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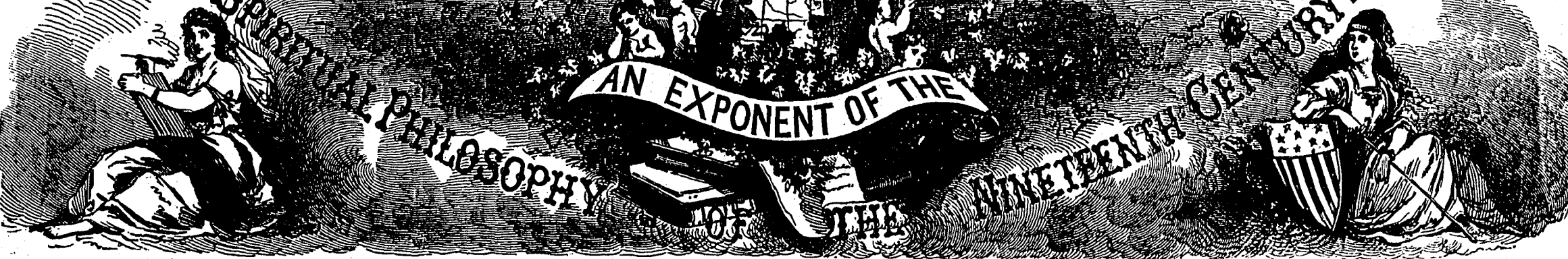
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BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLII.

COLBY & BICH,
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BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1877.

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NO. 3.

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The Anniversary.

Sunday Afternoon and Evening Services at Falm Hall, Boston; Lecture by Prof. R. G. Eccles; Remarks by Miss Lizzie Doten, George A. Bacon, Emma Hardinge Britten, Dr. H. F. Gardner, Dr. John H. Currier, and others; Conclusion of the Anniversary Exercises.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The services on the afternoon of April 1st were introduced by a half-hour concert from the orchestra, directed by Prof. Alonzo Bond, after which the meeting was called to order by Dr. H. F. Gardner, who briefly announced that having been requested to act as Chairman on the occasion, he would now proceed in the duties of the position by introducing Miss Lizzie C. Harrington, of Boston, who would favor the audience with a song. Miss Harrington then gave a vocal selection, Henry C. Lull acting as accompanist.

After a few words from Dr. Gardner regarding the widely-known character of R. G. Eccles as an eloquent and forcible lecturer, the reading of the poem "Dead in the Street," by the Professor, and a song by Miss Harrington—Robert Cooper accompanying on the piano—the following was the order of the service:

LECTURE BY PROF. R. G. ECCLES.

Ladies and Gentlemen.—To day a trinity of festivities of most unlike character have met. Two of them really belong to the occasion, while the third has been added for the mere sake of convenience. The list as it stands in my mind runs thus: Easter, All Fools' Day, and the Advent of Modern Spiritualism. Easter is always calculated by the moon, and it would therefore be a literal truth to pronounce it a lunar affair, if we were certain of shocking no one's feelings by such a pun. The second—All Fools' Day—should be, if it is not, calculated by that luminary, it being the feast day of people whose phases change, like the tides, by Luna's movements. The third and last of the trio, many good people think more lunar than the other two put together; but, unfortunately as it is for their notions, fate has fixed it like the sublime and the ridiculous, so that a step of twenty-four hours must be taken before it reaches the gala-day of fools. That step can never be taken but when convenience makes it advisable, as upon the present occasion.

We hear much of the eternal fitness of things. Probably this may account for these three coming into such proximity on the present occasion. The birth of Christianity in the resurrection of Jesus; the birth of folly when Paganism was wed to Christianity in the Dark Ages; and, lastly, the birth of Modern Spiritualism, as a new era of common-sense in this century. To-day, then, we see Faith, Frivolity and Thought—the three most unlike characteristics of life—join hands and worship upon the same occasion, though at different shrines. In reality they are but the length, breadth and thickness of a perfect whole.

We have just passed through a dark period in our nation's history, that has shown to the world the value of religious faith, foolish good-nature that can laugh away an injury, and deep earnest thought that scorns not creeds and constitutions, but their narrow limits and crystallized boundaries. To-day we are free from civil war, and in a condition to avoid such calamities in the future, because these three sworn foes, religious fervor, good-hearted simplicity, that cared for nothing but rest, and stern free thought, existed side by side in the land.

All danger has passed, thanks to the trio named, and now we can with pleasure shake hands with the other two, with whom we have voluntarily associated ourselves upon this occasion. This, our festivity, heralds the approach of spring. Soon will we be delighted with warbling birds, green meads, and the celestial aroma of flowers. The sombre pine by the hillside will no longer deceive with its mimic show of verdure. The stately elm by the silvery rill is about to dethrone it in our hearts.

Longingly look we forward to the happy future this will bring, when every sense can but be delighted with experiences exquisite. But we are heralding a spring for coming humanity—a new era in which the mind will be released from its thralldom, and allowed to wander enchanted and delighted in the very paradise of flowery philosophy. Nor is this all. Still another springtime we hail and herald, that of the soul, when parted from its companion of clay. Oh, glowing thought! Oh, immortality! How devoutly, how earnestly, how hopefully we look for thee! Come, blessed spring! We welcome thy approach! We are here to-day to proclaim, as angels did eighteen centuries ago, "Peace on earth, good will to man." Peace from the tempest of passion, just swept past, peace from the sullen breath of surly winter, peace to the sorrowing, hopeless heart about to bury in the narrow limits of the tomb

the desire of eternity. Yes, let me add, peace everywhere. If we are not here aiming to blind all wounds, sustain the weak, direct the strong, and bless all men, then are we rightfully worthy all the scorn and contempt our enemies can heap upon us. If we do not aim at casting our factor of strength for the right, we be unto us! Nor will mere utterances of sentiment suffice. Action is demanded, not loud-mouthed rhetoric. When you think yourself working for the race, you but work for yourself. He that would lose his life for others, but saves it for himself. The universe of mind, matter and force sweeps on with unswerving fidelity to law, and he only is safe in the mighty rush who steers himself wisely in the narrow channel of adaptation, breathing bravely every storm and fighting for the right. Avoid the delusion of self-righteousness in every guise. Short-sighted mortal, do you—a speck, a mote, a helpless atom amid the awful whirl—imagine that your puny efforts at aiding your fellow all progression of other than yourself? In the limit vortex whose appalling dimensions defies the wildest imagining, and before which the soul stands amazed and agast, can you think your little motley of power can aid its resistless sweep? Are we who dream thus, hopelessly insane? Can a single speck of spray direct the surging whirlpool of Niagara, or make it change its course? Yet such a speck would be immeasurably more to the tremendous torrent, than the activities of the billions of men now living are to the power here the progression. We must do right and be right, or every mighty besom of destruction will ruthlessly sweep us out of the way of those who have learned where and how to walk. In doing what is called duty, we merely keep out of the way and save ourselves. Omnipotence is everywhere, and ever conspiring in aid of evolution. Progress is the law of life, here and hereafter. Step into its current and you are safe from harm; venture out of it, and misery, pain or death, according to the distance, are inevitable. Your doom is sealed. Intelligence and Sanctity are but the names of pilots who guide us into the smooth sea of Grace. Grace is neither a cloak of self-righteousness, selfishness, nor self-esteem. It is implicit confidence in the universe of force, whose unalloyed manifestation, when truly seen, is only love.

"Be not deceived; that which you sow you shall surely reap." We are in the everlasting whirl let us seek its smoothest current, for it is love and happiness. This eternal dance of matter went on ages before man appeared, and will doubtless proceed ages after he has gone. This "rushing metamorphosis" has introduced intellect upon the scene as a new tool for the unseen Power to use. Brains neither begin nor terminate the sequence of change, nor need we disguise the fact, known to every thinker, that they take, even collectively, but a very small part in the transitions going on. Feeling is a far more potent factor. Sages realize sorrowfully upon their own ignorance, beholding wise men marshaled against them, whom it is impossible to doubt the integrity of, and marking the percentage of proper and improper judgment in their own past experiences, soon become almost willing, except in the very rare cases in which ample data can easily be had, to cast up a penny and take chances upon its fortuitous turn. All men are better guides in dark places than men with open eyes who think they see a light where none exists. Let us be content, then, with the fact that we do progress. Principles, not men, are the fragments of power. Such principles are eternal in origin, and brought to light by feeling, not thought. Thought can marshal them and direct their hosts.

Brahminism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and Christianity are all engines of power used by Omnipotency for his (or its) work. Jews and Gentiles are alike his (or its) chosen ones, each set apart for peculiar work of their own. Modern Spiritualism, with the religious for its share of honor, although but little of its work has been done. A noble future lies before it. Let us cast a retrospective glance upon some of the work it has done. How often has the question been asked, "What good has Spiritualism done?" Christian, Materialist, Jew, and Pagan, has it ever occurred to you, while asking this question, that nothing in this universe ever came in vain? Such an interrogation is but an echo of the ages. It has been asked in the past, and will be repeated and re-repeated through the indefinite future. Should we grant your vilest charges against this cause, we could then scornfully retort, "Can no good thing come out of Nazareth?" The compost heap itself contains the richest food for humble violet, proud rhododendron, and virtuous rose. Spiritualism is young yet. Twenty-nine years span its brief ministry. In that time it has captured the hearts of pious men and women of every creed, and style, and matter of materialists have been its influence. Its votaries may be counted by millions. They can be found from the glittering ice-mountains of the polar seas to the fire-belt of the tropics.

