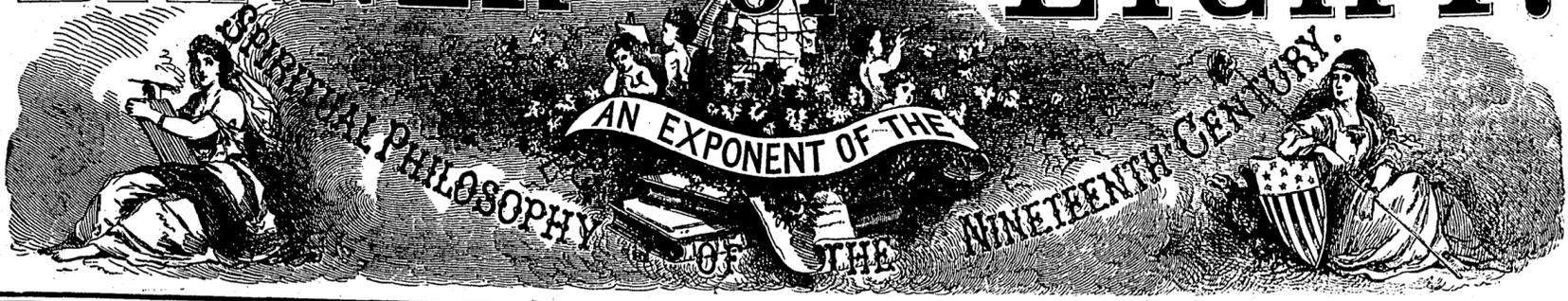


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The Rostrum.

SPIRITUAL SPHERES.

NUMBER ONE.

THE SPHERE OF SELF.

A Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Corn L. V. Richmond before the Spiritual Lecture Association of Chicago, Ill.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

To those who consider that all of spiritual existence lies beyond death, perhaps our theme may not be interesting; but to those who consider that the spiritual existence means not only the state beyond death but the state of life here on earth, including all the existence of humanity, of which the earthly is but the stepping-stone to higher degrees of existence, the theme will be interesting as presenting the gradations of that existence here and hereafter.

The word sphere itself implies an orbicular circumference; but we use it strictly with reference to the state or condition of the human spirit, and not (except incidentally) with reference to the locality of that spirit. The difference between a state of mind or condition of existence, so far as the spirit is concerned, and its locality, is noteworthy. The state of the mind determines the sphere of the spirit, and, whether it be here or in spirit-life, that state must be always considered as the sphere or condition in which the spirit lives. These states are in the form of gradations, and there is upon earth, until you reach a very high or exalted degree, precisely a corresponding state with every grade of spiritual life.

The first sphere, therefore, of human existence manifested upon earth is the sphere of selfishness. The infant who crawls for food, cries aloud when in pain, knows nothing of the broad region of possibilities that lie enshrined within the spirit. The first demonstration of human life is the demonstration of physical existence, and the babe in its mother's arms has no other sphere, for the time being, than that of physical life—of eating and sleeping, drinking and being clad, while all that slumbers within as the possible future man or woman is not perceived or known in the actions of the child. This is the wise provision of Nature to shield the spirit from premature demonstration and to protect the form until it shall have arrived at that stage of growth where it can support lofty thought and sustain the effort of the spirit within. It is painful to witness a precocious development in a young child. You always look upon a child that is unduly mature with pity and sympathy. You know that the spirit is encroaching upon the physical life, and that the burden of that life becomes too great for that physical form to bear if the thought is prematurely unfolded. Little men and women are not pleasant sights to behold. You like healthful children, romping boys and girls, passing on, grasping at shadows, and laughing at the sunlight, and whose dimpled faces and fully developed forms show that they mean to stay awhile upon earth. The spiritual state will take care of itself by-and-by. Let your children have the first sphere of existence. Let them have an abundance of physical life and health. Let them have the full development of limb and bone and muscle, that the spirit may do its work afterward. The sphere of infancy and childhood is the sphere of growth, and you must have growth before the soul can entang upon the physical form the images of thought and immortality. But, after all, it is painful to know that in this form is encased an immortal soul that must wait until the unfolding of the physical life shall enable it to enstamp its immortal thoughts thereon; that you must wait perhaps wearily, perhaps patiently, perhaps with hope deferred and joy afar, until at last the form is unfolded, and the body becomes the fit receptacle for the thought that is enshrined within. And sometimes you have to wait beyond the age of childhood. It is not always even that in youth or manhood the form is developed or the brain unfolded to give expression to the loftiest thought of the spirit. It is not always nor often that the physical life can contain or express that which the spirit most desires. But when it is coupled with genius or talent, lofty culture or divine comprehension, there are even then physical barriers and mental obstructions that mar the seeming perfection of the outward world. The infancy of the race spiritually corresponds precisely with the infancy of humanity physically.

The first question when people begin to worship is: "Shall I be saved? Shall I have immortal life and happiness?" Now, when you think of it a moment, this question embodies the very soul of selfishness. The primal foundation of spiritual life, according to the highest standard, is self-unconsciousness or abnegation; but here, in the infancy of the race, the children of humanity, having revealed to them the consciousness of an immortal state and of Deity, are asking the question of individual salvation. Of course the child must have food and shelter and proper clothing, and of course the spirit, in the infancy of its struggles for immortality, must feel itself to be sure and certain of existence. But when you reflect, the creeds in which humanity has clothed itself, and the various forms of belief at which men have clutched in order to attain immortality, are just so many methods of pandering to the individual selfishness. There is no heaven pictured by ancient mythology, by Oriental worship, by the Mussulman, by the Hebrew, by the Christian, that in its very essential attributes does not contain a pandering to the individual selfishness. It is the *you* that must be saved; it is the *I* that must find happiness. It is the everlasting *ego* that obtrudes itself between you and the Deity, and you pray to God that you may be saved.

In the cradles of nations and in the early development of worship the forms of praise accorded with this idea of selfishness and assumed a physical shape, so that the worship as

love, or fear, or praise, or adoration, took an external form, and it was believed that the gods could only be propitiated by the sacrifice, first, perhaps of blood, afterward of other votive offerings, until finally we believe it was Curtius who thought that Rome could only be saved by a human offering unto the gods. You will consider, then, that many human beings with exalted purpose throw themselves into the great chasm to fill up the abyss of love, not for themselves but for others. The primal religions, however, taught that salvation, although an individual gift, was only to be obtained by self-sacrifice, and the loftiest moral of the past is that he who has been greatest in religious history is he who has offered himself for humanity. Whosoever, therefore, seeks happiness finds it not, and whosoever pursues his own salvation generally omits the things that will entitle him to the highest place in the kingdom of heaven. They who through creed or ceremonial are more anxious for their own soul's inheritance of happiness and immortal life than for the benefit and welfare of their fellow beings, are not of those that enter the innermost of the kingdom of heaven.

The first sphere of spiritual existence, like the first sphere of material existence, is thronged with human beings in pursuit of self-interests. Temporal life, every-day enjoyment, lead you to a consideration of this subject, and you oftentimes find yourself suddenly checked in some career or pursuit from the very consciousness that the entire purpose with which you follow it is after all a selfish one. He who devotes his life to others, who is inspired by a lofty principle of self-forgetfulness, becomes enthroned as poet, martyr or sage; but he who grapples with material problems solely for his own emolument finds that they fade in his hand, and that even laurels won by ambition are perishable and feed him not in spirit.

The state beyond death does not differ from the usual state of men in the first condition; but if you cross the line, the spiritual film or veil that divides you from the first sphere in the other world, you will find it peopled with spirits, men and women—souls that have gone out from your earthly life mostly with this pursuit of self still upon them, mostly still as infants in their swaddling clothes, mostly still clinging to the external or first stage of life, instead of seeking the inner and innermost stages of being. The result is a corresponding spiritual poverty; for you find that when you have pursued self only you are defeated in the object you have sought, and that the spirit takes its next step chiefly from the consciousness of the paucity and poverty of its gifts while having pursued its happiness below.

We say that the voluntary pursuing every pleasure of the senses, and grappling with external life solely, is not more selfish than the Christian or the worshiper who pursues religion solely that his soul may enter the kingdom of heaven. We say that he who dives down into matter, seeking to gain therefrom all that life can extort, sapping at the cup of external enjoyment, is not more a debauchee than he who prays and worships and follows the name of religion that his soul alone may be saved while his friend, his kindred, or even one other human soul may be left in anguish, and outside the gates of heaven. That creed or religion which teaches a man to seek first the kingdom of heaven for himself and his own salvation, is as materialistic and void of spiritual elevation as the paradise of Mahomet that presents the future as the abode of pleasure, and reveals in the kingdoms of the blessed only a repetition of physical delights on earth. That heaven into which you are invited as a perpetual devotee at the shrine of your own happiness, and which you pursue with a view solely to have your individual sins forgiven and wiped out in the sacrificial blood of an innocent victim, we say is as selfish an enjoyment, though it may perhaps aesthetically be of a more refined kind, as that which he enjoys who tips his midnight cup and proposes the health of a thousand deities unnamable in names of worship. We ask you briefly to consider this. The mother, who plunges her babe into the Nile or Ganges asks not salvation for herself but for her child. Remotely this is selfish, but it is self-abnegation, after all, of the outermost life of physical existence, and of the innermost tie of maternal love, save that that love still abides and prompts her to the offering of her child. He who offers himself a voluntary sacrifice without knowing whether fame, immortality, human life, or God above shall consider his offering valid, is the true seeker for the kingdom of heaven. He who prays and prays, saying over daily and nightly the prayers by which he hopes to pave his pathway to heaven, forgetting the millions of souls that are left in the outer darkness, and not perhaps thinking that these also might be uplifted and saved by his hand—he is the religious debauchee; he is the one who propitiates the god of self. He enters the spiritual existence not in the exalted state that he hopes to find, but within the narrow wall of his own individual prayers and selfishness.

We may illustrate what we mean by two forms, between which lie all the self-interests of humanity, and which show the state of spiritual existence of the human mind. Here is a materialist—we do not mean materialistic in a scientific sense, but in an external sense. He devotes his life and time to external pleasure. He builds up only those things which will administer to his self-love and his aims. He gathers wealth that he may fulfill every wish and desire of his external mind. He gropes with all the problems of existence that he may surround himself with luxury and pleasure, and an honorable name among men. He leads a life of self-interest; all that he does for others he does that he may promote his own interest. He may be generous or kind of heart, but this is also that he may have helpful hands when he needs, and may gather around him those who will praise his name and consider him great among his kind. He passes out of earth-life. His sphere in earth-life has been such as you know, perhaps, that of a hundred men to have been. He has ministered to the pride and folly of others, and gratified the lesser tastes of others in gratifying his own larger tastes; and he has found a sufficient number of friends who would bask in the sunlight of his presence because of the plausibility and excuse which it gave them also for selfish enjoyment. He enters spirit-life. His is no exalted condition of saint. His is no heaven set apart for the elect and the just. He mounts to no altitude because of self-denial; there are no adorning memories around his way, no charities with which to grace his habitation. He enters, perhaps, a void and barren waste, filled only with the selfishness of his own individual life. He turns from one form to another of the pleasures that satiated him upon earth, and that meet him there face to face as the only inheritance of his spirit. He finds his life has been barren, devoid of use, and that he has no spiritual power on which to rise. He hovers near the scenes of his former enjoyments. He enjoys vaguely and by reflection the repetition of his pleasures in the external life of others below. He has no anchorage of the soul, no starting-point; he does not know the one secret upon which the soul takes the first step in its spir-

itual advancement—namely, *forgetfulness of self* in the happiness of another. He did not find it here; he has not found it as yet, and therefore his spiritual existence, as we say, is a barren waste. He associates with other spirits like himself who also have no motive nor object; they float around in an atmosphere of self-existence. They perhaps are not wicked. They do not intend malice, but having no purpose in view they fulfill simply the objects of each casual moment, and drift and drift until they are beset by some spiritual or other power that draws them away from themselves.

