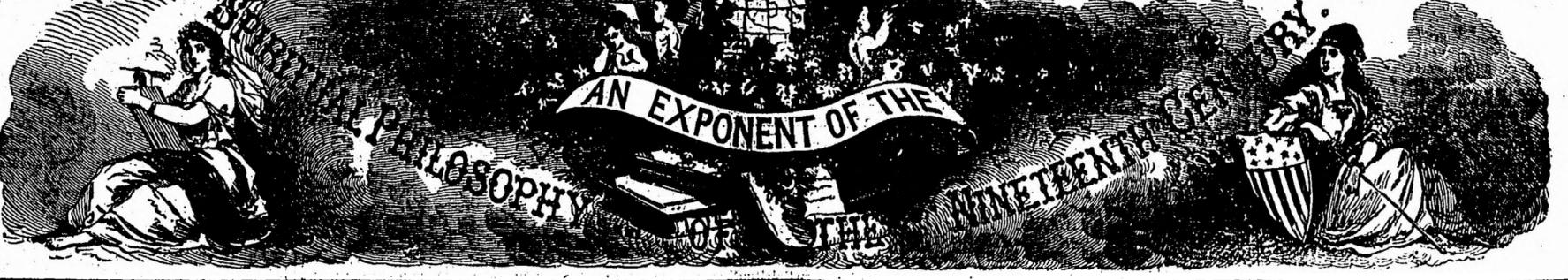


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The Rostrum.

THE OLD RELIGION AND THE NEW.

A Lecture Delivered by
PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN,
in Clarendon Hall, New York, Sunday, March
14th, 1880.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Dr. Buchanan's address at Clarendon Hall, New York, March 14th, was attended by a fine audience. In opening, Dr. B. read from the Scriptures several passages, illustrating the antagonism between very earnest religious teachers and the spirit of the age. The language of Isaiah and of Jesus was very strong and pointed. The language of Jesus he showed embodied the fundamental teachings of Modern Spiritualism. The audience sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and after the address the missionary hymn (by Dr. Buchanan) was sung. The following address was received with numerous marks of approval, and many remained after its close:

It is not for any trivial or temporary purpose that I have taken upon myself the burden of advocating a new movement in religion, when my time and energies were already overburdened by important and urgent duties. Nothing but an urgent sense of duty could have impelled me to start, alone and unaided, in this laborious task. But seeing the condition of the world as I see it; seeing the remedies as I see them; seeing how easy it might be, if we would it, to convert our putrefaction into a paradise, I should be recreant to duty if I did not attempt to initiate a movement for human redemption.

I am not panoplied in wealth, power and social influence, to begin this movement in the manner that usually brings social success. I begin humbly and feebly, and I am content therein, even if I had but a dozen hearers; for I know well that the methods of heaven are different from the methods of earth, and that in proportion as any movement begins with the blare of trumpets, the more of gold and the movement of armies, it is of the earth, and in time will pass away like the pomp of Babylon and Tyre, or the dominion of Alexander and the Caesars; but when it begins with the smiles of heaven; when it begins with the still small voice of reason; when it begins in the deepest inspiration of the soul, it has no external splendor or power. And if to-day there were listening thousands hanging upon my words, and deputations from distant cities inviting my presence, it would prove that I was earnest to reach them, and was not above following and sympathizing with the evil ways of an undeveloped humanity, which everywhere honors successful force and selfish power. "Wo unto you when all men shall speak well of you, for so did their fathers to the false prophets?"—Luke vi: 26.

Minerva is said to have sprung, full formed and armed, from the brain of Jove, but Christianity came in a helpless babe in a stable. Yet Minerva is now a mere myth, and Christianity is the grandest fact of the ages.

I am delighted, therefore, to meet the select few whose finer senses are attuned to the melodies of heaven, and who know how to recognize a divine thought, whether it comes from the ancient and renowned inspiration of Mount Zion, or from the humble utterances of modern times.

I come to this work for reasons which are as conspicuous as human life—because the world for all these ages past has been living on that lower plane of life in which we find poverty, disease and crime, social discord, national war, desolated homes and broken hearts. It is a world full of human wrecks, like a forest where the whirlwind has passed and left one-half prostrate, or bent and crushed. You cannot look around you anywhere without seeing the pallid, furrowed faces of disease, the stolid faces of animality, intemperance and crime, and the cadaverous countenances of crushed hopes and broken hearts. Riding in the cars the other day, I saw a female face with such a deadly hue that I could almost feel myself in the Morgue, watching the commencement of decomposition.

And if from our immediate surroundings we look forth with the broad look of philosophy and philanthropy, we find all Christendom, with its hands on its weapons, waiting for the commencement of the murderous fray that will soon shake a continent. Oh, what a terrible mockery it is to apply the name of Christendom to the lands occupied by the Caucasian race, where the leading business of life is human slaughter; where the chief expenditure of national wealth is to kill, to provide the means of killing our brothers, and to pay the debts of the vast expenses for slaughter in the past! While the flower of human life (but, thank God! not in this Republic) is consumed in the years devoted to training men for butchery, and the preeminent men in every social circle and every Government are the men who are eminent in the ability to kill—the generals and the marshals whose lives have been devoted to trampling on the Divine Law. The same fierce sentiment that animated the Roman populace in maintaining the battles of gladiators in the arenas, or bull-slayers, were of all men the most courted and admired in Madrid and in Paris. And this is called Christendom, the land of Christ! who taught us to love our

enemies! And the church that exists in these nations and uses the soldier to collect its taxes, uses the legislators to enforce its will, and is always opposed to his sovereign rulers, its law is the Christian Church, the Church of Christ! And that Church, everywhere that it is, upholds the existing order of despotic governments, the existing systems of slavery, the existing system of subjugation for women, the existing system of spending all wealth for bloodshed, while the children of the poor grow up in ignorance and vice, the existing system of competition and selfishness which makes it utterly impossible to elevate society out of beggary and crime. If every street corner were occupied by a church—for the whole social system is awry and at war with the divine laws.

We call this Christendom because it professes to reverence Christ; but it has fallen so far below his laws of life that almost any Pagan land can give us lessons in honesty, in temperance, in hospitality and many other virtues, and history shows that the overflow of population from Christendom is always a ruinous influx to non-Christian nations that are overrun.

To men who take the God-like view of life—men whose hearts embrace all humanity—the facts are sufficient to rouse them to a heroic work.

I feel my moral nature outraged whenever I pass a jail where prisoners are confined who would never have been criminals if society had done its duty in their moral education. That jail is the record of our crimes. We say on Sunday, "We have done those things we should not have done, and we have left undone the things we should have done"—and we tell the truth; and on Monday we proceed to make it true, if possible, by establishing whiskey-shops and jails, and by leaving unbuild the houses of reformation, which would have reformed all convicts in their youth. I feel my moral nature outraged when I pass a hospital in which are agonizing the men and women who have never been taught the laws of health, and whom the authorities have left exposed to malaria.

I feel my moral nature outraged when millions are expended on fashionable churches, while within the sound of their bells the temples of living God are being razed to the ground, as the young grow up in poverty, filth and ignorance. Is not one human soul worth more than all that costly pile of brick and marble? Is it not a monument over the slaughter of the innocents, when the funds that have been squandered in its adornment would have saved a thousand children from growing up criminals? We are commanded to take care of these living temples, but we have never learned, from any authentic source, that God cares anything for material edifices, but that he cares for the souls of men. On the contrary, we know that the fidelity of those early martyrs who worshipped in caves, dressed in the ragged garb of poverty, was more acceptable to God than the splendor of the political religion that hunted them to death. The temples that are built amid the ruins of humanity are not the true temples of God. They are not what he demands, and as his will was uttered by the prophet Isaiah: "When ye come to appear before me, who shall require this of you, said to me, 'Bring me gold, silver, incense, and vain oblations: incense is an abomination unto me. When ye make many prayers I will not hear: your hands are full of blood.'"

The incense of personal laudation and the incense of pompous buildings and ceremonies, unaccompanied by divine love, and with blood-stained hands, are offensive to the Divine Mind, and to all who are in sympathy with the spirit of Christ. The spirit of Isaiah and the spirit of Jesus are not in sympathy with any Orthodox religious corporation, however they may be in sympathy with the humble and sincere Christians who are found in the Church, which has gone down to the level of the world—to the level of the Pagan world—and dwell there so long that Christians tolerate lovingly that which they should abhor.

My moral sense is outraged when I see, even in a republic, a long line of men carrying bayonets in military processions. What is a bayonet but an instrument to pierce and tear my brother's flesh, and send him to death with all the agonies of surgical amputation? I cannot look upon such an accursed instrument without a feeling of horror in recalling the cruel purposes for which it was made. But so-called Christians fondle the bayonet as if it were next to the cross in their esteem, and toss their caps in wild enthusiasm in behalf of any one who has commanded the incineration with this instrument of a thousand human forms.

The identification of Christian churches with war is the great apostasy from Christ; it is the sacrifice, the trampling down of the very fundamental doctrine of Jesus. For the churches are identical with every species of war—the war of national jealousy, the war for balance of power, the wars for commercial advantages, the wars for the maintenance of hereditary despotism, the wars of invasion and conquest, the wars of robbery, incendiarism and devastation, the wars upon civil and religious liberty, the wars against the faithful followers of Christ who were striving to do their duty. In all imaginable wars that human depravity could instigate, and on both sides of every private and public campaign, the church has dragged the blood-stained banner of the cross, making it a representative of the principles of Moloch.

If the human heads that sunk in death in all the wars in which the churches have been engaged as active participants were gathered together, it would make a pyramid of skulls higher than Mount Blanc; and on looking at this sublimely horrid Golgotha as the record of the church's character, the student of history in future ages would perhaps ask wherein was the moral nature of that church different from that of the lions, the bears and the eagles which she bore upon her military banners, as the fitting emblems of the men who marched beneath them, under her guidance, patronage and sanction.

More than nine-tenths of the men who march under the British lion are recognized by the church as her members!

And this horrid incongruity does not seem to disturb anybody's conscience. Human nature is so pliable that we can become accustomed to anything. The little child, perhaps, may ask a few hard questions at first, but he is soon educated to accept whatever society has established.

How many of you, my friends, have ever reflected upon the horrid incongruity between the gospel of love announced by Jesus and the gospel of war consecrated by the church, which has ruled the world ever since the Divine impulse through Jesus was lost in the very first century? Ever since that time the world has been a field of blood, for war has never ceased, and the tyrant has never ceased to oppress, and poverty has never abated; and pestilence has never ceased to walk abroad; and famine has never ceased to hover over nations, clutching a victim here and there, and then devouring millions, as recently occurred in India and in China (over eight millions), and is now going on in Persia, in Armenia, and to some extent in Ireland. And all the beauties of nature and the joys of

love the deep bass note of human misery continues to sound to heaven like the dreary surges of the Antarctic ocean; and if we open our ears we shall soon enough account for the gravity and solemnity of the great soul of Jesus, alive to the fate of all humanity. If we had his spirit we should be solemn too, in view of these dread realities which were described in Ecclesiastes:

"So I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter, and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter."

We grow by usage so callous and insensible to any great wrong that we seldom think of the horrid inconsistency of an appeal to arms in the name of Jesus Christ—and so completely is the human mind a creature of habit, that I could not even say that man is a hypocrite who cherishes with equal zeal the Bible and the bayonet; for there is nothing too absurd to be received if it comes as a part of our early education. We learn to reconcile the doctrine of love and the doctrine of murder. This was what Isaiah perceived when he said, "Ye, when ye make many prayers I will not hear: Your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes."

This terrible falsehood, this terrible crime, consecrated and upheld, as it is, by the Church, must pass away before the power of freethought and the influence of divine inspiration. It must pass away as soon as the spirit of Jesus Christ shall really occupy the souls of those who are prominent in church matters. And when the spirit of the lion and the bear shall have yielded to the spirit of Jesus, there will be no more national wars, no more taking population; no more armies and navies to consume our children's inheritance—the wealth that should give them a perfect education; no more desolating wars, to destroy in one year the toll of a generation; no more dedication of robbery, arson and homicide by calling it military glory; no more toleration for bayonets, powder and cannon, than we have for arsenic, for rattlesnakes, for sharks or for tigers.

When the mother places her soft hand on the forehead of the bayonet, and learns that that instrument is destined to pierce the body of her son, and leave him to die in pain and loneliness on the cold ground, what a thrill of horror would pass through her soul. And yet, is not that the purpose of all bayonets—the purpose for which they were made? and what is it to the moral aspect of the question whether it is your son who is to be pierced, or some other parent's son who is to be slain? Perhaps a better man than your son, perhaps one for whose return a thousand eyes are looking, in whose services his country has hopes, in whose love a wife has all her happiness.

I cannot bring my soul to consent to that homicide. I cannot bring my soul to consent to war, which is homicide. I cannot find in the teachings of Jesus any sanction for such crimes. These sublime teachings are the glory of civilization. They shine above the darkness of human life with a divine splendor, but they do not demand that we shall violate the church, for they do not stay their work of blood.

But beyond all the teachings of Jesus, not higher, for nothing can be higher, but grander and broader, is the divine law written on the human soul, with the finger of omnipotence—the law that was recorded on the tablets of the soul when he made man in his own image, and incorporated into his constitution every law of the divine nature.

In the human brain and soul I have had the great happiness of reading that law, the law of divine love in all its developments, and I find no sanction for war.

It belongs to the lower forms of evolution. It belongs to a race not yet sufficiently elevated above carnivorous animals to control the carnivorous instincts. And I trust the time is coming when we shall be ready to receive the sublime ethics of Jesus, who has been hovering over the earth, waiting these many centuries for the development of the kingdom of heaven here. And I think it is one of the signs of its approach that some begin to think that government does not rest entirely on brute force, but that woman, who does not carry the bayonet, has as good a right to vote as the man who has been carrying it and who has been so much worse because he did carry it. And I hope that she will exercise her power, and that as she has no use for bayonets or swords she will, as her first exercise of power, tie up all bayonets and swords with her white ribbons, cover them for a while with orange blossoms, and then bury them in the bottom of the ocean where they belong with the sea-serpents and sharks. I take little pleasure in the work of criticism; I do not wish to hurt the feelings of my Orthodox friends; but I must tell them how far they have wandered from Jesus, how completely they have trampled on the Divine Law.

It is a sad, sad story, for it is a story of national desolation and family sorrow, when we trace the crimes that the Church has tolerated, so glaringly in contradiction to the laws of the founder of Christianity. We are tempted to ask, are Christians honest? Do they believe in the law of love? Do they reflect on their duties, or do they act like automatons as they are directed by catechisms and bishops without a moment's independent reflection? Yet I do not assail their honesty—such conduct as theirs would be dishonest in me with my convictions; but they seem to act by imitation and without reflection.

And sometimes it comes up before me in a ridiculous light; as though the sayings of Jesus have been understood in a sort of Pickwickian sense—not intended to be really carried out. If the Church disregards his principles and my neighbors disregard them, and we all agree to disregard them together, and at the same time to keep up the profession, is it not a sort of serious comedy in which we do as we please, provided we have the password right? The Church has grasped for power, the Church has grasped for taxes, with a soldier to sustain it, and the Church grasps for the control of armies, but how any man with the slightest reasoning capacity can suppose for a moment that its conduct in these things was consistent with the Divine Law, I cannot perceive. It seems as though questions of conscience were left to the rulers of the land, and the individual Christians never dared question the policy of the Church in these fundamental matters, or did not care to question anything that was convenient and profitable.

It would be an endless story to follow up the comparison between the principles of Christianity and the practices of the so-called Christian Church. For I hold that the only exponent of Christianity is Christ himself, and that comparison between him and his followers is in many things a contrast. But criticism was not the purpose of this discourse.

I come to find the way to a higher evolution of humanity. I come to demand the realization in life of Divine Love as taught by Jesus, and ignored by the church, and to teach the principles, methods and practices by which that life is to be attained.

In looking over these eighteen centuries I see nowhere a wise and proper and complete attempt to incarnate in life the Divine law that was given once in Palestine.

It seems to be the usual effect of the appearance of a great soul on earth that he mesmerizes his followers, and so completely, that, like mere mechanical automata, they go on repeating without reflection his forms of expression, adhering to the letter instead of the spirit, and, ignoring that breadth of thought which made him wise and great, they merely present a new form of narrowness in place of that from which he released them, for they adhere to his results instead of imitating his methods. Thus it was with the followers of Hannemann, and the followers of Gall and of Swedenborg. Thus it has been with the followers of every great religious teacher whose pettiness and narrowness contrast with his amplitude of soul.

The followers of Jesus have signally failed to embrace and comprehend the essence of his teachings. Changed as it was essentially by the first apostles, it has been changing ever since, losing more and more of its characteristic vitality and breadth of love, assimilated more and more to that selfish workaholic which is its very antithesis—the Christianity of to-day is separated by a gulf from that of its founder, and is substantially the same as the church of Pharisees and Sadducees which warred upon his life and teachings.

But the Jesus of Jerusalem is to-day a living teacher with more power than he ever exercised on earth. Legions of angels are cooperating with him in speaking to the heart of all humanity, and bringing men under the influence of the Holy Spirit.

