes' in order to give 'reasonable security against attack'—which reinforcements when obtained were employed to make war upon the Zulus without the orders of the Home Government.—*The Indian Spectator, Bombay.*

The *Daily Post*, Atlanta, Ga., for April 29th, devotes nearly a column of its space to a report of a trance lecture delivered in that city recently through the mediumistic instrumentality of J. Madison Allen.

Is an egg shell an ova-coat?—*Boston Post.*

A patent has been granted to Joseph T. Clarkson, Amesbury, Mass., for his spring-seat sleighs, which will render riding in sleighs as even and easy as in the best carriage over the smoothest roads. Write to the inventor, as above, for full particulars.

THE NURSERY for May is an exceedingly interesting number. Shorey & Co., 36 Broadway street, Boston, publishers.

"INSANITY: ITS PECULIAR PHASES AND ALLEGED CAUSES."—Edward Mead, M. D., delivered an interesting lecture at Wesleyan Association Hall, on Bromfield street, Boston, recently, his subject being as above. He reviewed the question in a general manner, afterward defining the nature of this sad affliction, suggesting that more attention be given to its prevention and cure, and that efforts be made to secure an amelioration of the condition of insane patients in institutions established for their care.

Crawling through a rat-hole might be called a trip through gnaw-way.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

ARMORY HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1. Holds its sessions every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, in West and Washington streets, at 10 o'clock. The public cordially invited. D. N. Ford, Conductor.

ARMORY HALL, HIGH STREET, CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 2, of Boston, holds its sessions every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The public are cordially invited. Admission free. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

INVESTIGATOR HALL, PAINE MEMORIAL BUILDING, 275 WASHINGTON STREET.—The Investigator will lecture in this hall every Sunday afternoon. Services commence at 3 o'clock.

PTYSIAN HALL.—The People's Spiritual Meeting (formerly held at Eagle Hall) is removed to Pysian Hall, 25 Tremont street. Services every Sunday morning and afternoon. Good mediums and speakers always present.

EAGLE HALL.—Spiritual Meetings for speaking and tests are held at this hall, 26 1/2 Washington street, every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Excellent opportunities being provided.

PARISH MEMORIAL PARLORS.—The Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society will meet at this place, Park Memorial Building, Berkeley, corner of Appleton street, every Friday afternoon and evening. Mrs. John Woods, president; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

SCIENCE HALL.—Spiritual meetings for speaking and tests every Sunday in this hall, 71 1/2 Washington street, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 2 1/2 P. M.

ABNORSFORD HALL.—Meetings are held in this hall, Waverley Building, corner of Waverley and Broadway streets, every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, under direction of C. B. Marsh.

Amory Hall.—While the glorious sunlight is shedding its golden beams upon the face of nature, and a spontaneous worship is manifested in all its ramifications, man, the crowning glory of earth-life, puts on the sombre garb of credulity and fear, and goes forth to find a sanctuary to worship an imaginary being, whose requirements are manifold and in many cases absurd. Yet how boundless are the attributes of the living and true God! Let us strive to copy Nature, and worship God in purity and innocence, thereby creating a heaven within ourselves, and answering the query, "How can I best make heaven?" which was the question at the Lyceum to-day. The exercises were as follows: Overture, singing, responses, and Benediction; answers to questions, solo, Miss Bell; reading, "Trouble in the Choir," Mrs. Francis; song, "Sing and Hallelujah," Nellie Welch; reading, "The Welcome Home," Mrs. Downs; song, "Full of Sorrow, Full of Woe," Nellie Thomas; recitations, "Take Care of the Health at Home," Alf Peabody; "Somewhere or Other," Jennie Smith; "The Listless Lodge," Jennie Bicknell; reading, "The Legend of a March," Hattie Collier; song, "A Whimsical Prayer," May Waters; recitation, "A Whimsical Prayer in Heaven," Helen M. Dill; song, "When the Mists have Cleared Away," Mr. Fairbanks; wing movements, led by Mr. Ford; selections by orchestra; remarks by Mrs. Willis; notices, treasurer's report, and target march.

Wm. D. Rockwood, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1, Boston, May 10, 1879.

Amory Hall.—Very orderly and interesting meetings were held at this hall last Sunday in the afternoon. Mr. Milleson delivered an address on the subject of "Materialization," claiming that the forms so produced were reproductions through the action of the laws governing gestation inherent in all female forms in nature. The lecture was listened to with marked attention. The subject will be continued at a future day. In the evening Mr. Milleson gave an interesting lecture on "Spiritualism," illustrating his subject with some fine paintings. At the close of Mr. Milleson's address a few remarks followed from Mrs. Clara A. Field. These meetings will be held next Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., when tests of spirit presence will be given through different media. Also spirit paintings will be shown both afternoon and evening.

Amory Hall.—A beautiful May morning, combined with the general interest manifested by the citizens of this city, was the cause of filling the groups, and a goodly number occupied the seats allotted to visitors, among whom we noticed many familiar faces who were early workers in the Lyceum movement when Charlestown was a city. It is very gratifying to the officers to see so much interest manifested; the large attendance present each Sunday, and the steady increase, far exceed their expectations. The services were opened with an overture by the orchestra, followed by congregational singing; by the President, Mr. J. B. Hatch, read selections from the works of Dr. J. M. Peabody; the Banner March was then participated in, at the conclusion of which Mrs. Hattie Richards, of Boston, and Dr. Coonley, of Vineland, N. J., made short addresses, congratulating all upon the glorious success of the new Lyceum. Recitations, singing and instrumental music by the following pupils then supervened: Addie Stearns, Arthur Bangs, Cecile Conroy, Bertha Hall, Lillie Wells, Alice Sullivan, Hattie Rice; select reading, "The Last Hour," Miss Ella Pratt; song, Mr. E. F. Pierce; Mrs. M. A. Carnes, of Boston, read a selection entitled "The Young Hero," after which her spirit control made a stirring address, giving words of cheer and encouragement which were fully appreciated. The exercises concluded with an orchestral selection, introducing a piccolo solo by Mr. Willard Copeland. The announcements were led very gracefully by Miss Ella Carr, assisted by Master Frank Rand.