The savage, with his pigmy intellect, befogged by counting the digits of his own right hand, along with the pensive savant, whose giant power scans the horizon of material things from Sir Isaac to the hydrogen atom, alike find a niche adapted to their wants in the new religion. If Newton's gravity, Avogadro's law or Darwin's natural selection are deemed true because they fit a vast range of phenomena, being the intellectual counterparts of the existing order of things, why should Spiritualism be contemptuously rejected after having shown so thorough an adaptation to so varied a range of psychical necessities? It is preposterously absurd in its enemies to attribute to an adherent of Spiritualism who is cured and thoughtful an acceptance of mumbo-jumbo, and the thousand-and-one advertisements of charlatans, as a part of his faith. If we are dupes treat us, with candor, and we will take that your professions of interest in our behalf are as represented. With so wide a range of intellects adhering to the cause, we may look over a vast area of country, and still vaster range of literature and art, to find its mark. It would be impossible for me in an hour and a quarter's talk to give you anything like a fair conception of the prowess of this "strange faith." The negroes of America can thank Garrison and Lincoln for their emancipation. Both were consultants of "the dead." The Russian serfs owe a debt of gratitude to D. D. Home and their Ozar as Spiritualists for their release from the bondage of ages. Let other denominations show as good a record in a thousand years as this for only twenty-nine. How long it would take me to tell of the sick hearts made glad by the proofs of immortality, of the sick made well by the ministry of faith, and of the innumerable multitude of living witnesses to startling exhibitions of unusual psychical and physical manifestations. Some of the most devout investigators have insisted upon no explanation of these wonders while suggesting several. As a result of their pains and candor they have been tabooed and denounced

from pulpit and press most lavishly. A notable instance of this kind is that noble worker in chemistry, Prof. Crookes, of London. How the lash of scorn was laid upon his back two years ago. An American scientific magazine of much note then published several articles of bitter denunciation even of the man. He was pronounced a mere dabbler, and charged with downright dishonesty. The last number of that magazine attests for this wrong by giving a likeness of the Professor, and a brief, candid biography of him. I have sympathized with Crookes for years, as his method of dealing with the great problem is very like my own. If there are any here to-day who think that an investigator of Spiritualism must necessarily be a fool, let me state to him that the discovery of the element Thallium, the radiometer, the electric deflagator, the oxy-hydrogen blow pipe, and the doctrine of natural selection, with other discoveries and inventions too numerous to mention, came by the same processes of thought, and through the same path in the mind of a man, as the discovery of the laws of Modern Spiritualism. I do not wonder at Spiritualists splitting fire at their accusers in the presence of facts of the character pointed out, when thoughtless newspaper reporters or country pastors attempt to belittle and cast ridicule upon them. But when the chief magistrate of a city, aided by its intelligent and influential ministers, descends to the same, it is execrable.

Yet, despite all this, it is evident the world moves. There is a real, a genuine progress going on. Slow though it be, it is certain. Omnipotence rules behind the veil of matter, while everything, from monad to man, from atom to galaxy, takes the part of mere tools to forward the decrees of eternity, or, as before intimated, is swept out of the way as an incumbrance not to be tolerated. Walk in the path decreed—the path for which gravity, heat, light, electricity, magnetism, sound, and motion, in their manifold rhythmic cadences, conspire—pain, mental and physical, are your unrelenting foes. The path of progress is the path of eternal life, and can only be gained through adaptation. Adaptation can only be acquired by fitting ourselves, souls and bodies, mentally, morally, physically, to the actual wants of ourselves and our fellows, in everything, so that we can run as smoothly as well-matched cog-wheels. This can only be reached by virtue, truth, and reason. All pain and misery come from ignoring these, whether willfully or ignorantly. In the past they suffered more, comparatively, than we do, because they were less conscious of this need. Within a century or two our adaptations, in all directions, have augmented in a rapid manner. We are today more truthful, more virtuous, more affectionate, more temperate than they were a few centuries ago. We are stronger, healthier, and longer-lived than our fathers. Our pleasures are augmented, and our pains are lessened. We are more joyful than they did not dream of. The increased business, requiring trust and confidence of men in one another, proves that we are more truthful. Such arrangements as we now have for doing business would have been impossible a few generations back. We no longer require a sword or dagger by our side when going abroad. We can drink our water or eat our food, though worth millions, without compelling the servant to eat or drink of the same in our presence before we touch it, to guard from poison. Courtisans are no longer the most respectable and best-educated women of society. The decenter and glasses are no longer considered a necessary part of the furniture of a respectable home, nor will the minister or friend calling feel insulted if you let him leave your presence without treating to today. Statistics show that the per cent. of increase in population in the civilized world in the last fifty years has been more than in five times the length of time in any preceding century.

The average age of the race is found to be much higher than ever before. The reason of that delusive notion held by many people that the world is degenerating morally, lies in the fact that our telegraphs and newspapers concentrate for us into a few columns all the criminal news of the country or world. Our staid grandfathers would not from their birth to their death get as much news from so vast an area as we get every morning. In this lies the secret of the popular delusion. I claim for all men a fair share. Though many deplore that they consider a backwardness in religion, yet here, too, rapid strides have been made. If we compare the lower classes of China with those of our own, we will see what time has done for us. Our fathers were just as crude a few centuries ago. Allow me to quote from Lubbock's "Origin of Civilization," p. 168: "In China, also, if the people, after long praying to their images, do not obtain what they desire, as it often happens, they turn off and make a statue of their own, and then pray to it. In the past they suffered more from their own superstitions than from the superstitions of others. They were used them in a most reproachful manner, loading them with hard names, and sometimes with blows. 'How now, dog of a spirit!' say they to them; 'we give you a lodging in a magnificent temple, we give you handsomely, feed you well, and offer incense to you; yet, after all this care, you are so ungrateful as to refuse us what we ask of you.' Hereupon they tie the image with cords, pluck him down, and drag him along the streets, through mud and dung, till they punish him for the expense of perfume which they have thrown away upon him. If, in the meantime, it happens that they gain their request, then, with a great deal of ceremony, they wash him clean and carry him back and place him in his niche again, where they fall down to him and make excuses for what they have done. 'In a truth,' say they, 'we were a little too hasty, as well as you were a little too long in your grant. Why should you bring this beating on yourself? But what is done cannot be now undone; let us not, therefore, think of it any more. If you will forget what is past, we will give you over again.' We may laugh at this, if we will, as idiotic, yet it answers the wants of the barbarian heart and suits his standard of intelligence. It would be useless to attempt to reason him out of it, as he has not reached that point in progress to comprehend your reasoning. He has not acquired the data of experience to comprehend anything higher, even though reasoned out satisfactorily to yourself before him. You cannot prove to a blind man that red is not like green. If born blind, you cannot get him to even comprehend the words you use. It totally transcends his experience. So are you aiming at impossibilities when you try to carry a man away from his religion, if that religion is adapted to his wants or reaches the standard of his experience. By ridicule you may effect your purpose, but not by reason. When you do succeed by such means, you curse the man and injure society in the change. You have unchained a lion to roam at large. Ridicule in matters of religion is villainous, criminal. A good and wise person scorns the use of such a weapon. 'Tis true it is an effective one, and draws from the church many of its adherents, but it is criminal for this very reason. Let me crave of you never to deal in

ridicule upon matters of the heart. If their intellects are unable to follow your chain of logic, set them down at once as children in need of toys. Leave them in the hands of "The All-upholder."

From the Fetish-worshiper to the man who has discarded anthropomorphism, from the atheist to the philosopher who with deep reverence acknowledges the Supreme Power—how vast the stride; yet all are alike ignorant of the nature of that Omnipotent Power. We know no more of its nature than the savage or the Christian. All acknowledge its supremacy, its augustness, its mystery, who have made it a matter of thought. Superficialists have marshaled themselves as foes, claiming on one side to tell all it is, and on the other to deny its existence. What folly. Let us learn wisdom from the folly of others, and be humble before the unknowable. Let the representatives of the cause of Spiritualism deport themselves as full grown men! A brilliant future awaits the cause if it keeps within the channel of fitness. It is young yet. Only twenty-nine summers have passed over its head, yet it has shown itself in every way precocious. It has opened the prison doors and set free the captive, burst the shackles of slaves, both white and black, and given a record well worthy of it. Its fair garments have been sullied with mud and slime, but these can soon be cleansed. The future must reveal its grandeur or declare its infamy, and upon you, its votaries, depends the issue. Do not be bigots or extreme partisans, imagining that in Spiritualism alone is progress found. All the world moves. Moody and Sankey in the "Tabernacle" are in the same Omnipotent hands as we are, and in their own way and place working for humanity. They can only catch those that find a fitness there. Perhaps you think that most of those they get are policy men who play the hypocrite. There may be some of this stripe. They thus reveal themselves to their friends and associates, and bring the hypocritical veil within their own ranks to the surface for eradication. I opine most of Mr. Moody's converts, however, are honest in their convictions, and deserve respect from thinking men rather than contempt. Brahminism is much older and grosser than the lowest form of Christianity, yet it is doing a grand work in its place. Christianity will probably survive in some form the wreck of empires yet unborn, and perform its function, as Brahminism has done. All these systems are parts of the machinery of society, and the new is imperfect without them. Do not worry your hearts at the decrees of fate, but take it all bravely.