It is something new in human history. Forty years ago we know nothing of this. The age of inspiration, the age of Divine influx seemed as far off as ever, but how I see everywhere a great progress; hundreds, thousands, are coming under the influence of the higher powers. The Divine Spirit is moving men everywhere, and angels are familiar visitants to thousands. I see in men who were previously worldly, in men who were previously atheists, in men who knew nothing of divine things, a sudden and remarkable development of their spiritual nature, so that they receive angelic lessons of love and wisdom, and are led into a nobler life; and men who have not known God, men to whom that word represented a vague unmeaning conception, like Herbert Spencer's unknowable, realize in their interior consciousness that there is a God in heaven, and that his divine influence like a sun shines into their souls with an illuminating, elevating power.

Most startling of all is the great spirit-world of which the Bible speaks is not a theological fancy, not something remote as the stars, about which they may possibly learn something if they survive the change of death, but that it is a present reality, and one of the grandest realities of life.

I believe that I feel the influence of the holy spirit of our Infinite Father. I believe that my departed friends come to me. I believe that spirits who have not yet come to us, and I am sure that I have felt their presence. That which I know and feel is also the knowledge and feeling of millions, and of many in a far higher degree than I hope to attain.

Hence I say we have reached a new dispensation, in which Jesus and the angels are coming into the souls of all humanity, and the Divine spirit is moving upon the tide of humanity to develop a better world.

It is a part, a glorious part of the grand system of evolution by which the kingdom of heaven is to be established on earth, for the establishment of that kingdom consists in bringing man up into Divine communion, into communion with the angels of the heavens, and thereby into the angelic and Divine life, in which we obey the highest laws, because they are developed in our own nature and become a part of ourselves.

All this is perfectly normal and orderly, as much as the course of the earth in its orbit, which brings us spring and summer. The spiritual development of society is simply the maturing and perfection of the human brain, bringing out the powers which have so long been neglected, but which, by means of the science of Anthropology, I have learned to understand and trace in their bearings upon human progress.

Religion, in its full perfection, is inspiration. Christianity is preeminently the religion of Inspiration, and now that inspiration is becoming so widely diffused, we are to have a resurrection of true Christianity from the tomb in which it has so long been lying in a dormant state while the Christianity of war and mammon ruled the world.

The purpose of my Sunday discourses is to aid in this resurrection. And from now I go back to Jesus as the founder of Christianity, and claim that he is still our exemplar and teacher. There are very few mortals indeed whom I am willing to recognize as teachers. I bow to no authority; but I do find in the life and words of Jesus something that I needed. Through the grand science of Anthropology I reached the perception, the intellectual perception of the moral law such as he announced, but it was to me an untried doctrine, an opinion which I needed the corroboration of experience. I needed to hear some strong soul say, I know this is true. I needed to see that some great soul had lived this divine life, and realized its greatness, and beauty, and loveliness. And this I found in Jesus. He proclaimed a law of life as a teacher with authority and knowledge. Anthropology confirmed his assertion, and the sublime consequences of living up to that law were verified in the life of Jesus. Therefore he became my leader in that which my reason sanctioned, but which I should have feared to attempt to put in practice without his illustrious example to encourage me, and the additional encouragement of his spiritual presence, and the illustrious examples of heroes and martyrs whom he has inspired.

I speak for him, and I speak for that science which is the voice of God in man—the science of Anthropology—when I say that there is a higher life to which we may all aspire, and I beg you all to go with me in the pursuit of that higher life.

I believe with all my soul that every evil in human life can be cured; that poverty, disease, melancholy, discord, war, and every form of human misery can be banished from society entirely. I believe that we are traveling along on a low malarious plane of life where we fall into every obstruction and misfortune, while the highlands of health, and beauty, and joy are near by on our right hand, and I wish to organize a party to emigrate from this bog-land to that Paradise.

Invite you to a higher life, but not to a crusade or a battle. I do not need to use the old form of expression:

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
Where others fought to gain the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?"

There may have been battles and bloody seas in other times, but the world is beyond that

now, and when I call you up to a heavenly life in this free country, you have no enemies to fight, no cruel crosses to bear.

The Christianity of gloom and self-torment is buried in the past. The Christianity of the future will be a march to paradise.

The purpose of my discourses is to unfold before you the system of religion which God designs for the future condition of the perfected man on earth, enjoying all his godlike powers and exempt from nearly all the ills that have hitherto crowded life so as to carry thousands to a suicidal grave.

The religion that I would unfold, it is true, coincides with that of Jesus, so far as his ideas were developed on earth, but it is the religion of nature; the religion of a healthy mind; the religion of the highest science; the religion which satisfies the reason and which at the same time gives us pleasures and exaltation of the soul, which are known in the Church only in a very cramped or morbid way.

If you will follow me in my whole course of thought hereafter, and walk firmly in the path I show, I think you will find that your life is rising to something higher than you have ever known. I do not propose that you shall begin an artificial and peculiar life here in the hope that it may have some effect on the condition of your soul in a far future period. I propose immediate action and immediate effects; I propose that we go to heaven now and here, in 1880; that we build ourselves up in body and mind, developing into the divine possibilities of our nature, and finishing our education for time and eternity.

If we are qualified for a heaven in the upper world, we are also qualified for a heaven here, for a heavenly life is one which is happy in itself and overflows in giving that happiness to others.

No system of religion can conduct you to heaven which makes your life here gloomy; for we pass on in the next life along the same level on which we are traveling here. If we end our life in gloom here, we wake up there in gloom; but if we live here in love and brightness, we pass into the bright spheres of heaven, and find ourselves at home in heaven, and we continue our upward progress, meeting the best and wisest of earth's many millions and surrounding ourselves with boundless love and beauty.

The chief characteristic of Heaven is its perfect love and its clear perception of the truth; and when we are educated for Heaven—in other words, when we have formed a true church—a true group of those who are in the sphere of Divine Love and Wisdom, we shall realize the fact in our own perfect perception of thought in the truth, and our perfect unity of souls in love. We will therefore, come together in a love such as the world has not been accustomed to see in churches, in which it has been thought compatible with the common Christianity that the members should not know or should not desire, to know each other, should not speak without a formal introduction, and should not always be willing to receive that introduction.

I think the nature of a true Church exists among us. There are those whom I love, who love me in return, and who love each other. If we can form this ideal Church, this Society of Divine Love and Wisdom, and make it large enough to develop its power and warmth, (for it requires many souls to make a good fire,) it will be a most heavenly thing to belong to it, and to breathe the spiritual atmosphere that it will enjoy—an atmosphere in which the angels can dwell.

If they who are in that sphere are fully and entirely imbued with the thoughts I have expressed by Jesus: "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother."

That is the only proper foundation of a Church or religious association. It is a sentiment which I adopt without reserve, and I wish to meet and to know all to whom that sentiment is a guiding principle. I wish also to meet and to know those who, although they may not feel sure they can act upon that principle, would wish to encourage our efforts for its diffusion.

I shall continue my discourses to develop that grand and complete conception of religion and of human life, which is possible now for the first time in the world's history.

INFORMATION DESIRED.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the Banner of Light Free Circle-Room (see issue of January 31st) the question was put to the controls of Mr. W. J. Colville: "Are spirits subject to climatic disturbances, such as storms?" and the answer was given:

"Spirits who are earth-bound, who live in the atmosphere of the earth, are, of course, affected by the climatic changes which affect you, but spirits beyond and above the earth-bound condition are not thus affected."

Sounds reasonable, and would seem to agree with the notions many people may entertain in regard to the relations of spirit to the material elements. It is, however, positively contradicted by the communications concerning this question in Dr. Eugene Crowell's recent book. In this we read among others:

"When spirits (generally) visit the earthly winter, in addition to their ordinary raiment they usually wear mantles or heavy robes." "They are as sensitive to cold as we are," etc.—p. 129.

"In decidedly tempestuous weather it is only guardians and the very lowest spirits, and a few others, that are able to remain on earth beyond very brief periods of time, and comparatively few good spirits other than guardians visit the earth during the prevalence of such weather. The rapid exhaustion attendant upon mental labor in such weather, which we ourselves commonly experience, is as much of the spiritual as the physical organism, for disembodied spirits are even more depressed by a heated atmosphere than we are."—p. 131.

"Spirits, in the coldest weather, traverse the space between the heavens and earth so quickly that they do not suffer from the cold, provided, 'etc.'; but should it so happen that they are exposed to a low temperature for any considerable time, they are affected by it as disastrously as we are. The same as to very warm weather. When they come to earth and encounter cold, bleak storms, they are rendered very uncomfortable."—p. 178.

"Ibidem, we find how spirits (generally) are affected by winds, hallstorms, exposure to fire; that they do not perspire; that they are sensitive to odors and perfumes (supposing atmospheric action), etc."

To get out of this conflict between two spiritual authorities we would have to assume either:

That Mr. Colville's controls were not sufficiently instructed in regard to the effect of the terrestrial climate upon spirits; or:

That the authorities from which Dr. Crowell derived his revelations were all "earth-bound spirits, living in the atmosphere of the earth."

What may be the truth in this dilemma? "Light is more light!" DR. G. BLODGE.

The most wonderful and hurtful fallacy that afflicts mankind is the extraordinary dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within.

THREE ANGELS.

They say this life is barren, drear and cold; Ever the same sad song was sung of old, Ever the same long weary tale is told, And to our lips is held the cup of strife, And yet—a little love can sweeten life.

Spiritual Phenomena.

MARVELOUS MANIFESTATIONS AT ASTORIA, N. Y. SURPRISING MATERIALIZATIONS—APPEARANCE OF ANCIENT AND HISTORICAL PERSONAGES—MISCELLANEOUS MEMORANDA.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Thomas, of the New Testament, was, all things considered, rather an admirable character. While less loving than John, and less impulsive than Peter, he was far more cautious. In fact, he was constitutionally skeptical.

The crucifixion and resurrection, or reappearance of Jesus, were crisis seasons with the apostles and sympathizing disciples. The excitement was intense. And at the very time that the Marys and some of the disciples declared that they had seen Jesus after the resurrection, Thomas naturally inclined to trust his own senses, and, careful in his conclusions, doubted the alleged fact.

DO SPIRITS MATERIALIZE? No—not in the sense that spirits, or rather spirits, become essentially and substantially matter. The term "spirit-materialization" is not a fortunate one. It is too materialistic. It contains or may easily lead to a wrong inference.

NO CONFOUNDING OF TERMS. That apparitions, or materializations, real as life, walk out from apartments, or appear in the presence of mediums, is one among many of my settled convictions. And yet, materializations, transfigurations and transformations are not to be used interchangeably.

ASTORIA—THE GENUINE AND THE BEAUTIFUL. New York, famous for gigantic enterprises, magnificent parks, palatial residences, and lovely suburban retreats, has few, if any, more quiet, beautiful and sunny homes than that of Mr. and Mrs. Hatch, of Astoria, L. I. It had been my good fortune to previously meet this excellent family while pursuing my studies of spiritual phenomena in the West.

THE MANIFESTATIONS. In deceptions, of whatever character, there must necessarily be sinister and selfish motives; but there could be nothing of the kind here. Mine host, a prominent business man in the city of New York, has speaking after the manner of none, nothing to gain but much to lose from his connection with Spiritualism.

DR. WILLIAM FISHBOUGH. One of the happiest half days of last month was spent with friend Fishbough. He has a new and very important work ready for the press, entitled "THE END OF THE AGES—with forecast of the approaching political, social, and religious reconstruction of America and the world."

COL. EATON, LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS. This gentleman, a thinker by nature—a Swedenborgian in religion, and noted for extensive business enterprises in the West, for great political sagacity as well as many sturdy, manly qualities of heart and soul, was especially favored at this séance. His beautiful daughter, not long in spirit-life, came out materialized, and, embracing her father in the most affectionate manner, they conversed of social life, home life and familiar family matters. They then withdrew into the

hall, remaining several minutes. Returning, she gave me her hand, rather cold to the touch, patted me gently upon the forehead, and, retiring, took particular pains to show us that the medium was lying at full length upon the sofa, and still entranced.

MRS. M. A. GRIDLEY, BROOKLYN, N. Y. It must be some ten years since I first saw this lady in the vicinity of Boston, then passing through the throes incident to spiritual development. It is now only justice to say that she is one of the finest mediumistic instrumentalities in the country, though, from choice, little known to the public.

THE MATERIALIZING MEDIUM. Mrs. M. A. Hull, is a pleasant, interesting lady, whose mediumship, so far as I know to the contrary, stands unquestioned. Her very appearance inspires confidence. The controlling intelligence that seems ever with her is an Indian spirit, called Mollie; and, eminently calm, clear-headed and practical, she brings to her medium strength and sunshine, as does May-Queen.

THE APPEARING OF HISTORICAL SPIRITS. In the course of the evening fifteen or more spirits appeared in front of us, full-formed, or walked about in the richly-furnished parlor. Some of these purported to be ancient spirits. Of course there was no way of recognizing them as several present recognized their friends and relatives. But why? Is not this incredulous state of mind chronic? Who can define the boundaries of spirit power and wisdom?

THE CONFIRMATION. The day following this Astoria séance I was calling upon Mr. Kiddle, Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Britton and other New York friends, when suddenly the thought came to me—I'll call upon Mr. Mansfield, so widely known for test writing mediumship. The greetings were mutually cordial; but not a word did I breathe of the form manifestations occurring the previous evening.

OTHER MATTERS OF SPIRITUAL IMPORT. The month spent by me in Brooklyn and New York was pleasant and spiritually profitable. Several of the Tuesday evenings I lectured for the New Society, meeting in Temperance Hall, corner 124th street and 3d avenue, New York. The ladies—blessings upon them—were the principal instigators in breathing life into this Society. While here, I was the guest of Mrs. M. A. Halsted, whose hospitality and sunny home surroundings are as widely known as are her genial Quaker proclivities.

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emotional persons, is, that when borne up they don't stay; but soon, like sap-soaked logs, come tumbling down. When I heard these well-dressed gentlemen sounding the merited worth of our sister co-worker, I quietly said to myself—How cheap you talk! The dictionary is brimming full of words! Put your words into deeds. Put your hands into your purses and employ Mrs. Hyzer for a year. Why not allow your word-zephyr to crystallize into action? For enthusiasm without action is like wind without a storm; or like mellifluous rolling thunder without any effective lightning.

LETTER FROM FLORENCE MARRYATT.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have been told (I hope correctly) that my last letter to you gave satisfaction on the other side the Atlantic, and that my American friends will be pleased to receive further particulars from my pen respecting the mediumistic powers of Mr. J. W. Fletcher. Sunday, April 4th, we celebrated the Thirty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and the first of Mr. Fletcher's series of lectures in the Steinway Hall. It was truly remarked by one of the speakers on the occasion, that Spiritualism has made a great stride in London during the past twelve months. And I believe a large portion of that advance is due to Mr. Fletcher himself; for many instances have occurred under my own notice of thought, belief and conversion following one another as the consequence of having listened to his teachings or attended his séances.

I have been asked to comment upon Mr. Fletcher's capabilities as a speaker, and would commence by saying that his appearance on the platform, his manner, enunciation and mode of delivery, are all calculated to attract his hearers more and more to the religion which he professes to expound. His voice is clear, simple and unaffected; he grasps the subject he may have chosen to handle plainly and decisively, and he does not leave it until he has exhausted it. His lectures on the Future Condition of the Spirit have been especially interesting, and opened a world of speculation for those who had never thought before. The crowded state of the hall each Sunday night is the best evidence of Mr. Fletcher's increasing popularity in London. There is nothing to attract an audience there except his own words; for the business of the evening is conducted in the simplest manner possible, consisting merely of a few hymns and sacred songs, to fill up the intervals of time and permit the medium to recover from his somewhat exhaustive work.

Wishing to procure some further proofs of Mr. Fletcher's power before I wrote this letter to you, I prepared a different sort of test for him last week. From a drawer full of old letters I selected, with my eyes shut, four folded sheets of paper, and enclosed them, still without looking in, in four blank envelopes, which I then sealed. I carried these envelopes to Mr. Fletcher, and requested "Winona" to tell me the characters of the persons by whom their contents had been written. She placed them consecutively to the medium's forehead, and as she returned them to me, one by one, I wrote down her comments on each, on the outside of its cover. On breaking the seals the character of each writer was found to have been most accurately defined, although the letters had all been written years ago, a fact which "Winona" had immediately discovered; she also told me which of my correspondents were dead and which living. Here, you will observe, there could have been no reaction of my own brain upon that of the sensitive, as I was perfectly ignorant, until I opened the envelopes, by whom the letters had been sent to me.

Two months ago I was invited to join in a certain speculation, of the advisability of which I felt uncertain. I went, therefore, to Mr. Fletcher and asked for an interview with "Winona," intending to consult her in the matter. But before I had had time to mention the subject she told me that she knew what I had come for, and went on to speak of the speculation itself, of the people concerned in it, and the money it was expected to produce; and finally she explained to me how it would collapse, and put her decided veto on my having anything to do with it. I followed "Winona's" advice, and have been thankful since that I did so, as everything has turned out just as she prognosticated to me.

