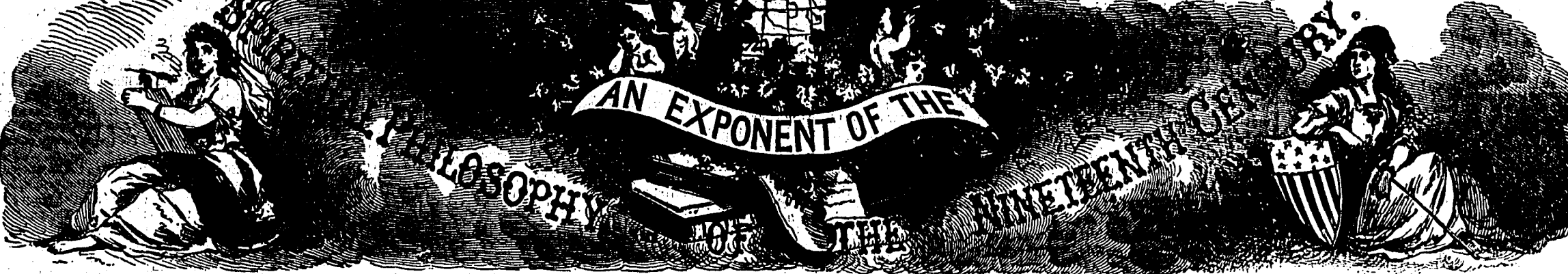


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Rostrom.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS.

A Discourse through the Trance-Mediumship of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
in Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 14th, 1880, under the Inspiration of Emanuel Swedenborg.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

INVOCATION.

Oh thou Infinite Spirit, our Father and our Mother God, thou divinest soul, thou giver of all gifts, we praise thee without ceasing. Our souls immersed in clay, our minds enthralled in dust, the sound of praise goes outward and inward to thee, through aspiration and strong endeavor, through longings for the higher state, through deeds and words of expression that glorify the greatness of the great human heart. The voices of these flowers praise thee with sweet lips of incense through all their beauteous lives, like words of angel harmony; the earth teeming with loveliness praises thee in the true fullness of life, in the fruition of the harvest, in the glory of the ages, in the achievements of created eternity. The spirit shall praise thee more and more when the voice of the soul is made more manifest on earth, when humanity shall become attuned to the loftier song of the angels, when the voices from the upper air shall thrill the earth below, when the sounds of human warfare and striving shall cease, when man will praise thee with peace, with harmony, with perfection of life, when endeavor will be toward truth and aspiration, and aim will be for knowledge and wisdom, when man shall not strive against his brother, nor slay the creature of the dust beneath his feet, but shall climb the higher heights of wisdom by strong self-conquest, and gain the victory over earth by vanquishing the lower part of his being. When the spirit shall triumph utterly, and thy voice and thy presence be felt in every moment, when each heart shall be consecrated to thee, and thy ministering angels shall attend upon human hearts, the pathways of angels will then be brought close to the earth, and man will praise thee with honor and unspeakable glory, for, born of the kingdom of the spirit, and triumphing over earth, the soul, with matchless power, shall yield the fruition of life unto man.

Oh God! through whatever ages of time this may be accomplished, in whatever ways, by struggle and discipline, the human soul may reach this triumph, through sorrow or suffering, through degradation or despair, through calm or action, the light of thy spirit beams over the same; we know thee infinite love, we are confident of thine ever-living power, we are aware of thy perfect wisdom. Toward thee, then, forever let us tend, the light of that immortal presence shining ever upon our souls, until the earth, with its conscious humanity, is freighted with its presence, and the angels draw near to the earth with their earnest love of every endeavor of the human heart in striving toward thee.

Praises from spirits and men, praises from the angelic throng, and from the universe of souls whose names are not known in the outward world, but who fill the immortal estate with divine beauty, and radiate from their living countenances the glory of the immortal kingdom evermore. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

When hope is swallowed up in hope's fruition, and the eager striving of the soul is merged in the soul's attainment, when all of longing and of thirsting ceases, when that selfhood is crowned that maketh life complete, what comes afterwards? The individual life of earth is the life of selfish endeavor, of striving after individual happiness, of seeking individual aims and objects, of winning individual fame, of gaining individual heights of power, of desiring goodness, truth and knowledge for one's self, the promotion of one's own joy. Wherever this is not the case, there is love; wherever the life goes out to another, wherever the efforts of daily life are expended for another, wherever self is nothing, there is happiness. Wherever a cause enchains the mind, or a principle fetters the soul to its advocacy, without thought of individual selfhood, the angelic life is with you. The devotion born of self-abnegation, the desire to minister to others, born of entire self-forgetfulness, the fact that the soul or mind desires nothing for itself, is, when found on earth, an indication of the angelic state. Feeble as these glimpses are among you, faint as are the lines of light traced along the human sky from the celestial condition, there are periods of human life, there are portions of human history freighted with messages from the angelic state. But all this you seek to know for yourselves. All promises are regarded as not for humanity, but for you; for the me that the individual is ever remembering. You do not ask, "What will be the angelic state for the angels?" but, "Shall I attain it? Will I be blessed? Shall I be there? Will I be crowned with this endeavor and possession?" You do not say, "What promise is there in this great achievement for humanity? What word that shall thrill down to the darkest condition of life, lifting the lowly, the degraded,

the scorned, and the despaired?" But, "Is there a promise for me?" Oh, the glory and triumph of the one hour when it comes to the spirit to know that it is not the me, the individual, but the life of love that is possessed!

Take, therefore, to your hearts the record of this hour. Bear with you as much of it as the mind and life can receive; and remember, whatever intermediate states lie between you and its possession, the promise is for humanity.

The angelic life differs from the spiritual life and the life of the spirit-world, in the degree that the spirit is still filled with individual aim, still striving for individual accomplishment, still struggling for higher honors to come to him or herself. The reason of this is born of the dual nature of the soul. The spirit is only a half soul, struggling forever to gain that other portion, that other life, that shall be the revelation of a complete existence. In the struggle all paths of knowledge are sought, all systems of philosophy are unfolded, all treasures of science revealed, and the earth grows old yielding her harvests of knowledge and wisdom to humanity. While the soul is pursuing this journey, the spirit-world finds it still unattained, still unaccomplished, and finds that the mind is fettered and bound by that same individual longing and desire—the attainment of salvation for one's self, the seeking life and light and wisdom and knowledge of love for the individual happiness. Just in proportion as you draw near the angelic state, just to the degree that the angelic perogatives and possessions you, just the moment that you perceive the completion of the pursuit of life in the fulfillment of the one absolute need and desire, the longing for yourselves must cease. The individual happiness being accomplished, you do not seek it. The effort and endeavor of life then really begins. Only the angels and those beyond them can toll for truth. Mankind are tolling for themselves. Only angels and those pervaded by the possession of angelic life can labor earnestly for humanity. Mankind individually are struggling for the individual. Only those in the angelic state of entire removal from self-seeking can labor earnestly for the universe of mind aside from themselves. The virtue or power of spirit depends upon the degree of its approach to the angelic, and while the lowest form of human affection may be one step, the intermediate grades all serve to draw you to that surpassing good. The love of the mother for her child becomes pervaded and imbued with the angelic degree when, transcending the protection of nature and the law of nature's offspring, she lays her all, her spiritual estate, her life, her aspiration, her endeavor, upon the shrine of that devotion. The martyr, suffering for the truth he has espoused, depicts the angelic life in your midst, that is not recognized until the world has grown older by some hundreds of years, and you turn back and behold the face of the angel whom you have disfigured with human blood. Struggling for liberty, the patriot, imbued with the thought of freedom, perceives the angelic life and is thrilled by it, not for himself but for the world, content to lay down his momentary life that the great thought he has espoused may live forever in the heart of man. This was the life of an angel. In many a lowly walk of life, where the hands are folded in meekness or ministering in kindly charity, the angelic spirit may gleam out from the sainted eyes of man or woman, clothed upon with the garb of humility, wearing the raiment of servitude, and one wonders why, in their utter self-forgetfulness, every one else is blessed. The earth has been visited by an angel that hour, and the life that went out in service to another is crowned, not in spiritual states but in the celestial kingdoms.

Great teachers, persecuted of their kind, and scorned by those who walked the earth with them, reviled upon the streets and stoned in the public highways, become the revealers of lofty thought to mankind, until the angelic world is visibly seen to tremble near the earth, and man remembers what kind of demi-god walked the earth when Plato died, when the world was thrilled with the eloquence of a seer or sage. These are glimpses and prophecies. In the angelic life the individual is forgotten; the man and woman are one in the angelic state, and by the very power of the love that is theirs, and the bond that unites them, become the one angel depicted by the seer, and are from thenceforth ministers of love to humanity, being capable of ministration because not seeking again; possessing a treasure which they can bestow without robbing themselves, having an inheritance that is unspeakably glorious, the gift is free, and the light of their ministration forms the salvation of humanity. Through whatever avenues it may reach you, by whatever ministering angels or guardian spirits it may unfold your pathways, it is the promise, the idea that exalts and uplifts humanity. Then only does the spirit cease to strive. Then only are the thoughts capable of correct and distinct ministration. Then only does the life become a life of creation and creative energy, instead of a life of receptivity. Then only are we complete, instead of children. Then only do we arrive at a state where the forms of being are merged in the thought of them; where life and its strong endeavor is absorbed in the truth and its ministration; where seeking for knowledge is swallowed up in the possession of it and its ministration to others; where struggling and striving for wisdom is quenched in the fountain that flows freely toward the soul, that being ever within, the voice of the spirit linking it unto God.

I would have you understand utterly, as utterly as the human mind may grasp the meaning of a statement beyond the present experience of humanity, that the angelic state or degree of love which is at present portrayed in

this address, is the love that crowns all human endeavor and spiritual attainment, and is a possession instead of something sought; is that which exists instead of that which is pursued; and in that degree angels become ministers of grace and ministers of love, for the reason that the love is theirs, the possession theirs, and they know whereof they testify; they minister according to their possession, they are devoid of longing, because longing is swallowed up in that victory.