Science, too, is working nobly, and there are devout Christians in its ranks, as well as free-thinkers. We can claim no monopoly in this grand march. It is the property of a common humanity. If others refuse to be candid enough to grant the value of the work, let us show a truer spirit. We do a mighty work in rescuing men from oblivion and superstition the hope of the soul for an endless consciousness. We have opened the gates of paradise to living men, and shown them the celestial cities. We have broken the barb of death with a present confirmation of the resurrection. We have made every day in the year a holy Easter to the watchers at the tombs. Is not, then, this day a fitting occasion to confirm our determinations and consecrate our lives to activity in working for our fellows. Mark it well again, were words amount to nothing. "Actions speak louder than words." Action is demanded of every man, woman and child here, as elsewhere in the ranks, or our professions become a mere mockery. If we have gained a pearl of value, let our willing neighbor share. Do not dream that a knowledge of immortality is all you need to make you happy. This, of all gifts God could give, is the most horrible if not sanctified by love. If Spiritualism rubs off all of our selfishness, and makes us no better men, then is it a curse and not a blessing. Eternal life without love and unselfishness, is an eternal place of torture.

While the terrific maelstrom of the Infinite sweeps on, while the majesty of the Power is shown forth, and the secrets of heaven-born law are being revealed, let us wisely sequester in faith. A brighter day is dawning on the world, and we are here to herald it. The seed of the unit shall be heven, one by one, by the spoiler death, while the pure and good remain.

"The past is a page all men may read,
But the future few may ken;
To grant the past its due, let us not grudge
Shall stand a king 'mongst men;
When the lawless arm and the delirious hand
Shall be found from sea to sea."

At the conclusion of Prof. Eccles's address, Dr. Gardner offered a few commendatory remarks to grant the past its due, let us not grudge. The hand of spirit-influence upon mortals has in authority was plainly perceivable in the liberation of the Russian serfs, and in the freeing of the slaves in America. These were two important factors entering into the answer of the question "What good has Spiritualism accomplished?" At the present time he would enter into no extended speech, neither would he rehearse the large number of believers in spirit-return, and coming, plucking him down, and drag him along the streets, through mud and dung, till they punish him for the expense of perfume which they have thrown away upon him. If, in the meantime, it happens that they gain their request, then, with a great deal of ceremony, they wash him clean and carry him back and place him in his niche again, where they fall down to him and make excuses for what they have done. "In a truth," say they, "we were a little too hasty, as well as you were a little too long in your grant. Why should you bring this beating on yourself? But what is done cannot be now undone; let us not, therefore, think of it any more. If you will forget what is past, we will give you over again." We may laugh at this, if we will, as idiotic, yet it answers the wants of the barbarian heart and suits his standard of intelligence. It would be useless to attempt to reason him out of it, as he has not reached that point in progress to comprehend your reasoning. He has not acquired the data of experience to comprehend anything higher, even though reasoned out satisfactorily to yourself before him. You cannot prove to a blind man that red is not like green. If born blind, you cannot get him to even comprehend the words you use. It totally transcends his experience. So are you aiming at impossibilities when you try to carry a man away from his religion, if that religion is adapted to his wants or reaches the standard of his experience. By ridicule you may effect your purpose, but not by reason. When you do succeed by such means, you curse the man and injure society in the change. You have unchained a lion to roam at large. Ridicule in matters of religion is villainous, criminal. A good and wise person scorns the use of such a weapon. 'Tis true it is an effective one, and draws from the church many of its adherents, but it is criminal for this very reason. Let me crave of you never to deal in

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From the Fetish-worshiper to the man who has discarded anthropomorphism, from the atheist to the philosopher who with deep reverence acknowledges the Supreme Power—how vast the stride; yet all are alike ignorant of the nature of that Omnipotent Power. We know no more of its nature than the savage or the Christian. All acknowledge its supremacy, its augustness, its mystery, who have made it a matter of thought. Superficialists have marshaled themselves as foes, claiming on one side to tell all it is, and on the other to deny its existence. What folly. Let us learn wisdom from the folly of others, and be humble before the unknowable. Let the representatives of the cause of Spiritualism deport themselves as full grown men! A brilliant future awaits the cause if it keeps within the channel of fitness. It is young yet. Only twenty-nine summers have passed over its head, yet it has shown itself in every way precocious. It has opened the prison doors and set free the captive, burst the shackles of slaves, both white and black, and given a record well worthy of it. Its fair garments have been sullied with mud and slime, but these can soon be cleansed. The future must reveal its grandeur or declare its infamy, and upon you, its votaries, depends the issue. Do not be bigots or extreme partisans, imagining that in Spiritualism alone is progress found. All the world moves. Moody and Sankey in the "Tabernacle" are in the same Omnipotent hands as we are, and in their own way and place working for humanity. They can only catch those that find a fitness there. Perhaps you think that most of those they get are policy men who play the hypocrite. There may be some of this stripe. They thus reveal themselves to their friends and associates, and bring the hypocritical veil within their own ranks to the surface for eradication. I opine most of Mr. Moody's converts, however, are honest in their convictions, and deserve respect from thinking men rather than contempt. Brahminism is much older and grosser than the lowest form of Christianity, yet it is doing a grand work in its place. Christianity will probably survive in some form the wreck of empires yet unborn, and perform its function, as Brahminism has done. All these systems are parts of the machinery of society, and the new is imperfect without them. Do not worry your hearts at the decrees of fate, but take it all bravely.

Science, too, is working nobly, and there are devout Christians in its ranks, as well as free-thinkers. We can claim no monopoly in this grand march. It is the property of a common humanity. If others refuse to be candid enough to grant the value of the work, let us show a truer spirit. We do a mighty work in rescuing men from oblivion and superstition the hope of the soul for an endless consciousness. We have opened the gates of paradise to living men, and shown them the celestial cities. We have broken the barb of death with a present confirmation of the resurrection. We have made every day in the year a holy Easter to the watchers at the tombs. Is not, then, this day a fitting occasion to confirm our determinations and consecrate our lives to activity in working for our fellows. Mark it well again, were words amount to nothing. "Actions speak louder than words." Action is demanded of every man, woman and child here, as elsewhere in the ranks, or our professions become a mere mockery. If we have gained a pearl of value, let our willing neighbor share. Do not dream that a knowledge of immortality is all you need to make you happy. This, of all gifts God could give, is the most horrible if not sanctified by love. If Spiritualism rubs off all of our selfishness, and makes us no better men, then is it a curse and not a blessing. Eternal life without love and unselfishness, is an eternal place of torture.

meet in the shining presence of those who from the far hill tops of the Infinite and immortal world return with lessons of love, and truth, and joy; in this hour when we celebrate the resurrection from creeds and dogmas into that infinite life and love which shall yet flow alike over all the branches of science, and all the departments of the churches till everywhere on earth bigotry, superstition and ignorance shall have been swept into the vast sea of oblivion; at this hour we thank thee, oh God, that spirits do commune with man, touching the lyre-strings of human hearts, and that, through facts, the quickening touch of that life, that force and that power divine and infinite which enables him, although his feet yet press the cold, dark sand grains of earth, to know and recognize that he walks with angels.

Oh Father, we thank thee that the dark places of earth are made splendid with the shining forms of the disembodied; and on this hour, oh Infinite Soul of all goodness, may those who have gathered here consecrate their lives to that unity of nature, that depth of spiritual force and understanding, which shall enable them, thy children, passing from the West toward the East seeking after knowledge, ever to plant their feet upon the square of Infinite truth; and while holding the compass, oh may they look at the great Bible of life written upon the granite boulders under their feet, or in the stars above that shed their holy radiance upon this lower world! Oh, thou great, infinite and eternal God, again I thank thee for the glory of our living, our sacred religion, and with renewed fervor and unflinching trust we will still endeavor to plant our standards in every home till the great anthem of peace on earth, good unto all willing men, shall roll in unbroken diapason throughout the wide, wide world! Amen.

SPEECH OF GEORGE A. BACON.

After music by the orchestra Mr. Bacon made the following remarks, as the initial address of the evening:

Ladies and Gentlemen.—The occasion which calls us together is one of no ordinary importance; it is fraught with an interest of the deepest and most profound character—represents a significance beyond the measure of words to convey. In fact, it is the recognition of an angel, whose bursting the bars of death, has virtually conquered the hitherto supposed greatest enemy of mankind—the fear and silence of the tomb! It is the dawn of a New Day, the herald of a New Dispensation; it is the opening up of a highway between two worlds; it is the establishment and inauguration of a system of telegraphy which binds and unites two hemispheres of thought. We are met to-night to memorize one of these epochal or monumental events in the history of ecclesiasticism, which is everywhere affecting, if not thoroughly changing the thoughts of the children of men. Spiritualism came in our day and generation, like all important events, simply and modestly, without ostentation or vain show; it came to stay; it has followed the even and uneven tenor of its way, till to-day it is everywhere recognized, if not as the dominant power, it is still augmenting power in the land—recognized as having begun a revolution in human thought already visible in literature, medicine, art, science and religion, and it is destined to go on conquering and to conquer, till those great spiritual truths which it came to declare, shall be everywhere recognized and acknowledged if not appreciated.