It is a common thing to hear scoffers at Spiritualism affirm that if they could get any useful information out of spirits they would be inclined to believe in them. We take a very low and degrading view of the science of eternity when we stop to consider how much money we can make or avoid losing by its revelations; but there are few Spiritualists who have not found assistance, when they needed it, in their earthly concerns, from their friends on the other side. And I know of no medium to whom I would sooner send an unbeliever whom I wished to see convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, than to Mr. Fletcher, or rather to "Winona," whose manners are so quiet and gentle and dignified, and whose proofs are so convincing and so true. I think there are very few people who could sit with her and not feel their skepticism shaken, whatever they might say to the contrary.

There is another point which I would mention, and one of the utmost importance: Mr. Fletcher preaches the religion of purity, truth, and charity, and (as far as human creatures can judge of each other,) he leads a life in accordance with his doctrine. No tales fly about town concerning him; no scandal is carried from town to town; he is not a man of a hot hornet's nest to another; he does not breed a plague of insects to sting his reputation to death. He creates no enemies by partiality; his quiet

hospitality is open to all his friends, and he has always a good word for the absent and a cloak to throw over the weaknesses or wickednesses with which he meets. If those who listen to Mr. Fletcher's lectures Sunday after Sunday would only imitate his charity and live up to the doctrines which he preaches to them, the day might arrive when we should have no further need to keep him standing on the platform of the Steinway Hall for two hours at a time, whilst he denounces malice, hard-heartedness and pride, and upholds the grand Christian virtues of universal love and charity. But I am afraid that that desirable epoch is reserved for a distant date, and that I shall have time to write you several more letters before it arrives. Yours faithfully, FLORENCE MARRYATT.

J. FRANK BAXTER IN SCRANTON, PA.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

J. Frank Baxter delivered his lecture entitled "The Possibility and Probability of Spirit Existence and Communion" at the Opera House in this place on the evening of Tuesday, April 20th, and followed the same by giving quite a number of most wonderful tests, an account of a few of which I thought might interest some of your numerous readers. His first test was a description of the spirit of Dr. A. W. Burns as being present and desirous to communicate with F. W. Gunster. Dr. A. W. Burns was a prominent physician of this city, and died about three years ago; and F. W. Gunster is a lawyer of this place, who is now engaged in settling the estate of the late Dr. Burns.

As a singular fact in connection with the foregoing, I would state that when the Davenport Brothers and Fay gave an exhibition in the old Opera House in this place some seven years ago, Dr. A. W. Burns and F. W. Gunster served as a committee chosen by the audience to tie the mediums, and see that no deception was practiced. Mr. Baxter next gave the name of the spirit P. MacDermont, contractor, as being present. A person by that name formerly lived here, and frequently took contracts for laying tracks in the coal mines in this vicinity, and was well known by many of our present citizens. The name of Aunt Nancy Vaughn was then given, and the time of change to spirit-life stated as January, 1875—her age at time being given as eighty-eight. Mrs. Vaughn was an old resident of Providence, a suburb of Scranton, and well known by many of our citizens.

Mr. Baxter next described the spirit of Thos. P. Hunt, and said he was an elderly man and a minister, and when in earth-life was much interested in reform work; he was also a temperance lecturer. The late Thos. P. Hunt was a Presbyterian minister, and resided in Wilkes Barre, Pa., and passed to spirit-life about three years ago. A clairvoyant who was present at the lecture told the writer that she knew "Old Pappy Hunt" well—she having been a member of a temperance organization in this county several years, and during that time Mr. Hunt frequently visited them, and on several occasions lectured for the society. She also said she saw his spirit form pacing the platform of the stage immediately behind Mr. Baxter for full fifteen minutes while Mr. B. was delivering his lecture.

Other names were given by Mr. B., and recognized. The *Scranton Republican* afterward published a scurrilous article relating to the lecture of Mr. Baxter, in which the writer thereof thought it absolutely revolting that he should solemnly profess to see and describe the spirits of persons well known in this community. This writer of the *Republican* article should consent to take a lesson from Rev. Joseph Cook of your city, and examine one common phase of mediumship that thousands of young children all over the country know to be a fact, and thereby become a better judge of the subject he attempts so stupidly to ridicule, viz., that the spirits of our departed friends can and do make known their presence to mortals through mediums when proper conditions are given. Scranton, Pa. SILVANUS.

MR. MANSFIELD'S MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I wish to bear testimony to the mediumship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, of New York. Mr. Mansfield is an absolute stranger to me, and all I knew of him was from what I had seen reported in your paper. I wrote a letter to my mother, who has been in spirit-life over thirty years, asking her a number of questions that only my mother could answer; and this letter I put in a thick envelope, which I carefully gummed, and sealed, and addressed: "To my Mother." I enclosed it in a note to Mr. Mansfield, simply asking him to let me have a reply if he could get one. Last mail brought me a communication from the doctor, returning my letter addressed to my mother, with the seal unbroken, and in precisely the same condition that I sent it, together with a long reply purporting to come from my mother, addressing me by my Christian name, which Mr. Mansfield could have no means of knowing, and which is a very uncommon one, and answering every one of the questions put to her. I have met with a good many tests during my investigations when in England, but I do not know of any more convincing than this.

I wish to have a good medium of Mr. Mansfield's stamp out here, for in that case possibly we might manage to excite a little intelligent interest in this grand philosophy, for it is lamentable to witness the utter ignorance and apathy displayed toward the subject in this part of the world. The receipt of your *Banner of Light* is the event of the week to me, and is all the spiritual food obtainable. Yours for the things, J. G. MENGENS. 3 Church Lane, Calcutta, March 24th, 1880.

A Young Girl's Strange Presentiment.

The *Monongahela Republican* tells the following story: Sometimes since an old and well-known citizen of Peters township died in his eighty-sixth year. Living with him was a young lady, twenty-four years old, who had just finished her education, and whose aim and ambition had been to gain a high scholarship. In this she finally succeeded by the most assiduous study. On the day of the grandfather's funeral she came home, and after meditating for some time over a problem, which seemed to engross her whole mind, was asked what was the reason of her abstraction. Recovering herself, she stated, with considerable emotion, that she would die in just one year from that date—she felt it to be true, and without knowing why, seemed confidently certain it would happen. The days wore on, the young lady developed consumptive tendencies, and in just one year from the death of Mr. Boyer, the old gentleman referred to, she, too, died in the same room, at the same hour, and was buried on the anniversary of the grandfather's funeral.

Foreign Correspondence.

FROM AUSTRALIA.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I can assure you it is with great pleasure that I sit down to write my usual contribution. I greet my friends in your land with a cordial greeting, and hope that the time is not far distant when I shall be able to do it face to face instead of across ten thousand miles of land and sea. You may feel assured that my feelings of regard for your brave band of genuine upholders of liberty of opinion as well as of person are in no wise diminished by the distance that parts us.

PERSONAL.

I may perhaps be pardoned for a few words respecting myself. I have to thank you, Mr. Editor, for the very flattering article in your leading columns of December 27th on my lecture published some few weeks before, and I hope that my almost maiden efforts have been as successful in winning the approbation of your readers generally. I have been very much gratified during the past week to find that my work in the sister colony of South Australia has not been entirely fruitless, but that the cause of Spiritualism has to some extent been promoted through my exertions. A day or two ago I received a letter from a friend of mine in Mount Gambler, where I lived for the last six months of 1879, from which I take the following extracts; they may be interesting as showing that the seed sown is beginning to spring up:

"No doubt you will remember two or three rather unsuccessful séances you got up here; well, these led to subsequent meetings and discussion, and lately some very good—marvellous results have been obtained. The table rocks as distinctly as possible; answers to hundreds of questions have been received, all correct, and apparently 'on the square' (I mean without human agency except the forming of a circle). E— and S—who were both satisfied that the whole thing was deception, have had repeated communications with and from their departed relations; S—in fact has become a regular up and down Spiritualist. E— says he attended on purpose to ridicule the affair, but admits that it was taken out of him when the table rocked, and when his departed sister (died in the Fatherland many years ago) gave the day of her birth, her age, and fifty other things, he was dumfounded. What convinces him is that the questions were answered in the usual way when—no results have been obtained. He is thoroughly satisfied that no one hoaxed him—does not know whether to believe in Spiritualism in the strict sense of the word or what to think of it; but the facts, he says, are there."

You will doubtless be able to see evidence in this extract going to show that in Mount Gambler they have some excellent medium-power. I feel amply repaid for the worry and annoyance I have experienced, in the fact that I am able to report that my efforts in this one place have been so successful.

EDUCATION AND THE CLERGY.

Just at the present time the question of the education of the children of the State by the State is the all-absorbing topic of debate in New South Wales, and naturally the priesthood are demanding a share of the spoils; for it is a fact that the priests here are very singular in disposition to their brethren in other parts of the world? Up to the present time we have had in New South Wales a mongrel system of education, by which the State, in addition to the ordinary public schools, subsidized the scholastic establishments formed by the various sects. A short time ago the Roman Catholic Archbishop initiated a crusade against the public schools, condemning them as "seeds plots of future immorality and infidelity"; and at the present time a very much more liberal measure is before our Parliament, and will doubtless be carried into law. This bill does not meet the wishes of the liberals, as they regard it as trifling with the opposing party; but, speaking impartially, I must admit that I believe it to be just as liberal a measure as the people of the Colony are at present ready for.

DOGMATIC MEDICINE.

There seems to be a great scare amongst the certificated "drug doctors" in many of your States at the present time, and, although not quite so much interested in this part of the world in such subjects, we have had a similar scare here, although on a much smaller scale. In our legislative assembly a bill has been introduced providing that no person shall be entitled to practice medicine excepting after due registration after examination. Of course this examination will be conducted by those interested in the orthodox allo and homeopaths, and hence those who do not agree with these standard authorities will, of course, be rejected. There is no interest felt in the measure, and it is very doubtful whether it will pass; still, the fact of its being brought forward shows that there is the same dogmatic conservatism amongst the medical men of Australia as amongst those in America.

"FREE THOUGHT"

is the title of a new monthly magazine started in Sydney by Mr. E. Cyril Hawthland. It is a very well written and well gotten up periodical, and will doubtless prove very successful. It admits articles on both sides of the questions with which it deals, and allows the writers full liberty. The proprietor can rest assured that if he is not able to command success he certainly deserves it.

SABBATARIANISM

is rampant in New South Wales, and the Orthodox are firm in their determination that we shall observe Sunday in their fashion instead of our own. They speak of "the Lord's Day" as if it were something peculiarly sacred; they tell us that it has been set apart by the Infinite Being as a season to be devoted solely to his glorification, and they say this, and this only, is the way to glorify him. They do not seem to see that, even admitting their premises that Sunday is a day by itself, made sacred by the Deity himself for the purpose of rest and worshipping him, that we are just as much entitled to say how the objects for which it was instituted should be carried out as they are, and that one man's opinion upon the point is just as good as another's. It has been often shown that the manner of Sunday observances at the present day is totally opposed to the regulations for the observation of the Sabbath under the Mosaic law, but that it is a custom scarce three centuries old, dating merely from the time of the Puritans in England, so that the Sabbatarian party are unable to quote the authority of the Bible for their practice. On the 14th of March, Prof. Charles Bright gave an admirable lecture on the subject to a full house in the Theatre Royal in this city, in the course of which he dealt in a most satisfactory manner with the question. Yours sincerely, L. E. HARCUS. Sydney, N. S. Wales, March 21st, 1880.

Pessimism and Optimism.

A correspondent asks for a definition of Pessimism. Pessimism is the opposite of Optimism. Optimism says, "Whatever is, is right." Pessimism says, "Whatever is, is wrong." Optimism says that life is a struggle for a better life, in which man can win. Pessimism says, life is a struggle for life, in which man is sure to be beaten. Life, according to the Optimist, was given to man as a blessing. No, says the Pessimist, it was given to him as a curse, and it is best described in Keats's lines: "Where but to think is to be full of sorrow, And laden-eyed with despair."

The Bible supports me, asserts the Optimist. Not always, if you remember the Pessimist; for its most eloquent passages are on the misery of human life. Optimism is dogmatic, Pessimism cynical. There is nothing new in Pessimism. It has cropped out often through the "hundred and seventy known generations." It is as old as man, and sin, and suffering, and it is as old as the creation. It has come in, and it has gone out, over the Western world, repeatedly. Just now it is rather prominent, having its innings as this century closes. It will reappear in a few years, but only to reappear. It exists in the East, and being more acceptable in the East, it is more prominent than it is in the Evening Land. There is a milder sort of Pessimism, that always has not a few votaries, particularly among the cultivated classes, who, however, are not propagandists, and who care not what is believed in a world of which they are, or say they are, weary.—Boston Traveller.

It is a book [The Bible of the Ages, compiled by Giles B. Stebbins] which is much needed—one that will impart solid instruction to all thoughtful, and inquiring people, and therefore we hope it may receive the wide circulation that its rare merits deserve.—Boston Investigator.

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 We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the author must be given, and we reserve the right to refuse to publish any article that we deem unwelcome or injurious to our interests. We cannot undertake to return or preserve 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.
 Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

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SPIRITUALISM, like an enduring rock, rises up amid the conflicting elements of ignorance and passion—a rock which the surges of Time and Change can never shake—on whose Heaven-lighted pinnacle the Angels build their altars, and kindle beacon-lights to illumine the world.—Prof. S. B. Britton.

The Second Coming of Christ—WHEN IS IT TO BE?

is the title of a trance discourse—delivered through the mediumship of Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, in Everett Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday evening, March 21st—which we shall print in our next issue.

An Important Matter.

Few persons pause to think, and if they do they still are ignorant, of the vital necessity of breathing pure air all the time. We all of us live by virtue of breathing, and the purer the atmosphere we breathe the more perfect the action of our lungs, and the better the blood and the condition of heart and brain. Oxygen is the prime condition of healthy living. We note that attention has been recently called to this most important subject by certain articles which have appeared in the daily journals on the necessity of providing more perfect ventilation in our public school-houses. This naturally brings the subject home to others whose days are not passed in schoolhouses.

One writer thinks that the spirit of investigation should be contagious, and should spread not only into all places of public resort but into our dwelling-houses, and result in a reform so extensive and thorough that houses of all kinds shall be planned in such a manner as to furnish as pure a quality of atmosphere as the health and strength of humanity require. Pure air, he says, which is composed almost wholly of nitrogen and oxygen, is corrupted by being inhaled and exhaled through human lungs. By this process it parts with about one-fourth of its oxygen, and receives nearly an equal part of carbonic acid gas. The latter is breathed out and more or less mingled with the pure air which is supposed to flow freely to our rooms, and corrupts it. What, then, is carbonic acid gas? It is, the same writer answers, "the useless, diseased, decayed, offensive, rejected material of our bodies, which is expelled by our breathing." Think of breathing such stuff over again and again, in greater or less quantities, taking it up into the blood and brain, and attempting to give the spirit life in the body with the help of such poison! Is it any wonder that our spiritual parts are in general so low and poor as they are, fed on such nutriment and shut out as much as possible from the magnetic influences of the free and open sunshine? What chance do we really give our spirits, when we deliberately deny them what God meant they should enjoy so freely, and expand and grow while enjoying?

This carbonic acid gas is the same that is produced by combustion, as in burning coal, candles and lamps. It is the same that collects in low, fenny places, lying on marshes in the visible form sometimes of a bluish fog, and causing typhoid among those who dwell within the reach of its deadly influence. It likewise collects in old wells, and is what kills those who carelessly descend into them. It is the poison that corrupts the air of the crowded schoolhouses, halls and churches; and people ignorantly sit packed together, drawing in the filthy atmospheric doses as if they loved poison better than purity. There can be conceived no form of corrupt contact more detestable and destructive than this. The very people who would not enter after one another will ignorantly swallow by the hour this decayed and rejected material of one another's bodies.

In order to obviate an evil of such magnitude because it is so universal, there should be provided ample outlets, or escapes, at both the top and bottom of a room, especially at the latter. For since this gas notoriously descends because of its weight, as we see in the case of marshes and old wells, it of course sinks to the floor, and consequently the escape for it should be provided on a level with the floor. The writer already referred to suggests its conveyance through the floor into a receptacle that shall guide it to a heated flue, in which the ascending warm air shall lift it and convey it away. And here appears the reason why the old-fashioned open fires of wood on the hearth helped to keep people's blood clear and pure, and consequently imparted vigor to their lungs, brain and nerves. Nobody can pretend to say how many modern nervous and blood diseases the abolition of this floor-level draft is responsible for.

The remedy proposed, therefore, while of a two-fold nature, is perfectly simple, and within easy reach. It is first of all essential that pure air from outdoors be admitted into our build-

ings continually, and next that our chimneys be so constructed as to have one or more warm flues to serve as escapes or outlets. Such a system of perfect ventilation is said to be on exhibition on a grand scale in New York, at Dr. Knight's Hospital on 40th street, near the Union depot. Hundreds of children are gathered there, and the air is apparently as pure as that of the open country, the temperature at the floors and the ceilings being kept even and equal all the time.