Yonder is a saint—in the estimation of his fellows. He has fulfilled, externally, all laws of Christian devotion. He has prayed regularly, and according to every theological idea fulfilled his Christian duties. He has even been kind and charitable objects and purposes on behalf of the church and the welfare of Christianity. He is known and talked of among mankind as a beneficent man. He has indeed sought the kingdom of heaven by prayers, by vigilance, by justice to his fellow-men. He has not told a lie, because he might not find the sacred citadel when he should die. He has violated none of the commandments, because if he did he was fearful he would not enter the kingdom of heaven. He has fulfilled every letter of the law, and given his life to the purposes of worship and devotion. For what end has he done all this? That his soul might be saved. Did he think of the soul of the heathen when contributing to the Board of Foreign Missions? Did he think of their probable physical and spiritual wants? Did he think of the poverty at his own door when praying that his sins might be forgiven? Did he think charitably of the erring one, the Magdalen, who had not the voice to pray, and to whom he might have spoken a word of kindness? Did he, in his innermost soul, love the humanity fashioned in the image of God, and thereby wish to be good that he might save them? Nay, the one thought and supreme idea was, "Save me, oh, Lord!" And who was he, that Christ and God should come out of their places in heaven for that one selfish pleading, and uplift him to the paradise of the blessed, while over there is a tolling mother, and yonder a chained slave, with no one to pray for them, who are weeping tears of anguish day and night for the sake of loved ones? Who was Christ, that this smooth-faced Christian should be the one extolled and exalted into heaven, which, with its streets of gold paven with light and land flowing with milk and honey, was supposed to be his divine inheritance? He prayed with one thought; he worshipped with one impulse; he had but one power, and that was to be saved himself. He enters spiritual life. He has his heaven. The streets are paven with gold, glittering and shining, and cold as his own lifeless brain. The walls are fashioned of shining light and alabaster whiteness, but without life, void and empty. There is a heaven within which he is confined, and which he has fashioned for himself, and which is made of his own prayers and aspirations, and so narrow that he has no room to move therein. He does praise God and sing, on the single harp-string of his own selfishness, the song of adoration to the Deity, and oh! how it sounds! Not even the lost souls pictured by Milton, not even Dante's Inferno, could give forth such sound as that one song of solitary praise, for the salvation of this individual soul, from his own lips. Is he saved? The walls are adamant; the streets are lifeless; the sound of the voice beats back upon the brain and heart of the singer. He has not learned the first lesson that his Master taught: *The abnegation of the individual me, that others may be happy and blessed.*

Between these two extremes lie all the selfish pursuits of man in a heavenly direction, all the debauchery of creed, all the perversion of worship, all the exclusiveness of evangelical faith, all the tortures of the human mind into the supposition that the individual must be saved to the exclusion of the rest of mankind. In this sphere are all pursuits that man follows for his own exclusive pleasure; and the spiritual state into which you enter out of that kind of existence on earth, is just such as you have prepared by the selfish pursuit of your own lives. Nor will it answer—and here comes a point of very searching scrutiny—nor will it answer to deny one's self for the sake of exaltation. The very love and consciousness of praise; the very impulse that prompts self-denial for recognition; the very fact that you do anything for the sake of the reward which it brings, is closing the door against the very object sought.

Spiritual uplifting is in itself so subtle and so searching, that it will not have an offering which is given for the applause of men; it will not have an offering which is even given for self-praise. So that you cannot pat yourself after the act is done, and say, "Was I not generous and self-sacrificing and noble?" He who is conscious of his generosity has no generosity. He who is aware of being unselfish is not unselfish; and he who prides himself upon being saint or martyr, or sacrifices himself because of a desire to be such, enters not the abode which he seeks in passing from earthly life.

We say that the first sphere of individual existence spiritually is, therefore, the sphere of self. Men pursue religion as they pursue pleasure, as the warriors of old pursued fame, armed *cap-a-pie*, and prepared to encounter all kinds of terrors for the sake of achieving the kingdom of heaven. Every individual who desires spiritual uplifting, who wishes from the innermost the expression of that which is highest and best, seeks it not, expresses it not in these ways.

The average human life—and we leave it to your understanding, to your own introspection of yourselves—presents a spiritual state of self, and on entering the spiritual existence, the first plane of life into which you pass is that of your own wishes and desires. These are sometimes as walls of adamant that encompass you; sometimes as shackles of iron that bind you down; sometimes they are as waste and arid deserts, grown and fashioned of your own desires and outward lives. Sometimes they are as wildernesses of tangled thorns and briars, that bring no fruition of sweet fruits and no blossoming of lovely flowers. We say that whoever is immured in selfishness after the period of intelligent, conscious life, is immersed in dust and ashes. Whosoever pursues any object, be it art, science or religion, for the purpose of the individual self, pursues that which leads but to bitterness and disappointment. You do not remember—and perhaps you do not—the crowning work of the mind that reared St. Peter's, in Rome, was not enough to satisfy the mad ambition of Michael Angelo, but that he must needs be great in all things, burning up the blessings of art with the bitterness of that ambition which quenched all delight. You do know, perhaps, that the greatest warriors and statesmen of the world have been consumed in the fires which their own ambition has fed, and at last have, in exalted obscurity or by violence, faded from the earth. You may not have heard, perhaps, of the wandering spirit who once, it is

said, presented himself for recognition before the throne of Deity, and when asked what claim he had to the recognition of the Most High, said he had served the Deity well, had proclaimed his name abroad upon the earth, had been faithful to all the laws of Allah, had indeed enshrined every letter of every word in his heart. "And for what end?" said the Deity. "That I might be saved." Then the soul thus uplifted by mad ambition was expelled from the presence of the Most High, who said: "Go try again; for this is not the offering that is acceptable in the sight of the Deity." This seems to be a fable, but it is the fate of every individual spirit that hopes to reap reward from the mere praise of virtue and righteousness. This may seem to be an overdrawn picture, but it is the actual spiritual state of those who pursue the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness merely for individual salvation.

It is said by science that no one alone could be dropped from the universe by annihilation without destroying the harmony of the whole starry firmament; and that no star could fall from its place into oblivion without annihilating the universe. If this be true of matter, which is but a breath, how much more must it be true of spirit, which is eternal? How much more must it be true of souls that are linked together?

Any thought or power that is pursued merely for the love which you yourself will receive from it, or for the praise which humanity will give you, is not the thought which uplifts and exalts the spirit.

Across the bridge of death, into the region of spiritual existences, we invite you to wander. Your departed loved ones are there. Their lives were fashioned, as your own are, of complicated wishes and desires; of impulses born of the spirit, or born of material life surrounding them. They have made for themselves the habitations which they enter there. Their lives have been clothed and adorned with their own wishes, impulses and aspirations. They are received by kindred spirits into habitations adapted to them and prepared for their reception, and they enter those states in the spiritual condition in which they left the earth. You cannot always judge what that spiritual condition is externally. You may never judge it for one another. If you judge it for yourself, you do well; but you must always consider that that life on earth which contains most of abnegation of self and unconsciousness of it, is the life that is most exalted in spiritual existence. It is true that the mother by natural impulse loves her child. It is true that that love when it is external may be a selfish love, but when it is exalted into the spiritual, it becomes one of self-denial and devotion, and then it is that the mother is unconscious of her exaltation. She gives her life as an offering for the lives of her children. She lives for them, breathes for them, prays for them, nor ever thinks of the one sublime reward or recognition that may come afterward. If they love her in turn she is proud and grateful. If they love her not, she still loves on, praying and weeping by turns, and only asking that they may be blessed.

After such manner and in such meaning was the love of that Christ who taught abnegation of individual self. After such manner and with such interpretation is the true spiritual elevation; and the selfishness, therefore, that pursues any object for the recognition of it, comes always before you as a barrier to this divine and perfect love.

Oh, let us mark out for you that state or condition wherein, upon shoals and quicksands of selfishness and strife, spirits find themselves cast when freed from earthly fetters. Let us point out to you how dry and arid is the waste into which the soul must enter that has no thought save for its own salvation and that of its individual friends. Let us say to you that the great scheme of uplifting the human spirit is not born of such impulse, and that spiritual states, could they speak to you with their many tongues, and spiritual beings, could they with palpable tongues give utterance, would say to you: "Do good for its own sake, and live the life of present duty for its sake. Do that which is highest and best, regardless of what shall come hereafter; for the soul is in the hands of an infinite law, and that law is fashioned by an infinite power that is far kinder than human beings know. No vengeful wrath, no propitiating offerings, no sacrificial flame, no bleeding doves nor slaughtered lambs, but only the conquest and victory over self, only the slaying of the demon passions that lurk in the human breast, only the fulfilling of the sublime duty of each moment—this is the preparation for the higher estate."

Let us deal justly, and talk face to face with these spiritual beings. Let them come to you as they are, not as your imagination pictures them; not the saint, not the angel, not the demon, but only as human beings, partly, and only partly, led by the spirit that is within. Speak to them as they are; not with uplifted voices, as supposing them out of sight, for they are here in your midst. Speak to the father, the mother, the friend, in the spiritual state to which their lives have assigned them, and they will tell you, whatever their condition may be, whether they exist upon arid waste, or in blossoming garden of spiritual fruition and life, that the wealth of the spirit (and its possessions) lies not in the pursuit of pleasure materially, intellectually or spiritually, but in doing the duty of every hour and day.

Mozart's genius—yes, it may uplift the world on the wings of its song; but if it had not true praise in its soul, he was stranded on the first note of melody that rose from his inspired pen. Kepler's science—yes, it reveals the voice of the stars and communicates to humanity the wonderful working of the spheres; but if it were pursued only with the intent and purpose of praise that humanity has given, the first star is a stumbling-block in his pathway, and he meets a wall from which and over which he cannot rise. The heart of the painter—yes, we have the Madonna of Raphael; but unless there were enshrined within his soul one sacred image of self-forgetfulness for whom he toiled, no pictured Madonna shall pave his way to Paradise, and no sanctification by church or creed or worship of the world shall make his name great. The poor laborer by the wayside, who tolls every day for bread, and does it that his children may live, and who, when tears are in his eyes and sorrowing in his heart, has no lofty theme of art or song to turn to, may have paved his pathway with jewels brighter than all the works of genius or art in the world.

Do not mistake your premises. Do not consider things as uplifting that only gratify your senses and tastes. Do not deceive yourself by thinking that art alone can make heaven, or science alone, or that religion that is pursued for the mere sake of it. Any art that does not diffuse itself into humanity and make it loftier and better, is in vain, and the artist of the world of souls is never eschewed in the vanoply of his own creations without each creation mocking him from the walls of his habitation, unless they have been inspired by a

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supreme and controlling love. The man of science finds himself in a whirlpool of atoms, laws, spaces, and stars that are without voice and meaning, unless he, too, has been inspired by the helping hand of that love that recognizes that whatever helps another soul uplift and strengthens the helper. Any religion that does not clothe humanity with loftier virtue and grace—that does not, while in temple and cathedral praising Deity, at the same time reach out to every child of earth—any religion that excludes from the table of the Lord, from the marriage supper of the Lamb even the furthest child of earth, shuts out the soul that worships there.

We say that all humanity, entering at one time or another the first sphere of spiritual existence, must outgrow that sphere before they become spiritual or conscious of that which is highest and noblest in immortal life. Whether abiding here and immured in earthly forms, or whether by the aid of death released from earthly forms, if the one secret has not entered the mind, and the one consciousness has not probed the soul, you are still in the sphere of self, and self-interest surrounds you, and the light that gleams from paradisaic bowers and the songs of angels that sing for triumph over these are void and meaningless in your minds.

Come out from your selves! It does not matter whether you are happy or not. The great aim of life is to live, not to be blessed. The great object of existence is to do, not to enjoy. You consider it a base and bestial thing to pursue the appetites of external pleasure. He who is a votary at the shrine of Bacchus receives your condemnation. Do you do a loftier thing when you say to man, Seek happiness? Is salvation then only something that is to come to the individual mind as a consciousness of bliss? Let us have none of it. Rather the torture and the flame; rather the inquisition and the rack, so that some great work is done, and humanity not left in the darkness. Toil is honorable. The doing of an arduous task is noble. Who shall toil if they only seek for pleasure; and who shall perform an arduous task if their only aim is self-praise? Nay. We people the world and the spirit spheres with infantile souls. Out of your earth you send every day and hour spirits whose aspirations are for individual happiness. Your first aim and end in life is to be happy, physically, or mentally, or spiritually. The basis of the first sphere, the primary infancy of humanity, is with you. Oh let us rise to the manhood of the race. Let the infancy be outgrown; let the youthfulness be forgotten. Let us have men and women who are not afraid to live, whether it bring joy or misery; who are not afraid to do every duty, speak every word, embody every truth, whether they suffer or not. Let us do this, and oh, the sublime consciousness of having triumphed over the paltry aim of individual salvation will be in itself sufficient. You see one praying there with a Magdalen; you see another groping his way through the midnight streets with stores for the sick and dying; you hear some one speaking a kindly word to another; you hear voices throbbing through all humanity with the sublime purpose to exalt and uplift. That is enough. The kingdom of heaven is not far away. That soul is not intent upon his or her own salvation. The true Christian does not stop and consider whether his soul is saved or not. He wishes to benefit his kind, to do his duty. His soul is in the hands of God. He is not responsible for its salvation. He only knows that he is put here for work; for the duties of life; for the honorable purpose of existence—to carve his way through time, and sense, and matter, and he means to do it.

The end is not yet. The soul in its own innermost consciousness is aware of and trusts in the Infinite God. The infancy of religion is with humanity, and likewise the infancy of comprehension of man's spiritual nature and his needs. You are all walking and groping blindly in the dark. You know it, perhaps, and that is one of the avenues of escape from it.

The spiritual states into which souls enter just freed from matter are not far away; they are within your own souls, within the atmosphere around and above you. The sphere of life is what you make it, and spirits create their own heaven or their own hell. The great working, living, active soul plods on through earth and through eternity, unmindful of the goal. So that you do something every day; so that the work of your hands shall have been fulfilled, and the mind have performed its appointed task, your duty is done. Eternity and that aspiration that clothes your spirit with winged desire and lofty flame descend as ministering powers, and you only feel that you are blessed, even when you have not sought it.

The state of self will be outgrown. Churches and spires, prayers and praises will be forgotten. In the temples of human worship there will be no more propitiation and song, votive offering or uplifting of voice. In all forms of external life there will no more be the mad pursuit of gain or ambition. The work of life will be done by willing hands, whether it be the building of a ship or a habitation, the carving of a statue or the making of a pyramid. In the next sphere of spiritual growth, when mankind shall have entered there, there will be no thought of the I and the me, the "Save me, oh Lord, and bless my spirit," but of service of hand and heart, of brain and mind, to follow a lofty purpose and fulfill an ennobling deed—to do the work and leave the salvation in the hands of the Lord. Into that higher state where some sainted mother abides, or some sweet spirit that went out from earthly life all unconscious that its life was beautiful, but of whom the angels were aware—into that state your souls will enter and will bloom there even as flowers unconscious of their grace, but shedding their fragrance abroad.