While Spiritualism presents a threefold aspect, it is treble-headed in its mode of operations—destructive, constructive and reconstructive; it came as a regenerator, an educator and a consolator; it already has been, now is, and will yet be to multitudes more, the veritable spirit of truth, a holy comforter indeed. It came to the understanding, enabling it to speak as one having authority; it came to deepen, widen and enlarge the bounds of man's mental vision; it came to the heart to bring joy to the mourner and freedom to the oppressed; it came to give the truest and grandest conception of life; to prove the dearest and greatest of earthly blessings—the continuity of human love beyond death and the grave; it came inspiring, refining, baptizing all. Are not these interests worth rejoicing over? worth celebrating? worth seeking to extend a knowledge of to all the world?

In the midst of its surroundings, consequently in part on the condition of success or upon a lack of knowledge on the part of those who profess to know most about it, we are advised by mortals and immortals always to separate the chaff from the wheat, and appropriate only the good, the beautiful and the true. Assimilating these into our daily life and thought, we are commanded to elevate the standard of our manhood and womanhood here; through its uplifting power man can and shall yet feel the impulses of angelic even when yet dwelling in the flesh. But, ladies and gentlemen, begging your pardon, I do not propose either to improve or abuse this opportunity. My duty is simply to announce the names in your hearing of those who have been invited by the management to participate in these exercises, and I will now proceed to do so. It is wholly unnecessary for me to say a word of her who has been chosen to make the first regular address of the evening. Long after she has faded from the memory of the past, by any means, but she had long been looking down with earnest eyes into its unsounded depths, and watching for that outgrowth which she felt must yet come from it; and perhaps because she was yet a child in the kingdom she had found no plummet with which to test its ultimate possibilities. But one had said that when we left off wishing, and willingly received what came to us, and unquestioningly did what was given us to do, we found true rest; and to this state of mind she came at last, and in the presence of its infinite calm her spirit felt stronger to meet the duties and vicissitudes of time.

No Spiritualist present would need to be told that during the past three days we had been celebrating the 29th Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism; and as the things attendant on its coming among men had not been done in a corner, it was doubtful if any outsider in attendance could be ignorant of the fact. Now those who, with the speaker, had watched Spiritualism in its infancy and its childhood thus far, had observed all the changes and mutations at-

[Continued on eighth page.]

& RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province
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We respectfully decline all business operations looking to the sale of books on commission, and for a free Catalogue of our Publications, apply to Colby & Rich.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notices of meetings, lecture appointments, etc., should be forwarded to this office as early as Monday of each week, in order to insure publication in the same week's edition of the Banner, otherwise such notices will necessarily have to be inserted in the following number.

In quiting from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impartial free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1877.

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

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JOHN W. DAY, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

Letters and communications for the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to LUTHER COLBY, and business letters to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—The key which unlocks the mysteries of the Past, explains the Present, and demonstrates the Future existence of man.

After this date the Banner will be on sale in this city every Thursday morning, instead of Wednesday, as recently announced. This change is made to especially accommodate the wholesale news-dealers. Retail dealers will please take notice.

Human Food.

We are not vegetarians, nor do we advocate or follow the practice of flesh food mainly. Each to his own, is our rule, if rule it is. Let every one discover for himself what sort of diet best agrees with him, and while neither underfeeding nor overfeeding, use enough to maintain him in health and strength. A communication appeared in the Banner some time since, in reply to Dr. Dison, in which it was admitted that ten times as much land is required to support a given number of people subsisting on the flesh of animals as would be required for their support if they were to subsist wholly on vegetable food. The statement itself we do not presume to question, any more than we are disposed to doubt that people may enjoy excellent health and live a great many years by restricting themselves to a purely vegetable diet. The same communication, however, insisted that the argument for vegetarianism loses much of its force from the fact that in many parts of the earth there is more land than there are people to till it, and that it could be made available for raising meat.

A highly intelligent correspondent writes respecting the whole subject, adducing numerous facts and arguments which, in the cause of progress and higher living, it fairly lies within our province to communicate. He has evidently considered the subject carefully, and he is apparently consistent in his life with his convictions on this subject. This statement in relation to the best way of utilizing surplus land he regards as the clue to the habit of our eating flesh at all. He cites Plutarch as saying that the first man who ate flesh probably did so from sheer hunger. He advances a step, and says that when the race shed the animal and merged into the human (according to the Darwinian theory), they came into the possession of new powers of mind as consequently of body, inclining and enabling them to strike out into new paths of exertion for procuring food; and that under the combined influences of hunger and curiosity, they sooner or later devised means to capture, tear in pieces, and prepare for eating the animal kind—a process to which their progenitors were unequal. And he maintains that those ancestors, like the animals themselves, were fruit-eating rather than carnivorous.

Our correspondent further insists that we shall all "look Nature squarely in the face," and that as surely as we do we shall find that grains, vegetables and fruits are the natural food of man, and therefore best for him, both mentally and physically. And he proceeds to make such citations from history as he claims bear out his favorite theory. Pythagoras was one of the most celebrated of the ancient philosophers, and he is said to be the very first one we read of who came to the defence of a vegetable diet. He not only refrained from animal food himself, but he likewise prohibited its use by his disciples; and in consequence, those who follow his rule to-day are called Pythagoreans. He flourished about five hundred years before Christ, and was a man of vast and profound learning, and of extraordinary powers of intellect. It was he who demonstrated the famous Forty-seventh Problem of the First Book of Euclid, and who entertained the true views respecting the solar system, which were afterwards restated by Copernicus in the sixteenth century.

Zeno, the stoic, Diogenes, the cynic, Plato, Plutarch, Plautus, Proclus, Empedocles, Phocion, Quintus Sextus, Porphyry, and a great many more among the ancients whose names and histories have descended to us, all abstained from animal food; and, more recently, Haller, Ritson, Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Lambe, Shelley, Dr. Hufeland, Sir Richard Phillips, Prof. R. D. Mussey, Dr. James, of Wisconsin, Dr. Whitlaw, Dr. W. A. Alcott, and many others have both advocated and personally tried for a long course of years a strictly and exclusively vegetable diet. Our correspondent next proceeds to produce evidence to show that vegetable food is also capable of producing and sustaining the greatest physical strength. We observe that even grass is capable of producing great vigor in the herbivorous animals, and that fruits, roots and grains are also capable of supplying considerable muscular energy is shown by the orang-outang. This animal has been known to take up his master bodily and carry him about.

Among men whose powers of endurance and whose physical strength were notably sustained on a vegetarian diet, the case of Cyrus, the ruler

of Persia, is cited. It is recorded that he performed more extraordinary marches, fought more battles, won more remarkable victories, and exhibited more bodily endurance than almost any general that ever lived; and that he subsisted from childhood on the simplest and plainest diet of vegetable food and water; and the Persian soldiers who accompanied him on his career of conquest and shared his hardships, toils, and dangers, and on whom he placed his main dependence in battle, and with whom he was able to march thousands of miles in an incredibly short time, and conquer armies twice as large as his own, were, like himself, trained from childhood on bread, cresses, and water, and adhered strictly to the same simplicity of vegetable diet through the whole of their heroic course, not relaxing at all from the stern severity of their abstinence even in the hour of victory, when the luxuries of captured cities lay in profusion around them.

On this subject, Rollins says in his Ancient History that those who were destined to become athletes "frequented, from their tender age, the gymnasia or palestra, which were of a kind of academies maintained at the public expense for that purpose. In these places, such young people were under the direction of different masters, who employed the most effectual methods to insure their bodies to the fatigues of the public games, and to form them for the combats. The regimen they were under was very hard and severe. At first they had no other nourishment but dried figs, nuts, soft cheese, and a gross, heavy sort of bread. They were absolutely forbidden to use wine, and required to observe the strictest continence." And again he says, "In later times, after animal food had begun to be common among the people, and flesh-meat was found to be more stimulating, and to render their pugilists and gladiators more ferocious, a portion of flesh was introduced into the diet of the athletes. But, according to the testimony of early Greek writers, it was soon found that the free use of this kind of aliment made them the most sluggish and stupid of men."

Coming down to modern times, our correspondent cites the personal testimony of several travelers, some from New England, and well known, to the fact of the superior strength of Russian soldiers, Greek watermen, Spanish carriers and stevedores, Canary porters, and other specimens of strong men, which is entirely consistent with the theory of a vegetarian diet. In almost all these cases, a small daily allowance of coarse, unbolled bread, garnished with some kinds of common fruits for sauce, was the sole basis of a physical vigor that no flesh-eating class can show. The facts are certainly too significant to be set aside, and we think they are of special interest to all those who, for the highest reasons, are desirous of following abstemious lives. One thing is very certain, that a great deal of flesh food tends to clog and corrupt the human system, and necessarily to involve the human spirit in the folds of stupidity which it generates. But the subject is one rather to investigate and experiment upon than to dogmatize upon with intent to make involuntary converts to the vegetarian theory.

His Hope—Its Consummation.

We extract the following from one of our exchanges:

Rev. John S. C. Abbott, who has been a long time on the threshold of the next life, says in a recent letter to a friend, "I never was so happy before as now. My cup is full. When I contemplate my passage through the stars, guided by a celestial escort, my arrival in heaven—wonderful, wonderful heaven!—my personal presentation to my heavenly Father, the revelation which will be made to me of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, and of all the mysteries of the incarnation and of the resurrection, my joy is too great to express. I am very happy to remain here as long as God would have me; but no language can tell the joy I experience in view of the arrival of the chariot of Israel, the horsemen thereof to convey me. I shall probably never see you again in this world, my dear brother, but I shall be, indeed, glad to greet you when you enter the golden gate, and that time will soon come."