We have called this an important matter. None on which life itself depends could be more so. For if the spirit's vitality, and consequently its growth, depends on the purity of the blood which feeds and sustains the brain for action, and the condition of the blood depends in turn on the quality of the air which is breathed into the lungs, it should be self-evident that the spirit itself is the sufferer, is cheated, is the victim, when we consent, knowingly or not, to struggle for a poor and low form of existence at best, with obstructions like the real ones of a poisoned atmosphere. Let us remember that it is not the body alone that is the sufferer in the case; the immortal spirit, which has been made the temporary tenant of the body for its growth and development on earth, is the one that has to take the worst of it in being thus cruelly cheated of its simple birthright.

Under proper physical conditions, such as the highest intelligence yet reached by the human race is able to describe and define, it is possible for us all to start in life at a clear advantage where we now are forced to carry a heavy load of disadvantage. If we implicitly obeyed these true conditions of living, it would be but a few generations hence before a race of men and women would populate at least what we are pleased to style the civilized parts of the earth such as has never lived since the world began. And from that new starting point advancement would be vastly more rapid and sure, and vice and crime would insensibly disappear like the clouds of the morning.

Spiritualism Defended in South Africa.

We are in receipt of the *Times*, published at Cape Town, South Africa, of March 12th, in which Mr. Berks T. Hutchinson publishes an extended article in reply to editorial remarks and assumptions contained in the same paper of the 11th. The editor of the *Times* announced the rapid demise of Spiritualism, and stated that "its most staunch adherents are beginning to acknowledge their stupid credulity in pinning their faith to what can be nothing more than a delusion and a snare"—a remark that reads very much like those we were accustomed to see in American papers twenty years ago. Mr. Hutchinson replies to the editor as one would who was fully posted on the facts, and finds it no difficult matter to exhibit the fallacy of his opponent's assumptions. He then considers the late alleged exposure of deception in London, ably vindicates Mrs. Corner, and declares her to be a genuine, truthful medium, as proven not only by the repeated crucial experiments of Prof. Crookes, but by the testimonies of hundreds of other trustworthy witnesses. Mr. Hutchinson's article is ably written and timely for the good of the cause. The editor of the *Times* exhibits a liberality of spirit in giving the use of his columns for the elucidation of views so diametrically opposed to his own, and submits to the somewhat sharp review of his statements with a grace and courtesy that is to be highly commended.

Anti-Vaccination and other Reforms in England.

Strenuous efforts are being made in England to effect the repeal of the compulsory vaccination laws, and prominent among the workers to that end is Mr. W. Tebb, who not long since visited this country and created a nucleus for a similar reform movement here. As Mr. Tebb has been subjected to numerous prosecutions for refusing to allow his children to be poisoned by law, he feels especially indignant against the existence of such a statute, and allows no opportunity to deal it a vigorous blow to pass unimproved. Of late the anti-vaccinators have felt their hopes renewed by the sweeping changes made in the administration, the liberal element in the new, incoming Parliament, being greatly in the majority. Just prior to the election candidates were approached in reference to their views upon the subject, and with the most encouraging results. The late Parliament was opposed to reforms of all kinds, and especially opposed to making changes in old, long-established customs like that of vaccination; but the people have, by their recent vote, so emphatically called for the enactment of reformatory measures, that the opponents of compulsory vaccination, as well as of many other antiquated laws which, like useless and troublesome barnacles, adhere to the ship of state, that something will probably be done in answer to the popular wish.

We have received and placed on file for publication in due course, a series of four papers on THE ORIGIN, NATURE AND ULTIMATE OF THINGS. Bryan Grant, Esq., the writer of these able essays, lectured some years since in the Music Hall course of Spiritualist meetings, and his address (afterward printed in these columns) called forth at the time the warmest encomiums from all quarters. We are glad to be able to chronicle his reappearance among those who fearlessly elect to bear witness publicly to their convictions regarding Spiritualism and cognate themes.

Bushby, artist and photographer, 13 Temple Place, Boston, has prepared an excellent cabinet photograph of Miss M. T. Shelhamer, medium at the Banner of Light Free Circle-Room, copies of which really fine production Colby & Rich have on sale at their bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place. Parties wishing correct photographic likenesses of themselves will find in Mr. Bushby a talented and skillful operator.

Information reaches us that Frank T. Ripley has been for the past six months doing much and good work in Dayton, O.—large audiences being called together to listen to his addresses, and receive the tests given by him from the platform after his lectures; while his powers as a medical, test and business medium have been fully and satisfactorily utilized.

Mrs. Ella J. Kendall, trance, test and business medium, is now ready for business; and all desirous of consulting her will find her at her residence, No. 19 Berwick Park, (off Columbus Avenue,) Boston.

We have received, and shall print at an early day, a valuable essay from the pen of A. E. Newton, Esq., entitled "Prof. Thompson on Spiritualism."

Theodore Parker's Last Letter.

The following letter of Theodore Parker is said to have been shown to Robert Collyer, who, with the recipient of it, believes it to be the last letter Mr. Parker ever wrote. It deserves to be republished for the widest possible perusal, since it presents in very plain terms the views of Mr. Parker on the subject of prayer, a subject to which he had given much and serious thought. The common sense of his views of prayer will not fail to strike all readers with the greatest favor. The letter was written on the eve of his embarking on the voyage to that part of the world from which he never returned. All will be impressed with the deep and true religiousness of the closing sentence—"If I thought it was God's desire that I should die to-day, but that my asking for life would lead him to let me live thirty years more, I should not dare to put my little mind against his infinite wisdom and ask for life!" Here is the letter:

NEW YORK, Feb. 6th, 1859.
 DEAR SIR:—I thank you heartily for saying "you think I shall get well." I mean to get well, and shall do all in my power to accomplish it. But I don't pray for it any more than you in the sense you use the word. To me, prayer is a natural and most delightful exercise. It is this: I feel conscious of the presence of the Infinite Power, mind and love, which makes and governs the universe; I feel that it is close to me. Then, conscious of that dear Presence, I think over the blessings I have, and the duties I owe; I think of the wrong things I have done, and I think of the right things I ought to do; I recollect my joys and my sorrows, my hopes and my fears. So my prayer is an act of gratitude, of penitence (if I have done wrong), of aspiration and joy. But it is not an act of petition. I do not ask God to work to—saw my wood, to write my books, or to make me a good man. Now, with this notion of prayer, I should not more ask God to restore my health than I should to buy me a cargo of tea. I am amazed that men should dare to put their little mind against the will of Almighty God, and still more that they should dare do it, if I thought it was God's desire that I should die to-day, but that my asking for life would lead him to let me live thirty years more, I should not dare to put my little mind against his infinite wisdom and ask for life! The real prayer you and I agree in, and detest the sham.

THEODORE PARKER.

The Famine in Ireland.

We noted the fact last week that James Redpath, Esq., had been invited to repeat his lecture on the distress in Ireland—his first presentation of the subject, at the Boston Theatre on Sunday evening, May 9th, having created a profound impression on his hearers. In response to the call this gentleman occupied the stage at the Boston on Sunday evening, May 16th, a large audience assembling to listen to his oration. Several national airs, well executed by a military band, lent additional interest to the meeting. Of course, in the main, the points raised were identical with those on the former occasion, but especial prominence was given to the declaration that notwithstanding all that had been done by the charitable, the humane and the patriotic, much suffering still existed in Ireland—the famine was a melancholy reality—and if additional assistance was not rendered to tide the population over the period of the growing harvest—June, July and August—hundreds and perhaps thousands of people would skir the verge or go over the limit of death by starvation.

Reiterated applause showed that Mr. Redpath carried the sympathy of his audience with him to the close. At a point about the middle of his discourse, Mr. R. paused and said (as stated in the *Boston Daily Globe*):
 "Mr. Cook, I believe, introduces his Boston lectures with a new feature, which he calls a 'prelude.' As I have a cold this evening I propose to give an interlude. I take pleasure, therefore, in introducing to you a young lady, the daughter of a friend of mine and of a friend of a friend of the Irish race, Wendell Phillips, (great applause) Miss Belle Bacon, of Melrose."
 Miss Bacon recited—to the great satisfaction of the audience, "Give Me Three Grains of Corn, Mother," after which Mr. Redpath resumed.

Verification of a Spirit-Message.

Mrs. Anna B. Graves, of Boston, writing under date of May 6th to Miss M. T. Shelhamer, concerning the spirit-message of WINNIE GRAVES, given at our Public Free Circle April 20th, and published in the *Banner of Light* of May 8th, says: "It is with tears of gratitude and surprise as well as unspeakable pleasure that I pen these lines to thank you for the kind communication from my angel-child, Winnie. I was quite startled as my eye fell on her name, and much more so when I read the message and saw it contained so many excellent tests, expressions she made the very night before she died. And again I thank you and the *Banner* for publishing it before the regular time. I had wondered to myself if my spirit-friends remembered the 19th was my birthday; the message proves to me they did. I shall treasure it very highly, I assure you."

W. J. Colville at Music Hall, Boston.

This large auditorium was well filled by an attentive and appreciative gathering of the friends and the public generally on the evening of Sunday last, to listen to a discourse by Mr. Colville's spirit-guides on "The Gods, in the Light of Modern Spiritualism." The speaker's desk was finely decorated with flowers, the organ concert by W. J. D. Leavitt was much admired, the sweet singing of Miss E. Gooding (among her selections being a new and unpublished song by Robert Cooper, "I Hear Thee Speak of the Better Land," called out frequent applause, and the address of the spirits controlling the lecturer was well received. We shall at no distant day give the discourse to our readers in full. The occasion was from first to last a gratifying success.

Our readers have already been made familiar with the name and fame of Dr. J. D. MacLennan, vital magnetic healer, of 1410 Octavia street, San Francisco, Cal., by reason of the accounts printed in these columns concerning the remarkable cure effected through his organism in the case of Henry Slade (the slate-writing medium), who was relieved of a severe and obstinate attack of paralysis by Dr. M. soon after his (S.'s) arrival in San Francisco from Australia. Correspondents of late bear additional and unequivocal testimony that Dr. MacLennan's powers are on the increase, and that the same is also true concerning the good which he is accomplishing in the Golden Gate City; which information it gives us great pleasure to record. That the Doctor is a worthy and successful worker we have the best of evidence, and we cordially recommend him to the attention of all in his vicinage who require the aid of a magnetic healer.

Dr. L. K. Cooney expects to be in Boston the 1st of June, and would like engagements to speak in that vicinity for the Spiritualists or Liberal Leagues. Dr. C. is one of the oldest and most successful magnetic physicians in the country; also sits for business and spirit-psychometric readings. Present address, 82 Magazine street, Newark, N. J.; for June, *Banner of Light* Office. He would go to the State of Maine if desired.

"After Dogmatic Theology, What?"

Under this title Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, has given us a volume of 144 pages, full of timely and important thought in reference to the decay of dogmatic theology, and the inquiry, "What is to come after it?" What, indeed! Is it to be blank negation, irresolute skepticism, hopeless indifference, or is it to be a faith full of immortality—full of those incitements to noble, persistent effort and aspiration, which such a faith must impart to man in his brief mortal career?

There can be no greater mistake than that of the secularists who say that by taking off our attention from the chances of a future life, and conquering our objections to possible annihilation at death, we shall be the better qualified to make the best of this life, and to devote all our energies to the temporal advancement of ourselves and all mankind. Human life and history give the lie to this fatuous transcendentalism—this monstrous fallacy. It is not by ignoring the chances of continuous life, notwithstanding the phenomenon of bodily death, that we shall get inspiration for a noble life-work in this brief mortal state. It is only by regarding this life as the vestibule of continued life, with all our individuality unimpaired, that we can be impressed with a due sense of the importance of right acting and right thinking here in this fleeting world.

We know a case in point. We know of a man, worth his millions, who was recently converted from utter unbelief in a future life by satisfying himself of the actuality of the phenomena through the medium Watkins. In order that he might have the amplest opportunity for investigation, this man of wealth engaged Watkins for six weeks at a hundred dollars a week, and satisfied himself fully that independent writing is a fact as well established as any fact in physical science. Of course the revolution in this man's mode of regarding the present life and its inestimable privileges and opportunities is something startling and stupendous. He begins to realize what a godlike thing it is to live—to live not merely a denizen of this poor little planet of Earth, where we are limited, on the average, to three score and ten years, but to live a citizen of the universe, having the freedom of all its remotest wonders, and having an endless future for occupation, study, enjoyment and progress in good and in the faculties of love and knowledge.

Mr. Stebbins does not over-estimate the importance of his task, and he has discharged it with an ability corresponding with his own earnestness and sincerity. In a compact, convenient volume he has presented not only some of the strongest facts extant, in proof of man's survival of the outward body's dissolution, but he has given us, without any taint of dogmatism or sectarianism, the legitimate inferences to be drawn from these facts—their immense significance—their bearings upon this earthly life, in illustrating the importance to our future welfare of our thoughts and doings here. Thus he presents the loftiest possible inducements to a religion at once rational and inspiring, scientific and emotional; and thus he shows every true man that he need be under no reasonable concern because of the obvious decay of dogmatic theology. Something better, something more uplifting and impressive, must inevitably take its place, if the great facts of Spiritualism are wisely examined and construed.

We commend this little volume very earnestly, not only to Spiritualists but to all truth-seekers. Mr. Stebbins has already acquired a reputation for literary ability and philosophical clearness by his "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages" and other works. He is one of the most accurate and forcible expounders of the actual facts of Spiritualism, and of the conclusions to which they inevitably lead. His book may be had at the office of the *Banner of Light*. E. S.

The lecture on Materialization, delivered through the mediumship of J. William Fletcher in Steinway Hall, London, and which was published in the last issue of the *Banner of Light*, is an exceedingly timely affair, and cannot have been read without good results. The form of the lecture, which was that of questions and answers, is one that will leave a more than ordinarily distinct impression on the mind. While the cause of phenomenal Spiritualism, which is the basis and foundation of the whole structure, is openly or covertly abandoned by some minds, as no longer worthy of their consideration, if even of their respect, it is a welcome sign to see capable and trained mediums employed by the spirits in reasserting the essential and abiding truth of the phenomena, and their continued necessity in spreading abroad a knowledge of our common but exalted belief.

The friends of medical freedom in New York State, and in other parts of the country where allopathic bigotry is waging its "War of the Doctors on the Rights of the People," will do well to bear in mind that the pamphlet bearing the title we have just italicized and quoted (and which is for sale by the publishers, Colby and Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston,) contains a perfect storehouse of arguments in defence of untrammelled progression in the remedial art, and against all proscriptive or class legislation. Some of the clearest heads and most analytical minds in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts have, in the pages of this brochure, uttered their protest against all "Doctors' Plot laws," and their views deserve the widest dissemination wherever the subject is up for legislative or other consideration.

Are the modern Churchmen really weakening concerning their conception of the characteristics which have generally in the past been ascribed to their Jehovah? So it would seem by the following paragraph, wherein—it being found impossible to answer Col. Ingersoll's trenchant arguments—a religious journal with the most charming *natete* imaginable seeks to intimate that he [I.] is combating "a man of straw":

"The God whom the valiant Colonel unshatters his glittering tongue to assail, is an apparition manufactured by the celebrated firm of Calvin & Ingersoll.—*Christian Leader*."

On the 20th of May, Judge P. P. Good, of Plainfield, N. J., will sail in the steamer *Devonta* direct for Glasgow, on a somewhat extended pleasure excursion. His European trip will be through Scotland, England, Holland, Belgium, Prussia, Saxony, Bohemia, Austria, Italy, Sicily, Switzerland and France. His address while abroad will be "P. P. Good, care of Henry Gaze & Son, 142 Strand, W. C., London, England."

On our fifth page will be found the official announcement put forth concerning the Basket Picnic to occur at Onset Bay Grove, Mass., on Thursday, June 17th—this occasion marking the opening of the season of 1880 at this popular resort.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

Never a word is said
 And it trembles in the air,
 But the trunk voice has sped,
 To vibrate everywhere.
 And perhaps, far off in eternal years,
 The echo may ring upon our ears.
 Never are kind acts done
 To wipe the weeping eyes,
 But like flashes of the sun,
 They signal to the skies:
 And up above the angels read
 How we have helped the sorer need.

Little Willie—"And were all the little birds drowned, mamma?"
 Mamma (who had been telling the story of the deluge)—"Yes, all but those who were in the ark."
 Willie—"Then I do think they were stupid; why didn't they get in a row on top of the ark?"

Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.—*Emerson*.

When did George Washington take his first ride? When he took a hack at the cherry tree?

A miracle—that man should learn to fill These little vessels with his boundless soul; Should through these arbitrary signs control The world, and scatter thoughts, the lords of thought Stand bound as by enchantment; signs or words Have none to break the silence. None but they Their mute, proud lips unloose who here have brought The key. Them as their masters they obey. For them they talk and sing like unaged birds. —[Christopher P. Cranch (in the Atlantic).]

Held for a further hearing—the ear-trumpet.