I do not mean by this that the infinite tendency toward truth is lessened. I do not mean by this that the aspiration toward God ceases. I do not mean by this that the pursuit of angelic knowledge is not still a portion of life. But if you have attained a height from which you perceive the pathways that your soul has traversed, and discover that in order to attain another height you must lead others to that pathway, you can understand the position of the angel that attends by the gateway of life every human being; you can understand that this angel is the dual, the father and mother-soul, lighting your pathway on the eternal journey and illumining the ways of time that you must devoutly tread; you can understand that the light of that immortal possession is the full crown of what you can perceive, or seek, or aspire to here, and that in its completeness, thought, desire and longing cease, aspiration is born anew, and the spiritual power awakened eternally.

Angels are of various grades, but no one wears the name of angel whose earthly striving and struggling are not complete, who is not born into the kingdom of celestial marriage; the marriage of the dual life that was severed in time, severed in the spiritual states beneath the angelic, and only united by that surpassing power that makes the complement of life complete in the angelic degree. There are no longings unfulfilled, there are no expectancies and desires to be forever drowned in human tears and quenched in the flame and ashes of human desire. There is no thought of individual salvation from pain and sin and the penalty of these, because the victory has been won, the accomplishment complete, the dual life stands with its dual experience in the presence of the angels, and is crowned with absolute arrival. I use the word "arrival" as the worlds now arrive to the perichelon of their revolution, as suns and systems arrive at points of perfection by pathways of revolution. As there are certain approaching orbits in space, the point of space ever made more manifest by certain approximate circles and culminations, so the angelic state is the culminating point of whatever experience human life can afford, is the transcendent achievement of whatever thought or aspiration the human mind can embody, is the full possession of whatever meaning there is in the words "truth," "hope," "love," "knowledge," "faith," as belonging to the human understanding; is more than these—is the possession of faith in such absolute sense that faith is swallowed up in certainty, hope is forgotten in the possession, and love is the one crowning glory of life. Ministration then actually begins, teaching is understood, both sides of a truth are clearly known, and the dual nature and form of every thought is interpreted.

Humanity must forever be seeking only the fragments of truth, for the other half of that truth is veiled from your penetration. You see the night time only when the night is here; the day evades you by the presence of the night. You see the daylight only when the day is here; the night is hidden by the presence of the day. In the angelic state, both night and day, their relative meaning and bearing upon the earth, are equally seen, and at the same time. Winter and spring affect you as periods of time; these are the opposites of one another—the correlated forces that govern the life and fructification of the world. You are pervaded by the presence of spring; summer possesses you; the autumn time approaches; the winter is here. You are not now in the midst of summer. In the angelic state, both summer and winter, the changes of the seasons, and their bearings upon the earth are seen at a glance, and are as one principle, divided for the benefit of matter and time, but united in the great source of life elemental, the sun, for from the sun's rays and the magnet-power of life, summer and winter, springtime and autumn must be born.

You are pervaded by the present hour of joy or sorrow, of desire or fulfillment, of seeking or possession. That which you seek is for yourselves—happiness, longing, the wish, the accomplishment. In the angelic state, both joy and sorrow, their effects upon human life, and their needs to the soul, adversity and prosperity, the human desire and the human fulfillment, are each and all understood and known to be a part of the complete whole, which is love, the object of it the advancement, perfection and growth of the spirit toward the angel. In the outward life truth is something to be sought for as an individual possession, and, if found, to be held for if need be. In the angelic life truth flows as from a natural fountain. There can be no seeking, for it is there, responding forever to the need, because the complete conditions for its receptivity exist in the lack of desire, in the vanquishment of self. In the human life freedom is something to be sought for—the liberation of nations from slavery and thralldom, of humanity from the burden of error, the power of death and the bondage of sin. In the angelic state, both evil and good, as measured by the human standard, are the night and the day of human life, wherein, by the action and reaction of those dual forces upon nature, the human spirit is made to comprehend the necessities of the spiritual being. These are looked upon as one effect from the same source. That which is called evil and that which is called good must follow as the necessary conditions of human

growth. The angels can turn to no other life than that which belongs to the essence of love and goodness, since there is nothing for their attraction earthward, nothing to turn them aside from the spiritual estate, nothing to seize hold upon them by desire or outward transgression. Humanity might explain the selfishness, the error, the degradation, the guilt, the pain, the poverty, by the fact that the complete life is not here to resist these attacks. Your spirits are open on one side to the physical and human temptation, and the dust claims that side until the spiritual, by continued aspiration and endeavor, overcomes it. All human grief, every source of human wrong, is thus traced to the absence of that perfected being which is your ultimate, that would, if present, and if complete and absolute, vanquish the temptation, as Christ did, or as the divine masters of the world have been able to vanquish it, because of the presence of the angel in human life.

When you are aware, therefore, that between yourselves in the innermost and the angelic state there is a direct line of relationship, and that the vibrations angelward are so many stepping-stones toward that angelic condition, and the vibrations earthward are so many indications that you have not yet attained it, you will see, if you know what it is to discern the face of the angel, that yonder is a life that aspires to the heavenly kingdom; yonder is a life burdened with terrestrial temptations, and in the precise degree of life's ministrations the measure of the angelic is made known; that between your innermost lives and the lives of the angels is a chord of promise and sympathy that directs the purposes of human thought to that attainment, makes possible the fulfillment of prophecy and poesy, and gives the full interpretation of seer and sage to the world; that this much an angel has promised humanity in the voice, the sacred voice of teacher, sage and prophet; that this much the world understands is its possession and its inheritance, and all it is possible for any angel to promise or to say. Thus man, by this very promise, inherits the celestial kingdom; but not until humanity becomes angelic can you possess it. You cannot possess it now. In your present state it is impossible. The condition of life may not affect it; the condition of your growth affects it. Why can we not be angels at this hour, you say, and drink in this present life, be peopled and freighted with these eternal ideas and be pervaded by the kingdom of heaven on earth? The earth is not old enough; time has not been vanquished, nor the old-time wrongs of the world. There is not an atmosphere from within to crowd upon this human consciousness and people it with the immortal possession. Glimmerings of it are yours, traces of it in the higher air. The fruition, the fulfillment, the possession, are beyond; not beyond in space, but beyond in growth, in individual adaptation, in comprehension of the eternal possession and powers of the spirit.

When we say to you, therefore, that these feeble and fluctuating thoughts of human life are to be merged into completeness, that you as individual halves of a perfect soul will one day be crowned with angelic perfection, we do not say that you will bear with you then the foibles, the imperfections, the pains and penalties that now pervade you, but rather, having taken on many degrees of spiritual growth and ascended many pathways of unfoldment, you arrive at the height where your truth and your love are your possession, where they become yours by rightful inheritance, where they become yours by the consciousness of having reached and attained them; and then your face is not turned earthward save in ministration; then there is no more knowledge for you to gain upon the earth; you are to teach, you are to minister, you are to direct, you are to guide. But the angel turns to higher states and degrees for knowledge. What surpassing kingdoms are found there! What wonderful degrees of unfoldment! The absolute of life is revealed! No longer nature's laws, but life itself. No longer the emanations of growth through nature, but the source of life and its manifold and wakening powers. No longer forms, laws, methods, but spirit. No longer expression in outward form, as of dust, but the wakening principle that flows through life with unceasing fervor and power, transmitting dust to beauty, and clay to finest messages of love. No longer laws of organism, unfolding flower from germ, and germ from seed, but the birth of life flowing directly from angelic states to the expression of love in the petals of a flower. Science can tell how many links of life it may have taken to evolve from primal essence the life that is here to-day, but an angel can tell you how many pulsations have come from angelic life, where love is complete, until the clay has responded, the dust has been quickened, the germ evolved, and the life speaks to your hearts of the love an angel bears you.

The naturalist will tell you by what subtle links of lower life the message was borne that finally lays upon the mother's breast the newborn babe, who smiles into her eyes as a cherub only can smile; but an angel will tell you by what subtle paths of spiritual change heaven has been depopulated of a soul to make the earth more fair, and a life divided by a point of dust that the heart of the mother may thrill with the consciousness of angelic being. There may be somewhat in the message that science gives you, but if there were no angel no babe would be born. The life of the earth, with its manifold perfections, is a study for the man who looks earthward, and he sees in many forms of dust and in the conformations of clay beneath his feet the evidences of nature's design. The celestial student gazes heavenward, and then perceives within the life of the angelic state the very force that makes matter alive, and can tell you not only how many ages the world has lived, and how long it takes for a

fragment to become a star, but can tell you from what angel the impulse came that completed the solar system with its life and light, and breathed upon this world the possibility of being; can declare to you by what gateway of the morning of creation (the creation of this world or this system, or yonder system of stars), the angel of creative life, commissioned to stand and unfold this drama, appeared, and can say to you with certainty that the love of that angel gave birth to that star, and you are its child, summoned from eternity to do his bidding, called from out the depths of that space to read the lesson of life as traced by his hand, and that you will one day stand with knowledge complete, all laws and systems of material government made known to you by the very breath and touchstone of that life that is the angels'.

Growth, attainment, perfection—these are all possessions of the angels, nor can there be so much as a lily fashioned, or a rose or violet to bloom in outward life, or a blade of grass to spring into being, without the sanction, the effort, the impulse of the creative energy of the angelic world. Life is not born of law, but of mind. Mind is the permeating, pervading impulse, law is the method, and but for this law and this life, worlds were barren and void, and space were chaos, and that divine construction and eternal harmony existing in all space would be blotted out, for nature without a soul is a sepulchre. Peopled with this idea, freighted with this message, born of this impulse, and borne along by its results, each wave of terrestrial and spiritual life bears a double import and message to the world of a crowning angel who receives and ministers the truth according to earthly need; of a parent instead of a law; of a soul instead of an external chaos; and the mind is thrilled and pervaded with the consciousness that no life of any tree, or flower, or image of the mind, can have its birth but for the life that exists in a perfected state of being, transmitted through many forms of being and many degrees of unfoldment, until it reaches you in the form of the floral message, or winged bird, or the very air that surrounds you. And yet man stands upon the threshold of this mighty experience, grasping nothing as he probes the empty air of material life to find the answer to his longing for knowledge. And yet man stands by the very gateway of this immortal life, close by the presence of an angel who leans forward from out the mysterious silence of the soul to speak the one word that shall thrill humanity with completeness; and the world has no life to hear, no mind, nor heart to understand, and will still cleave to the dust and cling to the lifeless atom for the solution of that mystery that is God.