The poor man has uttered it so often from the pulpit that no doubt he really expects, when he dies, he will pass "through the stars," and be "guided by a celestial escort" to heaven; and especially he imagines that he shall experience great joy when he is conveyed in "the chariot of Israel," and conveyed by "the horsemen thereof," to say nothing of "entering the golden gates"! That the writer really believes this we have no doubt. But, when he passes on, he will feel terribly disappointed, for he will see no "golden gates," no "chariots of Israel," but in lieu thereof a world like our own, only more refined—as material to the spirit as this globe is to the mortal—with vast oceans, mountains and valleys, birds and flowers, and human beings like unto himself; colleges of learning, and primary schools where little children are taught, cities and villages, and territory where the red men find a happy hunting-ground. He will see the good man Jesus, and be sorely disappointed in not finding him what his imagination has depicted.

A preacher of the gospel, who passed to spirit-life some years ago, came to us after his decease, in great perplexity, as he had found nothing in the spiritual world as he expected. He could not believe the statements made to him by spirit friends—whom he met, and they finally told him he had better return to earth—as the avenue was now open—and learn of mortals who knew more about the spirit-world than he did. And he had come, he said, to solicit an expression of our views. We pitied his condition, he appeared so earnest and sincere. We accordingly told him that we supposed the sad state he was in was consequent upon the false theory he had imbibed and taught while on earth, and all that we could suggest for him to do was to put himself right by becoming as a little child and learning his lesson anew. Much agitated he remarked, "What! I who taught Christ and him crucified for forty years! I learn my lesson of life anew! That is just what they told me yonder—and now I return to earth and you tell me the same story." Reflecting for some time on what he had said, he continued: "Well, well, it must be so; I will become as a little child, and learn my lesson anew." And he did. But he had so thoroughly imbued his mind with the teachings of old theology—and so certain was he that he was one of the elect—that it required a long time for him to reconcile himself to his new condition.

To Correspondents.

The special attention of those forwarding notices of meetings, lecture appointments, items of news, etc., is called to the fact of the change in our day of publication. We go to press every Tuesday afternoon; therefore all matter intended for publication at the earliest moment, must be forwarded to this office previous to this time.

An interesting letter from our agent in England, Mr. J. J. Morse, will appear in the next number of the Banner.

The Anniversary Exercises—Meeting at New Orleans.

As the reader will perceive, we have devoted this number principally to the giving of reports of the celebration at different points, of the 29th Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. On our first and eighth pages will be found the eloquent discourse of Prof. R. G. Eccles, and the stirring words of Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, and others. Our second page contains accounts of more or less length from friends in New York City, Cleveland, O., Baltimore, Md., Glens Falls, N. Y., Ellsworth, Me., Springfield, Mass., Providence, R. I., and Glover, Vt.

We have received reports of anniversary meetings which we shall print next week from Rochester, N. Y., Philadelphia, Pa., and Salem, Mass. The Daily Pleasure, for Sunday, April 1st, thus delineates the anniversary services at New Orleans, La.:

"The Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of 'Modern Spiritualism' was celebrated last night at Temperance Hall, under the auspices of the ladies belonging to the New Orleans Association of Spiritualists. The hall was very prettily decorated with flowers, which were scattered about in delightful profusion."

Essays and lectures on the subject of Spiritualism, by both ladies and gentlemen, were numerous, while vocal and instrumental music formed not the least attractive features of the evening's entertainment. Mr. R. G. W. Jewell, President of the Association, delivered an historical address upon Spiritualism, recurring to the time when, in 1848, it first became intelligible through the mediumship of the celebrated Fox Sisters. A description of the manner in which this was performed, and the gradual interpretation of the mysterious rappings by the Fox Sisters, and their subsequent career, were narrated by the speaker, who claimed that Spiritualism 'is the only practical knowledge we have of immortality,' and 'the grandest truth in existence.' Reference was made to the impositions upon Spiritualists of other days, the cruelties they were made to suffer, and how came the comparison between the treatment of the medium in which this was performed, and the gradual interpretation of the mysterious rappings by the Fox Sisters, and their subsequent career, were narrated by the speaker, who claimed that Spiritualism 'is the only practical knowledge we have of immortality,' and 'the grandest truth in existence.' Reference was made to the impositions upon Spiritualists of other days, the cruelties they were made to suffer, and how came the comparison between the treatment of the medium in which this was performed, and the gradual interpretation of the mysterious rappings by the Fox Sisters, and their subsequent career, were narrated by the speaker, who claimed that Spiritualism 'is the only practical knowledge we have of immortality,' and 'the grandest truth in existence.' 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BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

A Paris "regular" doctor, who tried to cure an actress of her obesity, sent her to the grave; but he explained it to the public that he had to sacrifice one person in order to get the hang of his treatment. Lucky Paris! Why, hundreds are sent to the grave prematurely every year in this country by the "regulars" before they know that the less they drug them the better it is for their patients.

The sedate Boston Daily Advertiser, which prints Rev. Mr. Cook's sermons, contains the following:

As a prayer-meeting in a Providence church, recently, Deacon — arose and expressed himself as follows: "My friends, with great sorrow and regret I have just learned of the decease of our beloved Brother — Let us now sing 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'"

The blue glass theory isn't all "hum." If it was the "regular" M. D. would not kick at it so hard.

William Caxton's introduction of the art of printing into England is to be formally celebrated in June, on the four hundredth anniversary of that happy occasion. A meeting to organize the celebration was held the other day in the Jerusalem Hall, Westminister Abbey, Dean Stanley presiding. The tickets of admission were printed in beautiful black letter. Dean Stanley, Earl Stanhope, and the Bishop of Exeter, made interesting speeches, full of antique lore; and the Hon. Edward Pierpont pleased the grave audience by showing how the great art had benefited this country. His illustrations were drawn chiefly from the wonderful statistics of journalism in America; and he said it might readily be inferred that the citizens of the United States would be interested in the commemoration of the event which introduced the art of printing into England—the country from which Americans received the art, and from which they inherited their first ideas of political liberty.

REMEMBER THIS.—Those who come to you to talk about others, are the ones who go to others to talk about you.

"Love in a cottage" is all very well
For those who have plenty in store,
But out of the window the winged archer flies
When poverty enters the door.

Boston has adopted a new military signal in case of unforeseen danger threatening the public peace. It is this: The fire-alarm bells will be struck fifteen consecutive blows three times, when each member of military companies will instantly repair to their armories to await orders.

"Oh, what becomes," said Chloë fair,
Of all the pine that from my hair
I drop unheeded on the floor,
And never miss or see them more?"

"My dear," said Darwin, "they all go
Into our mother earth below;
There their development begins,
And ending they are terra-plena!"

—Buffalo Courier.

The Methodists in conference at Lynn talked about the "Intestine meeting" in their church. Where's Mrs. Parlington?

Sardine packing has now become an important industry in the United States. The American Sardine Company started the business of preparing the fish for sale about seven years ago, at Fort Monmouth, N. J. Prior to 1874 the fish were canned in this country, but during the last two years large quantities have been exported to Russia, Germany, Australia, England, France and South America.

Now that we have honest men in power the whisky rings are to be broken up. A sober thought.

A hard-working scribe on a rural journal says: "It is exasperating to write. It takes twelve miles to shove the British museum library, and then see it come out in the paper trash. It takes twelve miles to shove the British museum library."

A Pittsburg man bought a horse by photograph. This is getting the case before the horse. —Danbury News.

Mr. Moody says heaven is paved with gold. What is the reason, then, that a rich man has no chance there?

Last Saturday was bright and sunny. We hope it will keep so for a week or two at least, to give spleen people a chance to become good-natured.

TUPPER'S FAREWELL.—Mr. Martin F. Tupper has written a few tender and sportive lines of farewell to his American friends and foes. He sweetly says to those who love him not:

A last farewell, oh my few foes!
I feel you not, by mouth or pen;
To the battle bravely rose,
A man to fight his fight with men;
And in this gauntlet I have run,
You shall not say he failed or fell,
Till recording when I'm gone,
He fought and won his victories well.

They have had a coup d'état in Georgia. "Too much tar on de heel." —Uncle Sam is safe.

Four only of the fifty-eight signers of the Texas Declaration of Independence in 1835 survive. These are Edward Waller, of Virginia, John W. Burton, of Tennessee, W. B. Seton, of Sherman, Colorado, and Charles B. Stewart, of Texas.

The Boston ladies are having an entertainment which they call kettled-rum. —N. Y. Graphic.

The New Yorkers have an entertainment every day which they call Grab-bic!

A citizen of Eureka loaded up his shot-gun with six fingers of powder and a double charge of shot, and laid in wait for the dog that had nightly serenaded him. The cur came at the appointed time, and the citizen turned the old gun loose. The dog thinks he will recover sufficiently to attend to business in about a month. The dog has left town with the excitement calms down.

The St. Paul and Minneapolis Pioneer Press informs us that "The Rev. E. R. Keyes, in a sermon on the mutual relations of the sexes in the next world, says: 'The same ineffable felicity that exists among lovers here will continue to exist in heaven.'"

Alpheus Hardy thinks that "the good works of self" will not save a man when he meets "the dread king." He had better carefully examine the teachings of one Paul in the ancient record. "When the blind lead the blind they both fall into the ditch."