An Orthodox clergyman hereabouts, of the name of Wood, evidently hard wood, knotty, and a stump at that, lately wrote a letter declining to attend the laying of the corner-stone of a Unitarian Church, giving as his reasons that in doing so he would "dishonor the Son of God" and help build a fort to bombard his own. Poor man! what a weak fort his must be!

The aim of education should be rather to teach us how to think than what to think, for to improve our minds so as to enable us to think for ourselves, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men.—*Beattie*.

Mr. Arthur Dobson has recently published a volume of poems in England, some of which are very fine; take, for instance, the following charming CHANSONNETTE.

Once at the angelus
 (Ere I was dead),
 Angels all glorious
 Came to my bed—
 Angels in blue and white
 Crowned on the head.
 One was the friend I left
 Stark in the snow.
 One was the wife that died
 Long, long ago;
 One was the love I lost
 How could she know?
 One had my mother's eyes,
 Wonderful and true;
 One had my father's face;
 One was a child;
 All of them bent to me—
 Bent down and smiled.

Impatience dries the blood sooner than age or sorrow.

When you go into an editorial room and see the editor using the shears, you should say "Oh, that's the way you make a paper, is it?" He expects you to say this and is all braced for the shock. If you omit it, just so much vital force is wasted.—*Danbury News*.

"The Tombstone Epitaph" is the name of a paper just started at Tombstone, Arizona.—*Exchange*.
 We hope the undertaker will succeed. It will be a grave matter for him if he don't. Our compositors think there must be considerable dead matter lying about its office.

The prize that takes all other prizes—Euterpe.

DEATH A BLESSING.
 Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
 Were death denied, it would be life no life;
 Were death denied, every soul would wish to die.
 Death wounds to cure; we fall, we rise, we reign!

An exchange advertises a "Home Running Sewing Machine." That must be a seamstress. We know of none other that can run home.

A beautiful edition of poems—printed on the finest cream-tinted paper. The typography of the book is as perfect as human skill could make it, being printed from new type and arranged in such a manner as to please the eye at once. The poems are of that high order of literature that is only to be found emanating from those who possess the poetic art intuitively and know well how to apply it. "The Poets" to whom he addresses himself by the aid of a sonnet, is the most pleasing part of the work, and one that will commend itself to the greatest minds of the age. The author can justly claim a high position among the poets of America, for, as such, his work just issued, in time will most surely attest.—*Detroit Commercial Advertiser, in re "Daisies," by William Druntton*.

The *National Republican* (Washington, D. C.) contains the statement that a large number of gentlemen, including clergymen, members of Congress, officers and members of the G. A. R., and prominent citizens, united recently in a letter to Dr. N. Frank White, tendering him a complimentary benefit, which he accepted. It was announced as to take place in the First Congregational Church, Washington, Monday evening, May 17th. Mr. White (an excellent medium) is well known to our readers, and deserves the honor thus publicly conferred upon him.

A petition to the Governor of Massachusetts for the appointment of a woman on the board of health, lunacy and charity, and against the appointment of any person engaged in the management of a lunatic asylum, is getting many signatures. This is a step in the right direction.

The article on our third page which we extract from the editorial columns of the *Boston Sunday Herald*, is a masterly tribute to the memory of Theodore Parker, and as such it is recommended to the reader's attention.

The *Springfield* (Mass.) papers are making quite full reports of Dr. Peabie's lectures, both upon travels and Spiritualism. The secular press everywhere begins to realize the fact that Spiritualism is a power in the land.

Wm. Harry Powell, the wonderful slate-writing medium of Philadelphia, is now in Buffalo, N. Y., giving exhibitions of his remarkable powers. His address until further notice will be 123 Eagle street, that city.

Mr. Henry B. Vandercook, brother to the late M. C. Vandercook, the inspirational singer, and Miss Ida Jamieson, daughter of W. F. Jamieson, have recently been legally joined in marriage.

Read the letter of L. E. Harcus, our Australian correspondent (second page). It will be seen, by reference to its contents, that the adherents of "dogmatic medicine" are making a rally even in the antipodes.

L. S. Dewing writes: "The Natik (Mass.) Spiritual Fraternity Society has closed its meetings for this season, but will probably renew them the coming fall."

Mrs. John E. Mills, Haverhill, will please accept thanks for beautiful bouquets of choice flowers for our Public Free Circle-Room table.

Read Dr. Peabie's testimony as to what he saw in Astoria, second page.

Message Department.

Public Free-Circle Meetings. Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, corner of Providence street and Montrose Place, on TUESDAY AFTERNOON. The Hall will be open at 2 o'clock, and services commence at 3 o'clock precisely, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance or egress until the conclusion of the service, except in case of absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited.

It is our earnest desire that those who may recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us in the next issue of the Banner.

As our angel-visitants desire to behold natural flowers upon our Circle-Visitors table, we solicit donations of such from the friends in care of the flowers, to be placed upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

Miss M. T. Sheehamer wishes it distinctly understood that she gives no private text readings at any time; neither does she receive visitors on Tuesdays.

Letters appearing in this department, in order to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings, should be addressed to Colby & Rice, or to Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman.

Messages given through the Mediumship of Miss M. T. Sheehamer.

Since February 17th, 1880.

Clara E. Simmons.

I have never felt like this before in my spirit-home. I died of brain fever. I feel something as I did when sick. I am very anxious to send a message to my mother and father. I want them to feel that I can come to them, and that I am not away off where they can't reach me with their thoughts.

Rev. John Blain.

"The Lord is in his holy temple." Once I believed I understood the meaning of that passage. I believed the Lord was our blessed Saviour, and his holy temple was the church. To-day I am disposed to doubt that, and to realize that I may have been mistaken in a great deal that I considered truth when in the body. I begin to think that the Lord may be the Spirit of Truth, and that his temple is found wherever the truth is manifest; and so I may say at this place: "The Lord is in his holy temple."

Josephine C. Reed.

When in the mortal form I lived in Boston. I do not know how long it is since I passed away, but to me the time seems fraught with many events, and it may be that it appears longer than what it is. I have been anxiously striving to return and manifest myself to my family and friends, because I so earnestly desire that they should realize that I am with them still; that I watch over and guide that little family, from whom I was called to part. I wish my husband to feel my presence, and to know that I come to him at all seasons; that I am by his side, striving to give him counsel and assistance, to direct his mind to things pertaining to the spiritual life, for I wish him to investigate this new philosophy, and to gain all the knowledge concerning the immortal life that it is possible for him to do, because when he comes to me I wish to meet him so that he will have no shadows clustering around his spirit, as he has in the past, because I do not know whether he was to go. I wish to characterize him there as illuminated by a true spiritual light, and so I come here to-day asking him to meet me at some place where I can speak to him, where I can give him counsel concerning his future course, and the course of those so near to us both. I wish to give him assistance in things that perplex him at times; I can advise him concerning steps he thinks of taking. It is my most earnest desire that he will meet me privately, that he will give me an opportunity to come and identify myself to him, to seek out through him my love and affection for others. Tell him I have not forgotten him, I am not far away from those I love. I return daily to the old home, anxiously watching and waiting, hoping that I may, at some time, be able to manifest my presence, to make it known tangibly to those who gather there. My husband's name is Willard Reed. He lives in Boston.

William B. Wilson.

[To the Chairman:] Room for another old man, sir? [Yes.] You seem to have so many of them here. I thought I would make my appearance here. I have been gone somewhat longer than the reverend gentleman who preceded me, and I have had opportunities of learning something concerning the new life. I do not know that I was any better off, in regard to spiritual knowledge, while here, than he was himself; and I found, when I passed over, I had a great deal to learn and a very great deal to unlearn. Now I have not learned much, but I have been unlearning as fast as possible, and it is very good discipline for the spirit. I hope all you people assembled here will unlearn all you have to unlearn while in the body, so that you may present a clear page upon which to receive the doings of the new life, and when you step over you will find yourself much better and stronger than I did; but for an old man, I feel pretty well at this time. I met a brother, immediately upon my passing out, who had preceded me to the immortal world, and through whose instructions and ministrations I have been able to learn what little I have gained, and I have been able also to throw off the great pack of useless knowledge, mingled, as it was, with errors concerning the soul and its destiny. Through his assistance I have come here to-day.

Most of my relatives are in the other life, but I have a host of acquaintances and friends who I feel would not be sorry to hear a word from me. As I was engaged in the mortal, so I am engaged in the higher life. I am seeking to learn now, that I may instruct others into the ways of health and the secrets of well-doing, and I leave all pills and potions, herbs and roots, for the use of others. I shall strive to get away from old customs and to enter a new field of labor, to deal in the realm of spirit, and seek to ascertain its laws.

I do not know that I have any special reason for coming here to-day, except a desire to be heard once more, and to have my name seen in print in Boston, and to arouse a little curiosity among the old associates who think me safely buried out of sight. Many I know, will not believe I have returned. As I was independent of public opinion when in the body, so am I now. If they choose to deny my identity, well and good. There are those who I know will believe that I have manifested, and to them I will give my affection and esteem. I shall assist them all I can from this date. I have not been able to do much, but in the future I feel I can return to them and be of use in many ways. I was

known in Boston and elsewhere as Daniel Henchman.

Capt. John Barnet.

I am glad to say, Mr. Chairman, that I know something of Spirituality while in the body—that I don't need to return here or elsewhere to gain an experience concerning the return of spirits through matter; that I don't need to come here for assistance to be lifted out of the old ruts which superstitious creeds and dogmas have dug for humanity in the past. I am very thankful for the opportunity of returning and sending out tidings of my whereabouts and greetings to my friends. I passed away somewhat suddenly. I met with an accident which carried my spirit out of the body in the course of a day or two.

As the severing of the mortal tie was swift, so was my passage into the spirit-world beautiful and swift. I did not linger around the old tenement of clay; I was not bound down to old conditions, but, in company with dear friends, who met me at the portal, I was enabled to rise to a spiritual sphere where I was welcomed to a home that I had myself builded. Well, in some parts it was very unique, and perhaps uncouth, while in other portions of my habitation, there was a finish which delighted even myself, and knowing full well that the unpollished, rude portion of the structure had been thrown together by my own careless acts, and my own deeds while on earth, I set myself to work to reframe that portion, to build it in a more beautiful style, corresponding to the rest; so I have been busy. I have been obliged to go out here and there among the children of men, on earth, and in the spirit spheres, and do what I could to assist others up out of the darkness of error and the bondage of selfishness, to aid and assist longing souls to return and send out messages to the friends who do not yet realize they have gone. I have been back to mediums, and in their circles have sought to be of use to them and to others, because I felt my work was incomplete, and although there were shadows at times upon the mortal life, although I do not prefer to have been any way near perfect, yet I find that my spirit-existence is happy and peaceful. I have no desire for war or carnage. I have no desire to roam abroad. I am happy with my friends, where all is peaceful, and it is a joy to return at this time, and say to those who remain, I remember you well, each one. I bring you my affection, my love, my sympathy, and with you, at times, to assist you onward. I would be most glad to receive each one of you, when you cross to the other shore. I am from Richmond, Va. I have been in spirit-life now nearly three years. My friends all will know of me as Capt. John Barnet.

Lillie Bell.

Oh, how I love the flowers! [alluding to flowers on the table.] I think they are so pretty. [To the Chairman:] Don't you want to know who I am? My name is Lillie Bell. I have a sister; her name is Carrie. She is living. Aint I living? Well, I mean she's living here. I lived in Springfield, way off in Ohio. My mamma's name is Carrie, too. I want her and papa and everybody to know I live. I had a sore throat when I died, my mamma to know that my auntie takes care of me, my aunt Mamma, and she's real kind, and she wants me to send her love, too, and say we are happy; and I don't want Carrie to cry because the little bird died, because I've got it with me in the spirit-world. Tell her it sings like everything. We do n't keep it in a cage, because they do n't keep birds in cages there, and they are just as tame as they can be; they do n't fly away never to come back. And please tell her I bring her bird home, and she heard it twice when she was asleep. They thought she dreamed about it. She did n't; she brought it home. I want you to know that her little sister comes to her from heaven and brings her lots of flowers, and love, too, for her and mamma and papa. I think I'll say more by-and-by. If they'd like to have me come and talk, I will if I can.

Josephine C. Reed.

When in the mortal form I lived in Boston. I do not know how long it is since I passed away, but to me the time seems fraught with many events, and it may be that it appears longer than what it is. I have been anxiously striving to return and manifest myself to my family and friends, because I so earnestly desire that they should realize that I am with them still; that I watch over and guide that little family, from whom I was called to part. I wish my husband to feel my presence, and to know that I come to him at all seasons; that I am by his side, striving to give him counsel and assistance, to direct his mind to things pertaining to the spiritual life, for I wish him to investigate this new philosophy, and to gain all the knowledge concerning the immortal life that it is possible for him to do, because when he comes to me I wish to meet him so that he will have no shadows clustering around his spirit, as he has in the past, because I do not know whether he was to go. I wish to characterize him there as illuminated by a true spiritual light, and so I come here to-day asking him to meet me at some place where I can speak to him, where I can give him counsel concerning his future course, and the course of those so near to us both. I wish to give him assistance in things that perplex him at times; I can advise him concerning steps he thinks of taking. It is my most earnest desire that he will meet me privately, that he will give me an opportunity to come and identify myself to him, to seek out through him my love and affection for others. Tell him I have not forgotten him, I am not far away from those I love. I return daily to the old home, anxiously watching and waiting, hoping that I may, at some time, be able to manifest my presence, to make it known tangibly to those who gather there. My husband's name is Willard Reed. He lives in Boston.

Jennie Smith.

I don't feel good at all. My folks feel awful bad because I went away. I don't feel good anyway. I have been gone only a little while; but I go home; I am home all the time; and they feel so bad it makes me feel bad. [To the Chairman:] Don't you suppose if they find I can come back they will feel better? I guess they do n't know that I can. I was drowned. I fell through the ice. It was so sudden it made everybody feel awful. I wish you would say I can come, that I send my love, and I shall be all right; I do n't want mother to feel bad. Tell her we are all happy over here, and any time she'll find some one I can speak through I'll come, quick! I am twelve years old. A lady up here said I'd be all right if I came here. How'll that be? [It will help you throw off that bad feeling—then you will be happier.] I do n't know anything about it. I never came to such a place as this before. I lived in Newbury, Mass. My name is Jennie Smith. There was a neighbor of ours who reads your paper; that's how I happened to come here. I guess he will take it to mother. Don't you think it will make her feel better? [Yes, and she may give you an opportunity to talk to her through some other medium.] That will be splendid. I am ever so much obliged.

Controlling Spirit.

Mr. Chairman, I desire to return thanks to the many kind friends who have furnished us with beautiful flowers to-day, and upon all other occasions. I would assure them that the spirit-world appreciate these sweet blossoms, even more than mortals can realize, for they not only beautify this room at this time, but the sweet incense of the blossoms sends out a strength that gives assistance to many a weary soul to return seeking material aid, either for their own good or to reach some loved friend; and upon this strength given out by the fresh and fragrant blossoms, they gain courage and assistance, and when they return to their particular spheres in spirit-life, it is with a happy remembrance of their visit to this place, with new magnetism and power to go forward in their life, striving to gain a higher and better platform. Therefore, Mr. Chairman and friends, we thank and bless you for the beautiful offerings that you frequently bring to us here in the shape of these pearly blossoms. In the future, as in the past and present, we promise to bring you all that it is possible of tidings from your loved ones from the other shore, to keep open the doorways of communication between the

two worlds, that angels may return with blessings for you who remain in the mortal.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Feb. 23.—Charles Tamm; Lizzie J. Lewis; Dr. Adam Perry; George J. D. Boutwell; January and February last. March 2.—Russell Tompkins; Lena Chapman; Rosanna C. Ward; William Anderson; Lillie Curtis; Dr. Seth Smith. March 15.—Maggie N. Ramsay; Gorham Young; Cora Leno; Samuel Maxwell; Andrew Mead; Dr. William S. Chipley; George A. Redman. March 20.—George Thompson; Harriet M. Samson; Edward C. Jones; Paulina Wright Davis; Nellie Fletcher; Isaac Buttrick; Red Wing. April 6.—Almira M. Chandler; Dr. William Porter; Jennie Johnson; Minnie Temple. April 13.—Rev. Joseph Smith; Menomine; Emma Olivia Gray; Annie May; William Young; John Riley; Mary A. Dickinson. April 20.—Nelson Tuttle; Thomas Jennings; William Hutchinson. May 4.—Mrs. Alice Dixon; Annie Gray; Margaret Bean; George Lawrence; Mary Lavolette; Rosa T. Amedey. May 11.—Mrs. Ellen French; Thomas S. Anderson; Edith Martin; Maria Washburn; Theresa Timonetti; Dr. Wm. May. May 11.—Ezra S. Gannett; Henry C. Newhall; Dr. Thomas S. McAllister; George Shilling; Mrs. Coriella A. P. Morse; Dr. J. H. Doty; Grace Hanson; Carrie Tenor.

REPLIES TO QUESTIONS, GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

At the Banner of Light Free-Circle-Room, during her lecture on the Mediumship of Spirit-World, on January and February last, in the absence of Mr. Colville.