The practical value of this knowledge is that it brings within human consciousness a knowledge of the things you are to strive for. The practical value of a comprehension of the spiritual spheres is that it takes away from all life-pur-suits their fictitious value, and gives the soul its true appointed task to perform. It takes away individual pride and the blindness of self, and all things that forbid the entrance of spiritual light, and it makes you conscious that as children you are yet unable to cope with the problems of spiritual manhood. But manhood comes on apace. The next stage of spiritual growth, so far as the humanity of Christ taught it, and which the world has been trying to struggle up to ever since, was in the end revealed by the life of the master spirit. Instead of living that life you build temples, you make creeds and fashion monuments of brass, while the one quickening voice is silent in the spirit, and the one glorified state is un-attained which Christ attained, and thereby made it possible for you to possess. Oh cherish this prophecy that comes into the heart of youth and causes it to leap with expectant manhood. Prepare the way for that divine light that when it does come uplifts humanity, and causes death, and the terrors of Hades, and the darkness of creeds and theological mists and materialism, to fade from the vision, leaving only the light of the serene countenance of the spirit shining all the time within the innermost soul.

Up there in some loftier atmosphere than that which surrounds the pleasure-seeking motes that hover near the earth; up there enshrined within a higher purpose, abide the souls that are leading humanity upward. Here in your very midst there may be some sainted spirit, wise teacher, guardian friend, who speaks out the words unconsciously that bring to your thoughts and hearts ennobling purposes. These are the elevators of humanity, the elevators of the race, the dis-enthrallors of the soul. These wield no weapons of power; are not enshrined in creed and dogma, do not stand behind pulpit and altar, but they are enshrined in the sweet fragrance of their own existence. They are voices in the darkness. Their hands are extended for you to grasp. They are the means of elevating and touching the soul. These are human beings; they are sometimes departed souls that have risen another step beyond selfishness, and whose chief delight is in ministering to others.

Oh, come out of your selfishness. The tombs are there; the charnel-houses—all that makes life desolate is grouped in the wall which selfishness has reared around the soul. You do not believe it? What are your fears, then, but reflections of your individual fears that you somehow will not be saved in the great reckoning up of souls? What are your fears of death but base

and selfish terrors lest somehow you shall be forgotten in the great sea of life? What is your grief for friends? Because they have risen to a loftier estate? That is selfishness. You immerse yourself behind it. You weep over their graves. You clutch the yourself in habiliments of woe, and drag down the soul that would rise because of your grief. Are you forgetful of self when you weep? Are you forgetful of self when you bemoan your fate? Are you forgetful of self when you say, "Oh, that they had stayed to aid in dragging out the weary length of years?" Would you rob them of the next step that they had taken? Would you prevent the child from becoming a man? Are you envious of the height to which they may have climbed? Do you dread the condition into which they may have entered? It could not be worse than what they have left here. Then what is grief but one of the walls of selfishness? Are you unappreciated in life? Do you bemoan the lack of recognition in your fellows? Do you say this one is harsh, and that one unkind, and another severe? Do you suppose that you have brilliant powers unrecognized by your fellows? Are you aware and pained that they are not recognized? The wall of self is full of sensitive points. Because a voice wreath is not hung upon this point or that pivot; because a floral offering is not hung at your feet for this or that gift that you possess; because the world does not stop to admire or praise, or even because friends are seemingly unkind, must you be miserable? Where is the soul? If you are aware of these powers, that is enough. If you do not possess them, it were a shame were they recognized by others. Will you wear a mask that others may praise you? Then there shall come a hand that will tear off the mask, even death, and the world's praise shall sink into insignificance. Are you then good? If so, it matters not what the world says. The consciousness of it is its own reward, and your own soul stands face to face with itself un-ashed.

What are the walls, then, that you rear around yourselves? They are those of selfishness and materialism. Oh! banish them, one by one. Into every corner of your soul let the light enter. Whatever is morbid there, is selfish. Whatever is unattended, is selfish. It is not intended that any chamber in the great house of the universe shall be void. If there is a period of sorrow, let it be buried out of sight. Do not dig up grief continually for the sympathy of your fellows. If there is a hope that has expired, plant a new one. There is plenty of room for hopes to grow upon earth, and the flower-buds of last year are not expected to bloom if there has been a severe frost. New seeds for new flowers. Who shall sow the seeds if you do not plant them with your own hands? Oh, let there be no empty chambers in the spirit; no void and barren wastes, no desolate corners of despair. For we tell you that the spiritual world, as the soul goes out from earthly life, is peopled more with vacancy than with fullness of spiritual harvest. We tell you that the spiritual state for all the souls that are passing from earth has more that is void than full of the wine of the spirit or of the pure grain of life. Have more of it here. Let it come out from your lives. Let the spirit-world be peopled with loftier growth of soul. Let us have, instead of dwarfs and pigmies, spiritual men and women.

You complain that the voices of angels are unheard; that they do not come down from the spheres and inspire you; that spirits in spirit-life speak frivolous things. What souls go out from earthly life? Whose friends are they that people space? What has been the culture of the spirit here? How do you draw out the germs of spirituality in your earthly instructions? Shall you expect to gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? Shall there be wisdom where folly has been sown, and eloquence where silence and ignorance have prevailed? Shall you have a voice all at once beyond the grave? And is death the great miracle of life that unlocks the tongue of existence? No; everything is growth. From childhood to youth, from youth to manhood, the spirit must grow. If you send babes in soul into spirit-life, you must expect the babbling of infant tongues from spirit spheres until they grow. Do not complain, but only take the voice home to your heart, and say to yourself, "Shall I be of loftier estate when I am shorn of external life?" Take it to yourself, and see what growth of strength, of sublime manhood, of purpose in life there may be; so that the spiritual state shall become at last, not only in spirit-life but upon earth, not the Sphere of Self, but the Sphere of Beneficence.

Original Essay.

MEDIUMS AND MONEY.

BY JENNIE LEYS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Permit me to make a fraternal reply to those who feel, no doubt conscientiously, that it is a sacrilege for mediums to receive money to any considerable amount for the exercise of their gifts, and who protest against it, calling it "a commercial speculation." Were this feeling a mere ripple, a contri- bution of reply would be sufficient; but it is a broad stream against whose adverse tide all mediums must work, and it is constantly widened and hastened on its unkindly course by the open avowals and acts of influential Spiritualists, who seem unaware of the great injustice thus done not only to mediums but to the priceless philosophy they represent and vitalize. Were we living in the blissful millennium age so fondly anticipated by reformers, when there shall be an equitable exchange of possessions without the mediation of money, the argument against this protest would necessarily be different; but, unfortunately, we have not reached that harmonious height, and mediums, like all other human beings, are affected and limited by the stern necessities of this lesser age.

While there is nothing so precious and soul-sustaining to them as sympathy and love, these angelic sentiments cannot and do not always nourish and clothe the human form divine; they do not supply the one only pacifying response to the world's importunate bills for the roof that shelters, the fire that warms; impleacable bills that have no reverence for the nobler riches of mediumship, often the medium's only wealth, and too ethereal to serve as an acceptable equivalent for debt; nor do these friendly feelings often "frank" us, as Harold Skilpole says, over the vast tracts of land and sea we must traverse in doing our work for the cause. Precious and potential as are these sacred sentiments, they cannot thus serve in the realm of matter we still inhabit.

It is true that the majority of the great hearts who yield love and sympathy to mediums are not gold-enriched Vanderbilts, who can so richly endow their spiritual advisers that henceforth they might easily give of their mediumistic life "without money and without price"; but it is equally true that we are not apostles in Palestine. We are often reminded that the disciples thus went forth through the Holy Land, giving "freely" to all of the gifts of the Spirit. But is it not right to remember the vast difference in the conditions? Is it not yet evident that it is injustice alike to past and present, to attempt to fit the one to the other? This is one secret of the sadly grotesque but deadly deformities of the age, the attempt to warp its maturing form to the slighter shape of the past; and even Spiritualists, it seems, are not all freed from this fatal tendency.

In the olden time the field of labor was but a diminutive country, beyond whose narrow borders the disciples rarely passed. To-day the harvest-field spreads over the wide world. Broad continents and seas must be constantly crossed by the apostle of to-day; and though the wonder-worker, steam, has diminished these distances, he has not lessened expense; yet they must be traversed when the Spirit commands, "Go forth!" But who says to the medium, "Pass freely" without money and without price, over these costly roads? Is mediumship often an honored passport? No; money alone is the magician who opens the world-wide portals.

In Judea, a semi-tropical country, growing nearly all the year in the sun's most royal splendor, both Master and disciple were sufficiently sheltered by the slender costume of the time and land—a simple robe, with solitary mantle, that served at once as cloak and hood when the breezes of the Mediterranean swept with stronger breath through the brief boundaries of their field of labor. But this light and graceful apostolic attire would not be sufficient for those who dwell even in the new Palestine of the world—this lovely summer-land of South-

ern California. Here certainly if anywhere it might be worn. Here is the same benignant latitude; the same sheltering configuration of mountain and hill; the same peerless, tropical sun pouring down his resplendent rays of heat and light; but not even here would it be possible to wear, without discomfort or danger to health and life, the inexpensive apparel of the early apostles. Yet every step beyond this simplicity entails additional expense; but who says, or can justly say, to the medium, "Take freely without money and without price the needful garments?" Is mediumship, often an honored ex- change? No; money alone is the magician who replenishes the waning wardrobe. This is the least phase of the question, but in these unparadisaic and expensive days it requires some consideration.

In Judea, Jesus with thoughtful wisdom chose for his disci- ples those who were inured to exposure and toil; to-day many mediums, never knew wearisome labor or anxiety un- der the wondrous but workful avenues of spirit-communication were opened in their natures; yet how many of these have gone forth even as did the harder disciples, having for all their possessions only the garments upon them, and receiving for all their self-sacrificing travel and toil only whatever the heart prompted spontaneously to give. How many of these, after long years of uncomplaining self-denial and hardship, have been compelled to relinquish their beloved work, only because body and spirit could no longer endure the useless strain of want and poverty; but who says, or can justly say, to the heart's most cherished hope to benefit the world? Ah! how little do we appreciate the bitter agonies of spirit and soul in their Gethsemanes of self-relinquishment! By this very community of sacrifice and anguish should we have tendered charity and love for all; and rejoice rather than repine if it be given to any to reach a happier tide of material prosperity.

How many a fragile woman has stood up brave and beauti- ful, speaking enrapturing truths with soul suffused with love for those who listen, yet whose human heart was even then pierced with anxiety for the dear one left at home. Does the delicate apparel suggest affluence and ease? How few who view it can gift the silk robe with its softening lace is often the gift of some loving heart who had precedence of the poverty of the medium's purse; that from service to ser- vice it is carefully hidden away from dust and air; that when necessary it is turned and remodelled by the medium's own faithful fingers to please the aesthetic eye of the public; and thus is preserved from year to year, as though amid all the world's wealth it were impossible to replace this worn article of beauty. And very often it is, for there are few mediums who have not some beloved relations leaning dependent on them for daily bread. How are these precious charges to be sustained, if in the Court of Inequity it be decided that it is a sacrilege and sin for mediums to receive rich remuneration for their services? Must the pain of seeing these beloved ones de- prived of the comforts of life be added to the burdens all me- diums must carry? Their talents and energies, if exercised with equal fidelity in any other life-path, would prove abund- antly lucrative; but all their wisest, first strength and power would be expended in the vain quest for an ex- cessive spiritual work. How then is it possible for them to live, much less to sustain those whom it is a sacred duty and honor to support, if for all this expenditure of time and strength they must not receive an abundant return of money?

We know that many gifted, inspired souls are deterred from entering the field only because of the painful uncertainty of thus meeting life's daily expenses. In our brief public ex- perience, we met numbers who were ripe and ready for the work; large souls, earnest mothers, with children dependent on them; energetic, educated young men, with their own dear parent or relation dependent on them; mature men of regal intellect, with tender families clustering around them for sustenance; these longed to clasp hands with the angels and publicly co-work with them; but the fear of not receiv- ing sufficient remuneration for their necessities, remained the one immovable obstacle. One, then a minister of the gospel, now a medium in the field, a man of superior mind, com- manding eloquence and rich mediumistic endowments, whose soul long soared to be free to utter, not the half-truths per- mitted in the pulpit, but the whole, glowing truth of the Spiritual Philosophy, when urged to take the great step from the pulpit to the platform, made also the same most solicitous reply: "I long to do so! but how could I maintain my family? how can I be sure of supporting them?" We were not un- mindful that he who taught that neither parent, spouse nor child must be dearer than the truth, did not forget even in the death-pangs of the cross to provide a new son and protector for his mother; but remembering that "the children of the right-ous are never seen begging bread," (for one can always go to the neighbor's corn fields and parake of the raw corn in the ear, though even the birds will trespass and prove you a "vagrant" in the flower (sly fields of illegality to- day.) we urged: "Go forth in faith, working faithfully, as you cannot fail to do, and they will be provided for." May the world more fully attend the word! Has the providing been too profuse? No! nor will it ever be, while mediumship is still so slightly required. The cup of poverty is pressed to their lips, while the rich, new wine of the kingdom is poured out to the people.