Divine as is the love of Christ, transcendent as is the ministration of your guardian angel, in that sleep and vision of a night, and in that exultation, rapturous as is the soul's response to prayer born of self-forgetfulness and earnest aspiration, there is no religious rapture, no lofty exultation of soul, no divine aspiration toward the Infinite Love, that is not possible of fulfillment and fruition in the life of your angel. So that you have vision of a night, and in that vision, for their angels always behold the face of the Father who is in heaven. Not the outward eye, not the gleam of the outward form, not the mind, which is clothed with dust, but the angel; that which belongs to them when undivided, they stand again in the very presence of that absolute spirit and being that is their life. The soul, although immersed in time and earth, is their angel. Have you not known yourselves a moment of respite from mortal care and toll, when, uplifted by sublime hope, or prophecy, or love, you have stood in the presence of your angel, without lineament of face or form, but an ideal presence, and by the reality of that presence attained vision of a night, and in that vision of the moment over earthly need and sorrow? Then your angel beholds the face of the Father in heaven. Have you not stood by the very portals of sorrow, when death had come as a shadow between you and the outward walls of life, when the great love of your heart or your life had been transferred to silence, and you stood at your feet, and in that moment of the love that was welling up within your soul and receding toward the unknown shore, and have you not felt at that moment that the gates of eternity were wide open, and you and your angel were admitted to the presence of that mysterious realm where there is no time nor space, no change nor sorrow, where the one conquers death, and transcends all human hope? Then your angel has beheld the face of the Father.

Have you ministered ever to the lowly, to the desolate, taking some hour of the night when no human feet were abroad, and sitting by the couch of sorrow or pain, when the world was in the ministration born of tenderest pity, and have you not heard the clocks telling the hours of earthly time, while you in spirit were merged in eternity and became one with the ministering spirit of that great love? Have you not thought all things else were valueless compared with the effort to save that one life or that one hope that was there? And when would you not gladly have laid down your life, sacrificed your earthly estates and given up all earthly pursuits, to go forth into the world as a healer of the wounds of those who suffer? Then your angel has beheld the face of the Father, for the dual life within you has comprehended that, greater than hope of human happiness, higher than the attainment of riches or the pursuit of gold, is the surpassing consciousness of giving one's life to aid, to uplift, to save another. In that hope the angels abide; by that light the angels walk. In their transcendent spheres no life is theirs unaccompanied by blessing, nor have they thought of what they shall win or gain. The surpassing thought is, that love must flow out into the universe that is hungering and thirsting for love, and on that great human need, the want of the human heart, crying and moaning in the darkness of earthly life, lost like children wandering from the house of the Father, sent out like message-birds, having no guidance seemingly, but listening for the one word of love that may fall from the lips of the angel who keeps watch over them. More and more this love pervades you; more and more its triumph is made manifest; more and more it speaketh to the world, until, when the Messiahs are fully born, when the Comforter shall come, when the Spirit of Truth shall possess you, when the earth shall have fulfilled the completeness of her life, and yields her harvest of souls into the great storehouse of God, she will have said to the Infinite, "These are the angels I bring you."

Legislature, to any who want it, but the pamphlet which I speak above is a magazine of fact and argument. Let all be vigilant! Yours truly,

POEM BY OULNA.

(The following lines were given by "Oulna," the poetic control of Mrs. Corn L. V. Richmond, at the close of a recent Sunday morning discourse in Berkeley Hall. The spirit of a child bringing flowers was that of George Glover, a grandson of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, of Boston, who were present.)

Sweet lilies, snowy white,
Born in the angel-bowers
And full of heavenly light—
Oh, take them for love's sake,
For love is still awake,
In rapture evermore!

There are panicles for sweet thought,
Born of the earth-life, wrought
With a few fleeting years.
In mystery he came
To minister life's flame,
Transplanted through these tears.

Dear, 'tis not death that steals the breath
In human life below;
A wisper vision hath it seen,
A wisper purpose there hath been,
A momentary gleam to show
That love and truth's best glow
May kindle in your hearts
Play for evermore;
Pity and patience, too,
For the angel shining through;
A throbbing life complete
To lay at Heaven's feet.

Receive this gift of flowers!

"I will crown life's closing hours,
And when his mother dreams
That in her sight the gleams
Of heaven are now more bright,
He, too, will give her flowers,
And wipe away the showers
Of falling tears on earth."
Saying of the higher birth:
"I am happier than before,
Oh, mother! weep no more!"

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

LEOMINSTER.—Mrs. Fannie Wilder, President Spiritualist Union, writes March 1st: "Mr. J. D. Stiles, of Weymouth, Mass., lectured before our Society on Sunday, Feb. 22, and also on the evening of the 23rd. He came to us as an entire stranger, and gave two lectures of remarkable interest, followed by poems and tests which surprised anything we have ever listened to in this place. His manner was calm, dignified, and his words were heard from skeptic and believer. I hope those who are earnestly seeking for evidence of the truth of our beautiful philosophy will find themselves enriched by listening to him, for he can furnish them with proof of continued life beyond the grave."

Mr. James C. Wilder, the well-known janitor of Union Hall, and his residence in Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 30th, aged 75 years. He was born in Leominster, but resided in Boston before going to Cambridge twenty-five years ago, and while in that city he was sexton of the Federal and Winter-street churches. He had a long experience in the care of public buildings, and was for a brief period the sexton of Harvard-street M. E. Church and St. Peter's Episcopal Church. For many years he was janitor of the Williams Hall and sexton of the Prospect-street church for a period of twenty-three years. He enlisted in Company A, 38th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, and was with the regiment during the years of service, acting most of the time as hospital steward. He was at one time a member of the Grand Army, and at the time of his decease was a member of Franklin Lodge, No. 25, O. O. F., and a member of the United States Lodge, No. 25, O. O. F. He was one of the original members of the Temperance Reform Association. His remains were brought to the town of his birth (Leominster) and were followed by many of his old acquaintances, friends and relatives to their last resting place."

NEW BEDFORD.—H. A. Stewart, M. D., writes: "I have been a reader of the *Banner of Light* for many years, and look upon it as one of the most valuable and interesting papers published in the United States. Each number contains reading matter of the highest importance to mankind. I am delighted with the thoughts that flow from the mind of Prof. Britton; he is a clear philosopher and writer. W. J. Colville's answers to questions show a high order of intelligence; for common sense and clear perception his answers eclipse any mental effort I have ever seen, except the answers to questions by A. J. Davis, who, in my estimation, is the most reliable seer of this or of any other age. I read Mr. Colville's remarks with admiration. The dear old Zenger has stood sentinel for years in defence of the liberties of the people, and defended them as no writings ever have, save those of Thomas Paine. Justice is slow but sure, and the day will come when the *Banner of Light* will be recognized by the high and the low as the foremost beacon-light in the history of progress. I wish you much success in all your coming days."

DENNIS PORT.—Moses H. Baker writes, Feb. 20th: "A few weeks ago I read in the *Banner of Light* a communication from my wife, Mrs. Moses H. Baker, of Dennis Port, received through the mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Danksin, of Baltimore. I pursued it with great pleasure, and felt it was from her. There was that about it which I felt was the voice of my thought and expressions which are reflexes of her life and conversation, of far more weight than any general allusions to persons or facts. From the material standpoint the once occupied the facts of spiritualism; his philosophy attracted her attention, and when once a change came her whole soul was alive with the new truth. She was not rudely obtrusive with her faith; her ardent love for spiritualism and her generous labors in its behalf, were not for the sake of defending anism; back of and under all was a grand humanitarian idea, hence she had a mission worthy the spirit she possessed. I believe that in the life in the spheres she has gravitated to the place she was so well fitted to occupy, and so truly in harmony with her aspirations while in mortal life. I write this that you may know that I accept the communication with pleasure, as coming from my lamented wife, although from a reasoning standpoint I am an atheist; nevertheless I accept the phenomena of Spiritualism as facts. Thanks to Mrs. Danksin for her communication, also to the editor of the *Banner of Light* for its publication, of which paper she for years was a devoted patron."

New York.

JOHNSON'S CREEK.—Emma Taylor writes, Feb. 20th: "From the pages of our *Banner of Light* and Truth is still waving. The few Spiritualists who have held the fort so many years in this section are still faithful. Their post, and the benedictions of the Spiritualists are greatly appreciated. We have within a few weeks been richly favored by the presence and lectures of Mrs. Colby, and songs of Mrs. Smith, both of St. Louis, Mo. For twenty years Johnson's Creek has been blessed with occasional lectures from spiritual speakers, but from none has error in all its forms received more masterly blows than from Mrs. Colby. Her wonderful fluency of language, her clearness of argument, and acquaintance with all subjects, history, ancient and modern, law, political economy, statistics, dates and facts, are given in a trance condition with a rapidity that strikes conviction of the truth of the inspired word, as much as the matter of her discourse. These ladies are to visit the East, and spiritual societies may feel highly fortunate to secure their services. Long may the dear old *Banner of Light* wave, bearing to us good tidings from the beyond."

BINGHAMTON.—Thomas W. Waterman writes, Feb. 27th: "Baldwin, 'the exposé,' was here last week. He advertised extensively for two nights; but as he only had an audience of twenty-five, he left town after exhibiting once. Our papers the next morning stated that his show did not pay expenses, but that his small audience was composed of some of our best citizens! Spiritualism is making good progress here."