We invite written questions from all parts of the world, and we reserve the opportunity for verbal questions from members of the audience.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Will you tell us what are and what are not some of the laws of nature, about which so much is said and so little understood?

Ans.—To give information concerning all the laws of nature, would be to establish an eternal school. To tell what are not the laws of nature would be to enter in the school a negation that would be about as endless. We do not know of any limit to natural laws, provided you include the spirit as a portion of nature. We do not know that natural laws have any power apart from spirit, and the answer to the words, "word or term," natural law is a convenient explication of science for the purpose of expressing nothing, and means a universe full of intention without truth, a system of laws without intellectual or intelligent power, either to fashion or impel the fulfillment of those laws, a universe with full mathematical and other scientific problems that man may solve, but which the universe outside of man has no adequate chance to solve. In our view, natural law is but a relative term, expressing the method whereby infinite intelligence works through organic substance. Spirituality is a relative term, and where intelligence act upon one another and upon natural law, while the infinite law of the universe is something that neither natural nor spiritual law, as applied to human beings, may ever fully express, since the finite, either in nature or in spirit, individually, cannot compass the Infinite; but if we use the term nature at all, we use it in connection with the methods of organic life that are not directly governed by human or other intelligence embodied. If we use the term spiritual law, we apply it to all the occult forces of mind in the universe that act upon other minds, and in turn act upon nature and govern natural laws.

Q.—[By Dr. B. Franklin Clark.] The following statement was published in the Banner of Light Dec. 27th, 1879, p. 4, viz: "Spirit Indian chiefs have said many times that if the people of these States were not more just to their Indian brethren in the mortal, the time would come when the powers of the spirit-world would intervene, and cause anarchy and bloodshed among the whites in different sections of the country. The warning has not been heeded, and the outlook seems to tend in that direction." I have been thinking of this statement, and wondering if it is not a prophecy of the future. Have dead Indians this power of evil and revenge over the whites?

A.—Something in the history of nations reveals to man the fact that a permanent, persistent wrong cannot go unredressed; that nations experience the unerring hand of Nemesis in penalty for their transgression. Whatever the power, individual or national, of Indian tribes may be who are not dead, but living in the spirit-world, it is quite evident that the persistent wrong practiced upon the red men by the nations under which white men claim freedom will in time bring its own results. Slavery has brought its harvest of bloodshed and sorrow to your nation; its abrogation has been attended with this severe punishment and penalty. In whatever light you look upon the red man, the persistent wrongs practiced upon him indicate a moral turpitude on the part of the nation that must of necessity have sown the seeds of corruption in your midst, and this will yield the fruitage of disension. In this sense the red man was right; he, or another class of spirits on your earth perhaps, are holding contentions among local nations, who are white men, and may bring on this anarchy. The white man has not manifested of himself supremely above this possibility, nor has he manifested that largeness of political liberty that admits into the pale of protection of the great parent of government, the United States, these children of nature. We predict an exact and adequate compensation for this wrong; we predict an adequate and exact penalty to the nation; in what manner it shall come rests with an Infinite power, not with ourselves. If the red man is made instrumental in bringing this about, it will be quite different from the usual manner in which he approaches the pale-face from the hunting-grounds of the immortal world; chiefly he comes to minister, chiefly to do good to those who have injured him, chiefly to uplift, to point the way by moral methods. The time may come when this will not be so; certainly the nation must yield to Infinite justice what she has refused to yield to the simple children of the forest.

Q.—[By E. Southwick.] Is every one's life marked out for them when they come into the world? I so, can we change it, or are we forced to walk about in that suffering for our misdeeds or we are elevated by our sufferings?

A.—The old thoughts of destiny and human freedom are here combined. It is true that every individual's life is known, and foreknown; it is also true that every individual's life is made free from within. If you show the naturalist a seed, he can tell its genus, order, family; he knows what the growth will be if planted in the soil; if it is a rose it will not be a lily; if it is an acorn it will not yield a maple tree. Human life, as seen from the angelic sphere, is foreknown, and the growth which it will show in the capacity of your spirit is known, its unfolding, the method of it, and the fluctuations from the ultimate intention, which, it may be, belong to your individual effort and endeavor; so whatever you are brought in contact with, in earthly life, to test your strength or to strengthen your weakness, the power that is within you, the capacity that belongs to you will ultimately be fulfilled, and this is the line of life intended for you. Many persons are unable to reconcile the knowledge and arrangement of the Infinite with individual freedom of action and choice between good and evil paths; but you must not limit the Infinite plan by your finite perceptions. There is absolute freedom to unfold within the universe, but not outside of it, and no finite mind can go beyond the finite capacity; though that, in eternity, extends forever, it is not absolute nor infinite; therefore there is infinite freedom to activity, and infinite expansion of good, for the reason that this conception of good makes you a partner in the great moral force of the universe, and you are compelled, from the very fact of being human, and having an immortal nature, to share in the Infinite and spiritual plan. This is reconcilable with an individual purpose and direct line of life.

Q.—Does not a person commit a crime who takes an active part in the execution of another person for murder, almost equal to the murderer's crime?

A.—For our individual selves we answer; we consider that one murder does not justify another; that the judge and the executioner, though mistaken and sincere in the fulfilling of their duty, are nevertheless adding to rather than taking away from the crime of the world. We believe that the highest Christian civilization should be based upon the highest Christian life; if you lived in the Mosaic dispensation, you

might accept of "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth"; but as the Puritan fathers founded this government upon a so-called Christian basis, and as it is claimed that this is a period of greater enlightenment, we do not know of any one who has given to man to declare when human life shall be taken, since even in the olden dispensation you were commanded not to kill. I believe that the time will come, (individually, I think this,) when the executioner will be deemed the greater criminal, since he performs deliberately what the murderer has committed in the hour of frenzy or madness. I believe the time will come when judge and jury, and those having judicial commands, who decide to send a mortal into the world of spirits, will be looked upon as the greater criminals, in adjudicating that a human being shall die as the result of an act for which he is, in the very nature of the case, irresponsible. Society now is the murderer; society now constitutes judge with the naked eye, either the body of the star, or a luminous act surrounding it.

A.—[By K.] Is the bright object visible to me when I view a kead star of the first magnitude with the naked eye, either the body of the star, or a luminous act surrounding it?

A.—It certainly is not the body of the star; that is not perceptible either to the naked eye or through the telescope; the light perceived is rather the atmosphere surrounding the planet or star, acted upon by the sun's rays; the star being a fixed star, the action is from another and more distant central sun. As all light in the universe is communicated by vibration, and as vibration produces the effect upon the vision, it is the luminous atmosphere surrounding the star that the observer beholds; this again passes through another stage of experience, and is affected by the atmosphere of the earth. Outside the atmosphere of the earth these planets assume a very different aspect. It is doubtful whether you could discover them with physical vision at all, since the earth's atmosphere affords a medium through which the light from the rays of a more central sun permeates, and falls upon the vision, the atmosphere surrounding the star only being or forming a station of vibration, like an electric battery which sends forth a message.

Q.—Please state whether your answer is based upon personal knowledge or belief?

A.—Personal knowledge may change. You may know that two and two make four, but you may not understand how three can make one, until you have discovered the triangle. So far as I am able to state, at the present time, it is from knowledge. If I shall have any knowledge that supersedes it, I will make it known.

"The Spirit-World."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Dr. Crowell's new volume—"The Spirit-World"—of which you have recently given an extended notice, may be regarded in the literature of Spirituality as somewhat sensational, being accepted by many Spiritualists, even, with serious doubts. I have thought that it might interest some of your readers to learn something from an outside source regarding both Dr. Crowell and the medium through whom, in an unconscious condition, he received the statements which he has given to the world in this volume. Dr. Crowell, who has been for several years past a resident of Brooklyn, has for a similar period been retired from business. He is a gentleman a little past middle life, has a family, and a fine home, whose hospitalities have been extended to many leading Spiritualists. He is of high character, of cultivated and refined associations, and is without visible motive to interest himself in occult phenomena except as a seeker after truth. Formerly a materialist, he began his investigation of Spirituality with much caution, and visited many mediums. Where he found reason to pursue profitable inquiry, he spared neither time nor expense. The fruits of his reading and his experiences have been well presented in his "Identity of Primitive Christianity," and in "The Spirit-World." In both of these works reference is made to Dr. Charles B. Kenney, to whose mediumship he is indebted for some of the most interesting facts and phenomena he has ever received.

Readers of Dr. Crowell's second volume of "Primitive Christianity" will remember some pages devoted to an account of private sances for materializing held in his own house, with Dr. Kenney as the medium, which were remarkably successful. Dr. Kenney, whose title is based upon his practice and success as a magnetic healer in this city for several years, is about thirty years old, of vigorous, healthful maturity, genial and gentlemanly in manner, cheerful, temperate, generous, warm-hearted, self-respecting, thoroughly honest, and of excellent private repute. I think those who know him best will recognize the picture as not overdrawn. As a medium he is only known to the general public as a healer, for his Indian control, "Old John," has discouraged his attending circles or sitting to gratify curiosity. Among his patients may be found clergymen, physicians, merchants, lawyers, and others, from high social circles as well as the patronage of the so-called middle classes and the poor. He has had many patients who would not for one moment admit their belief in Spirituality, but with whose Orthodoxy his "treatment" it is feared, has wrought sad havoc. Dr. Kenney's earlier history has some features in common with others who have become workers in this Modern Dispensation. He was driven into it by circumstances; it was forced upon him and taken up with reluctance at first. He was a healer almost before he knew it, began to enjoy improved health from that date, and, aided by his amiable wife, his home became—what it has ever since been—a most attractive one. The manner of his control for healing is peculiar, unlike that of most other mediums, and, to many people, a phenomenon in itself of great interest. Dr. Kenney passes through a series of rapid changes, accompanied by quick respirations, to an unconscious condition. "Old John" comes with a gruff though not unkindly voice, and talks in broken English, or sometimes, perhaps, with an old acquaintance, will share his conversation with his spirit-friend, "Big Bear," who aids him with "power," and with whom he talks in Indian. Of course what "Big Bear" says cannot be heard, but that it interests or amuses "Old John" is frequently evident from his manner. "Old John" rarely comes without first uttering a brief prayer to the Great Spirit, and he does the same when leaving, a similar physical change to that already described taking place at his departure. While under influence the separate identity of the medium and his control are most striking, and I have never heard of an instance where "Body," as "Old John" calls him, had any knowledge of what occurred when under influence.

The sittings with the medium whereby Dr. Crowell obtained the material for "The Spirit-World" were so strictly private that no living person except the unconscious medium and Dr. Crowell were ever present. These were insisted on, Dr. Crowell says, as inexorable conditions, the reasons assigned being absolute freedom from possibly disturbing influences, in order that there might be such trustworthy communication between the two worlds as, it is alleged, was thereby satisfactorily accomplished. Dr. Crowell, in the preface to his book, describes the process of hearing from his friends, and it has a special interest with those who know the medium, Dr. Crowell and "Old John," which it cannot possibly have with others. Here were three spirits—the Doctor's father, Mr. Owen and Mr. Bernard, each talking by turns or as courtesy prompted, through the unconscious medium—the medium's control, it is alleged, also being mesmerized in the spirit-life—each talking in a material manner, and with selection of words, a form of expression and inflection of speech peculiar to himself. Their manner and speech, the Doctor has told me, differed as much as would those of three embodied spirits here. With many sances of this kind in his own house, and carrying on conversations with them as he would with the intelligent visitors from New York or Boston, upon life and scenes in the spirit-world, it may easily be believed that the Doctor found them very interesting. That he has faithfully edited what he has heard from this source, so far as it has been given in the book, none

who know him will doubt. Whether these revelations may be trusted in their very practical descriptions, geographical and otherwise, of spirit-life, Spiritualists and others must determine each for himself. The book, in its secondary effect, will reveal to Spiritualists how widely they really differ; or, if not that, how unsubstantial and uncertain their ideas of spirit-life are. To me it has been a surprise to learn that some who have long believed in Spirituality were unprepared to accept almost any account of life in the world to come that bears any resemblance to life here. Indeed, one exacting person is reported to me as saying of the Doctor's book: "Well, if the next world is n't to be better than it is here described I don't want to go there." While there are narratives in that book that are very hard to "swallow," and while there is much to inspire doubt, its general points may be accepted by most Spiritualists without violence to their convictions, and its moral tone is above criticism. Those who read it once and laugh, perhaps, incredulously over what they encounter, may read it more thoughtfully a second time. I know prophecy is very cheap, but it is just possible that this book and its contents will be referred to ten or twenty years hence as one of the most interesting and important gifts to Modern Spirituality.

Trutta. Brooklyn, N. Y., 1880.

THE ASTORIA MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the Brooklyn Celestial City of 8th Inst., I notice an anonymous attack—by a party who appears to have never witnessed them—upon the integrity of the spiritual manifestations (materializations) that have lately transpired at Astoria during a period of several weeks, and which were numerous attended by selected, intelligent, respectable persons; none of whom, so far as I have heard, have questioned their genuineness. Than the household in which these extraordinary occurrences took place, there is none more generally known in that vicinity, or entitled to more respect, I believe.

The capacity of the medium as such, and the genuineness of the materializations that occur through her gift, will be least questioned by those who best know her, and, no doubt, a host of those who have witnessed good cheerfully testify their conviction of her entire good faith. There are not a few persons, however, whose childhood has been so bent by superstitious influences that belief in "spiritual manifestations" of any kind is utterly impossible on their part, and more unfortunately still, with such effect that humanity itself is more prone to lie than the contrary, and consequently would quite as lief betray the truth as not; in fact, finds it most easy and agreeable to do so. Under such circumstances there need be no surprise if such assaults be made, even anonymously, and in all good faith, in compliance with a sense of duty arising from supererogatory interests of a particular form of religious conviction that has so often doomed innocent persons to all the horrors of such martyrdom as "truly pious" people have been apt to delight to inflict, in the name of God, upon mediums and unbelievers, from the days of Christ to the present.

Under the circumstances, it might have been supposed that such an assault would have been allowed to pass without comment. It appears, however, that several parties in that vicinity have deemed otherwise, but let us hope not with any idea that either the medium in question, or the cause of Modern Spirituality, is in any the least danger from any quarter, or really needs defence from any direction whatever.

Boston, May 11th, 1880. JOSEPH P. HAZARD.

Charles B. Storrs.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the Banner of Light of March 27th I read a message from Spirit Rev. CHARLES B. STORRS, which seems characteristic of the man. I was born and spent the early part of my life in Longmeadow, Mass., within half-a-mile of the residence of Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, for many years pastor of the Congregational Church in that place. He had four sons, Richard Salter Storrs, jr., Jonathan, Charles B. and Eleazer W. Richard Salter Storrs was for many years pastor of the church in Braintree, Mass., where he died. He was the father of Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, D. D., now of Brooklyn, Rev. Charles B. Storrs soon after leaving college went to Ohio, where he was President of the "Western Reserve College" at Hudson in that State. He was an early and zealous abolitionist and temperance advocate. His falling health compelled him to leave all business, and he went and spent the close of his life with his brother in Braintree, as stated.

DAVID B. HALE. Collinsville, Conn., May 3d, 1880.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Malden, Mass., April 9th, suddenly, Stephen Cutler.

Stephen Cutler resided in Lowell, Mass., for many years, engaged in business under the firm of Cutler & Clark. He was mediumistic, and devoted many years to healing the sick before entering the firm. Last spring he removed to Malden, and was there for a magnetic healer, but was soon called to another sphere of usefulness and labor. He passed on firm in the Spiritual Philosophy. His family recognize immortality for all humanity as a fixed fact, and the nature of the human mind. Dr. Storrs officiated at the funeral ceremonies, speaking in his usual clear manner, explaining that the change of sphere was a natural one, and that the friends, as was taught by certain religious sects in the past.

From Mitchellville, Iowa, April 23d, 1880, Brush Sutherland, aged 60 years.

He was all his life, until about two years ago, a materialist, when he received proof of immortality through the mediumship of his wife, since which time he has been a firm Spiritualist. He has a fine intellect, and a large number of people who "wanted to see if Spirituality was good enough to do by," and he demonstrated that it was. For he passed to the better life peacefully, and in a manner which has excited a great interest in Spirituality. He was buried with Masonic honors, and an immense concourse of people listened to a discourse by the undersigned. Thus his mind and soul has passed into the light of a higher life. Truly, "He is not dead, but risen." H. L. HEAT.

From Goshen, Ind., April 20th, Malinda Rush, wife of Josiah Rush, aged 60 years.

Mrs. Rush has been for many years a firm and consistent Spiritualist, and with her husband, has been for a long period a regular patron and reader of the Banner of Light. Though the time common to all family unisons in this sphere is passing, she has now a son, and a daughter, and she has been able to travel to her material companions, yet an abiding sense of her spiritual presence and continued interest and love remains to cheer and comfort those left behind.

"Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each line, in advance, is required, except in cases of special notice. A line of space averages ten words. Poetry inadmissible in this department."