One of the curiosities on exhibition at the Old South—a chip of the old block.

THE TELEPHONE.
I watched in my room all alone!
Not a sound was heard that night!
Then I cursed the telephone,
And went right off and got 'tigh'!

—JO COSE.

The papers say that President Hayes saw a good many callers on the 11th. If he keeps on seeing people at the rate he has since he became President, he will get sea-sick and to death.

Sleeping coaches, says the Traveller, have been introduced on French railroads. How convenient it must be to ride in a noiseless sleeping coach!

NOCTURNE.—ITALY.
Up to her chamber window
A light with tresses goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Climbers a host of loves;
I lounge in the lex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unconscious her stolen glances,
The curtain's folds between.
She smiles on her white-robed lover,
She reaches out her hand,
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand!
I see her smile as she holds him,
And kisses him with a time,
Ah, me! it was he that won her,
Because he dared to climb!

Who are the most crank people in London? Organ-grinders. And yet they are arrested for palsy! Where's Flowers?

Recently two young misses belonging on Cape Cod had their hair cut short, dressed sailor-like, and "shipped" on board their father's vessel in order to be with their "lovers." Two young sailors also from the Cape. The day previous to the sailing of the ship the misses went "on a bender," and came on board "tigh'." When their sex was fortunately discovered, and the discoleates were of course hurried home, to pine for their loved ones "on the bony deep."

"SAVE THE OLD SOUTH."—A contemporary says there is an exhibition in the Old South Church, "a feather hat, which was worn by Mrs. Ruth Todd, of Medford, when a young girl over one hundred years old." Also among the curiosities are a small trunk, a pair of shoes, etc. etc. Also a piece of Mrs. Samuel Jackson's wedding dress—"all tattered and torn"—1783. But the question Drigly propounds is this: Will these trinkets, barring "a young girl over one hundred years old," "save the Old South?"

A poor man in New York, sentenced to six months imprisonment for stealing four mackerels, offers to return three of the mackerel if he is given his liberty. He is said to be a friend of Boss Tweed.

According to the newspaper reports many of the judges in England are a very pompous class. One of them bears the name of Flowers, which is significant of refinement, but in this connection it is quite the reverse in the estimation of eleven millions of Americans.

An optician, Capt. Lahrbusch, died recently in New York at the great age of one hundred and eleven years. Optician did not get the best of him, although it has no doubt sent off prematurely many thousands of people.

Spiritualism: New Works on its Phenomena, Philosophy, and Present Position.

BY "M. A. (OXON)."

I have been frequently asked to publish a book on Spiritualism. The facilities which I have enjoyed for personal investigation, my acquaintance with the literature of the subject and with prominent workers in it, and the attention that I have paid to the investigation of its various phases, have seemed to many to fit me for such a duty. It is easier asked than done. A book on this subject, if it did not sketch the subject, should be very voluminous; and, when written, it would be found to omit more than it discussed or recorded. I cannot write such a book; nor do I think it desirable that any such attempt should be made in the present state of our knowledge.

But I do think it very important that any person who has special facilities for observation should use them, and record their results as best he can. In this belief I have kept careful records of what I have seen, and from time to time have published Essays and Reviews on the published opinions of others. I have also printed a number of chapters of Personal Research in the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism, and have selected, from a mass that have been automatically written out, certain Spirit-teachings. I propose to collect and complete these works.

First, I wish to print a volume of ESSAYS AND REVIEWS. It will contain, in addition to a number of Reviews of works of standard American authors—Olcott, Sargent, Tuttle, Crowell, and others—and a long Essay on the Transcendental Action of Spirit, which have already appeared, much original matter not yet published. A special aspect of the question; the other, "Researches into the Phenomena and Philosophy of Spiritualism," dealing with the whole subject in its experimental phases, and with the theory and philosophy of it. These will come in due time if they find a place.

For the present I put forward only "ESSAYS AND REVIEWS." The following friends have kindly formed themselves into a committee with a view of carrying out business arrangements. Those to whose names an asterisk (*) is prefixed will receive names of Subscribers, and Mr. Percival, the Treasurer, will receive subscriptions as they become due.

Details of publication will be given when it becomes clear that the book will meet a demand. Unless a sufficient number of copies—about 500—be subscribed for, I shall consider that it is not wise to print.

I respectfully beg that no business letters may be sent to me, as my time is already overtaxed.

"M. A. (OXON)."

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Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDD, are reported in this Department, and published each week in this Department.

We also publish on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DICKSON.

These messages are given to spirits who carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil, and who, after passing from the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns, that does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions of truth are, they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings

Are held at No. 5, Montgomery Place, (second story) corner of Madison Street, on Tuesday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Admission Free. The meetings are open to all who desire to attend, and services are conducted in such a manner, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor egress until the conclusion of the service, except in case of absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited.

As most of the messages given at the Banner of Light are published on this page, are from other strangers—spirits to our medium and ourselves, it is desirable that those who from time to time may recognize the spirit communicating should forward such communications to this office for publication. A few dollars, but we verily believe of innumerable verifications of the truth of the spirit world, are the proof. This is to be regretted. But we hope those interested will in future do us the favor to respond to our request.

Questions answered at these meetings are often proposed by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the Chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Donations of flowers collected.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

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

Invocation.

Oh, thou great and wondrous Power! may we feel thy influence as we come together this hour, and may we be baptized anew with thy love. May we reach out our hands to the sin-sick souls of life; may we bring all hearts nearer to thee and to the angels. And oh, Father! We desire thee to give us strength to strew flowers of beauty and love all over the world.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready, Mr. Chairman, for whatever questions you may have to propose.

Q.—[From the audience.] Is the moon inhabited by human beings?

A.—I have never visited the moon, but I have every reason to suppose, from my knowledge of the planets, that the moon is inhabited.

Q.—[From the audience.] Are the dwelling houses spoken of by spirits, their habitations made by spirit carpenters? How are they produced, and of what material?

A.—In one sense I might answer, Yes, by spirit carpenters. Again I might say to you, We are all carpenters in spirit life. I do not suppose for one moment that I can make you understand how our houses are built; and were I to tell you of what material they are built, you would be as much in the dark as you were before; but this much I will say, there are a variety of materials, apparently. We have houses there that look as if they were built of wood; others look as if they were built of different kinds of stone; others look like marble mansions, yet they are really not like your marble, for were you with your material hand to take hold of one of the doors, you would immediately find there was nothing there; it would melt in your hand. You must remember that you are asking about spiritual dwellings. They are not made as you build your houses. We do not go to work here with hammer and nails and lumber. I will give a simple illustration: As you go out into the forest sometime in the spring, you are surprised to see that a new flower you have never met with before has sprung up in all its beauty; you watch it very closely through the day; the next day, if you measure it, you will find it has grown, but you did not see it grow, nor discover the process by which it grew. So in spirit life, you would find our dwelling changing according to your development. A little spirit girl once was asked how she built her house. "I do not know," said she; "but did you ever see a spider build its web?" You know the spider spins out to spin its web; and so it is in the spiritual world—we spin whatever we have, or rather it comes to us. Let me tell you, friends, that if you want beautiful homes there, let your life-deeds be beautiful, your life-thoughts be good, and then you will be sure of happy, pleasant and beautiful homes in the spirit land. If I should tell you that your spirit homes are built of your life-deeds, I would come very near the truth.

Q.—[From the audience.] Have you ever met a spirit that inhabited this earth more than six thousand years ago?

A.—We have seen and talked with spirits that lived a great many more than six thousand years ago. There are also spirits who live for one life, that, according to their development, are less refined than many born three or four thousand years ago. It appears strange to many people that, in spirit life, we say we meet individuals from such and such a place. Why, dear children of earth, can't you, with your spiritual vision, scan the great eternal world and realize that spirits interchange thought and recognize each other, meet and hold converse together? How would our wisdom circles be controlled, were it not for the good and the evil we will have learned of the higher powers? If you will study these things you will become better acquainted with the rules of life, of which even many spirits to day are deficient.

Q.—[By M. K. E.] The purpose of the creation of the human family—was it for some particular end?

A.—All creation is for some particular purpose. You can look at the flower and tree, the bird, the animal and man, and you will use for one life, that, according to their development, are less refined than many born three or four thousand years ago. It appears strange to many people that, in spirit life, we say we meet individuals from such and such a place. Why, dear children of earth, can't you, with your spiritual vision, scan the great eternal world and realize that spirits interchange thought and recognize each other, meet and hold converse together? How would our wisdom circles be controlled, were it not for the good and the evil we will have learned of the higher powers? If you will study these things you will become better acquainted with the rules of life, of which even many spirits to day are deficient.

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Q.—What is charity?

A.—We should have to answer for each individual, if we answer in a broad sense. One man considers that charity consists in looking well to his own household—taking care of himself and his family, and always meeting out exact justice to his fellow-man. When he does this he feels within himself that he is walking the bright path, the path that all mankind and all woman-kind, if they were to walk rightly, would walk in. Were we to ask another individual what charity is, he would say, to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to do that which seems for the benefit of all with whom we come in contact; never to judge harshly, but to look over each individual case, and do what you would do were you placed in like circumstances. We say, charity begins at home, but does not end there; that charity gives to each man his just due. Yet it also covers a multitude of faults, and makes the best of all things and everybody.

Q.—[By William Wiggin, New York City.] What is the effect on disease of light coming through glass of different colors? What virtue is there especially in the "blue glass theory"?