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—Susan G. Horn writes: "We have had a very good winter in this fashionable watering-place, and Spiritualism has become quite *à la mode*. Spirit Societies have taken place twice a week at the elegant residences of Mr. and Mrs. Noble, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, and Mr. and Mrs. Horn, and have been attended by skeptical friends, doctors of medicine, society people, and friends of the cause. These receptions have been enlivened by the musical recitations of Mrs. Mary E. Lovering, whose extraordinary spirit improvisations have become the theme of Saratoga. Though always correct and characteristic, they are not at all times equal to the best work of the masters they represent. But mediumship I have ever found to be a state of growth, and that spirit education is for the work they wish to perform through us. Undoubtedly if this lady could have at her command the orchestra of the inspired Glorified Spirit creations would call forth the plaudits of thousands."

Mrs. Lovering is a faithful member of the Congregational Church, and in this enlightened town of Saratoga the clergyman and his flock are so intelligent and permeated with the spirit of the age to repudiate and condemn her mediumship. In prayer-meetings and church gatherings she tells her hearers of the beautiful spirit-world awaiting them the Summer-land, and of the bright future that awaits her, leaving over them to guide and console them on earth."

While at our piano, she burst forth into a semi-chant, and described a clergyman in his cassock as striking the chords and ringing her. This proved to be the REV. RALPH HOYT, the poet, rector of Fort Lee, and author of some well-known poems, "Old New," "The World for Sale," &c. He was a beloved uncle of the writer, and lived to spirit-life during her absence in Europe. In this life he was particularly fond of

music, and often played upon the organ his own accompaniments to his voice. While he was in the sacred duties of the church, looking upon them as the greatest safeguard to man's errand nature, he did not oppose our spiritual belief. The respect of a Presbyterian Church of this place has replied to a sealed letter through Mr. Mansfield in a manner not to be doubted as to his *propria persona*. And thus the cause moves on. Order is growing out of chaos. Spiritualists are no longer set apart as poison-breathing Upas trees. People are beginning to understand that we do not wish to degrade or demoralize humanity, but that the spirit-world advocates changes only that will benefit and elevate the race."

Maine.

DEXTER.—C. Crockett writes, March 2d: "The cause in this section of our State has received a grand awakening through the labors of J. Frank Baxter in Bangor, Oldtown, Bradley, Kenduskeag, Belfast, Waterville, Sidney, and last week three evenings in Dexter—he drawing in the several places large audiences composed of all classes of thinkers, and making thinkers of such as never thought before. The indications are that among such a multitude of conversions as is manifested there must be a corresponding flow of a large number of conversions, with a growing desire for the ceremonies of baptism and holy communion with the spirit. For the gratification of some particular friends, in Bangor and elsewhere, I will here repeat as briefly as I can, from the many test-descriptions given by Mr. Baxter, one or two: He said, in one instance: 'A man now presents himself who claims to be well known in the city of Bangor, and who, in one whose opinions were always frankly expressed, honest and upright in character, intellectual and moral through life (etc., etc.). He wants to say to his friends here that many of them are his friends, and that he has seen the transition which he has before they can believe (etc.); then he is represented as putting two nice slits his hand down on the corner of the platform, by the side of four other hands that were there. This afterwards explained as being a method to be identified; was once his specialty as a manufacturer; told the street and number in Bangor where he once made hats before moving to Dexter; gave his name as Benjamin F. Horton. It was all correct and accepted as redeeming his promise to the writer and others before his death—that if the theory did prove true, and he found himself a living, conscious spirit, with a capability so to do, he would surely report to us the fact; therefore he said many others must experience as he had before they could believe. He was denominated a Deist."

A spirit presents itself, said Mr. Baxter, 'a man who has passed out recently and very suddenly. A feeling comes over me as one would feel who has overstepped and there is a feeling of loneliness or darkness. I now seem to be in open air. I see trees, woods, and a wood-sled, and I hear the name William T. Thurston.' This was correct in every particular; Mr. T. was one of our citizens who was a member of his seditious party, and two or three weeks ago; supposed cause of death, heart disease. Mr. Baxter thinks the majority of manifestations in Maine have been from the dead. What a grand advance Christianity would make if its friends could only add to their faith in spirit-life the fact that spirit-life is telegraphically connected with this and can manifest its kindred sympathies with spirits yet embodied."

New Hampshire.

MANCHESTER.—G. F. Rumill writes, Feb. 10th: "At a circle last evening, where Mr. Edward W. Emerson was the medium, I was present. He was requested her message sent to the *Banner* office. I will give it in her own words as nearly as possible: 'I am a stranger to you all; but the guide said I would be welcome, so I came. I would much to send a message to my friends in Maine. My name is Lizzie Smith, of Clinton, Maine. I passed out with consumption, about a month ago. My only child, a son, and a mother-in-law is Dorcas Smith. I was the last of the family. My brother met me in spirit-life, and I am very happy; and with my folks were sent to see to it that they were well. Weep not for me, for I am with them tonight and day. My people are Universalists. She seemed to lose control here, and did not regain it again. No one but her, however, and I hope the friends recognize her they will let it be known. There were none others who wished their names sent; but I would like to say that we had a visit from Mrs. Caroline Conway from Concord, N. H., about six weeks ago. She was recognized by two people in the circle who knew her in the form."

Vermont.

TUNBRIDGE.—George Severance writes, in the course of a business letter: "I was glad to say a word in relation to your method of conducting the *Banner*. I congratulate you much in excluding from your columns all personalities, and bitter controversies. Long may the *Banner of Light* wave in the breeze. There is no American periodical devoted to Spiritualism to be compared to it. In all things I wish you God speed."

Ohio.

CINCINNATI.—Judge A. G. W. Carter writes that "Mrs. Anna C. Hall, formerly Miss Anna Carver, of this city, is a worthy woman and good medium and lecturer. I can recommend her as one of the best of women as well as one of the best of Spiritualists."

Healing Experiences.

Showing the Uselessness of the Medical Bill now under Discussion, and the Value of the Vines recently submitted to the Legislative Committee on Health.

BY BETH SIMMONS, OF RANDOLPH, MASS.

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Committee: During the speech of Professor Tooley last Thursday, allusion was made to some of my experiences as a sufferer and a healer during the past twenty years; and as they illustrate the truth that men and women can be useful and not know much about Anatomy and Physiology, I submit a few cases in my plain way; the more, as it will appear, that any and all attempts to compel such persons to study the sciences must put off the date of their usefulness, without any good reason being given for the delay.

Case 1.—Some years ago I was prostrated with fever, and it was feared it would terminate in the brain. My parents called in a "regular" physician. He being a young man with a reputation to build up, came promptly, and did for me everything he could. In the course of four or five weeks, however, my troubles seemed to take a more serious form, and he wanted the advice of some other physician. My parents told him to do what he thought for the best. He accordingly brought in another "regular" physician, well advanced in years, and a man, to all appearance, of much experience. When the doctors met they retired to the front room in the lower part of the house to hold their consultation. For over a week they continued their visits, but reached no conclusion, save the common one, *I was very sick*. My brother's wife resolved to know the worst, and placed herself in a position to hear. She did not long to wait, for they soon entered the room and commenced a conference which astonished the listener. They acknowledged I was very sick, and with little prospect of improving; [a just judgment, no doubt, as I had been bled four times and covered with blisters from head to foot.] In fact, my physical condition was so low that I had to be moved in sheets. The doctors had already informed my family that those friends who would like to see me should be informed, as there was no time to lose. My brother was sent for in the middle of the night, he being thirty miles distant. My grave-diggers were being procured, and the place for the repose of my body had been selected. Nevertheless, the doctors failed in prediction, as well as cure!

My case being thus critical and dangerous, it may interest the committee to know what my brother's wife heard during the conference of the doctors. It is soon told, for, after some professional commonplace, the elder physician asked the younger if he knew anything of the financial circumstances of the family. He remarked they appeared to be comfortably well off, so far as he knew. The elder then inquired about the professional fee to be charged, remarking that he had found it best to have a good price, as it conveyed the idea that the services rendered were correspondingly valuable. Mr. Chairman, what do you think of such a person thus speaking under such circumstances? What can you think of any man, regular or quack, who can thus coolly speculate upon the chances of filling his wallet, after doing his best to bring a fellow-being to the brink of the grave? I might answer my own questions, but think it hardly necessary. I will add, however, that I do not blame the regular physician so much, as he was the victim of circumstances; the more, as it is a well-known fact, in every department of life, that "evil communication corrupts good morals."

Far different in act and effect was the conduct of a young person of my own age. It became necessary that she should leave home before my convalescence. She came to bid me good-by, and while she bent over my couch, her lips pressed to mine, and the hot tears of affection bathed my brow, she said: "Beth, keep up a good heart, you will be helped out of this." Strengthened by her confidence, I told her I would, and sometime the kiss should be repaid. Mr. Chairman, this was the kind of medication that revived my faith, awakened anew my nervous energy, making the whole economy of my being work together for good. The contrast between this expression of fresh and unselfish life, and the M. D.'s withdrawing to agree

upon "the wages of death," reminds me of that other class, their dupes and representatives, who are petitioning the present Legislature for protection from uneducated competition.

Case 2.—Sometime in the year 1863 my brother, who had been sick some six or eight years from the effect of carbuncle boil, was brought near death's door. Bad treatment complicated the case, which led the doctor to say to him, "Mr. Simmons, I find it is no use to try longer; I will get Dr. — to come and see you, and then we will conclude what can be done." He then left, and did not return, believing my brother must die. The complication of this case grew up under the advice of the physician who recommended the use of morphine. His pain at times would be so intense that he appeared wild until he got a new supply into his system. Eventually it destroyed the little vitality left him, after his long and lingering illness, so that the real cause of his death was morphine, given by the advice of his physician.

I am well aware, Mr. Chairman, that it forms no part of your duty to report upon the merits of conflicting systems of medicine, but you will pardon me if I emphasize this matter, since there has been so much said by the doctors on the other side about mal-practice—the more as the use of morphine is getting to be the one thing "altogether lovely" with our regular M. D.s. While thousands have been so far relieved by simpler prescriptions—remedies costing but a few cents—I can but wonder at their reckless disregard of the well-known fact that consequent upon following the will of the doctor, I think I am not overstating the matter, as I can honestly say the only healing I received, was found during those years of suffering came to him from his wife and myself, as we were prompted to do with and for him by our invisible guides.