Spiritualist Camp-Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Northern Iowa and Southern Minnesota will hold their Third Annual Camp-Meeting at Seneca Park, near Seneca, Howard Co., Iowa, commencing on 30th and closing July 4th or 5th. Dr. J. M. Peebles and Prof. Sanford Niles have been engaged as speakers. Mrs. J. Van Deussen, a magnetic and business medium, and Geo. P. Colby, clairvoyant and test medium, will be in attendance, and a general invitation is extended to all who may feel interested to attend and take part in the exercises.

On Friday evening there will be an Independence Soiree, with music for dancing, and, if desired, good music for dancing will be furnished. The refreshments will be served by the ladies. Let all who can, bring tents and bedding. Wood and hay furnished free to campers. Letters of inquiry will be answered by G. W. Webster, Boston, or Howard Co., Iowa. Committee of Arrangements.—J. Nichols and Ira Eldridge, of Oresco, W. Nash and W. Stork, of Lima Springs, and W. H. H. of Seneca, Iowa. Bonair is on the Chl., Mil. and St. Paul R. R.

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association.

Will hold its Annual Convention at Plymouth on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 11th, 12th and 13th. All friends of the cause, and of the public generally, are cordially invited to attend. The convention will be held at the most romantic parts of the State, between two ranges of the Green Mountains, which rise for several hundred feet on either side, and are situated in a most beautiful and fertile valley. It is requested that all who are present will do so, this being the Annual Convention.

South Woodstock, Vt., May 12th, 1880. W. H. WILKINS, Secretary.

Anniversary Meeting at Astoria.

The Harmonical Society of Astoria, Oregon, will hold its Annual Meeting on the 27th, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 18th, 19th and 20th of June. By ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

BRITANN'S SECULAR PRESS COLUMN.

The Editor-at-Large at his Work.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

THE SPIRITUAL CONTROVERSY.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

In his letter on the "Leipzig Phenomena," your Cambridge correspondent, Prof. Edwin D. Mead, appears to be deeply exercised in view of the fact that just at present half of the sermons preached in New England "get their tone from Mr. Cook's Monday lectures." In his mind the discussion assumes a melancholy character that is very depressing to the souls of unbelievers.

After referring to the "remarkable visions" of a church minister in "Quebec," over which all Canada is excited, and to "astounding messages" from spirits, reported in the Greek language, he indulges in the following strain of mild reproach and pious lamentation:

"What may we not expect ourselves when our clergy come up to Boston, week by week, to be encouraged to believe that conch-shells slip untroubled through chair-seats, and that spirit-hands imprint themselves in flour, the corners of a slipper, and the risen Jesus passed through the closed doors, to and from the circle of disciples. Spirit-hands, psychic hands, or what not, are in the air; how luminous the story of the ghostly fingers which wrote 'Gene, Mead, Teitel' in the 'Belshazzar's Walls'!"

Your correspondent appears to be in a state of solemn expectation, naturally looking for further and more startling revelations. It is true that the facts are multiplied in all directions, and the invisible powers present new illustrations and aspects of the truth often enough to utterly explode the materialistic speculations of each succeeding day. The truth is finding its way through many hard shells which may not be classified with the *strombus mollusks*; and those who are resolved to resist it will hereafter require a triplicate theological scence and the shield of scientific materialism as a defensive armor.

How the risen Jesus passed through closed doors "on an entering and leaving" the circle of his disciples "is not forcibly illustrated, not by the learned exegesis of the professed ministers of his Gospel, but by the luminous commentary of the world's experience. That multitudes now see "the handwriting on the wall" is a fact no longer to be questioned. Those who know how to interpret the mystical message read in it the significant proclamation that the power of a Church which makes war on such essential facts and principles as constitute the only solid foundation of its claims must be greatly modified, or it is destined to pass away from the earth, like the empire of the haughty ruler who presided at the sacred vessels employed in the temple service. We need not be surprised that "the signs of the times" excite alarm among the "chief priests and elders of the people." They recognize the imminent peril of a Church that has lost the vital principle of its spirituality. This Church is so much in love with stereotyped authorities and ancient relics, and has so little confidence in any "spiritual gifts" as a possible inheritance from its founders, that it boldly derides the faith of the sincere believers as a cheat and a delusion. It would not hesitate to send representatives all the way to France to procure the old cloak, and it has great respect for the parchment scrolls behind; at the same time it will scoff at the suggestion of the possible presence of the ascended apostle himself, as if faith in his immortality were a dream or a fiction.

But the evidence which has been rapidly accumulating for more than thirty years will soon sweep away the popular skepticism of the times and recast the faiths and philosophies of the world. Like a regenerating tide, Spiritualism is fast unsettling and upheaving the old foundations. Lifeless creeds and dogmatic authorities, great wrongs baptized in the name of Jesus, all hollow pretensions and pious sham, are being wrenched from the stream—carried away as shifting sands by the ocean currents—and as the resistless waves bear the empty shells to the shore. Multitudes like Belshazzar have been made to tremble when they saw the handwriting on the wall!

"And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray," shrinking, with childish apprehension, from the grasp of "spirit hands" in the air, and trying in vain to hide the vision of those "ghostly fingers." But still the luminous hand is visible. It is the index from eternity that points to destiny. To-day the hand writes on the walls of a thousand temples. Those who are not blinded by ignorance and prejudice may see what is written. We need no inspired prophet to interpret the impressive lesson. The message may vary in form, but the import is one: *Men, Behold!*

The fact that Rev. Joseph Cook's popular lectures determine the tone of half the sermons of the New England clergy is profoundly significant. That gentleman has been obliged to recognize many facts for which he has no satisfactory explanation. The accredited masters in science have not solved the complex problem which the subject involves. Like Prof. Phelps, of Andover, and several other divines, Mr. Cook is inclined to look to the demography of the Bible for a solution. This is a concession of the spiritual origin of the phenomena. The assumption that the spirit authors of the modern manifestations are all evil may shield these gentlemen from ecclesiastical condemnation; but it can have little weight in the mind of the honest investigator, who is sure, in the end, to form his opinion of the character of the spirits from the results of his own observation and experience. Such men as Rev. Charles Beecher and Rev. Joseph Cook have the sagacity to apprehend what is coming, and the boldness to lead the way in which the clergy of all denominations must follow. These men will soon be recognized as the conservators of the church. In thus preparing the way for the ultimate acceptance of Spiritualism, they are pursuing the only course that will save the outward form from ruin. Spiritualism is God's great will for pulverizing old superstitions, lifeless theologies, and the soulless systems of scientific materialism. It palsies the arms and shivers the weapons of its enemies; and any institution that attempts to stand in its way will be ground to powder, since the wheels of progress never rotate backward.

Your correspondent refers to the spiritual controversy in Germany; and while unduly emphasizing the importance of Prof. Wundt's materialistic views, he takes pains to disparage the just claims of Fechner, Fichte, Zeller and Ulrich in a most unrighteous manner. In his judgment the opinion of Prof. Wundt is worth twelve times as much as that of either Zöllner or Ulrich. Mr. Mead's opinion of the other German philosophers above named can be inferred from the following brief extract from his letter:

"Of Fechner and Fichte, in relation to the present controversy, it should be said that, however great their abilities once were, they were quite superannuated men, eighty years old and more, before launched upon the rickety theories with which their names have been lately identified."

It is worthy of observation that so long as those distinguished scientists were presumed to be as blind as bats and ground-moles in respect to all spiritual things, they were regarded as eminent philosophers, whose many years and long experience had only added to their knowledge and authority. But as soon as those illustrious teachers recognized that spirits of the immortal world were standing within their doors, every slipshod scribbler against the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism made haste to discount their claims to public confidence. At an earlier period the late venerable Dr. Robert Hare, who, some eighty years ago, invented the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe, was treated with still greater indignity. The name of the man who produced a flame so intense that it consumes the diamond and vaporizes most of the known solid substances, acquired such a reputation that, in his time, it was said that Philadelphia was chiefly known among European philosophers as the residence of Dr. Hare. No scientist ever questioned the soundness of his mind while he was inventing his instruments designed to detect and expose the assumed fraud of mediumship. But when the spirits made use of the Doctor's own instruments to overthrow his chronic unbelief, and he was thus convinced of the truth of immortality, he straightway lost his standing among

American scientists. Then they had no doubt he was either mad or in his dotage.

At the annual session of the American Association in 1856, Dr. Hare asked for one hour for a brief statement of the scientific methods and unexpected results of his experimental investigations; but the Association refused to hear him. Even the overshadowing presence and influence of Professors Agassiz, Mitchell and Rogers failed to secure the privilege. Prof. Pierce maintained that the subject could not properly be brought before a scientific association, and Prof. Davies, while expressing "profound respect for the gentleman from Philadelphia," was, nevertheless, willing to stop his mouth. A lesser and more lurid light in action, Dr. Winslow—greatly known for his investigations on subterranean combustion or volcanic fires—had the effrontery to suggest that, if the subject was to come before that body, he would move to convene a "special session . . . in the nearest lunatic asylum!" It is not among the more agreeable of the writer's reminiscences of the time, that the offender escaped reproach for this shameful breach of decorum.

Referring to Spiritualism, Mr. Mead quotes what Prof. Wundt has to say about *superstition*, from which I extract the following passage: "It was almost chimerical to hope that science will ever completely remove the superstitions of such a hope more than the appearance of superstition in scientific circles themselves. Science, striking off one head from the monstrous hydra, is obliged to see a new one start out in another place—a head which soon enough assumes her own face."

The fact is susceptible of the clearest demonstration, that a rational Spiritualism is far removed from everything that may be properly characterized as superstition. In none of the things that excessive reverence, which degrades the divinity in man; it fosters no slavish fear of God or the devil; its worship is never idolatrous nor otherwise inconsistent with reason; it neither believes in celibacy nor polygamy; it insists on no rigorous observance of religious rites; its beautiful faith embraces no moral or mathematical impossibilities; it neither accepts the infallibility of the letter of its own revelations, nor wastes time in pompous ceremonies which have no spiritual vitality; it recognizes the Divinity in all things, and demands no emasculating of human nature in the interests of the material. And yet Professor Wundt, who occupies the Chair of Natural Philosophy in the University of Leipzig, and is reputed to be one of the most eminent psychologists in Germany, makes no distinction between Spiritualism and superstition. The boy of fifteen who could not exercise more discrimination should go to the field rather than the university.

Science is in despair, and this German professor is now struggling in the coils of what appears to his vision to be a "monstrous hydra." As often as he strikes off one head, he says "a new one starts out," and in mockery of his pretensions assumes the express image of Science itself. What is to be done? The process of actual antagonism to evil is to be extended to the spirits. Moreover, if they are all of the class usually recognized by the priesthood, they must have learned to stand fire. At present there is every indication that the monster will triumph at last. We know that Hercules is dead and his great labors are finished. St. Patrick, too, has gone to his rest in heaven; and the Leipzig professor is unequal to the herculean task of slaying the hydra. *Non omnia possumus omnes.*

In conclusion your correspondent admonishes us, by all means, to remain in ignorance of the dangers to which we are exposed. So solemn a warning may be regarded as the last word of all heedless people, and I beg to reproduce this last impressive exhortation which Mr. Mead has addressed to your readers: "There are many things of which a man might wish to be ignorant, and these are such. Shut them as you would the secrets of the undertaker and the butcher. The best are never demonaical or magneical; leave this limbo to the prince of the power of the air."

Now when your correspondent says "the best are never demonaical or magneical," we are not sure whether he means the things of the highest value, the most desirable "secrets," or the best "undertakers and butchers." Without attempting to settle this question, we may respectfully inquire if there may not be some danger in closing our eyes to evils which may chance to lie in our path? Shall we be sure to escape from the wolf that is on our track because we never look for him, and have managed to remain in ignorance of the natural history of the brute? How the cravens who may be pleased to follow your correspondent's advice can guard against the peculiar dangers of which they are speaking does not clearly appear, and this may appropriately be made the subject of another letter from the classic shades of Cambridge.

Yours cordially, S. B. BRITTON.

"Since 'ignorance is bliss' and Professor Mead is known to depend on the safety for his recovery, let us add one to the Beatitudes. Write henceforth, blessed are they who know nothing of the dangers to which they are exposed, for they are presumed to be safe.—S. B. B.

Everett Hall Spiritual Conference, Saturday Evening, May 15th—Addresses by Dr. J. K. Buchanan and Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: A full house and the hearty applause of the audience greeted Dr. J. K. Buchanan on his appearance. His subject for the evening was "The Possibilities and Duties of Divine Life." He gave a truthful and most graphic sketch of the present condition of society, in its intellectual, social, scientific and religious phases. The tendency of the materialistic age was as conspicuous in as it was outside the church. The educated classes are going away from religion. References were made to Dean Stanley and quotations from Rev. Mr. McKnight, of California, and others, showing the readiness with which the present religious teachers to give up miracles, which were the historical records of spirit manifestations. It was at a time that Materialism was submerging pulpit and college that Spiritualism came with its inspirations and its illuminating power. The materialistic age was no longer mere beliefs; spirit return was a fact, a demonstration, a daily occurring event. Spirit power in materialized form is able to cope with and master Atheism and Materialism, and churches of bigotry and superstition must dissolve in the presence of the angels, who, an unnumbered host, are returning to earth in human form. Dr. Buchanan went much into detail, indicating the reconstructive measures which must follow the general acceptance of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Mrs. Hyzer, who is a great favorite with Brooklyn audiences, followed Dr. Buchanan with a brief but characteristically brilliant address. With Mrs. Hyzer there is nothing insignificant in the universe and there are no unimportant events. She is a devout and philosophical, and no matter what the topic—whether moral or angelic—she, with her rhetoric, like the artist with his pencil, brings out qualities, characteristics and lines of beauty never dreamed of.

At a late hour—half past ten—lock-up occurred in the hall, the Chairman, previously making the important announcement that next Saturday evening, 22d, the exercises would be exclusively devoted to personal experiences. Capt. David gave out "a cordial invitation to our friends to make the exercises of the present—to attend. All who honored our conference meetings with their presence were always welcomed, and warmly welcomed; and, as far as time would permit, all desiring to do so were invited to speak and become active workers in the cause." C. K. M. Brooklyn, Everett Hall, 908 Fulton street, May 17th, 1880.

First Society of Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Mr. Thomas Galea Forster will occupy the platform conjointly with Mrs. Brigham for four successive Sabbaths, commencing Sunday, May 23d. Mrs. Brigham will speak in the morning, Mr. Forster in the evening. Mrs. M. A. NEWTON. New York City, May 17th, 1880.

Second Society of Spiritualists.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: This Society has secured the services of the well-known and popular Nettie Pease Fox, one of the most eloquent, versatile and eloquent speakers in the field, and she will occupy the rostrum at Masonic Temple the four Sundays in June. Mrs. Fox comes to us fresh from her two years' engagement in Rochester, N. Y., and we hope she will like us and our city well, and make an extended sojourn in the metropolis. Our afternoon conference is increasing in interest; we shall continue it, and probably our meetings, through the summer. A. WELDON. New York City, May 17th, 1880.

The Thirtieth Anniversary of the Wedding Day.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, at their residence, 128 West 43d street, on Saturday evening, the 8th of May, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of their wedding day. It was an occasion of congratulations and kindly interchange of the amenities of life. The reception was quite informal, but a large number were present in honor of the event. There were some handsome floral offerings, and one we noticed especially, the groundwork being made of wheat-straw in the form of a horse-shoe, being filled out with white, red and tea roses, heliotrope, white pinks and pansees, with other varieties, and having this unique inscription on a card: "Sent by one who has never failed to find here a brother, sister, and friend, and who always found not only the latch-string outside but the door ajar—hopes that thirty may be multiplied by two." The first part of the evening was passed in a social, enjoyable manner. Later on Mr. Newton intimated that he would like to hear from Prof. S. B. Britton. Dr. Britton said he would scarcely trust himself this evening to anything extempore, and, thinking it would be just like his good friend, Mr. Newton, to ask him to say something, he had prepared a paper which might be appropriate to the occasion. He then proceeded to read its contents—the subjoined being the major portion of the essay:

"Private and public morality, the highest interests of the State and the progress of civilization, all depend on the unselfish loves and sacred relations of home. This is indeed the heart's 'holy of holies.' It is no place for the materialist. Destroy these relations, and the whole social and political fabric would fall to the ground, and we should drift away into darker ages of savage ignorance and brutality. Where, then, could we find a love exist on earth? The love from the earth would find its way over the rack and the troubled waters. True love is not the fluff which which ungenerous passion-kindles in the human breast. 'Which must be fed on folly or expire.'"

It is as unlike the spasmodic and lawless passion of attractions of depraved society as the glory of the morning sun, which wakes the world to life, is unlike the ghastly phosphorescence that plays above the graves of the dead to show us the process of decay. True love is life; the etymology of the words is significant, and implies their intimate relation. If 'God is love,' then, surely, the essence is the same of all life; and, however perverted in man, it still the fountain from which the streams of continued existence flow on forever.