Only the astral skies could rain down golden coin, so all these sacred family trusts could be fulfilled without the intervention of human money, who so glad as mediums to give their treasures without money or price? And who is there that gives more freely when it is in any way consonant with duty? Every lecture, cure, manifestation and commu- nication is wrought out of their choicest life. The inspira- tion, the power, is uncreated by man, hence may be said to be "freely received"; but before it can be of use to humanity, it must be formed by spirit or mortal into visible, audible shape and sound out of the finest, most essential areas of the medium. These go out to vivify the wretched and weary with visions of celestial bliss; to open new realms of transcendent knowledge to science; to create new paths of light toward higher lives for the vast world of spirits, who for this must obtain pre-ence and voice on earth again; in a word, to be the divine levers which shall surely lift the human race out of all its darkness, misery and wrong into the blessed life of truth, justice and perfection. Yet in what numberless myriads of times are these forces poured out voluntarily and gra- tuitously; but not the other scale weigh all the more heavily for this in the balance of benefit, with a solid recom- pense of reward?

Then, too, the hands as well as the heart must be constantly dropping the goods the gods bring. At every step, in every moment, the awful hunger and needs of the poor cry out to spirit and mortal, and what but money can be the alleviator here? Who can keep the hand closed in the terrible presence and appeal of these ghostly miseries of earth? These workers with multitudes of spirits beside them continually urging to deeds of unseen charities? No! in earnest to spirit-life soft- ened hearts, quickened sympathies, uncloses the hand; and out of the little, much must go to help appease the cruel woes of the sick and poor.

And mediums themselves are not exempt from the desolate shadows of poverty and disease; nor do they possess any al- chemistic charm to stay the flight of Time. Quick-winged with them as with all, he bears them on through the years toward age; and what shall shield them from being a depend- ent defenceless old age, if it be a sacrilege for them to acquire that protection which comes so easily at the touch of earth's great magnet, money? Does this sound too mercenary? It is written in no mercenary spirit, but rather in that of a just and heartfelt pleading for those who do give of their life to save the world. Is not the laborer worthy of his hire? Are they less laborers because they toil not in kitchen and field? In studio and laboratory?

The world nicely measures and adjusts its compensations. The more abstruse or exquisite the science or art, the greater the recompense. Have the sweet singers of earth spent years of valuable time in developing the gift that charms the world? Is this gift not repaid to them to receive thousands where a medium may thankfully receive but a few? The gift of mediumship is no freer than that of song, each being alike the benefaction of nature; nor is its development often less costly in point of time, strength, patience, and sometimes of money. But how diverse the returns for these two incom- parable gifts! when, did society's ratio of recompense in- clude mediumship, it would be more munificently remunerat- ed than any development of genius or art.

Nextest of kin to the work of many mediums is that of min- ister and orator; but who questions the justice of liberally rewarding them? One of the first practical principles of re- warding them, is that of giving with gladness and spontaneity. It is in the religious atmosphere to do so. The ceaseless circuit of the contribution-box has so psycholo- gized the air, that every atom is vocal with the monotone, "give, give, give"; so if salvation be free in its first incep- tion, it proves a costly possession as it approaches maturity. Now it must be that some Spiritualists have either had their souls saved too much in this monetary fashion in the churches, or else they are saved too easily under the new philosophy; for many hands that once gave thankfully a golden gratitude to minister or priest, now close bleak and empty against the messengers of the spirits.

the priceless truths that, piercing these clouds, have come with celestial effulgence and power through these most sensi- tive human beings; but for all this spiritual wealth should there not be returned the material riches they do not possess? Poised, as they are, mid-way 'twixt the great spheres of ex- istence, they form the one shining archway of union for the seen and the unseen families; and this, so firmly upheld on the spirit-side of life, should, with even greater fidelity, be supported on the mundane side. Here is to culminate the great purpose of its construction; here is to come the great conflict between the opponents of progression and the angel-constructivists, sent of God to create "the new earth." To sustain them we know that much treasure of human money must be consecrated to the needs, comfort and safety of their mediums; and this is only to secure throughout the world the quick, triumphant enthronement of the life redeeming truths of the Spiritual Philosophy.

We plead for them because of the solemn, momentous re- sponsibilities that rest upon them; for the sake of the broken hearts and blighted lives which only through them can be up- lifted and restored; for the stricken world, even now passing into the revolutionary storms and throes of a new ascent and dispensation; for the sake of long-ascended, celestial souls, whose near approach even now thrills the globe with radiant new hope and expectancy; for the myriads of fair, most precious ones, who wait for entrance on earth again in forms of peerless beauty and truth; for the throngs of vanishing il- lude ones, who stand with pleading presence, longing to be clasped again to the hearts that so long have missed and mourned them; not only for all these, but for yourselves and the most cherished of your human homes; for if faithful now, ere long both you and the wide world will be enhaled, en- raptured and exalted by the glorious light that will stream through the Resurrection-gates, wide opened at last, through the life of these new-chosen, best-beloved disciples—the mediums of earth.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE "HELPING HAND" OF NEW YORK CITY.

BY HON. A. G. W. CARTER.

The society of benevolent Spiritualist ladies of New York City, called the "Helping Hand," has grown to such propor- tions, and has become a matter now of so much interest and importance, that a few words about it and its methods and manner of operation will, without a doubt, be of public in- terest, especially to the mediums and Spiritualists of the country. Without the knowledge of any of the members, though I hope with the approval of all, I proceed, therefore, to notice a few particulars for the benefit of the readers of the Banner, and to promote the charitable purposes and objects of this good and useful association.

Some months ago a few spiritual ladies of this city, aware of the necessities of some of our mediums, and impelled by a virtuous and benevolent impulse to help aid mediums, as- sembled together with a view of organizing a society by which there could be a union of strength and power to help and aid. In this it seems they had the fullest cooperation of the spirits of the better world, and at their very first meeting the invis- ible came with them, and made themselves known as co-work- ers, advisers, and counsellors. Two spirits particularly were interested, and through the mediumship of one of the lady members wrote a beautiful communication on their organiza- tion, and in direction of their objects and purposes, and duly signed their apposite names—"Helping Hand" and "Oak Leaf," the one genuinely suggestive of beauty, and the other of strength and power; the one to help, the other to sustain. At once the leaders unanimously concluded they had the most appropriate name for their association, and accordingly adopt- ed the cognomen of the first spirit, "Helping Hand," as most expressive of their purposes and objects, and incorporating in a single phrase all that they had to do; and now, under the name of the "Helping Hand," recognizing fully, too, the strength and power of his companion, "Oak Leaf," they were ready to proceed. They accordingly organized, adopted a liberal constitution and by-laws, and elected their officers, consisting of a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasur- er, and Executive Committee of three members. I will give the names of these responsible officers: Mrs. Miranda Carter, President; Mrs. Frost, Vice President; Mrs. Reeves, Secretar- y; Mrs. Wilson, Treasurer; Mrs. H. J. Newton, Mrs. Phil- lips, Mrs. Miranda Carter, Executive Committee. Thus or- ganized, the society began to increase in numbers, and now has enrolled, I believe, an active membership of some fifty ladies, and quite a large array of honorary members—ladies and gentlemen.

Any approved lady can become an active member by signing the constitution and the payment of ten cents, and ten cents weekly thereafter; and honorary members, consisting of ladies or gentlemen, are elected by the society, with the priv- ilege of meeting with the active members of the society once a month, and contributing to the funds of the society what- ever they may deem just and proper. The meetings of the society, for business and converse with the spirits, occur weekly, on Tuesday afternoons. Once a month, on Tuesday night, occur the business and social meetings of the society, when all its honorary members are invited to be present and participate, as also all ladies and gentlemen who are interest- ed.

The purposes and objects of the society are to aid and help mediums in need; and thus far, the organization has done a great deal of good in this direction—the dispensing of this charity being under the guidance of the Executive Commit- tee, with the advice and counsel of the active workers and their co-workers, the spirits. The contributions to the society from weekly dues, and gifts from honorary members, and others, have been, and are, quite promising; and as the soci- ety grows in membership and influence, these contributions greatly increase, so that the organization can accomplish to effect a proportionate amount of good in the direction in which it was formed. Perhaps this small beginning will one day ac- complish a great end.

We Spiritualists full well know the wants and needs of me- diums. From their very spirit-occupation, they are rendered unfit to do successful battle for themselves in the material necessities of life; and how frequently, because of this, are they in want and need. Such societies as the Helping Hand are required to supply these wants and needs, and under the direction of good women such societies can accomplish much for the alleviation of the trials which so hardly beset the paths of mediumship.

"Helping Hands" are needed all over the country, and we sincerely hope and trust that from the example here in New York, the women throughout the length and breadth of the land will assemble together in their different and various locations, and take action akin in the premises. Let not our spirit-mediums suffer; "to give is to live"; help and protect them above all things, you who believe in spirit-com- munion, for you must ever remember that it is only through these mediums, such as the medium Mrs. Miranda Carter, and maintained; without the mediums, the spirits are powerless in this life. Spirits know this full well, and therefore the women of the land in organizing and maintaining "Help- ing Hands" throughout the country, will have the full ap- proval and cooperation of the good intelligences of the better world. Where two or three are gathered together, they will be with you, sisters; you acting as a helping hand to their mediums, they will be a Helping Hand to you. Who so helps the mediums, helps the spirits. Who so tendeth to the poor mediums, tendeth to the spirit-world.

Perhaps it will be interesting to read a brief account of one of the monthly business and social gatherings of the Helping Hand of this city. This occurred on a recent Tuesday evening, in the spacious parlors of Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, at 222 West 37th street. Besides the active and honorary members, there were many ladies and gentlemen present, invited guests, so that the "goodie company" numbered near a hundred, all of whom seemed pleased with and very much interested in the proceedings. The meeting was called to order by the President; the Secretary then read the minutes of previous meetings, and a beautiful and encouraging invocation was read by the Helping Hand, which were duly approved by a vote of the Society. The Treasurer's report was then made and approved. Then followed the choosing of additional active and honorary members, elected from the assembly. A collec- tion of funds from all present was approved of, to go into the treasury of the Helping Hand, and more than twelve dol- lars were realized, for which the President arose in her place, and thanked the free and generous contributors, after which she announced that a social and entertaining time was now in order, to begin which she called on the medium Mrs. E. Lord, who was present, and made a brief and interesting re- marks upon the purposes and objects of the society. Mrs. Frost, the Vice President, then made a real woman's speech for Helping Hand, and read an appropriate poem. Mr. An- thony Higgins, who was present, was called upon, and after making some appropriate remarks, gave, in good elocutionary style, the speech of Cassius to Brutus, in the first act of Julius Cæsar. Mr. Higgins declaims well. Mrs. Jewett next enter- tained the meeting with fit remarks, the last of which were devoted to a particular introduction of the medium Mrs. Mand E. Lord, who was present, and made a brief and interesting introduction, came forward, and in a modest and becoming manner spoke of the charitable and praiseworthy purpose of Helping Hand. Mr. Henry J. Newton, who had just been elected an honorary member, was called forth, and expressed himself as highly pleased with what he had met with during the meeting. Mrs. St. John, one of the active members, now

entertain manner received Mr. M. next call and attracted spirits and a spirit's many in the evening upon, an on the li Helping recited, from "A ments the verse, an when the luciant to of good. This, a practical Hand, a feel inspiri and organ of mediu 176 Bro

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To Book-Purchasers.

We respectfully call the attention of the reading public to the large stock of Spiritual, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Works which we keep on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass.

Having recently purchased the stock in trade at ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S PROGRESSIVE BOOKSTORE, New York City, we are now prepared to fill orders for such books, pamphlets, etc., as have appeared by name in his catalogue, and hope to hear from the friends in all parts of the world.

We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Trade at usual rates. We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of books on commission. Send for a free catalogue of our Publications.

COLBY & RICH.

Our list is full from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications received of otherwise of correspondence. The columns are open for the expression of opinion. We are not bound to accept of all communications, but we cannot undertake to endorse the views of our contributors to which our correspondents give attention.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1877.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street (Lower Floor).

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 119 NASSAU ST.

COLBY & RICH, PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LESTER COLBY, EDITOR. ISAAC R. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Letters and communications pertaining to the editorial department of this paper should be addressed to LESTER COLBY; and all BUSINESS LETTERS TO ISAAC R. RICH, BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

Spiritualists are the depositaries of a great truth, surrounded, not doubt, in many directions, with error and falsehood, but a truth for the establishment of which they appear to experimental facts, capable of repeated verification. "A fact," says Carlyle, "is a divine revelation, and who acts contrary to it sins against God." All truths confirm one another when read aright. It is to truth, through facts, truth free from all conventional dogmas, that Spiritualists aspire. - Desmond Fitzgerald.

Medicine Law.

What has been done in a few other States, after infinite exertion by the interested practitioners of medicine, is at present being attempted in Massachusetts. We recently alluded to the introduction of a bigoted and black letter medicine law into the Vermont Legislature, for which the "regular" faculty threw up their gallipots and saddle bags in the air with ecstatic delight. Today the same foolish experiment is being tried in the Legislature of Massachusetts. California has just been imposed upon by the doctors sufficiently to pass such a law as they want on this subject of medical practice, and Nevada is beset by them for similar favors of exclusiveness. To have the monopoly of healing the entire community is something that the regular doctors think is worth fighting for. Why should they not labor with might and main, when they see how much is at stake for themselves?