Case 3.—Some eighteen or twenty years ago my oldest sister had what is known as "a milk leg." She had employed the best medical skill in the city of Providence, but all to no purpose. The limb had swollen so badly that it had burst open. One day I felt moved to say to her I thought I could help her. Her reply was, "If you think so I wish you would." I did so, kneeling before her, using nothing but my hands three or four times. My manipulations may have occupied twenty minutes each time, but from that day to this, so far as I know, she has not been troubled with it. She lives in Fredonia, Western New York, and may be referred to if necessary. Meantime, Mr. Chairman, it remains for you and the Committee to decide which was the most beneficial in this case, the regular or the quack.

Case 4.—Some years ago my brother-in-law, Edwin Peckham, fell from a building and injured his foot. It being near Dr. —'s office he was carried there. On examination being made, the injury was pronounced a sprain; it was further thought it would be well in a short time. But instead of getting better, it gradually became worse, and my brother-in-law becoming dissatisfied with his treatment, was carried to Dr. Emerson's, "a natural bone-setter," to see what he could do for him. The examination that followed was peculiar. The foot of the lame man was put in the lap of Dr. R., who, during a cheerful conversation, had succeeded in getting the bones in the right position; he then gave it a sudden wrench, and remarked, in his Quaker way, "There, now, I think thee can walk." Edwin told him he thought he could not, as he had to be carried into the house. "Well, thee can try," was the only reply of the Doctor. He did try, and to the surprise of himself he walked across the room. When we left he walked from the house to the carriage. In conclusion I will say Dr. — was a surgeon in the United States navy in the year of 1812, and was with Commodore Perry at the battle of Lake Erie; Dr. Randall, of the other hand, was a plain farmer. He was a member of the Society of Friends—but it rests with you, gentlemen of the Committee, to say who was master of the situation, the regular or the quack?

Case 5.—Some years ago, in Providence, R. I., I made the acquaintance of a young man whose mother had been and was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism. Dr. —, now a resident of that city, had been her attendant physician. The mother had not been able to leave her bed for three days. She wanted help, and yet was fearful that my touch would cause her pain, so sensitive had she become. I commenced the manipulation, however, working over her some ten or fifteen minutes. She became passive, and remarked she had no pain. It was wonderful, but still she persisted in saying she could not walk. I, on the other hand, assured her she could, and that she was no pain. She placed her foot upon the floor, and after some little persuading, got upon her feet and walked into the kitchen and back. When I left the house, she was standing before the glass combing her hair.

Dr. — called, and was surprised to find her so much improved. He remarked that he had no idea his medicine, laid the day before, would be so effective. Mrs. Olney informed the doctor it was not his medicine, but Mr. Simmons's treatment, that relieved her and gave her the use of her feet. The reply of the doctor was more self-complacent than professional, for he informed the lady that, *as she was well, it was all right*. Here, again, the quack occurs, Who is the Doctor, the "regular," or the "quack"?

Medium vs. "Regular."

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

Please add my testimony to that of tens of thousands of others concerning cures which cannot be accomplished by the "Regulars." In the year 1857 I sickened with tubercular inflammation of the lungs and general emaciation of my organic life, and, through the solicitation of friends, I employed the most skillful diplomized physicians in the city of Providence, R. I., among them Dr. Miller, Dr. Hopkin and Dr. Fearing; none were better qualified to alleviate affliction than either of all of these. They possessed years of experience and were graduates with high honors. For over one year they prescribed and administered almost every kind of drug that in their experience and judgment would apply to my painful inflammatory condition and physical debility, but without success. I became so emaciated that my pressing business was left with others, and the good old Dr. Miller told me that if I had any better matters which concerned me particularly I had better adjust them, as my days were numbered, and the sands in my hourglass of life would shortly be in the nether tub.

God willed differently, for one beautiful afternoon came the good Samaritan, Mr. Nicholas B. Fenner, of the New England Spiritualists, Providence, R. I., who took me in his carriage to a most excellent trance medium—Mrs. Benjamin G. West—who administered that balm of vital potency which seemed to give me new life at once, and under her ministrations she restored me to health, for which may God bless her and the agency that through her organism imparted to me the relief so much desired.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 27th, 1880.

*Mr. Wells is an Ex-Master of the United States Navy; at one point in the history of the Health Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature he caused quite a stir among the Allogistic petitioners for a "protective tariff" law, and led them to hastily make an amendment to that part of the proposed bill which treated "surgeons" of vessels, while in Massachusetts waters, being allowed to draw the crews of the same without taking out a special license. He showed that while merchant vessels carry "surgeons" on board at all, the laws of the United States made it obligatory on the commanding officer of the same to administer medical aid, and that each vessel must be provided with a medicine-chest for the benefit of the crew in cases of sickness or accident. He also showed that the bill, as drafted, was in fact, seeking, by a State enactment, to contravene the United States marine laws, and to set at once subverted the word "officers" for "surgeons" in the bill.—Ed. B. of L.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Saratoga, N. Y., Sunday night, Feb. 20th, 1880, Stephen Thatcher, aged 92 years.

He was a remarkable man, noted for his practical business capacity and integrity. He was born in Wareham, Mass., March 18, 1788, and lived in this town in Lee, Mass., until 1812, when he moved to Saratoga, N. Y. In 1812, he started the manufacture of paper there, being the first in that business in that locality. He made the first newspaper in a continuous roll there, the *Albany Gazette*. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1829 and 1831. Until near the close of his long and useful life, he was a clear and unswerving Unitarian. In the early days of Spiritualism he became an investigator, and soon was convinced that it solved the question of the future life. He was a member of the *Banner of Light*, and until his eyesight became too feeble to read, he was a regular reader of it. He died on the 19th of February, at his home, at the age of 92 years, and was buried in the cemetery of the town of Saratoga.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

After Jan. 1st, 1880, and until further notice,

Any Person sending DIRECT TO THE BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass., \$3.00 for a year's subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT will be entitled to ONE of the below-described beautiful works of art, of his or her own selection; for each additional engraving 50 cents extra.

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TERMS ABOVE MENTIONED:

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

Painted by that Eminent Artist, JOSEPH JOHN, and Engraved on Steel by the well-known Bank-Note Engraver, J. R. RICE.

The Devotional Hymn suggesting the title of this picture has been "music hallowed," translated into many languages, and sung by the civilized world, its pure and elevating sentiment, charming versification and melody of music, have placed it among the never-dying songs.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURE.—A woman holding inspired pages sits in a room around which Night has trailed her dusky robes. The clasped hands, upturned countenance, and heavenward eyes, most beautifully embody the very ideal of hopeful, trustful, earnest prayer. The sun has gone down. Neither the expiring candle nor the moon, "cold and pale," shining through the rifted clouds and the partially curtained window, produces the soft light that falls over the woman's face and illuminates the room. It is typical of the light which flows from above and dwells in the soul. A hand of angels are scattering flowers, typical of God's inspired teachings. One holds in his hand a crown of light. A little flower-veined seraph droops roses and buds which, in their descent assume the form of letters and words that whisper to the youthful pilgrims on the shore, "Be kind." Near the water's edge, mingling with the sunlit grass, in flower letters we read, "God is love." Just beyond sits a humble wail, her face radiant with innocence and love, and she lifts the first letter of "Charity," "Faith" and "Hope" being already garnered in the basket by her side. Over the rising ground we read, "Lives of Great Men." Further on to the left, "So live" admonishes us that we should thoughtfully consider the closing lines of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. "They will be done" has fallen upon the bow of the boat, and is the voyager's bright uttering of faith. Trailing in the water from the side of the boat is the song of the heavenly messengers, "Gently we'll wait him o'er." The boy, playing with his toy boat, and his sister standing near, view with astonishment the passing scenes.

SIZE OF SHEET, 22 BY 28 INCHES; ENGRAVED SURFACE, 16 BY 21 INCHES.
THE RETAIL PRICE IS \$2.50.

"LIFE'S MORNING AND EVENING."

FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JOSEPH JOHN.

Engraved on Steel by J. A. J. WILCOX.

A river, symbolizing the life of man, winds through a landscape of hill and plain, bearing on its current the time-worn bark of an aged pilgrim. An Angel accompanies the boat, one hand resting on the helm, while with the other she points toward the open sea—an emblem of eternity—reminding "Life's Morning" to live good and pure lives, so "That when their bark shall float at eventide, they may be like 'Life's Evening,' fitted for the 'crown of immortal worth.' A hand of angels are scattering flowers, typical of God's inspired teachings. One holds in his hand a crown of light. A little flower-veined seraph droops roses and buds which, in their descent assume the form of letters and words that whisper to the youthful pilgrims on the shore, "Be kind." Near the water's edge, mingling with the sunlit grass, in flower letters we read, "God is love." Just beyond sits a humble wail, her face radiant with innocence and love, and she lifts the first letter of "Charity," "Faith" and "Hope" being already garnered in the basket by her side. Over the rising ground we read, "Lives of Great Men." Further on to the left, "So live" admonishes us that we should thoughtfully consider the closing lines of Bryant's *Thanatopsis*. "They will be done" has fallen upon the bow of the boat, and is the voyager's bright uttering of faith. Trailing in the water from the side of the boat is the song of the heavenly messengers, "Gently we'll wait him o'er." The boy, playing with his toy boat, and his sister standing near, view with astonishment the passing scenes.

SIZE OF SHEET, 22 BY 28 INCHES; ENGRAVED SURFACE, 15 BY 20 INCHES.
THE RETAIL PRICE IS \$2.00.

"THE ORPHANS' RESCUE."

Engraved on Steel by J. A. J. WILCOX, from the Original Painting by JOSEPH JOHN.