A.—It would take, Mr. Chairman, a longer time than we have at our command to explain the philosophy of different colors, but this much we will say: a thought which has been revived from the past has taken hold of some scientific minds, leading them to the conclusion that colors can be made useful in the cure of disease. We believe the shades of blue to be particularly adapted to those whose nervous systems are unstrung, and who, although they receive but little sympathy from the community at large, are among the poorest sufferers. We do trust that out of this "color cure" will come something of substantial benefit to mankind. It did not originate on your planet, but with us in spirit-life, and we are about to make some new revelations

to mankind whereby they need not dose themselves with unhealthy drugs, as in the past, but may be cured by natural laws, by magnetic power, by the power of light and electricity.

Q.—[By M. J. H.] We confine individuals in prison when they wrong their brother man, or break the law. Is there no power in spirit life to confine and educate undeveloped spirits, and prevent their injuring innocent persons on earth?

A.—We have hospitals in spirit life where we minister to minds diseased. You often hear us speak of visiting spirits in prison, and liberating them—bringing them up to a higher plane of existence. We do not treat crime as you treat it; we do not punish an individual because he has committed an act which his nature compelled him to commit, but we treat him as a diseased person, while we attempt to hold back the evil and bring forth the good in his nature. We do all in our power to keep undeveloped spirits from returning to earth in mischief, but you are constantly sending them to us. There is not a second of time that some spirit is not bidding farewell to earth and being ushered into spirit-life, and bands of wisdom spirits are ever at work to bring out the good in them, and hold in check the evil. Many times individuals do mischief, and would gladly attribute it to some person outside, but not that there are spirits that work mischief, but, as we said before, wisdom bands are doing all in their power to minister to minds diseased which come to us from time to time. We have our homes where higher spirits teach these undeveloped ones the way of life.

Q.—[From the audience.] Jesus said to his disciples, "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Spirits tell their friends they are always with them. In what way are we to understand this?

A.—Each individual has his or her attendant spirit friends. There is not a being upon the earth, no matter how low or how high he may be, who has not some spirits about him, some attendants to walk with him through life. Christ said, "I will be with you even unto the end," and he was with his disciples even unto the end of their lives; and to day there is an influence coming from the Christ-plane which reaches up spirits and is handed by us to individuals of earth, and until the end of the earth and through all eternity will the influence of that Christ and all Christs be felt.

Q.—[By Mrs. E.] What is art?

A.—Art is inspiration. No painter ever stood before his easel and contemplated making a picture, who was not influenced, more or less, by the angel-world. No sculptor ever wrought a statue who was not less influenced by the angel world. Art is inspiration, and nothing more.

Q.—[From the audience.] Thought can travel from one place to another, however remote, instantaneously. Spirit being independent of matter and the obstacles always before its progress, what ratio does the passage of a spirit in its journey from one place or planet to another bear to the passage of thought the same distance?

A.—You can readily think, Mr. Chairman, of Portland, for example. If you have been there you know of its buildings, you know its situation, and you, in your mind, are there; so spirit can travel as quick as thought. It is not necessary for us to take a railroad train to visit San Francisco or any other remote place, but with the speed of thought we are there at once. We travel, as it were, with thought. We are the telegraph messengers of the spirit-world, and with lightning speed we visit each and every place that it becomes necessary for us to visit.

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Q.—[From the audience.] Thought can travel from one place to another, however remote, instantaneously. Spirit being independent of matter and the obstacles always before its progress, what ratio does the passage of a spirit in its journey from one place or planet to another bear to the passage of thought the same distance?

A.—You can readily think, Mr. Chairman, of Portland, for example. If you have been there you know of its buildings, you know its situation, and you, in your mind, are there; so spirit can travel as quick as thought. It is not necessary for us to take a railroad train to visit San Francisco or any other remote place, but with the speed of thought we are there at once. We travel, as it were, with thought. We are the telegraph messengers of the spirit-world, and with lightning speed we visit each and every place that it becomes necessary for us to visit.

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and I would be very glad indeed to communicate. Say to them that I am having a pleasant home. I have tried to make brother Edward see my home several times, and I feel sometimes that he did realize and know that I was there. I know all that has occurred within the last few months. I have been cognizant of all things. I am growing and am happy, and I watch over them always. I'd like to control whenever I can, at home. You can say, if you please, that it's Hattie, to Dr. Edward Palmer, of Lakeville, Conn.

Tommie.

I be Tommie. Dat's my name. I come here and brought you a hull basket of flowers. I ben pickin' 'em up in de woods, an' I did not know what to do wid 'em. I brung 'em here, 'cause I thought you'd want 'em, an' I sot 'em right down here an' you don't seem to see 'em, nor nuffin. [We're just as much obliged to you.] I comed a purpose to brung 'em. I'm goin' to be a door keeper here. Yes, sir. I'm black, though; does you like black folks? Can I come jess as good? Don't care, does you? [No.] Well, I dunno as I got another name, but dey allus called me Tommie. Dat's all. You needn't print what I say, 'cause I am nuffin but a little nigrit boy.

Joseph B. Adams.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman. I find your Circle-Room very pleasant this afternoon. I find the work looking bright and smiling. I think I feel charitable to-day to all humanity. I believe I have got some love in my soul for every human being. I have learned a vast lesson since I have been in spirit life. I supposed that in my earthly life I had been taught something of what it was to live—in the various offices which I had filled, and the work which I had been called to do. I supposed I really knew something; but on entering spirit-life, so great was that life, so beautiful, so grand, so comprehensive of God, that I stood with uncovered head, feeling I was but a child. I had something in my mind, which called for a new something, something which made me feel as if I would like to try my hand and see what I could do toward controlling an instrument, for I see a work I would like to do; and if I can control one in trumant, Mr. Chairman, it is fair to suppose I may get hold of another, and still another, nearer home. Say to my friends that I am working with them and for them, that I have brought the anchor of truth, and I intend to secure it if possible. I would bring faith, hope and charity to bear upon every action of mine. I thank all my friends for their kindness to me, and I would say to them that I was present while the services were going on. I passed out from Portsmouth some two years ago; in November, I think it was. My name is Joseph B. Adams. Tell them I understand now what the meaning of Solomon's temple was—very well indeed.

John Kendrick.

I wish you would say in your paper that John Kendrick, of the Dorchester District, Boston, called here this afternoon. I was about fifty-five years old when I passed away. I have been gone, sir, almost two years, and I want to do something for this great cause.

George Dowland.

I would like, if it pleases you, Mr. Chairman, to put a letter in your post-office. I went out by accident; that is, I was injured by my horse becoming unruly, and went out in consequence. I wish to send a few words to my wife. She is a good woman. I know her. She lives in a house at times, but I, with George and Benjamin, would like to draw a little nearer, to strengthen her in this work. She has felt called upon to work, and we feel as if she must go forth to a bigger work, and I thought perhaps if I reached her from here, she might possibly hear me sooner than if I talked to her myself. My name is George Dowland. Say to her that the impression she had last November was one we gave her.

Eliza Gould.

I don't want to take up your time, friends—I have no desire to do so—and yet I have a sister that I would like to reach, if I could. I know that a friend of hers receives your paper quite often, and if she sees my name she will carry it to Lucy, and will show her it is from me. She has been very much troubled about me, and wonders why she does not hear from me. She does not really believe this thing, but she says, "If Spiritualism is true, and there's anything in it, I think sister Eliza will come back to me, and will tell me something of the reception she had when she got into spirit-life."

Q.—[From the audience.] I don't remember from the time I was twenty years old, of ever being rested. It seemed to me that life was one ceaseless round of care and toil, and yet there were very many bright spots. I longed very much to know something. I longed much to search into books which came in my way, and to get all the knowledge there I could. I longed so much to listen to those who knew more than myself; to bask in the sunshine of knowledge, and to feel that this great longing in my heart, which I felt I could not fill, I suffered from that restlessness which is brought on by being obliged to labor—not that I believe it is wrong to labor, but I believe it is the greatest evil that ever was. There are many soul-sick men and women in the world who long for a chance to breathe, long for a chance to gain knowledge of those things which they feel would strengthen them and make them better. This was my case. But when I came to spirit-life, then there was a grand opening. I was met by one who went away from me years ago, and who is the same to me as a husband—and would have been in earth-life had he lived. When I knew that there were reunited again; that there was a bright life beyond for us; that there was no crowding down; that the great longings of the soul could be filled; that I could stand before those who had wisdom and power, and would impart it to me, it was joy unspeakable. I have tried to do the best I could, I have tried to learn all I could, but I have not had many days ago I stood within your Circle-Room and asked the privilege of communicating through the Banner of Light, but I was too late to communicate. To-day I did myself upon the list, and I hasten to give my message. Tell them I have met every dear one; tell them that the spiritual world is a great reality, and that life is not a myth. Ask them to live true, spiritual lives, that they may come to us and realize what I realize to-day.

Isabella Elliot Smith.

I felt as if I would like to come here this afternoon. I came with Fanny, and I wanted to tell the friends how happy it makes me to have her up here. Tell 'em the sun has seemed to shine a good deal brighter to me since she came. Tell 'em I feel so happy to-day I can't express it, and even if there are dark shadows that come to my loved ones, I know the end from the beginning; I know that brightness will succeed. I am making a wreath for a chair up here, and when one I'll give it to her. I'm very happy. I will make them as strong as I can, and do all for them I can. And tell them that I am near every day.