But we think that for liberal and enlightened Massachusetts to take an active part in this small business would be a blighting of herself from which she could not soon recover, for, at best, it is but a dying struggle of the doctors to shut out that sternest of all forms of discussion—competition. Give them the whole field, and they will of course persuade legislators and people that none but themselves know anything about the art of healing. Their lofty and costly locus poenitentium and broken Latinity, with broad pill-flavored and tinctured to the standard of superstitious belief, and with wise shakes of the head and low motions of the body, as if when they died the world must be hopelessly sick and die, too, is a grand farce that has been played altogether too long.

People have been overworn by this jargon of medical terms. Only read what the foremost doctors of the modern world themselves say about the perfect uncertainty of their experiments in curing. They really admit that they know nothing at all about it.

Wesley said that "the medical profession have re-ordered and still do resort to technical terms, to keep the people at a distance from their secrets and profits." The people of California are urgently appealed to in the press, to secure the early revocation of what is rightly characterized as the most unwholy law ever crowded down their throats. It is openly charged with being simply a means of robbing them of their money. One writer explains that under such a law, or rather under this medical ring of the State, "a man cannot even feed dough pills to a sick kitten without a prescription from a licensed physician."

Says Dr. John Mason Good, author of "Book of Nature"—"The science of medicine is a barbarous jargon, and the effects of our medicine on the human system are in the highest degree uncertain, except indeed that they have destroyed more lives than war, famine and pestilence combined." There is just where it is. The doctors are forcing this fight so early because they see plainly enough that people are going to be taught the art of keeping their health, and thus will have less and less need of them. It is nothing but greed and jealousy on their part. Prof. Gregory, of Edinburgh, declared that "ninety-nine out of every hundred medical facts are medical lies; and medical doctrines are for the most part stark, staring nonsense." How unjust to compel the public to choose from two or three classes of physicians only. They should be left to their choice from them all.

Spring has come again, and brought us—it is to be hoped—peace at least in politics. Would that it might also bring us peace in religious matters! While the evangelists in this city are discussing the merits of the Man of Peace—the humble Nazarene—and advising their hearers to follow him, theologians and others are quarreling over their sayings and doings. This should be a lesson to Spiritualists, who possess the key that unlocks the door to life-immortal, and by and through spirit-communication teaches them not to follow in the foot-steps of the credulists, but to be governed more fully by the inculcations of their divine harmonial philosophy. Spiritualism would then advance at a more rapid rate, for a truth so beautiful, so consoling, so beneficent was never before vouchsafed the people of this world.

John Syphers writes us that he is soon to start a Free Religious Monthly, at Lockport, Ill., to be called The Agitator.

Rev. T. Starr King.

The services at the Hollis street church in this city on Sunday morning last were conducted by Rev. George L. Chaney, who in giving a history of the Society, referred particularly to the late Rev. T. Starr King, who was a former pastor. In speaking of the latter's abilities, the preacher said:

"A natural orator, his kindling countenance and ringing voice charmed his hearers into delighted attention even before the wisdom of his thought and the richness of his illustration had made their claim upon their respect and admiration. The son of a minister, he came to the ministry as to a just inheritance. His father's early death had laid upon him the responsibilities of manhood while he was yet a boy, and the quick maturing of his mind and character was doubtless hastened by these circumstances. It also deprived him of that academic training which his rare intellect entitled him to, and which his scholarly ambition coveted. But few graduates of the university could show, at twenty-four, the varied knowledge, the close understanding, the true discernment and the ready command and felicitous expression of his thoughts which distinguished this young clergyman of the Hollis-street church. He had kept the best company in reading, and so far as opportunity allowed, in his literary friendships, and the fruits were abundant in all his works. Add to this exceptional gifts of mind and attractiveness of manner, a happy temperament, teeming with health and cheerfulness, a heart of only too generous susceptibility, a nature incapable of understanding malice, and you will see how rarely the man was fitted for the work of reconciliation to which he was called. Men might differ from his opinion, but they could have no difference with him. His eminent sympathy with freedom and temperance, and every reform, found expression from the pulpit in measured terms, but no man could hear him the less for faithful speaking. Mr. Chaney then referred in eloquent words to the marked success which attended the labors of Starr King in organizing and reuniting the society, which had from various causes become scattered and inharmonious in its workings, and said that nothing could long withstand this incarnation of sunshine. Meanness, hatred, envy, malice, all bad passions shrank away at the heat of the sunlight of his nature."

We quote the above beautiful tribute to Mr. King with peculiar satisfaction, for the reason that in the afternoon he entranced Mrs. Rudd at the Banner Free-Circle Meeting, and alluded to the fact that his earthly friends still held his memory fresh in their hearts, little knowing that his living spirit was in their midst at that very moment, listening to the words of the pastor. Yet such was the fact. But he felt sad not to be able to make his presence known to his own; yet he thanked God that there was an avenue open in Boston where he could communicate, to let the world know there was no death, and to give his evidence in favor of the reality of spirit-communication. He spoke earnestly, and to the point; and if any of his personal friends had been present they would no doubt have recognized the translated presence of the former pastor of Hollis-street church. We shall print his message in the Message Department of this paper next week.

Matter and Spirit—Mr. Emerson.

In an article on "The Soul and the Unseen World," which appears in the New Church Independent for February, the Rev. H. N. Gridley has some well timed remarks on matter and spirit, which are fitted to introduce clear notions on the subject, and are quite in accordance with the deductions of most investigators into the spiritual phenomena. He says:

"We should bear in mind that the great distinction between matter and spirit is not the distinction between thing and nothing—is not the distinction between space occupied by ponderable particles and space pervaded by vacuum. The very word spirit, which means breath, asserts this. The distinction is one which may be best thought of as a distinction between the grossly material and the breath life or ethereal. It is true that in latter days the word matter has been applied to all ethereal substances. It has been found that all have more or less of materiality. But we must not be unmindful that language is framed in accordance with the appearances of things, and that there is a sense in which it may be said that things are not what they seem. We are inclined to shrink from associating the densely material things around us with the unseen spiritual world; but the things which seem so grossly material to us, do so only because of the presence of the great attracting body—the earth. If they could be removed many millions of miles away from the earth, they would lose the greater part of the weight which gives us the idea of their gross materiality; but for all that, they would be just as material as before. So that the accidental properties of the things we see around us, if we dwell upon them alone, and wrongly think of them as unchangeable, will not at all help us to a conception of the things as they are in their very essence, or as they might appear to ourselves if the conditions of our existence were changed."

We commend these thoughts to Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, in an article on "Democracy," in the last North American Review, has his little sneer at Modern Spiritualism. Mr. Emerson's aesthetic nature revolts from our "coarse facts." There are undeveloped, ungentle, ignorant spirits, it would seem. He thinks those things that are distasteful ought to be ignored and thrust out of sight. How would this rule work with the students of morbid anatomy? The sage of Concord says: "There are many things of which a wise man might wish to be ignorant, and these spiritual phenomena are such. Shun them as you would the secrets of the undertaker and the butcher." Ah! Oh! Oh! dear! My poor nerves. An ounce of civet, good apothecary!

Here's a robust philosopher for you! The facts of God's universe, not at once intelligible and agreeable to our short-sightedness, our ignorance, our wrong-headedness, or our wrong-heartedness, must be dodged, shunned, put out of sight, and labeled with a bad name! If this be the last word of the Concord oracle in regard to the stupendous facts of Spiritualism, we think that public reverence for his wisdom is likely to fall irrecoverably. He has never said a more foolish thing, or one more shocking to the sincere seeker after truth.

A certain reverend, in the course of a lecture in which he endeavored to write the endorsement of his office upon the age-burdened and stooping shoulders of Allopathy, thus stigmatized the doctors not of that system: "A quack is one who pretends he can do what he cannot, to have done what he has not, and is doing what he is not." But can this Rev. Apologizer for antiquated error tell us precisely where the pill-and-powder-drug-doctors whom he seeks to countenance differ from his sweeping portraiture? Does not the whole system of Regular medical practice stand accused at the present day, by the unequivocal testimony of some of its grandest minds, of being, after all, a thing of total experiment? and of pretending to do what it cannot do, to have done that which it has not done, and to be doing what it is not doing?

A brief note from J. W. Fletcher, dated at Nice, France, will appear in our next issue.

Letter from Dr. Mack.

A friend sends us the following letter, recently received from this well-known American medium, who is now in London:

LONDON, Feb. 20th, 1877.

I am not surprised to learn that you are puzzled in regard to the status of Spiritualism here. We, too, are puzzled to know where and when the animus displayed by the public, as well as by those in authority, will end. Dr. Slade is now safe out of the hands of his persecutors, and no doubt will soon return to America, to the only land of liberty where there is no established religious organization, supported and bolstered up by law, to interfere with private opinion or judgment in regard to such matters. Here it is otherwise, because a large body of men get their living (and a fat one, too), from the English Government for preaching and upholding a particular form of belief in regard to spiritual matters, a form which they themselves do not believe, but pretend to believe, because it pays, and it is for their especial benefit to oppose anything and everything which would have a tendency to interfere with them and their practices. It seems now that the persons have joined hands with the medical faculty to help them; and as an instance of the latter fact I will state that on several occasions lately I have been approached to diagnose cases, and that accordingly, in many instances, a medium for the more highly he is presumed to be. Now it is well known here that my claims to success are due to spiritual agency, and if they can prove a case against me, where I shall have made a direct charge for my services, I should then be declared, according to law, a rogue and a vagabond. It would require only one or two persons to be present when I was treating a patient by the laying on of hands, or manipulation with the hands, for money, and then these parties could declare that they or others had parted with their money without benefit, and so make out a case against me. It would not avail for me to bring forward hundreds who had been benefited by such treatment: their evidence would not be taken in my defence.

I was with Dr. Monck the day at the Court when his appeal was being heard. Raps were frequently heard in our neighborhood, and cries of *science* were often called by the Court to no purpose, for the raps went on just the same. My hat (a Kossuth) was taken from my hands and carried off, and returned to me after ten minutes' absence. I also felt my limbs pulled frequently while I sat beside the Doctor. I understood from him that he intended to go to America when he was again free, because paid mediumship in this country was against the law, a law, by the way, that was intended for the age when it was enacted, and not for the present. I do not doubt it will be repealed or altered in some way very soon.

Dr. Slade and Mr. Simmons won for themselves while here the sympathy and respect of a very large number of people, for their straightforward and gentlemanly behavior during their trials and sufferings for the cause and the truth, and thousands of willing souls are ready to stand by shoulder to shoulder, if necessary, to uphold the truth. Here I must mention the fact how much we owe of gratitude to Mr. Emmore Jones, of Embury Park, for his assistance, and his courage, we are all spectators indebted for Dr. Slade's fortunate escape to France. Mr. Jones visited him at the house of a friend, and insisted upon his (the Doctor's) getting up from a sick bed, and he then made him accompany him to Toulestone, and never lost sight of him until he saw him well out on the English Channel on the way to Boulogne. It was not a moment too soon, for at that very time the summons for his apprehension was being issued.

With respect to Dr. Monck, the feeling here is very strong against his persecutors, and indignation is felt at the way in which he was arrested. He was legally entitled to ten days' grace, but was arrested on the third day after the conviction with another warrant, which was issued at a place called Kelghley. This shows the animus actuating the proceedings. He is now at Wakefield Jail, undergoing a sentence of three months' imprisonment with hard labor. He is a very powerful man, and I believe, a thoroughly honest test medium, and has many varied phases of mediumistic gift. There are few so variously and so highly gifted.

Organization in Great Britain.

Before the Annual National Conference of Spiritualists for 1877, held recently at 38 Great Russell street, London, in addition to an able address, by Alexander Calder, Esq., (President of the British National Association of Spiritualists,) discussions, and other business, several papers of interest were presented, among them one from Thomas Shorter on spirit photography, one from T. P. Barkas principally on spirit-materialization, one by W. H. Harrison, Esq., on the relation of the law to public mediums, and one from R. Pearce, in which latter the question of organization and its results in London, Lancashire, Liverpool, Manchester, Hyde, Leigh, Oldham, Ashton-under-Lyne, Bolton, Rochdale, Barrow-in-Furness, Halifax, Sowerby-Bridge, Kelghley, Leeds, Huddersfield, Ossett, Shipfield, Hull, Grimsby, Saltburn-by-the-Sea, Bishop Auckland, New Shildon, Chester-le-Street, Sunderland, South Shields, Newcastle, Choppington, Glasgow, Nottingham, Leicester, Northampton, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Merthyr, Llanelly, Plymouth and West Cornwall, received exhaustive treatment, the details given having been obtained by Mr. Pearce by actual correspondence with the active workers in these various localities. The showing was of an encouraging character, though the testimony as to the best methods to be pursued to advance the cause, as given by those to whom his letters had been addressed, appeared to be about equally divided between the forming of societies for work, and the seeking to advance the cause solely through the distribution of literature and the cultivation of mediumship—looking alone to spirit-power and not to man to further the New Dispensation.

The New Shiloh.