This beautiful picture lifts the veil of materiality from beholding eyes, and reveals the guardians of the Angel World. In a boat, as it lay in the swollen stream, two orphans were playing. It was late in the day, before the storm ceased, and the clouds, lightened of their burdens, shifted away before the wind, leaving a clear, bright sky along the horizon. Unnoticed, the boat became detached from its fastenings and floated out from shore. Quickly the current carried it beyond all earthly help. Through the foaming rapids, and by precipitous rocks, dashed the bark with its precious charge. As it neared the brink of the fearful cataract, the children were stricken with terror, and thought that death was hourly knocking at their doors. A frail figure came to the rescue. Frigate ways to consume, and resignation, as, with a determined and restless impulse that thrilled through her whole being, she grasped the ropes that lay by her side, when to her surprise the boat turned, as by some unseen power, toward a quiet eddy in the stream—a little haven among the rocks. The boy, of more tender age, and not controlled by that mysterious influence, in despair fell toward his heroic sister, his little form nearly paralyzed with fear.

SIZE OF SHEET, 22 BY 28 INCHES; ENGRAVED SURFACE, 15 BY 20 INCHES.
THE RETAIL PRICE IS \$2.00.

"HOMeward."

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE FIRST LINE IN GRAY'S ELEGY.

DESIGNED AND PAINTED BY JOSEPH JOHN.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," . . . from the church tower bathed in sunset's fading light, "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," toward the humble cottage in the distance. "The plowman homeward plods his weary way," and the tired horse look eagerly toward their home and its rest. A boy and his dog are eagerly hunting in the meadow earth. The little girl imparts life and beauty to the picture. In one hand she holds wild flowers, in the other grass "my cot." Seated under a tree in the churchyard, around which the twilight shadows are closing in, the poet writes, "And leaves the world to darkness and to me." Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight. This grand Elegg has been translated into various languages, and its rich and harmonious coloring of the threads of life, classical composition and polished rhythm, have fascinated the poetical heart of the world. This art enrichment of its first lines is truly a masterpiece, embodying landscape scenery, and sentiment, which the pure and unadorned of the verse finds eloquent expression. Here the "inspired song of home and the affections" is beautifully painted, affording another striking example of the versatility and talent of that highly gifted artist.

"Homeward" is not a Steel Engraving, but Stein-Copied in Black and Two Tints in a high style of that art, by that eminent German Artist, THEODORE H. LEIBLER. Its tints produce charming twilight effects. Size, 22x28.

THE RETAIL PRICE IS \$2.00.

"THE DAWNING LIGHT."

ART ENSHRINEMENT OF

THE BIRTHPLACE OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

From the Original Painting by JOSEPH JOHN. Engraved on Steel by J. W. WATTS.

In 1872 PROFESSOR JOHN, THE DISTINGUISHED INSPIRATIONAL ARTIST, visited Hydesville, in Arcadia township, Wayne County, N. Y., and made a careful drawing of the world-renowned house and surrounding scenery where Spiritual Telegraphy began its glorious and undying mission of light and love. The artist being a painter of high order, with his soul in full accord with this subject and its dawning light, how could it have been otherwise than a "work of love" and enthusiasm to him, as his hand was guided in designing and perfecting this master production of art! To give the picture its deepest significance and interest, the ideal with the real was united, embodying spirits—stated in number—without wings, in forms tangible to the sight, enveloped in clouds and drapery of filmy texture, descending through the sky of quickening light in a winding, spiral form, illuminating the entrance to the house and yard around with their magnetic aura, while another—the "immortal Franklin"—robed in white, is entering the door to the room where the light shines from the windows, and where the first intelligible rap was heard that kindled to a constant flame the projected electric spark of spirit communion. In front of the house are fruit-trees, and an old-style windmill draws well, with its chain and oaken bucket. A little village to the left is the gate through which a path leads to the house; and along the road, beyond the open gate, stands the village smithy with its blazing forge, and the honest son of toll. While above and beyond the shop, resting against the side of the hill, is the mansion of A. W. Hyde, from whom Mr. Fox rented this house. In the background, stretching along the horizon, is a naked hill, almost lost against the bank of clouds; and between that and the house stands the fair and fruitful orchard.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.
 In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of personal free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion. We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot patronize the return of preserved manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend for perusal.
 Those who intend forwarding notices of spiritual meetings, etc., for use in our columns, will please to remember that the BANNER OF LIGHT forms go to press on Tuesday of each week. Their notices, therefore, to insure prompt insertion, must be forwarded in time to reach this office on the preceding Monday.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1880.

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Spiritualism extends itself to every grade of human thought; appeals to every form of human consciousness; reveals itself to the necessities of every human being.—
 Cora L. V. Richmond.

"Show Your Colors."

We made editorial reference in a recent issue of the *Banner of Light* to an article with the above significant heading (which we at the same time printed in full on our third page as extracted from the *Texas Spiritualist*), in which we briefly advised every believer in the truth of spirit return to act on the advice set forth in the article referred to. The advice was this: that, inasmuch as the United States census is to be taken this year, every Spiritualist in the country, no matter what his or her present church relations, should consider the propriety of answering the visiting census-taker truthfully and fearlessly, that he or she is a Spiritualist. The article in question added the opinion of its writer, that it is always best to speak the truth; and in the present case it would be a great help to the cause of Spiritualism if all those who are believers in it were to so state the fact to the census-taker.

When the census fairly shows (as it might do this year) that the Spiritualists outnumber any other existing denomination, it is inevitable that the power and influence of the New Dispensation will be recognized. There will be an end to the sneering and slanderous assertions, that Spiritualism is a "vulgar fraction" in the belief of our people, and it will make at least a quiet but irresistible numerical assertion of itself that will command universal respect for the future. We find that the denominations termed religious in this country are estimated very much according to their voting capacity; the list might be taken by Spiritualists, though of course with no such motive as that above mentioned.

Nevertheless, while mere numerical assertion, such as this would be, is certain to have the desired effect of putting an end to the ostracism with which the united ecclesiastical and social powers threaten Spiritualists, it would be no mistake on their part if they made the best use they could of such weapons as are near at hand, to assert themselves in a manner which will soonest command respect. They are both entitled to this much, and provoked to it. But more, and better than all, it will help to declare and establish the standing of a religious belief that is the most cheering and hopeful for humanity of any now recognized.

Spiritualism in the West Indies.

It invariably happens that opposition to a subject directs the attention to that subject of those who would not otherwise notice it, and creates sympathy for it. The progress of a belief in Modern Spiritualism has been marked all along its course with illustrations of this truth, the most recent being at St. Thomas, one of the West India Islands, where a lecture delivered through Chas. E. Taylor, Esq., as the medium, called out the antagonism of the Orthodox. These last, rebuked by the truths uttered, and utterly incapable of proving the statements false, sought refuge, as usual with them at such times, in their ancient fortress, whose battlements are "the mysteries of Divine Providence," and whose towers of strength are "the words of Holy Writ." But, alas, many outside of the Orthodox fold know, and many within it begin to surmise, that this means of defence is very weak in an age when freedom of thought is considered to be as essential to man's happiness as freedom of body.

The lecture was delivered before the St. Thomas Association of Spiritualists, a new organization, on the 10th of last January, and was published in the *Times* of the 28th, a copy of which is now before us. It is an eloquent presentation of the truths of Spiritualism, and its claims for acceptance as a mighty lever designed to lift the human race to a more harmonious plane than it has hitherto occupied, the result of which shall be a more general diffusion of the spirit of love and good-will among men upon earth.

But this was more than the established Orthodox Church could bear, and so, in the next issue of the *Times*, a writer over the signature of "Orthodox" came to the rescue of his idols with a weapon from which we offer the following splinters to show the quality of the whole thing:

"We get enough of the gospel of peace and love from the Bible and in church."
 "We thought that the departed dead were awaiting the resurrection, being meanwhile in safe keeping."
 In the next number of the *Times*, "Electrician"

came forward in behalf of Science, and with one blow annihilated Spiritualism; and here is the "blow":

"The true motive-power that causes a table to turn or move, is the pressure unconsciously exercised on the table by the fingers, which during the first few minutes are probably pressed very lightly thereon, but on prolonging the operation the fingers, from being so long motionless, become partly benumbed, and then exercise a considerable amount of pressure. If a circle number ten persons, then there are a hundred different sources of pressure brought to bear on the table with a force which would suffice to move a much larger table than that usually employed."

But he does not undertake to account for the intelligence manifested, nor for the moving of tables with no "benumbed fingers" upon them, nor for scores of other forms of the phenomena.

From the above will be learned the ground plan of an opposition as exhibited in a discussion that has continued for several weeks in the *St. Thomas Times*, and which is yet in progress, and met by Mr. Taylor in an able and scholarly manner, highly creditable to himself and honorable to the great cause he has espoused.

Whatever may have been the effects of this discussion upon the Orthodox portion of the community, it is certain that an intense interest in the subject of Spiritualism has arisen, that an Association of Spiritualists, recently formed, now numbers one hundred members, and that the seeds of the faith thus sown in that island and St. Croix, are destined to spring up and bear fruits that will revolutionize thought throughout the West Indies.

Portrait of Dr. Rush—A Marked Case of Relief by Spirit Power.

We tender our thanks to Mrs. W. F. Snow, of this city, for a very fine, handsomely framed, life-size portrait of Dr. Rush, presented to us by his request as a contribution to our Public Free Circle-Room, where it is placed, and will be highly appreciated, not only by ourselves but by all who may visit the room. From the advent of Modern Spiritualism there has been no more active worker in the ranks of the invisibles than Dr. R., and the good he has accomplished in alleviating the pains, administering to the wants and healing the diseases of mankind, cannot be over-estimated, and will not be fully known by us until we leave these prison-houses of earth and become participants with him in the labors and blessings of the higher life.

This picture has been produced under very singular and interesting circumstances. In September, 1878, a lady called on Mrs. Snow for a medical examination. She was so weak at the time that it was only with the greatest difficulty she could be kept from fainting. Mrs. Snow consented to give the examination, and in a short time Dr. Rush, her spirit control, addressing the patient, said: "Madam, I see your son is here, Robert Bell. He was a brave lad, and distinguished himself in the war of emancipation by taking the flag at Fort Fisher. This knowledge interests me more than usual in your behalf. I will now proceed to examine you for disease. You are poisoned, Madam. I see a reptile in the stomach, which you must have drunk in water; and if you do as I direct you shall have the proof of my words in a few days."