Friends, we are here to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Newton on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of their consecration to each other. During all these years this peaceful union has been undisturbed by domestic infelicities. It is a pleasant occasion that brings to us no painful memories. These honored friends have been spared to each other and to their children. It is a privilege that brave and gentle natures are so favored by fortune. Heaven has smiled upon this home, and the precious fruits of their wedded love bloom in beauty in our presence to-night. I am sure every thought from the sweet home of the domestic affection will be here to witness a happy and a conspicuous illustration of mutual fidelity and harmony in the most sacred of all human relations. We apprehend that this is not unlike the union which the poet described:

"And what the woman feels in heart, The man in thought conceives, And every truth his thoughts impart, The woman's breast receives."

The psychometric sense detects no trail of the serpent, and the delay and agonizing or wandering of the heart away from the center of its attraction, but the sweet repose of two kindred natures, dwelling together in sacred confidence and unvaried love. It is pleasant to believe that on this little Eden there rests no shadow of a fall. Truly, the mutual affection of wedded souls is:

"A robe of brightness and a diadem, And they are one, forever and forever, In love and wisdom like a blended river."

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham was then requested to improvise a few lines in rhyme, and the subject, "Thirty Years Married," was suggested. She delivered the following, which was taken down phonographically by Mr. Mellish:

Thirty years of life together, Through sunny and stormy rainy weather; Through the winter's cold with snow, And summers bright where roses blow; Never parted heart from heart, But firm in changeloves love together, Through summer and winter weather. It is a rare and bright, That angels from the realms of light, Look down on you with joy to-night.

These rooms are sweet with breath of flowers, Sweet with gentle breeze or wandering of the heart, And sweet with budding human powers, That through the shade of the evening hours, Come down to bless this life of ours. But you are here, and you are here, To give new life to these flowers, In which you have brought bright flowers, And while your hands have brought bright flowers, To give new life to these flowers, Love is the sweetest rose that blooms, Its breath fills all these happy rooms. In the path where they have walked, In the long way where they have talked, Love has given them living flowers, To brighten all their happy hours; To give new life to these flowers, To blossom in a holier day.

Where never fades the bloom of May— But when you greet the dawn to-night, Where life is full of charms of light, These children from the heavenly land, Shown to you in the light of day, And one, unseen, from that fair shore Where heaven lasts forevermore, Brings flowers unmarked by mortal eyes, From the realm of Paradise.

Oh, would your eyes were clear to see These realms of light forever free, Mid things of earth-life here below, Of mingled gladness and of woe, You seem to see in the dark tide Can often hearts of love divide; That angels know love lasts forever: It buds in the heart, and never fades: It blooms in heavenly spheres forever, And when from out that glorious land, The light of heaven shines on you, Sweet flowers are brought to this your sphere, Sweet flowers that to love's eyes are dear, Though bud and beauty never appear, And when you see the light of day, Their breath is most distinct, intense; In these sweet gifts from heaven above, They breathe the essence of their love.

Dear friends, for thirty earthly years, My husband has walked through smiles and tears, And may the future years be bright, As bright as life is now to-night, As sweet as in these hours are sent, You look toward the summer's day, And when you walk the path of gold, In the path where they have walked, May the kind friends who dwell on high, In lands of light where none can die, Still guide bright your hearts above, And give you new life in realms above.

The company now retired to the dining-room and partook of refreshments. On returning to the parlors Miss May Croly gave a humorous recitation. Mrs. Anna Randall-Diehl remarked it was so near Sunday a sermon would not come amiss, and she preached a sermon from the text: "Mother Hubbard," an amusing composition, causing a great deal of merriment. The sermon has been the rounds in the papers the last six months, and it is quite taking when well delivered. It was now nearly 12 o'clock, and Miss Florence Newton recited a piece entitled "I am so glad you are at the wedding." The evening sped away so quickly and pleasantly that we were hardly aware that it was midnight. Everything went smoothly, the entire company enjoying themselves, the host and hostess sustaining their well-known reputation for making every one feel at ease, and welcome. Among the guests who were present we call to mind Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Van Horn, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Mansfield, Mr. Henry Kidde, Mrs. Ermlina Smith, Mr. Crowell, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. and Mrs. George H. Mellish, Police Surgeon Dexter, Mr. and Mrs. Chase, Mr. H. G. Newton, Mr. H. Van Gelder, Mrs. Mamie Newton, Dr. Anna D. French, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stites, Mr. L. A. Robertson, Col. Meredith and wife, Miss Hannah Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Herrman, and Mr. and Mrs. Gray. New York, May 16th, 1880. HERBERTUS.

The Magazines.

GOOD COMPANY.—No. 8, Vol. 5, of this well-gotten-up periodical, reaches us from its publication office in Springfield, Mass., with a fine table of contents. The sketches concerning "A Homely Story of a Home," (by Rebecca Harding Davis) and "The Schoolmistress on Barbary Island," (by Sophie Swett) are drawn from humble life, but are replete with fire and fervor—which remark may well apply to "Not in the Curriculum" (by Mabel S. Emery); "The Preacher in Print" (by James Clement Ambrose), is full of telling points regarding papers edited and contributed to by "Revs.," "Two Mistakes that Men Make" (in the "Editor's Table") is an article full of the most pertinent truth, and the arguments therein urged why women should have added avenues opened to them in business industries, and more information given them as to business practices. There are other points of interest, not here named in this number of *Good Company*, but which add to the sum of its interest. With this issue

Rev. Washington Gladden, who has been intimately connected with the editorial management of this magazine from the outset, retires—Edward F. Merriam being his successor.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART—Cassell, Petteg, Galpin & Co., publishers, 536 Broadway, New York City—has for May a fine frontispiece, entitled "Life, Light, and Melody"; the illustrated article, "Leaves from a Sketcher's Note-Book," is superb in word and pictured limning; "Eventide" (full page) is a drawing replete with solemn thoughts of a voyage of life and a calendar day, both nearly done; there are other attractions scattered through the issue which render it a worthy continuation of a standard publication.

RECEIVED: THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER for May; H. N. Black, publisher, 37 Park Row, New York City.

New Publications.

SAKYA BUDDHA: A Verified, Annotated Narrative of his Life and Teachings; with an Exegetic, containing Citations from the Dhammapada, or Buddhist Canon. By E. D. Root, an American Buddhist. New York: Charles F. Somerby, 19 Bond street, 1880.

From books inaccessible to the public have been gleaned the facts embodied in this poem, relating to one whom the author designates as "the keenest-minded of all religious, heaven-sent Ariels." Following the poem are copious annotations in which the author has endeavored to render plain many incidents interwoven with the career of Buddha which could not easily be given in verse. At the close of the volume, for the purpose of imparting to the reader a correct view of Buddha's ethical and religious codes, numerous passages are given from his "Dhammapada, or Path of Virtue," a translation of which has been made from the Fall into English, by F. Max Müller. The striking correspondence existing between the birth, life-incidents and teachings of Buddha and Christ, is strongly impressed upon the mind of the reader of this book: a book which cannot fail to be very acceptable to all students of the origin and nature of the religious faiths of mankind. It was said by the poet Goethe, "He who knows only one language knows none," to which paradoxical aphorism Max Müller added: "He who knows only one religion knows none." The increase of books shedding light upon ancient religions is a marked feature of our times, and of those religions none can be more worthy of attention than that which this book of Mr. Root is designed to inform us of, a religion of which it has been said, "While Old England and New England have used the rack, the cell, the dungeon, the inquisition, and thousands of implements of torture, there have been twenty-three hundred years of Buddhism with not a drop of blood in its onward march; not a groan along its pathway. It has never persecuted; never deceived the people; never practiced pious fraud; never appealed to prejudice; never used the sword."

SOLOMON'S STORY: A Novel, by W. J. Shaw. With Illustrations by H. E. Farny. Engraved by W. Woodroff. Cincinnati: Peter G. Thompson, Publisher, 1880. This is a Western story, the principal character of which is a child introduced and known throughout the narrative as "the small prisoner." The father of this child, while a passenger on a St. Louis boat, in an endeavor to assist the deck hands became entangled in a rope and was by it thrown into the river and drowned. He was heir to a large fortune, the title to which was, by this misfortune, transferred to his wife and child, then in Europe, but who shortly after came to this country. They had not been here long before the mother died. Near her last moment she took a string of pearls and a pendant from her neck, and placing it on that of her child, asked her to keep it as a memento of her love. This daughter was now the sole heir to a vast property. It appears that immediately following the death of the father, a conspiracy was formed to obtain the fortune, to accomplish which purpose mother and child were to be put out of the way. The former was disposed of and the latter placed in an asylum under a false name. But the child kept fast hold of its mother's gift and insisted upon being known by its right name. The next move of the conspirators was to arrest the child for stealing a pearl necklace, and she was brought before a court where she was designated as "the small prisoner." Our space will not permit us to go further into the details of the book, which is replete with interesting incidents and wise suggestions. "The small prisoner" has clairvoyant powers, and those as well as the presence of spirit intelligences are recognized, not merely as probabilities but as actualities. "The Fitz-Glauber Club" dispenses some queer logic, and the remarks of its members help to render more intricate the plot which it finally aids in unravelling, and which, by the way, is ingeniously constructed, the characters being well individualized, and the interest well sustained throughout.

HUBBARD'S RIGHT HAND RECORD AND NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY, of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, in each State, with Population; Papers in each Town, with Circulation, with Blank Space for recording Contracts, Offers, Acceptances, or any other Data. A Complete List of all American Newspapers and all the leading Newspapers of the World. Published by H. P. Hubbard, Advertising Agent, New Haven, Ct., 1880.

This is a new and revised edition of a book that on its appearance last year was welcomed by the business world as an immense aid to a proper and profitable distribution of advertising patronage. The first inquiry of a man who means business is, "How shall I advertise?" and this handsome volume of nearly five hundred pages will enable him to satisfy himself on that point in a most satisfactory manner. It is the most complete work of the kind before the public; presents in a condensed and classified form the name and circulation of the leading publications of the entire world, and will be found to be of such great value to all business men that its possession will be considered indispensable.

BRAIN AND MIND: or Mental Science Considered in Accordance with the Principles of Phrenology, and in Relation to the Faculty of Memory. By Henry B. Clayton, A. M., and James McNeill, Illustrated. New York: S. R. Wells & Co., Publishers, 87 Broadway. This work is designed to be a treatise on the relations of the thinking principle to its physical instrument, embodying the well-established doctrines of phrenology, and showing their connection with the latest modern physiological thought. Its definitions are clear and explicit, and its teachings thoroughly practical. It abounds with suggestions of the highest value, and the reader will, doubtless, arise from its perusal with clearer views of the nature of mind and the responsibilities of life. Its many illustrations add much to the interest and instructive value of the work.

THE LEGEND OF ST. OLAV'S KIRKE, by George Houghton, author of "Christmas Booklets," "Songs from Olden Days," "Fenny for Your Thoughts," "Drift from York Harbor," etc. Boston: Estes & Lauriat, 1880.

The scene of this legend is laid in Norway and the period is that of the twelfth century. It is a beautiful and touching story of early love and betrothal, forced separation and constant faithfulness, with a sad and tragic termination, resulting from jealousy and the treachery of the King. Its smooth, rhythmic lines are replete with incidents and descriptions illustrative of the customs of the people of the Northern nations, with frequent allusions to their history.

THE STANDARD SERIES, published by J. K. Funk & Co., 10 and 12 Dey street, New York, is constantly being added to by the issue of new volumes, the latest being "Knight's Popular History of England," to be completed in eight volumes, at 30 cents a volume. This is very popular in England and brings events down to 1808. "Rowland Hill; His Life, Anecdotes, and Pulpit Sayings," by V. J. Charlesworth, with an Introduction by C. H. Spurgeon, is one of the most readable of books. It is furnished without abridgement in this series for 15 cents.

FREE TRADE AND ENGLISH COMMERCE. By Augustus Mongredien. Cassell, Petteg, Galpin & Co. New York. A valuable work designed to present a brief review of the present position of the free trade question in respect to the world at large, and especially in respect to the commerce of England; and also to show the bearings of free trade on the commerce and industry of the world.

Those old people whose blood has become thin and steps feeble are praising Hop Bitters for the good they have done them.

The action of Kidney-Wort on the Kidneys, Bowels and Liver, gives it wonderful power.

THEORY VS. FACTS.

All established theories are set aside by solid facts. The solid facts in this case are, that the business interests of our fair city have been more greatly enhanced within the past year by one single enterprise, conducted by one single mind, than by all other productive institutions in Rochester. We refer to the manufacture of Hop Bitters. The remedial properties of hops, with the herbs introduced, principally buchu, mandrake and dandelion, had long been known, but there had been so much mere stuff—long, deleterious stuff—folded upon the country, under the general cognomen of "bitters" and "remedies," that this medicine, which had been perfecting under the experiments of skilled pharmacologists and chemists, had to overcome the distrust of all such "remedies" by the slow process of information, which has been so successfully done that to-day the druggist who does not embrace Hop Bitters in the list of his regularly ordered medicines, or the family that does not know its beneficial effects, would be difficult to find.

THE MANUFACTORY

is located on Mill street, from which emanates the preparation that is daily shipped to all parts of this country, and to sections of the globe over which the American flag does not float. The business is splendidly systematized, and everything goes on so quietly that it would be difficult to imagine that so extensive a business was done in that locality. Each department is overseen by competent persons. The items for bottles and for packing-boxes are enormously surprising, and those who furnish these two articles alone have reason to rejoice at the discovery of Hop Bitters, while the myriads of sick people who have been cured by this invaluable remedy have greater reason to rejoice. —Rochester Evening Express.

More Facts.

Sterling, Ill., August 22, 1879. We feel we must write something of the success of Hop Bitters. Their sale is treble that of any other article of medicine. Hence we feel it but justice to you and your Bitters to say that it is a medicine of real merit and virtue, and doing much good and effecting great cures. Yours, J. F. & H. B. UTLEY.

Ashabula, O., Nov. 16, 1878. Gents—We have used your Bitters, and like them very much. SNYDER & HARRIS, Mrs. Shafts, Poles, &c.

Hayesville, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1880. I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles, and I would not take \$100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best of results from their use. C. B. MERCER, M. D.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 15, 1878. We take pleasure in giving you a notice, and a nice, strong one, as it (Hop Bitters) deserves it. We use it, and we know it deserves it.—The Register.

Wenona, Ill., Aug. 6, 1879. HOP BITTERS CO.: O. Wingate bought of us a bottle of your Bitters a few weeks ago, and they did him an immense amount of good. We sell 2½ doz. per week. DENNY BROS. Greenwich, Feb. 11, 1880.

HOP BITTERS CO.: Sirs—I was given up by the doctors to die of serofula consumption. Two bottles of your Bitters cured me. They are having a large sale here. LEROY BREWER. Greenwich, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1880.

HOP BITTERS CO.: Hop Bitters are the most valuable medicine I ever knew. I should not have any mother now but for them. HENRY KNAPP. Lone Jack, Mo., Sept. 14, 1879. I have been using Hop Bitters, and have received great benefit from them for liver complaint and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines. P. M. BARNES. Kalamazoo, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880.

HOP BITTERS MFG. CO.: I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encomiums, and give them credit for making cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefulness I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never before done with any other patent medicine. J. J. BABCOCK, Physician and Druggist.

Kahoka, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880. I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall for my daughter, and an well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years. WM. T. MCCLUIHE. The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in this country. We have large sale, and they are making remarkable cures. W. H. BISHOP & CO. Silver Creek, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880.

Gents—I have been very well, and have tried everything, to no advantage. I heard your Hop Bitters recommended by so many I concluded to give them a trial. I did, and now am around, and constantly improving, and am nearly as strong as ever. W. H. WELLER. Many vile compounds have been sold under the name of "Bitters," but it is a comfort for the afflicted to now realize that with Hop Bitters at their command they can be cured.—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle.

If Lord Byron, Shakespeare, Tennyson, or Longfellow, all of them were to write, they could not invent praises or use adjectives of sufficient philosophical significance, nor language strong enough to express the wonderful power of Hop Bitters to cure the sick. This medicine is now so widely known as the best and purest bitters manufactured that it is perhaps superfluous to write about it. It is justly popular.—Owego Sun.

HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS, ROCHESTER, N. Y., SUNDAY, Jan. 25, 1880—10:45 P. M. MR. SOULE: Dear Sir—By some mistake, your note accompanying a dozen bottles of "Hop Bitters," and conveying also your kind offer to supply to our large family all of the medicine used there, was not given to me as it should have been done, to acknowledge. On the monthly meeting held last week, Mrs. Shipman asked me if it had been answered. At once the matter was stated to us, and I was directed to thank you for your generosity. The old ladies who have taken the Bitters felt built up by it already. Indeed, they almost are persuaded that they have a new back-bone, so quickly have these old ones stiffened and straightened. To have given so much happiness or comfort to these aged women, whose lives at best must be lonely, is a blessing which reverts most graciously upon ourselves. Such bread cast lovingly on life's waters comes back at some time and in some way. May your gifts always bring equal comfort with this, and may your reward be sure. Thanking you in behalf of the Board, officially of the old ladies, gratefully, and for my own sake, that I have been permitted to hear of improvement for one in lieu of increased suffering, I am, Yours truly, LOUISE B. BEECH, Cor. Sec'y.