Another evidence is added to the many manifestations so frequent of late, of the unrest and discontent existing among all classes of religious people, but especially among those more intimately connected heretofore with some religious bodies or sects that have recognized, in one form or another, the great truths of Spiritualism. A movement is in progress in Boston, to organize a new religious society, composed of a certain class of Swedenborgians, Shakers, Friends and Spiritualists, who feel themselves to be exiles, or "wanderers from Shiloh," and take this method to find a religious home once more. The first public meeting will be held on Sunday evening, in the lecture room of Unity Church, 91 West Newton street, when a lecture will be given by W. B. Billings, Esq., upon "SPIRITUAL EVOLUTION PROVEN FROM HISTORY," including an explanation of the evolution principle, which seems to make this movement legitimate and orderly, and as being a part of the product and outcome of a high order of spirit causation. Information as to the movement, (more in detail,) can be obtained by calling at the Grosvenor Home, 281 Shawmut Avenue.

A Timely Decision.

The Supreme Bench of the Dominion Government has just rendered one of the most important and far-reaching decisions that has been given in modern times. It was on an election issue, but it contained a fundamental ecclesiastical dispute. The case was that of Tremblay versus Languevin. Each was a candidate for the Dominion Parliament, but Languevin was the candidate of the Catholic priests of his district. They caused him to be openly nominated, and then they denounced temporal and spiritual penalties on all Catholics who refused him their support. Mr. Tremblay contested his rival's right to his seat, on the ground of undue influence exerted on his behalf by the Roman Catholic clergy. The decision of the Court was, that any intimidation, whether by curse, threat of excommunication, or any other method, or any other than the use of moral force to secure votes, justly made void an election.

It distinctly held that the clergy are, in the eyes of the law, no better than laymen, and that all the laws of Great Britain concurred in resisting the encroachments of the Roman Church on the rights of the citizen. A brother of the Archbishop of Quebec is one of the judges, but he consistently and courageously held the same sound opinion. "All clergymen," said the Judge, in laying down the law of the British realm on this question, "all clergymen, of whatever denomination, have all the freedom and liberty that can possibly belong to laymen, but no other or greater. The clergyman has no right, in the pulpit or out of it, to threaten damage, temporal or spiritual, to restrain the liberty of the voter." Sound and good. We say now and ever, no union of Church and State, but perfect freedom for both.

Mrs. Mary M. Hardy.

Our Washington (D. C.) files bring information that this celebrated Boston medium is having good success at the national capital. Her sances given at the residence of Dr. Wright, 1016 I street, have been well attended, and the phenomena—including the showing of hands and the production of paraffine molds—have been of a surprising and convincing character. The presence of Baldwin, the exposé, (?) in town was confidently looked upon by unbelievers to act as a "stay of proceedings" on the part of the intelligences working through Mrs. H., but it had no visible effect; in fact, The National Republican says the producers of these manifestations "seemed to have determined to out-do themselves just on that account." The same paper speaks as follows concerning two of her circles: "Several different hands appeared through the aperture in the table, turned around and made different and difficult motions to show that they were hands and not feet. Skeptical persons attending the sittings were greatly puzzled, and determined that it would be a very difficult feat for Baldwin or any other person to imitate the manifestations. One of the 'materialized' fingers a gentleman in the party slipped a ring. Last evening (Feb. 24th) Mrs. Hardy gave a sitting to a number of prominent gentlemen. The same manifestations were repeated. While the 'spirits' were ringing bells under the table the 'toe' question arose, and Mrs. Hardy and the entire party stood upon their feet. The bells, two in number, continued to ring, and it seemed very improbable that the medium rang them with her foot."

The Sphere of Self.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more appropriate discourse for the present time than the one to be found on our first page, as delivered through the inspired lips of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. At an hour when it is spught by a specially endowed "Tabernacle," with its concomitants of revivalist and singer, to overslaugh this city with a torrent of excitement in favor of a by-past and effete system of theology—which, feeling that its hold on man's reason is gone, seeks to precipitate itself with widely grasping arms upon what it would have it understood that it believes to be the bosom of his true affectional nature—the calm, clear-cut sentences of Mrs. Richmond's control come with especial fitness, unmasking the real point of its approach, the love of SELF, and the hope of happiness hereafter for SELF, through which converts are sought to be reached. The discourse is replete with thought, and scattered throughout its entire length are sentences which coruscate vividly with the consecrated fire of Truth.

Mr. Charles H. Foster.

Mr. Charles H. Foster, 9 West 29th street, New York, has recently rendered excellent service to Spiritualism by exposing the utter shallowness and falsehood of the pretensions of Mr. W. I. Bishop to an ability to duplicate the remarkable tests of clairvoyant or spiritual power given by Mr. Foster under conditions where there was no possibility of trick or fraud. Mr. Bishop unconsciously played the part of a low, comic buffoon when he gave as his excuse for not carrying out his promise of duplicating Mr. Foster's performance, that it "was against his principles to play tricks on the Sabbath." This coming from the hero of the petticoat escapade is particularly rich. Mr. Foster completely exposed the equivocating, braggart character of the man, and gave before a large assembly a most remarkable proof of his own supersensory gifts. We are glad to learn that Mr. Foster is in excellent health, and that he was never more sought for by investigators than now.

At a meeting of the Council of the British National Association of Spiritualists on Tuesday night, Feb. 13th, Mr. Morell Theobald laid upon the table an account of the receipts and expenditures of the Association for the year 1876. When the Association first took permanent premises two years ago, a guarantee fund from a few gentlemen, amounting to £200 a year for three years, was established, in order that the Association might carry on its work without getting into debt. Although £70 of this fund was not called in 1876, and although the Association had not last year the advantage of a sum of £90 raised by a bazaar, as in 1875—making a total of reduced income from extraneous sources amounting to £160—the members of the Association have increased so in number that the auditor's report shows a balance in hand of £11 at the end of the year just closed. There is some talk of abolishing the guarantee fund this year, as the expenses may possibly be entirely covered by the ordinary subscriptions of members. The balance in hand at the end of January was £90 13s. 4d. The outstanding liabilities of the Association are estimated at £5.

W. S. Bell and Horace Seaver will speak at Investigator Hall, Paine Memorial Building, next Sunday evening, at half-past 7. Subject—"What do Men know of the Gods?"

"Mediums and Money."

Let no reader of the present issue fall to peruse the eloquent article (on our second page) bearing the above title, which Jennie Leys has contributed to these columns. Scanning its paragraphs and reviewing its positions with the idea of selecting a few points to specially commend to the consideration of all the well-wishers of our cause, we are unable to see anything in this article which we would not repeat, and therefore in default of such a procedure, we choose to refer it entire to the closest attention of our patrons. A medium of remarkable power, and a platform-worker of the highest order of development, Miss Leys is qualified from experience to state the trials, the sorrows, the inadequate rewards incident upon a mediumistic career—in fact, to prepare the brief in the current case of "Mediumship vs. Parsimony," and we submit that she has done it with a practical definiteness, matched with eloquent diction, which should produce a marked effect in the court of public inquiry.

Three Fine Pamphlets.

It is seldom that we have to chronicle in one number of the Banner of Light the record of the issue of three works possessing the important characteristics of those announced on our fifth page, one being from the pen of Eugene Crowell, M. D., and the others consisting of compilations of some of the standard discourses of one of the most remarkable trance lecturers known to the history of the movement. Read the advertisements, and then, by purchasing and perusing the contents of the works, endorse, as you will, our verdict concerning them.

Spiritualism and Insanity.—Solar and Spiritual Light.—The Symbol Series.—Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

The Petition.

The names already obtained upon the slips of paper attached to the remonstrative medical petition, as published in the last Banner, must be forwarded to the Bookstore of Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, on Monday next, as the time for the work of opposing the new "monopoly" bill now before the Legislature, has arrived. Let every individual in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, who desires the privilege of selecting any mode of treatment or practice, or any person to assist in eradicating disease when afflicted, see that his or her name is signed to this petition.

Dr. Slade.

The London Medium and Daybreak of Feb. 16th has a letter which says that Dr. Slade and Mr. Simmons are at the Hague, the former being in a very exhausted state. Letters for Dr. Slade may be addressed care of Mr. A. J. Riko, Oude Molstraat, 8a, The Hague.

The New York Herald for March 4th, contains a London telegram (of the 3d) stating that the Doctor contemplates a return to the United States. We give the report for what it is worth.

Major J. W. Powell, in the course of his late lecture before the Chestnut street Club, Boston, on the theology and religion of the nomadic Indians, said "the moral effect of missionaries among Indians had been slight. The tendency is rather to convert the missionaries to paganism than the reverse. In their theology the Indians believe the gods [spirits(?)] are not far from us, that gods and men used to talk together, but the power has been lost by the degeneracy of men (except by the few who have ecstatic power), and that the gods faintly speak in dreams and visions."

Jennie Leys writes us, in the course of a private letter, dated Los Angeles, Cal.: "Would that the trials before mediums could be lessened but I fear they cannot be. The path of the world's progression is through the anguish and self-denial of the most advanced. God bless you! the staunchest friend earth's mediums have ever had! May your soul be baptized every hour with heavenly peace and joy."

SUGGESTIVE.—A member named Bear has introduced a bill into the Nevada Legislature which provides for the monopolistic protection of the interests of the drug doctors in that State, who, in common with their brethren in other quarters, sorely smitten by the good work done by clairvoyants, healers and non-"diploma"-ists generally, are joining in a Macedonian cry for legal help.

The Boston Courier says that when Mr. John Weiss was asked if he thought the intelligence of Boston was insulted by the Moody and Sankey enterprise, he replied, "No, for I don't think the intelligence of Boston has been addressed." This, adds the Courier, appears to be the average radical opinion of the evangelists' work.

The Spiritualist (London, Eng.) says that spiritual phenomena witnessed in home circles, the details of which rarely come under the public notice, are of as much interest as those which are more generally known. There is a duchess who can hold a quill pen by the extreme end of the feather, whilst through her mediumship the pen writes out messages upon paper.

A kind correspondent and well-wisher—himself a publisher—writes us as follows from New York City: "Your paper is beautiful in the extreme, and should go to every family. It is doing more good than the world to-day knows. Go on with your noble work, and you will be blessed."

According to The Spiritualist, (London, Eng.) of Feb. 16th, President Calder informed the National Conference of Spiritualists in his opening speech that thirty-eight Journals and reviews in favor of Spiritualism were now flourishing in Europe and America.

We are in receipt of a note from Hon. Edwards Pierpont, U. S. Minister at the Court of St. James, acknowledging the receipt of the numerous signed petition that was forwarded from this office in behalf of Dr. Slade.

Read the report of the funeral exercises held in remembrance of Joseph John, artist, on our eighth page. We are indebted to the kindness of Drs. Henry T. Child and J. H. Rhodes, of Philadelphia, for the account.

Mr. Harper, of Birmingham, recently lectured at the Meyerbeer Hall, under the auspices of the Liverpool (Eng.) Association of Spiritualists. Dr. William Hitchman, President, occupied the chair.

Three interesting questions recently propounded at the Banner Public Circle, and answered by the controlling spirit, may be found on our sixth page.

BY THE "Stellar" it will be BANNER OF LIGHT... I have a... tor, that r... given to o... spiritual;... Part, wh... "Stellar" k... hope all t... subscriber... Orange... The abo... of the Har... reader. J... Stellar, K... Now, after... part is to... pleased to... plan has su... more so, t... regard ha... which our... tunity of j... the publi... ber of the... LIGHT FOR... It is a sig... movement... close of t... part for t... commenced... on the ann... Spiritualis... tions whic... forthcomi... tion of our... ticles of A... they will b... the penet... will draw... who have... rusing our... While we... tify the B... whose nam... take the bl... Bro. Davis... ber of new... send his k... We learn... soon be exp... vour hosts... Thoroughly... afforded m... baffles med... A ce... B. Fairchild... day evenin... Mass., to a... close of the... hill, rose an... audience, a... The meetin... est and sati... with them a... other intere... The t... 1 contains t... concerning E... Carepreter: "Dr. Car... sets on car... as to the nat... to be spirit... unsoundnes... engage in t... Probably he... him from go... menced." Rev... Place (Bost... that "under... ker's theolo... points, whic... substance Pr... of common s... and that is t... Read O... Poole, Esq... alist, who s... da. By a p... ple, we lea... voyage nort... The... announces t... about to "e... t... He k... pocket the d... We a... Beacon stree... the first un... tied: "Libe... Suffering H... sane." Wash... a course of... Hall, Baltim... gregation,"... will speak f... Dr. C... for his old... church Sun... the fortieth... A nev... in Holland... matter in t... "Eerr Nieu... thor, A. F. F... The R... actively in... t... is about... States... David... "Theodore I... the Free Rel... Boston, Mar... R. G... main at No... for some six... the voyage t...

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings...

We also publish on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd...

The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings. Held at 207 Montgomery Place, (second story) corner of Broadway and Broadway Street, on Friday and Saturday afternoons...

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Invocation. Ye brighter angels of the wisdom circle, guide, guard and help us, that we may strew flowers of truth around the pathway of each individual present...

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we will endeavor to do the best we can with whatever questions you have to present this afternoon...

ANS.—We are not aware, Mr. Chairman, that "facts coming through modern mediums prove that there is no order in the spirit-world."

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friends. On entering spirit-life I found before me a mirror, and every act of my life seemed to be reflected there...