He gave her a prescription, which she carefully carried out, and went to Mrs. Snow for another sitting, telling her that she was some better, and wished to hear what the Doctor would say to her. And this is what he said: "Madam, you have the proof with you; show it to my medium when I leave her. It will take some time for you to recover from the effects of the poison. Continue as I advise. And now I have something to tell you of which you know nothing and which may agreeably surprise you. You have a talent for drawing, and there is a discerning spirit artist with me who will attend to your development. Go home, Madam, prepare an easel and choose some simple picture to copy, and you shall succeed beyond your highest hopes. This is the grand design commenced in weakness to be unfolded in power."

Upon the influence passing away, the woman, as requested by the Doctor, exhibited to Mrs. Snow a species of beetle, or horn-bug, of a greenish color and having many legs. This (now in a bottle of alcohol) she had vomited up. With such remarkable proof of the Doctor's knowledge, power and truthfulness, she did not hesitate to adopt his further advice and do as he directed. She selected a cross with which to make her first trial, and her success filled her with wonder and joy. Since then she has executed several pictures which would do credit to an artist who had given years of study to his profession.

She has regained her health under the care of Dr. Rush, and the picture now in our circle-room is one of her latest productions. Her name and address is Mrs. Annette Bell, 25 Metropolitan Place, Boston. She is a worthy and refined colored woman, and all the support she has—her husband having passed on many years ago—is the pension of her boy, who died while heroically defending the freedom of his country. Should any of our readers have photographs of beloved friends who have passed on that they would like life-size copies of, they can, by corresponding with or calling upon Mrs. Bell, not only be able to aid a deserving woman, but obtain specimens of the remarkable work of an uneducated artist, whose hand is guided by an unseen but not unrecognized intelligence.

The above case presents one of the strongest arguments that can be offered against the claims of "the regulars," who are making a strong effort to prevail upon our Legislature to enact a law giving to them a monopoly of the healing of disease, and to constitute them the only authority we must consult, when sick, to decide what we shall do to get well. What college education, what display of parchment diplomas, what knowledge that Harvard considers indispensable for a medical practitioner to possess, could have seen that living reptile in the stomach of that living woman, applied a remedy and effected a cure? And this case is but one of thousands, we might say of tens of thousands, of a similar class. Is it well for the people to allow, unrebuked, a statute to be enacted that will close all these avenues to health, and force them to suffer and languish and die in order to enrich a profession that is waning for want of practice?

The spirit intelligence who answers questions through Mr. Colville at our public hall, stated a great truth when he said, in reply to a query by a mortal: "There are many persons to-day who are ready to admit in private that Spiritualism is true, but who scarcely like the idea of admitting it publicly, fearing they would be looked upon as mediums instead of adepts." For the full text the reader is referred to the report on our sixth page. The shot thus fired will undoubtedly wound some one, or should, at least.

Farewell in London to Mrs. Hollis-Billing.

Mrs. Mary J. Hollis-Billing, who has for nearly a year been engaged in very effective work as a medium in England, and gained hosts of friends by her quiet, unostentatious manner, being on the eve of return to this country, was tendered a farewell *soirée* by a large number of prominent Spiritualists, in Neumeyer Hall, Bloomsbury, London, on the 12th of last month.

At the hour appointed for the commencement of the exercises the elegant new hall in which they were to be held was well-filled, and the platform, tastefully decorated with rare plants, was occupied by well-known advocates of the cause and of the lady in whose honor the assembly had met. Mr. Stanton-Moses, M.A., was called to the Chair, upon taking which he made an address, thanking the audience for the honor conferred upon him in being chosen to preside over a representative gathering of English Spiritualists to do honor to an American lady—an American medium, who had been for some time a resident among them, and who, upon returning to her native country, would carry with her the esteem and regard of all who knew her. Knowing that it was imperative that she must go, he could only express the feeling of all in hoping that she would favor her friends in England with the next best thing she could do, and that was to return again. The speaker briefly alluded to the state of Spiritualism in their midst, and, in closing, proposed as a motto for the future, "In things essential, Unity; in things non-essential, Liberty; in all things, Charity."

Following the introductory remarks of the Chairman interesting speeches were made by Mr. Patterson, J. Burns, C. C. Massey, Esq., Dr. George Wyld, Mrs. Hallock, of New York, and Thomas Slater, in which were given pleasing reminiscences of interviews with Mrs. Billing, and the spirit-world through her instrumentality, thanks for the past, hopes for an agreeable passage across the ocean, good wishes for her future and anticipations for her speedy return to the shores of Old England.

After these a testimonial designated "A Return Ticket Fund," exceeding fifty pounds, was presented, with appropriate remarks, by Stanton-Moses. It was accompanied by a written address to Mrs. Billing, signed by "Twenty Representative Spiritualists," to which, in a few well chosen words, she feelingly responded. The exercises of the evening were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, and at their close a very harmonious and enjoyable evening was numbered by the participants as one of the bright things of the past.

A New Paper in Australia.

From Ballarat, Australia, we have received the first three numbers of "The Modern Revelator," a new periodical of sixteen pages, to be published fortnightly in the interests of Psychometry, Psychology, Physique, Magnetism and Mediumship. It is edited by Dr. Frederick Thorne, who states that, having for a long period made a study of the subjects intended to be treated upon in its columns, he possesses unusual advantages with which to avail himself in the management of this new worker in the field of human progress. The articles contained in the copies before us are varied and interesting. "A Space for Spirit People" is afforded—somewhat in keeping in style and purpose with the "Message Department" of this paper—in each issue. Among the communications given is one from FREDERICK BONNELL, who requests that it be "reprinted in the *Banner of Light*, many readers of which know him as a Spiritualist and a worker in the cause." The message is as follows:

"The happy spirit-life I used to picture to myself is more than true. I am perfectly happy, and full of blissful hopes in a future that cannot disappoint us. Dear Ellene and Little Jane are with me. Uncle Abe is often with us. Rosalie and Agnes I have seen. They are higher than I am. I want this to reach my people if possible."

The *Revelator* has a wide field of labor, and we trust its highest anticipations of usefulness may be realized. Its publishers and editor have our best wishes for success in their effort to break the bonds of Materialism, and to give ears to the deaf, and sight to the blind.

Mrs. J. R. Pickering.

The materializing medium, has removed from No. 36 East Springfield street, to 706 Tremont street, Boston, where she will hold public sances every Tuesday and Saturday evening. Sances will be held for private parties, under special arrangements on other evenings or afternoons.

Prof. Phelps writes from Andover to the *Congregationalist*—so we learn from the Boston *Herald*—to modify Joseph Cook's statement concerning his attitude toward Spiritualism. He does not think that it is of satanic origin, without qualification, but will be inclined to that view until science grapples with and throws light upon it. "Spiritualism," he says, "is not an error of the schools; it is in the homes of the people. It is extending broadcast. Our home missionaries find it away up in the mountains. Young pastors inquire what to do with it. Not a religious newspaper in the land has so large a circulation as that of its leading organ. We cannot afford to wait indefinitely, meanwhile believe nothing, for science to rid us of it. If it is a device of Satan, the sooner we find that out, and as religious teachers proclaim it, the better." As we do not believe in an Orthodox "Satan," with any "qualification" whatever, Bro. Phelps, we have no fears on that score. Your "young pastors," it seems, are on the "anxious seat," wanting to know "what to do with it" (meaning Spiritualism.) Tell them to embrace its philosophy as quickly as possible, if they would carry out fully the teachings of the humble Nazarene.

Hon. Charles S. Baker, of the New York State Assembly, has introduced into that body a bill repealing the law to exempt church property from taxation, and a correspondent recommends that "those who reside in the Empire State should write to their representative in the Legislature requesting them to vote for Mr. Baker's bill when it comes up. The friends should also aid in the circulation of petitions favoring the bill in their respective neighborhoods."

The ladies of Harlem, N. Y., have secured a hall for spiritual lectures every Tuesday evening, and have engaged speakers. J. M. Peebles, M.D., gave the first lecture, and Henry Kiddle, Esq., spoke Tuesday evening, March 2d, the hall being full to overflowing.

Herman Snow, of San Francisco, Cal., is still an agent for the *Banner of Light* and the spiritualistic publications of Colby & Rich. He solicits and deserves, through long service, a share of the public patronage.

Spiritualism in Vienna.

It seems that the famous Slade case in London is about to have its counterpart in Vienna, though in the approaching contest the relation of the parties will be the reverse of that held in England. It is gratifying to see that the Viennese medium has the pluck to assert his rights and the ability to maintain them. A Paris correspondent of the *New York Herald* writes, under date of Feb. 14th, as follows:

"By-the-by, some are not perhaps aware that Sardon, like Gouand and other distinguished Frenchmen is a Spiritualist. This reminds me of an amusing statement brought to us to-day from Vienna. The medium Hansen has been making a great stir on the banks of the blue Danube, but has also been making enemies. No man is a prophet in his own country. His sances were disturbed by frequent hostile manifestations. Hansen has determined to prosecute the profane interrupters, and the case will shortly be tried. The defendants say they will expose what they call Hansen's swindle. He, on the other hand, professes his readiness to give a practical demonstration of his good faith by the example of his power as a medium in presence of Vienna magistrates. The result of this unusual lawsuit is eagerly looked forward to."

The Visiting Lyceums.

Appropriate services in honor of the visit of the New York and Brooklyn friends to Lyceum No. 2, of Boston, consumed on Sunday morning last the time usually devoted to the session of that school at Amory Hall. The meeting (carried out under the direction of Conductor J. B. Hatch) was a perfect success; the place of assembly was thronged; the speeches, recitations, etc., were full of the true sentiment of the hour, and all who attended were evidently pleased beyond measure.

An extended report of the welcoming service in the morning, the afternoon meeting at Parker Memorial Hall (where W. J. Colville addressed the delegations), the public reception at Amory Hall in the evening (preluded over by George A. Bacon), and the various subsequent occurrences during the stay of the New York and Brooklyn Lyceums in Boston, will be given in our next issue.