Finding the party given upon May Day such a source of enjoyment to the children, the Lyceum have decided to repeat it at some future time, of which due notice will be given.

On Thursday evening, May 15th, the Ladies' Dramatic Class will give an entertainment, concluding with a social dance at Amory Hall.

B. F. Burryck, Sec'y. Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 2, Charlestown District, May 10th.

May-Day Party.—A successful and interesting entertainment for young and old was carried out under direction of J. B. Hatch, President of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 2, at Amory Hall, Charlestown District, on Thursday, May 1st. The services of the occasion were arranged in two divisions, viz: for afternoon and evening. In the afternoon over two hundred children met in the hall and participated in marches, songs, social games, dancing, etc.—the music being furnished by the Lyceum orchestra under direction of Charles C. Elliot. At the conclusion of the afternoon's exercises a fine collation was furnished for the children present by the ladies of the society. In the evening a goodly party of adults assembled for dancing, music by C. B. Marsh's quadrille band.

Charlestown District.—Abnorsford Hall.—May 4th a very interesting meeting was held in this place in the afternoon at 3 o'clock. After a song by the choir, Dr. L. K. Coonley, of New Jersey, delivered a short but very interesting discourse. Mrs. M. C. Bagley then occupied nearly one hour giving tests. The services were closed by a song from Prof. Heath, "the blind musician." Next Sunday, 11th, Mrs. Bagley and others will speak and give tests in this hall at 3 P. M. C. B. M.

"The 'Great and General Court' of Massachusetts, in the act of October 17, 1717, for the reversal of the attainders of the individuals punished for witchcraft, refer to 'the influence and energy of the evil spirit, so great at that time, acting in and upon those who were the principal accusers and witnesses' (Official Record, p. 217). This shows that, twenty years after the tragedy was over, it was the accusers and witnesses who were thought to have been the subjects of Satanic delusion. This same act, also, adverts to the fact that some of the principal accusers and witnesses 'in those dark and severe persecutions' had discovered themselves to be persons of profligate character. In short, the victims who perished are declared innocent, and their death is attributed to mingled delusion and fraud in their accusers."—Sunday Afternoon, (Mag.)

We beg to call the attention of our friends to the discourses by our indefatigable co-workers, Mrs. Richmond, Dr. James M. Peabody, and others now regularly appearing in the *Banner of Light*. They are of such a nature that it would be well if every Spiritualist read them. Indeed we should feel glad if this most valuable paper were more generally circulated in this country. Every society and circle should at least take one or two copies weekly for the use of their members. Its matter never grows old, and would afford opportunity for most pleasant reading.—*The Spiritual Reporter, London, Eng.*

May-Day in Lynn.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The Spiritualists in Lynn, under the management of Mr. George Dillingham, a May-Day Festival in Centennial Hall, May 1st, afternoon and evening. The afternoon was devoted to music, speaking, and spirit-communication—tests being given by Mrs. Carlisle Ireland, Mrs. A. Hall, Mrs. E. A. Cutting, of Boston, Mrs. F. Dillingham, and Mrs. Nora Barker, of Lynn. It was an instructive, pleasant, and interesting occasion.

In the evening a large and appreciative audience was entertained by select and spirited recitations by Mrs. M. C. Chase, of Lynn, and Mrs. M. A. Carnes, of Boston; piano duets by our young friends, Misses A. L. Orr and A. Lauder, Miss A. V. Chase and Mr. C. B. Millet; vocal selections (which were much admired) by Mrs. G. N. Johnson and Miss A. L. Orr, of Lynn; Mrs. Oscar Sanborn, Misses Cora Willis and Miss A. V. Chase, also singing to excellent acceptance. The concert closed at 10:30 P. M., after which the young people enjoyed several hours of dancing. During intermission an excellent collation was provided by the committee, and generally partaken of. All who attended were well pleased with their May-Day Festival.

Mrs. E. A. CUTTING, 32 Village street, Boston.

To Correspondents. No attention is paid by anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return communications not sent.

C. G. O., DURHAM, ENG.—The door-soldier through the mediumship of Simon De Maltin has come to hand, and is filed for publication in this paper.

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THE SHAKER MANIFESTO. Official monthly published by the United Societies at Shakers, N. Y. 60 cents per annum. Single copies 10 cents.

THE OLIVE BRANCH. A monthly. Price 10 cents.

Subscriptions Received at this Office: MIND AND MATTER. Published weekly in Philadelphia, Pa. \$2.15 per annum.

THE SPIRITUALIST: A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Price \$1.00 per year, postage 25c.

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THE SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATOR: A Monthly Magazine, published in Rochester, N. Y. Price \$2.00 per year, postage 25c.

SPIRITUAL NOTES: A Monthly Epitome of the Transactions of Spiritual and Psychological Societies. Published in London, Eng. Per year, 7c.

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BUSINESS CARDS. NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MORSE, the well-known English lecturer, will act as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, at 100, 101, and 102, Park Street, London, E. C. 4. Subscribers can address Mr. Morse at his residence, Elm Tree Terrace, Uxeterter Road, Derby, England. Mr. Morse also keeps for sale the Spiritual and Reformatory Works published by Colby & Rich.

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