To those individuals in the city of Boston and in the city of New York, and in other cities, who are clasping hands together, and are saying within their own souls, "I will break down this barrier which keeps men and women from joining some particular church, or giving credit to some particular creed..."

We are not idle, but we are doing our work to the best advantage that we can. I may not speak acceptably today, I may not be myself understood, but this I want known: that I, who once stood in a place where I was respected for what ever I might say, based on what little knowledge I had obtained, now return to this office—the Banner of Light—and say to the friends who know me in the past: Spiritualism is a truth. This is a knowledge I have obtained, and no mortal power can take away. And I would say to every friend, to every legal friend whom I may have had while traveling on earth: Look well before you speak; judge not that you are not judged; hold fast that which is good, and let all the bad go. Cast not the flower aside because a thorn grows beside it, but rather gather up the beautiful rosebud, even if the thorn is there.

You can record my name, Choate. I have done the best I could through the instrument I control. I only wish to say I record my name on the side of right, and that spiritual communion is a truth.

Jonah Woodruff. Mr. Chairman, gentlemen and ladies, I don't know as I can interest you, but I have felt for some time as if I would like to visit your circle room. I want to know what you are doing in the spirit-world; in fact, it has raised quite a commotion here, because everything is free, and I have had a desire to come, not that I expect to enlighten any one, but I expect to enjoy controlling a human form and speaking once more with a human voice. I am not unhappy in my surroundings in spirit-life—far from it. I am exceedingly happy, and trust that shall grow stronger and be able to control the conditions of life and come to earth many times. I have been warning a good deal since I have been here, and I trust that I shall be able to express myself far better than I ever was able to while on earth.

My name was Jonah Woodruff. I passed away from Hamilton, Bermuda, of that terrible disease, consumption. I tried to stay his hand. I had lived to quite a good old age—I was sixty-seven years old. I came up here last February. I cannot remember the date, but I wish to relate when I stood outside here, and was not talking at all, but I will record my name and the place of my death, and so on. Maybe it will arrest the attention of friends who will call me to them. I thank you, Mr. Chairman, for the convenience you have afforded me. I don't know as a whole ever swallowed me, although I was named for Jonah of old.

Jacob Knapp. Mr. Chairman, I suppose this is what you call a meeting, is it not? [Yes.] I am well acquainted with revival meetings, but really I don't know as I shall be able to interest the audience assembled here to-day. I have seen some times, when the storm-clouds were dark and the elements seemed to be the most against us, if we could only assemble a few together and bring them to the foot of the altar, we were pretty sure that some souls would be saved. Now I am aware, my dear sir, that those who are assembled here are of an entirely different cast of mind from those I have been in the habit of dealing with, yet I believe that I may say something, which may benefit them.

In the revival meetings which I have held in the past, I have always been glad to be a worker for the cause of Christ and him crucified. I have always been willing to prove my power in the great work of God for the redemption of souls, and I am well aware that the same influences which you talk about to-day, and which I find to be a reality since I have come to this shore, were with us in the past; that we conducted our meetings very much on the same plan that you conduct your spiritualistic circles. Harmony was necessary in order to bring God into our meetings with power and great glory; and it was necessary to produce harmony by singing the divine songs, the songs of Zion, and I perceive that you invoke the spirits in the self same manner. I was drawn there by a desire to know whether I really could talk through mortal lips. I can assure you, Mr. Chairman, I feel little at home in placing my hand upon this woman's head and finding she speaks my thoughts; yet there is a difficulty in my presenting my thoughts to you as I would like to do. Still I would like to record my name on the pages of your paper, and say to my old friends in Rockford, Ill., that I still live, and am bringing forth a new truth, maybe a little differently from what I did while working in the form, but still I am ever around and will do whatever good I can. They called me a "revivalist minister."—If I can revive a hope of immortality in the soul of any individual present, I shall feel that I have not come in vain, for I have learned not only that immortality is sure, but I have learned that we are still alive on this shore, and, with proper conditions, with perfect instruments, we may walk to earth again as individuals; and it is to me a matter of delight that I can say I still move and have a being, though I may be represented by a different individual, wearing a different garb, and of a different sex from what I was.

I bow before this great throne of Spiritualism with humility, and trust I shall be aided by higher angels above me to convey to my friends a knowledge of this great truth. They will be surprised at my coming. I know that redemption through Spiritualism is sure. I would beg all to whom I have talked in the past to listen to me to-day; I would beg them to look forward to that great hereafter and feel that their spirit-friends are near. I know now that in my brightest moments a band of happy angels were standing round me, holding my hands and guiding me. They never wavered, for when I drew souls up before me and made them understand the power of God, that my lips were not touched by inspiration from the spirit-world.

My name is Jacob Knapp. I have been gone away for three years. I thank you for your favors, Mr. Chairman, and will retire to give place to others who are anxious to communicate.

Starlight. Good moon, brave. What want to send word to my medi-squaw. Are you willing? [Yes.] Starlight come—she bring young squaw to communicate with her medi just as soon as she be able to do so. I want to say to my medi-squaw, the Willis squaw, that she is to be happy and bright, and me want to say to my medi-squaw, the Willis squaw, she no must feel bad when the night comes; when the lamps be lighted, that the pappoose squaw be there. She do be like to manifest to her, and me bring her to your big circle some day; me let her speak; you understand that? [Yes.] Well, then, Starlight got the message already through, so me go. Good moon.

Rosa. Gussa, I 'fraid I push eberything to pieces. I guess you won't do any harm. [Are you sure, massa, I won't smash eberything?] Pny used to call me Swamp-Bug, but missus used to call me Rosa. I used to run away whenever I got a chance to. Do you blame me for doing it? I didn't like to stay; didn't like to be slave. Now, I do be no more slave. Dey do say if dey gits eberything all right dat dey will have slave agin! Dey say so, sure, massa, but I don't care what you call me, massa, but I want to say dis to de colored folks, dat dey no trust dem white folks when dey talk dat way, and if I be Swamp-Bug I have a "hush" to Swamp-Bug, de don't care, but dat way of talking "Swamp-Bug" had up my ton. You knows dat "Swamp-Bug" nigger; don't care nuffin about dat, 'cause you let niggers come jes as well as you let white folks, don't you, massa? [Yes.] Aint I behaved 'self good? Aint dem nuffin dat you can find fault wid, haw? [No.] Yet I did die out in de swamp, massa, in de big old swamp, 'cause I didn't like to have 'em strike me no more. I don't want 'em to talk dat way; no more wassaf as more slave; don't want to help no more be slave. I beas Rosa, or de Swamp-Bug, I 'long down in Georgia, to de big city dere, I dunno as I can tell you what it was—[de spirit tried, to say Milledgeville, the Chairman suggesting.] I guess dat's it. How you know, massa? Dey used to say Yankee could guess good. I guess you must be Yankee. Dat all I got to say, massa. Good-bye.

Jonas Winship. Will you please say that Jonas Winship, of Decatur, reports at your office to-day, according to an agreement which he made with some friends of his?

William H. Ingle. I have a short letter I would like to put into your post office, if agreeable to you. It does not amount to much, but then I would like to report myself as more alive; don't like to report myself as it well with me; say to them that I have realized a great deal more than I expected to, and as soon as able I shall put in an appearance and make myself understood. My name is William H. Ingle. I went out from Mantua, Ohio.

Desire Ely Jones. I feel a desire, this afternoon, to speak to you here, to tell you that it is all well with me, and to say to my friends that I thank them, as I have in the past, for the good care which they gave me while in the form. I would say, friends, that this world I live in is a strange one, and yet that it is not the case—it is a real, tangible world, and I am glad that I know it is so. I want to send a great deal of love to my friends, and I want them to know that I remember them, and that I, in my spirit-home, have their pictures; and that I shall never forget their kindness to me. I realize each day more and more what a beautiful philosophy this is, and I do trust that I shall come back sometime with force and power enough—more than I ever had—to make them understand that there is no doubt; that they may not shrink because of these peculiar manifestations of the day. I would bid them remember Desire Ely Jones. I passed out from Providence, R. I. You may direct my letter, if you choose, to Thomas A. Doyle. I think he will be glad to hear from me at any time.

Rodolphus B. Hubbard. I would like to register my name in your Banner books, Mr. Chairman, as Rodolphus B. Hubbard. I began to live in Oakland, Cal., about one year ago last September—the latter part of September. I say I began to live, because it has been shown to me that the dropping off of my old form, getting rid of the old body in which I lived, has been a long and hard life, and I now know that I have got all eternity to complete my work in, and although I was quite an old man, considerably over seventy—some three years or more—yet I felt as if I should enjoy coming here to-day and reporting myself, and saying to my friends it is well with me and I am doing the best I can.

Maria Beals. I would like to have you say that Maria Beals of Portland, Me., has communicated here to-day; that all the life which I expected has proved true to me; that the Spiritual Philosophy has been to me a source of great good; that though I believed I understood the spirit world, and that I had not, yet I have learned, yet it has been much stronger, much brighter, much purer than what I ever expected, and much more of a real world. I have met my dear friends here, and am able to communicate with them. The only drawback that I have, is holding communion with my friends on earth, though I have attempted it many times, and sometimes have succeeded a little, yet never entirely to my satisfaction. I come here to-day to express the hope that Spiritualism will become the head of all religions; that it may be an accepted truth to everybody.

Joe Downes. I have once or twice attempted to communicate with some of my friends here in the form, and have succeeded to some slight extent. I would like to send word to some of my old friends that I am still the same "old Joe" that once lived here on earth, and I would be just as willing to play some "game" with them as I was in the "Paganque" times, as I ever was. I have realized what it is to live in the summer-land. Tell them my home is far beyond everything I ever dreamed of; that within the last few years I have been growing—what shall I say?—growing in grace? Perhaps they will understand me if I say that; but I have been doing the very best I knew how. My friend Dunbar, who stands over here, says he is willing to send his love also to the friends on earth; and I wish to say to my friend Wentworth, that I have never deserted him, neither has my friend Kingsley ever forgotten his old friends in the town of Canton. We often meet together and talk over many of the old acquaintances and much of the past, while we in the spirit life are improving and enjoying our homes. Why, we have got just as good homes as we deserve; and one after another we grasp the hands of the loved ones, as they come up, and I expect some day we shall all meet here and enjoy our social life as much as we ever did in the past. If I give my name as Joe Downes, probably my friends there will recognize me.

Julia Valentine Fox. Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I have no hesitation in coming before you to-day and proclaiming my faith, for it was great. I passed away from earth with one of the most painful of internal diseases; but I was watched over and kept by the angels, and I will say this: that the last few moments of my existence were the brightest moments I ever knew. I lost my old body in Cambridge about five years ago last fall. My name was Julia Valentine Fox. I want to send a message of love to my beloved ones. Tell them although they have heard from me many times, yet I felt to come and say to them where I am not known, (I surely am not here, nor by the instrument which I am controlling,) that I am still an adherent of the great faith of Spiritualism, that I have met my beloved ones, that I have greeted many of the dear ones since I have come to this shore. I have made their homes as bright and beautiful as I could. The roses which grow in my garden are brighter far than any I ever saw on earth. I can, with a loving hand, do many deeds of kindness for those that need it here: spirits in darkness, and the little ones who need my care. I can often come to earth, and laying my hand on a friend's head, do some good. I remember those last few moments of my life, when I was eased so much by the hand of my friend, Mrs. Cutler—and I thank her, thank her so much for her kind care, as I have many times before. I felt to-day, as I stood here and saw the many that were pressing to give their messages, I would like to speak too, therefore I came. I was somewhere about forty-seven years old, I think, but it seems to me to-day I am not more than twenty. I feel all the brightness of youth, all the joy of life, though there have been many things to make it look dark to me on earth; nevertheless I endeavored to bring brightness and spirituality to bear on all things.

Dr. Shute. I am quite an old man, or was when I died, as people call it. The world was not as it is now.

We had no carriages, or very few, but we had our horses and our saddle-bags. My business was that of a physician. I tried my best to do my duty. My rules were long and tiresome. I have ridden over the country with my old horse and my saddle-bags, with my medicines in them, many and many a long day, and when I had worked out of the earth life, and had come into this life, it seemed to me such a sublime existence, I longed to return and tell my children and my friends I still lived. But work as I might, and try as I did try, nothing availed me. Although I might hallow, at the top of my voice—no human person listened to me; though I might go into the rooms of my old patients and give them advice, yet no listening ear was turned to me. I said, "Well, this is surely death," and the good angels, who seemed to know more of life than I did, said to me, "My dear friend, know you not that the day is coming when we can have power to speak on earth?" which seemed to me to be, for me, for I was I to be born again? how was I to identify myself to the children of men? Many, almost all of my friends, have come to me. Many of my old patients have come to-day, something of curiosity, something of a desire to see how I could communicate in public, induced me to draw near to this chair, and almost without knowing it I found myself talking. Now it is a most strange coincidence to me, I know what I've come for. It was because I wanted to talk. I wanted to be sure that this was me, and that I could still move round, could still talk, and I really think if a case of sickness was before me I could diagnose the disease and prescribe for it. Rest assured, my friends, I never would give one particle of the medicine I gave when I was here. I ignore it completely, and think it a fallacy from beginning to end, and only fit to be put on the pages of the dark ages. For here in spirit life, while attending to philosophical studies, learning the anatomy of the body, and not only the anatomy of the body but learning the needs of the soul and the spirit, and understanding that there is such a thing as magnetism and electricity, I find that medicines need not be measured out in the largest spoons, but can be given in the most minute particles, and made to do the work of the large doses. I now stand with reverence before that great god of medicine, and long to record my name on the side of truth.