In the course of a recent letter to *The Spiritualist* (London), Florence Marryat-Lean uses the following language concerning Mrs. Corner's gifts:

"I cannot end this paper without saying one word with respect to the mediumship of Mrs. Corner (née Florence Cook), and to which I have borne my testimony in print before now. I have received very much kindness and courtesy from that lady, and have had the opportunity of sitting with her on many occasions, and of proving, by incontrovertible tests, the truth of her manifestations. I have been inside the cabinet with her, and even herself and the spirit, numbers of times. I have been tied to her with a rope, and the same phenomena have occurred as when I remained outside. Of course I am not in a position to make any comment on what took place the other day with her at the British National Association's rooms, but I am in a position to affirm that I not only believe but I know her to have been an honest and trustworthy medium; and not the testimony of a million Sir George Stewarts, backed by the universal Press, would ever make me deny the evidence of the senses with which the Creator has gifted me, in common with themselves!"

Christianity is discussed by a learned Turk in *Blackwood* for January in a manner that does not reflect favorably upon believers. The gentleman admits the superiority of the moral teachings of Jesus, but affirms that his professed followers have perverted and degraded those teachings to a degree unparalleled in other religions, so that the nations in semi-barbarous ignorance are corrupted by contact with modern Christendom, which he calls anti-Christendom, since its real god is Mammon: "Among Roman Catholics the reign of Mammon is tempered by a lust of spiritual and temporal power. Among Greek Christians it is tempered by a lust of race aggrandizement. Among Protestants Mammon is supreme." But he allows that there are noble exceptions, and that some are struggling to practice the higher virtues of Christianity.

As most of the sectarian papers and some of the broad-and-butter dailies have ridiculed without stint Rev. Mr. Webster's statement to the effect that he had seen and communed with denizens of the other world, we shall publish in our next issue this gentleman's lecture in Montreal, Canada, upon the subject, wherein he fully explains the whole matter, notwithstanding he had been advised by His Lordship the Bishop of the diocese and some of the clergy not to do so. It is a clear case, in our opinion, of spirit-form materialization, the reverend gentleman himself probably possessing mental powers.

Having heretofore given our readers full accounts of independent slate-writing through the veritable mediumship of Mr. C. E. Watkins, which we witnessed both in this city and New York, we now present on our eighth page a brief account by Mr. Robert Cooper of a séance held at No. 8 Davis street, this city, on Monday evening last, in corroboration of previous evidence.

Charles R. Miller writes: "I attended a séance at Mr. Hatch's, Astoria, N. Y., Monday evening, March 1st, Mrs. H. being the medium. Lizzie Hatch (spirit) came and stayed out a long time—twenty to twenty-five minutes. Carrie Miller (spirit) was out fifteen to twenty minutes, and we had a joyous time. I was gratified at the opportunity also of meeting Bro. T. R. Hazard at this séance."

We have, through the politeness of our friend, Chas. R. Miller, of Brooklyn, practically tested the mediumistic powers of Mrs. Decker, of New York City, and find her to be one of the most accurate psychometrists that we have ever encountered. Mrs. D. is borne witness to, in addition, by those who know her personally, as a good test-medium, a worthy woman and an honor to the cause.

By reference to our fifth page, an advertisement will be found setting forth a proposition made concerning magnetized paper and its curative properties, by James A. Bliss, of Philadelphia. In the course of a private letter, Mr. Bliss writes in this regard: "The remarkable cures that are being wrought through this simple remedy give me great encouragement for the future."

J. J. Morse, the English trance medium, writes to us as follows: "On all sides the *Banner of Light* is spoken of most highly. Your policy is accepted as being right and just, and every one who takes the paper says, 'It is the best spiritual paper published,' an opinion I always thoroughly endorse and energetically uphold."

Several leading editorial articles prepared for this number of the *Banner* are necessarily postponed, to make room for other matters of interest.

Spiritual Healing vs. the Regular Practice.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

With reference to the efforts of the Medical Faculty, in Massachusetts and elsewhere, to secure by law a monopoly of medical practice, permit me to submit an item of testimony which, with much more, I would be glad to lay before the Legislative Committee were I a resident in your State at the present time.

Some years since, while a citizen of the Old Bay State, but engaged in Washington, I was one summer spending a brief vacation at my Massachusetts home. One day I learned that a young lady, daughter of my nearest neighbor, who had been on a visit among friends at a distance, had been brought home dangerously ill with dysentery. Of course the whole neighborhood felt great anxiety in her behalf, as she was a young lady of culture, refinement and amiability, and was highly esteemed. Soon after it was announced that the skill of the "Regular" family physician having been exhausted in her case, a council of physicians had been summoned, of whom Dr. Wyman, of Cambridge, then I believe a professor in Harvard University, and considered the most skillful practitioner in that region, was a member. The result of their consultation was reported to be that there was no hope in the patient's case—it was beyond their skill—and she could survive but a few days. The sadness produced by this announcement throughout the neighborhood may well be imagined.

The next morning after this council I was awakened quite early by my wife, who assured me that she felt a strong impression or conviction that if I would go and put my hands upon the sufferer, she might yet be raised up. Mrs. N. then appeared to be powerfully influenced by an Indian spirit, who urged me to go, and in broken English gave me explicit directions how to proceed in making manipulations, positively assuring me that the power to heal would be exercised through me. (I have never been a professional healer, but occasionally a power had been exercised through my presence and touch that had produced marked results in overcoming disease. I take no credit to myself for these results.)

As soon as convenient a messenger was despatched to inquire whether I could be permitted to see the young lady. Word came back that the attendant physician had given strict orders to allow no one to see her except the necessary attendants. This seemed to settle her fate, and there appeared to be no hope in her case. Not long afterwards, however, another messenger came to say that the sufferer herself had been spoken to in regard to my calling, and she had expressed a strong desire to see me, and the mother had consented.

I went and found her in a very low condition indeed—scarcely able to utter a word, suffering intense pain, burning with fever, had had no sleep for several days, and nights except such as was produced by hypodermic injections of morphia, and appearing to be very near the end. I spoke a few soothing words to her, made some passes with my hand from the head downwards, and then sat quietly by her side holding her hands in mine. In about ten minutes she appeared to sink into a gentle sleep, while the perspiration started freely from face and hands, and doubtless over the whole surface. Her mother, who stood by anxiously watching my proceedings, seeing this, exclaimed with astonishment, "Why, how do you do that?"

I replied, "Madam, it is very simple. You read in your Testament how Jesus and his disciples laid hands on the sick, and they recovered. The same thing is possible now, and it was promised to all that believe." "Well," she added, "I never saw anything like that before."

After sitting about half an hour, I left the patient in a sound sleep, and was informed that she slept for some hours. Soon after she awoke, as I was told, her physician came in, and at once noticed a marked and unexpected change in her appearance, and said he now believed she might recover. Her mother then ventured timidly to inform him of my visit and its effects, and asked if it was best to allow me to come again. "Certainly," was his reply; "if he produces such effects as this, by all means get him to come as often as you can."

(I do not believe that physician is concerned in this "Doctors' Plot." I refrain from mentioning his name, lest some of his professional brethren should make him trouble, for giving such unprofessional advice.)

Suffice it to say I visited the patient four or five times before I was obliged to leave for the South; her improvement was steady and rapid—though probably not as rapid as it would have been could I have complied fully with the directions given by the Indian spirit; and not long after my return to Washington I was gratified to learn of her complete restoration to health. This lady now resides in another State, but her mother, I believe, still lives in A—, and doubtless would testify to these facts if called upon.

I trust the assembled wisdom of Massachusetts will take no step that will deprive her people of remedial aid from similar sources, especially when the skill of her learned "regular" practitioners fails. It would be far more sensible if an intelligent commission were to be appointed to thoroughly investigate the merits of this ancient and natural process of healing, and, if found efficient, as I believe it would be in more cases than is the "scientific" method, to encourage its practice.

Yours respectfully,
 A. E. NEWTON.
 Ancora, N. J., March 4th, 1880.

In the January number of *The Theosophist*, published at Bombay, is an account of the fourth anniversary of the Theosophical Society and the opening of its new library, at which several hundreds of influential natives were present, forming a motley assemblage, in which the Parsee and Brahman, the Jain and Mussulman, the Christian and Heathen, side by side, and Vishnavite and Sivaite, observed for the time a benevolent neutrality. There was an industrial exhibition of the works of native mechanics; addresses by Col. Olcott—giving an account of the origin and a review of the work of the Society—Rao Bahadur Gopalrao Hurli Deshmak, late Joint Judge at Poona, and others, and the reading of a poem, after which the doors of the library were thrown open and a very creditable exhibition given of Indian carvings, mosaics, robes and dresses, shawls, gold-bordered muslins, &c., in the midst of which a fountain sent up jets of perfume. Before dismissing the company Col. Olcott announced a proposed organization of an Industrial Exhibition Committee, to hold at least one fair in Bombay each year.

STATE MEDICAL INTOLERANCE.—The vaccination laws of Massachusetts declare that no unvaccinated child shall be admitted to the public schools, and the children of conscientious parents who have seen the serious and fatal injuries induced by the adoption of this mischievous medical superstition, are by this Herodian enactment consigned to perpetual ignorance. Those of our readers who wish for information and are willing to circulate literature on this important question, are invited to communicate with the proprietor of the *Vaccination Inquirer and Health Review*, 7 Albert Road, Regent's Park, London, Eng., enclosing stamp to prepay postage. [Liberal exchanges please copy.]

Frederick Robinson, Esq., of Marblehead, Mass., writes: "The dear old *Banner* grows better and better. I have read it weekly from the beginning, and mean to as long as I live, which cannot be much longer, as I am now more than eighty."

As will be seen by reference to the advertisement in another column, Mr. Allen Putnam is desirous of letting his house to some reliable person. Here is a grand opportunity to secure an eligible residence at the Highlands, the most healthy locality in Boston.

Boston, Mass., March 9th, 1880.

Sediment or mucous in the urine is a sure indication of disease. Take Kidney-Wort.