Now I have enjoyed coming, I have enjoyed talking. I don't know as anybody in the world will recognize me though I have some friends here. It does not matter whether they do or not, I know I have reached some of the children of earth. I am from Hingham, Mass. My name is Shute. You can call me old Dr. Shute.

Joseph T. Bennett. Please say that Joseph T. Bennett, of Dummerston, Vt., has reported at this circle room, and that I am growing in knowledge and power, and I trust that I shall be able to communicate in longer messages and to give my friends much information that they need. I have a friend who needs directing. I would like to say to her, "Be careful where you step. I will guide and help you. I am not lost, but I am here, and shall help and guide all I can." Good afternoon, sir.

Mary M. Tyrrell. Please say that Mary M. Tyrrell, aged twenty-nine, who went away from Bangor, Maine, some five years ago, returns and wishes to reach some friends of hers in Massachusetts. I know that the paper will be handed to them, therefore I rest easy. I only desire that they may know that I have given my name, and that I still live.

As nearly all the messages given at the Banner Circles and published on this page are from entire stranger spirits to our medium or ourselves, it is desirable that those who may from time to time recognize the spirit communicating, should forward such verification to this office for publication. A few do so, but we verbally hear of numerous verifications, yet the parties interested do not communicate the facts to us. This is to be regretted. But we hope that the friends in future will do us the favor to respond to our request.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANSKIN. During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Danskin, while she was in the entranced condition—totally unconscious.

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences. (Part Sixty.) BY WASH. A. DANSKIN. One of our most dearly loved experiences, at the present, is the receipt of letters asking for communications from departed friends; and I have no doubt many of our correspondents think that we are indifferent to their earnest appeals, or somehow in fault, when these requests are not promptly complied with. Mrs. Danskin and myself have our lives for more than twenty years to this work, and thousands of spirits have communicated with their mortal friends through her instrumentality, but she has no more choice of the spirit who shall control her than the flute has of the air which shall be played upon it. They come to us under the supervision of one whose name will be canonized in the future, when the history of the earlier days of Modern Spiritualism is written, as one of the martyrs who have given the seed of the church. They give their messages, and there our work, in that direction ends.

The great increase of Mrs. Danskin's medical practice during the last five years has created an almost constant demand upon her time and vitality, and we find that curing a patient who has been pronounced incurable by the regular faculty is one of the most convincing tests that can be offered to the skeptic. In illustration I will mention an incident that occurred about two years since: At the home of her aunt, an exceedingly strict and rigid Presbyterian, a young lady was lying prostrate. She had been for several months receiving the attention of our most popular physicians of both schools, first the allo, and then the homeopathic, but neither the one nor the other seemed to understand her case. Her father, not a resident of Baltimore, was a Spiritualist, and when he came and saw the condition of his daughter, he at once summoned Mrs. Danskin to her aid. She was reluctant to go, knowing the atmosphere of prejudice and religious bigotry she would have to enter; but his urgent appeals, and Dr. Rush's request that she would take the case, overruled her objections.

The result was, not only the cure of the young lady, who was relieved from hundreds of parasitic and unkindly medical friends, were eating out her vitality, but an entire change of feeling in the family of her relative. This class of manifestations does not admit of any captious objection. Here there can be no cry of fraud or delusion. The sick are made well, and Dr. Rush—a spirit for more than half a century—is the skillful physician to whom the credit is given.

Flora Douglass Markham. I died in February, at Washington, D. C. Flora Douglass, wife of George Markham, and a resident of Baltimore, was a Spiritualist, and when he came and saw the condition of his daughter, he at once summoned Mrs. Danskin to her aid. She was reluctant to go, knowing the atmosphere of prejudice and religious bigotry she would have to enter; but his urgent appeals, and Dr. Rush's request that she would take the case, overruled her objections.

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I died in Norfolk, Virginia, on a Friday in January. My name was Agnes White, the wife of Esquire White. I was in my twenty-second year when the sun went down in darkness. Gloom pervaded the household, for one who had lived was now being robbed for the grave. But with myself the sun has risen. I am happy and content, although away from friends and kindred. I have a more beautiful home over here. I have kind and tender friends, who teach me how to come and relieve my mind of burdens, and thus I progress more rapidly, more surely and more safely.

One would think that I, being youthful, would regret the change, but I do not now, for I understand my position in this beautiful world of reality. No grief, no sorrows, no discontent; everything goes on harmoniously. If we did not understand the change of death, the mind would clasp the idea that we had always been here; but we know differently from that, for the wisdom-angels teach us that we have a spiritual mind and a material mind. The material mind is unfolded in the interior world.

And now, friend of earth, in my gladness, buoyant glee I sing rejoicing songs. She that was dead in trespass and in sin has been made free to live and breathe with the angels. Do not cross-question me, nor doubt the fact of my having risen into life. Farewell; I go to a climate more congenial than this.

George Bentner. George Bentner was my name. I died at Randallstown, in Baltimore County, Maryland. I was sixty-seven years old. Townsend—out that down, and then the people will know who I am and what I am. Facts are facts, and no sane man can gainsay it, that if a man die he shall live again. The questions how does he live, and where, must be answered by himself. I live in a locality of beautiful surroundings, made out of the aspirations of my own interior spiritual efforts. Depending upon my own capabilities for advancement upward or onward, I go toward the brighter realms of eternal life, where the sun shines and can never be a fading, reaching my mind downward in the hope of bringing some one upward—this adds one more gem to the glittering diadem of eternity.

Ab! ah! many shadows, many crosses, many vexations, while a pilgrim of earth; but now, thank God! I can say I am free to roam, or to be what my Maker desire'd me to be. Now I can turn the pages of Nature over and over, and the mind questions the soul, "Wherefore fear death? 'Tis a mere change of station from one position to another of beauty and delight. Neither grieves nor sorrow over those who physically die, for the shall have been spoken, "Though they die they still live."

I return to my habitation clothed with contentment of mind and sincerity of heart, feeling that my duty is performed. Read and doubt who may, still the truth will spread abroad. They who live, know their friends and commune with them.

Mary Mills. I died in New York. My name was Mary Mills, and my husband's name was David Mills. He was from Norwich, Connecticut, and I was buried there. Who says that man dies? It is not so. The change comes, and through it is life, with perceptions of youth, recollection and fondest affections. I am not so well posted as regards the beauty and utility of this revelation as many others, but when presented to me its feasibility, struck my mind, and made me an acceptor to try and understand the law by which and in which I was living.

Boundless is this universe of the so-called dead, but in its grand and beautiful realities a city of the living, where death is not known or understood. Oh, what a life is that which binds one with the other. You cannot sever the chords that unite the material with the spiritual, nor can you scarce draw the dividing line between the human and the angel.

I am as free as the little bird. I can warble, now, where best it pleases me. I can roam at will, and praise God in the nooks and dells and squares of heaven, of this beautiful world, and I am the creature that He made me. From Him I came and unto Him I return. I send up glad shouts of hosanna, for I know God and He knows me, and blessed be the day when we recognize each other.

I am now fulfilling that beautiful law of individuality. No one can supply my place, nor can accomplish as I have done. All that has been accomplished has been by my own exertions and the aid of those who have learned the law.

And now, David, may the angels bless you and comfort you. When your days are dark may they brighten them. May you be as happy as I was when you pass through the valley. David, I am ever thine in heart and in memory. Seek me and you shall find me.

Maria Hadley. In Newark, N. J. I died. My name was Maria, the widow of the late William Hadley. I lived on High street, Newark. I was in my sixty-third year. I am not single-handed, friends, for I have met scores of friends and relations. They knew me at a glance; but I had to wait until the spirit made its revelation through me, then my eyes were opened; I could see, feel, hear and know. Oh what a comforting boon to be able to see the beautiful assurance which we are established in a house that the winds cannot shake nor the waters overflow! Think of it, I, a mite upon the cosmic sea, sending my thoughts over the world as free as the balmy air that invigorates me. What a rare gem have I found at last! I have of a sweet repose in the reality of labor—that labor which brings its own reward. Still, still on I go, gathering flowers from every breeze into which my spirit floats. The flame of the immortal soul is so deep, wide and strong that one like myself fails to express it in words and sentences; but come one, come all, and read in that book written by nature, that has neither leaves nor cover, nor many rows of lettering, but in which the little flower that springs at your feet, speaks wisely and beautifully of God and his infinite mercies, and tells the story of that widespread home in which each of his children is made welcome.

Katho, God, and Mother too, I never understood thy laws 'till now; my lips have been touched by the fires of inspiration; and doubt,

unfolding of a new-born spirit. I was not a believer, nor a knowledge-seeker, nor an understander of this religious motive-power which seems to be thrilling the human mind. Some nurse it and culture it for good and advantage to others. Some nurse it for a time and an afterward treacherous to this beautiful light, which is shining into the human soul, and taking away the death-pail from the grave, and giving life, truth and vivacity with progressive power to that which God had made good.

Mother, father, spring not back when you read this and say it is not I, for I have learned the law of education; I have learned the law of speech, not in its part merely, but in its whole. It is freedom here. We are not held to one point, nor entirely to one code of laws. What a grand thing it is to be master of yourself, fearing not for the scoffs or the scorn of the unlettered, but coming forward on the stage of life and speaking that which swells up within you, obeying that which bids you be honest to yourself, and honest to others. Now, grieve no more over the dead, for they live, with powers to be unfolded into the angel or archangel.

This is a grand and beautiful freedom which is given to the spirit, to soar into realms unknown to the human, and there gather thought and transmit it to others.

Now I feel that I have accomplished the work which the angels have taught me, and in obedience to their will and to the law, I return, with a heart light and free, to be a dweller in the mansions of eternal light and glory.

Agnes White. I died in Norfolk, Virginia, on a Friday in January. My name was Agnes White, the wife of Esquire White. I was in my twenty-second year when the sun went down in darkness. Gloom pervaded the household, for one who had lived was now being robbed for the grave. But with myself the sun has risen. I am happy and content, although away from friends and kindred. I have a more beautiful home over here. I have kind and tender friends, who teach me how to come and relieve my mind of burdens, and thus I progress more rapidly, more surely and more safely.

One would think that I, being youthful, would regret the change, but I do not now, for I understand my position in this beautiful world of reality. No grief, no sorrows, no discontent; everything goes on harmoniously. If we did not understand the change of death, the mind would clasp the idea that we had always been here; but we know differently from that, for the wisdom-angels teach us that we have a spiritual mind and a material mind. The material mind is unfolded in the interior world.

And now, friend of earth, in my gladness, buoyant glee I sing rejoicing songs. She that was dead in trespass and in sin has been made free to live and breathe with the angels. Do not cross-question me, nor doubt the fact of my having risen into life. Farewell; I go to a climate more congenial than this.

George Bentner. George Bentner was my name. I died at Randallstown, in Baltimore County, Maryland. I was sixty-seven years old. Townsend—out that down, and then the people will know who I am and what I am. Facts are facts, and no sane man can gainsay it, that if a man die he shall live again. The questions how does he live, and where, must be answered by himself. I live in a locality of beautiful surroundings, made out of the aspirations of my own interior spiritual efforts. Depending upon my own capabilities for advancement upward or onward, I go toward the brighter realms of eternal life, where the sun shines and can never be a fading, reaching my mind downward in the hope of bringing some one upward—this adds one more gem to the glittering diadem of eternity.

Ab! ah! many shadows, many crosses, many vexations, while a pilgrim of earth; but now, thank God! I can say I am free to roam, or to be what my Maker desire'd me to be. Now I can turn the pages of Nature over and over, and the mind questions the soul, "Wherefore fear death? 'Tis a mere change of station from one position to another of beauty and delight. Neither grieves nor sorrow over those who physically die, for the shall have been spoken, "Though they die they still live."

I return to my habitation clothed with contentment of mind and sincerity of heart, feeling that my duty is performed. Read and doubt who may, still the truth will spread abroad. They who live, know their friends and commune with them.

Mary Mills. I died in New York. My name was Mary Mills, and my husband's name was David Mills. He was from Norwich, Connecticut, and I was buried there. Who says that man dies? It is not so. The change comes, and through it is life, with perceptions of youth, recollection and fondest affections. I am not so well posted as regards the beauty and utility of this revelation as many others, but when presented to me its feasibility, struck my mind, and made me an acceptor to try and understand the law by which and in which I was living.

Boundless is this universe of the so-called dead, but in its grand and beautiful realities a city of the living, where death is not known or understood. Oh, what a life is that which binds one with the other. You cannot sever the chords that unite the material with the spiritual, nor can you scarce draw the dividing line between the human and the angel.

I am as free as the little bird. I can warble, now, where best it pleases me. I can roam at will, and praise God in the nooks and dells and squares of heaven, of this beautiful world, and I am the creature that He made me. From Him I came and unto Him I return. I send up glad shouts of hosanna, for I know God and He knows me, and blessed be the day when we recognize each other.

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and fear, and distrust cannot any longer hold me back from speaking that which I know.

Christiana Waterhouse.

My name is Christiana. I was the wife of George Waterhouse, and the daughter of the late Archibald Nesbit of Glasgow, Scotland.

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