I won't say much; I only want to let 'em know I've come here, and that Spiritualism seems so good to me, and the spirit world so bright, and I have so many dear little ones to care for, so many that I can be kind to, and I am grand to all. Say it's from Grandma Smith. You can give all the name if you want to—Isabella Elliot Smith. I have a daughter that's a medium here in your city, and I want to strengthen her.

Minnie St. Clair.

I wish you would say that Minnie St. Clair, from New Orleans, called here this afternoon, from the request of a friend, and that I am doing as directed, and that I am standing upon your record. I did not believe in this when I passed away, some three years ago, neither did my friend believe in it, but I said to him the last thing before I closed my eyes in unconsciousness, "If there is such a thing as coming back, rest assured I will, and I have made good" my promise.

Michael Murphy.

Me name, sir, is Michael Murphy, at yer service. Indade, an' I come here for the purpose of

asking me brother Daniel—if he dare do it—if he'll go to one of these things, sir—an' the name I don't know, sir. [Mediums.] If he'll go to one of these "mediums" an' talk with me, I'll tell him about something that will be useful to him, and will help him out of all his difficulties.

I went out from this place—Boston—and me brother is here somewhere; but I don't think I could put me hand right on him. I only know there is an old lady that he works for sometimes, about the yard, an' doing many things, an' she tells him about this thing, an' that's how I come to know where you were, sir. I inquired a long time before I got it at, an' that's how I found it out, an' I thought maybe if she see me name in the spiritual paper, that she'd tell him of it, an' I'm almost sure she will.

Hannah B. Haskell.

I felt that I would like to send a letter to my friends. My name is Hannah B. Haskell. I passed away from Salem, Mass. I'd like to say to the friends that I find the spiritual far in advance of the material. There is much I would like to talk with them about. I would be glad if anybody that ever knew me, or ever thought of me, would give me an opportunity to control a medium, and tell them of the great hereafter.

Sarah B. Gilchrist.

My name is Sarah B. Gilchrist. I passed away from Philadelphia some ten years ago. Say to my sister, who believes some in these things, "Julia, if you'll give me an opportunity to speak to you, and listen to what I have to say, I will give you satisfactory evidence of my presence, and will give you tests which you will understand." That is all.

John.

My name is John. I don't wish to give any other, I wish to reach some individuals in Providence, R. I., who will, I know, be glad to hear from me. I know that they receive your paper weekly, although they do not profess to be Spiritualists, yet, on the sly, they buy the paper, and they say to themselves, "There is something strange here, and were we to receive a message from him we would believe." Now I say to them, Believe; believe that I have come to the Banner of Light, in Boston, and have communicated with you, and that I give my heart and hand to this message. I know it will go forth with power, although very little has been said.

Joseph James.

I went out from New Bedford, Mass., some six years ago. My name is Joseph James, and I would request my friends if they care to hear from me, to call upon some medium, and I will give them the best knowledge that I have of the spirit-world.

Jonas Whitfield.

Good afternoon, sir. When I came here I expected to find enemies, but I find friends. I didn't clearly understand, sir, that American Spiritualists ignored all antagonism between North and South, and as I stand in your Circle-Room to day, I find it so. I came from Milledgeville, Ga., and I came not with the intention, Mr. Chairman, of doing you any good, but of giving you all the trouble I could, and I find myself agreeably disappointed. Why? I feel like asking your pardon, and I shake hands with me. I assure you I will do all I can for you; you are just as good as you need to be.

Now, I didn't know this was so. I supposed everybody at the North was opposed to us, and when I came here and found that this was an outlet for all spirits, whether from the South or the North, I felt like saying, "Glory, halleluiah!" Now I come to you with all the power I can bring, and I say, God bless humanity, no matter where they are. The spirit-world is great, and it has a home made with hands, for all. Only do the best you can on earth, and you will have a home corresponding to your life. My name is Jonas Whitfield.

Fanny Stacey.

My name is Fanny Stacey. I went out from Philadelphia—from Twenty-Third street. I tried to do the best I could, but, oh dear! there were so many things that came up. I won't say anything about it, but I tried to do the best I could. I want to say to John that if he will go to some medium and let me come, I'd be very glad. I've got so much I'd like to say to him. It would help him with the old Maine lands. I find I can help him a good deal.

Patrick McDonough.

Say that Patrick McDonough has come, and would like to speak to his sister, Margaret McDonough. She's in New Bedford, sir. Will she do it there? [I think so.] If ye'll print what I've said, that's all I want.

Arthur H. Dunn.

I will record my name as Arthur H. Dunn, of Worcester. If there is any individual in the universe that would like to communicate with me, there is nothing that would give me so much pleasure as to communicate with such and tell them of my surroundings—of my spirit-home and of those I have met, and of the peculiar influences that surround me. Oh, if there is any one who sees my name in public print, who will call upon some medium and let me speak, I shall be very thankful.

Medad Alexander.

I don't know you, Mr. Chairman. I don't know the friends before me; and yet, as old men are said to like to tell their stories, I would like to tell mine. I died in Montgomery. My name is Medad Alexander. I was eighty-two years old. Three score and ten is said to be the allotted time of all men, yet there were many years lent to me; and when I entered the spiritual world there seemed to me, an unfolding for me, such a beauty, such a life! But a few days ago I stood within your Circle-Room and asked the privilege of communicating through the Banner of Light, but I was too late to communicate. To-day I did myself upon the list, and I hasten to give my message. Tell them I have met every dear one; tell them that the spiritual world is a great reality, and that life is not a myth. Ask them to live true, spiritual lives, that they may come to us and realize what I realize to-day.

John Mayo.

My name is John Mayo. Say to my sister Lizzy, who lives in Montpelier, Vt., that I am round, and although I have lost my miserable body, still I am about, and I'll do the best I can for her. She don't worry about me. I am taking things coolly, as I always did, and I'll tell them I am not under the best sun that ever shone, yet I am trying to learn all I can. I trust when the time comes I shall be able to alleviate her sufferings and give her strength.

John Whitney.

I have tried for the last two years to communicate with my friends, but it is

[Continued from first page.]

tendant upon its unfolding to mankind: What the multitude of angels as the living bread from heaven in the past, did not feed the multitude of to-day—they were not satisfied with the inspiration of the past; there must come something vitalizing going from heart to heart, not a superficial inspiration, but something that would reach the feelings, which Prof. Eccles, in the afternoon, had rightly said were the prime motors of the human individuality. We must feel deeply before we could love strongly and act earnestly; and this feeling must grow upon us—we must long for something deeper and stronger, which would fill all souls to overflowing; then, and not till then, could we combine to do the work which it was given to Spiritualism to accomplish.

We had watched Spiritualism in the past, and endeavored to scan every lineament in its divine countenance, and then wondered what next; Carlyle had said men were always calling for something new, and then turning away from it when it came. "This our age," said the unfoldings of Spiritualism, was because we did not understand the height, breadth and depth of its character; we must wrestle with it as Jacob did, till through the dark night of our striving the morning began to dawn, and the spirit left us with his blessing. We did not understand Spiritualism yet, because it was strange to us. We must be patient, and must wait yet a little longer.

There are those, said the speaker, who say that it does satisfy us. It may do so, but there is no death, but you need resurrection now and here from the mortal torpor that has fallen upon you, a resurrection from the darkness of the past. To others she would say: Does your Spiritualism at its present estate fill the measure of your aspirations? If not, you must wait for a higher. Spiritualism is old enough to-day to have its picture taken, but if we are to have that picture, human souls with all their longings and earnest needs must furnish the camera, and the light that comes must stream in from all infinite Sun. Some of us may have that picture, but every one must have his own (even as each must have his ideal of God); every one must furnish the conditions to receive it.

Let us accept the fact that Spiritualism had come to us in a strange condition. The singular claimant for human thought partook of the character of an all-gatherer: here it embraced a little Unitarianism, there it professed a little Universalism, and then it went into its web some of the positions assumed by Materialism, but we had called it all Spiritualism. It was a strange combination, and at first we had questioned it. Some of us questioned its practicality and its enduring qualities, while others were enthusiasts as to its future results. Some said "there's millions in it," others said, "It won't pay," and to this day the latter statement had proved a truism—all those who had tried to coin their Spiritualism into dollars and cents, and with a disastrous failure and come to distinguished grief.

The speaker here cited the chief points in the story of the "Pied Piper" by Robert Browning—a narrative with which she said her hearers were probably familiar: A city had been overrun with rats in a destroying flood; the piper informed the magistrates that he could easily remove the trouble, and they agreed to pay him a certain sum to rid them of the voracious rodents. He began to play, and soon all the lanes, and byways, and alleys, and all the multitudinous hiding places, came the rats in thousands, and walked after him, and by his side, till finally he reached the bank of the river, when the rats all plunged in and were drowned. Then it was that the magistrates refused to pay what they had previously agreed, and so he commenced to play again, and the little children came thronging out of their happy homes, and the gardens, and the shady walks which their presence had so beautified, and followed him, and with a wailing and pitiful cry of parents left behind—followed him till he came to a blank, bare wall of rock, which opened to receive him and the precious ones who walked after, and neither were seen again. Spiritualism came at a time when the rats of old and blinding superstitions were devouring the bread of life, and said to the people, I am willing to take away all this darkness, and ignorance, and despair, and to give you "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness"; and some said, "Let it be done," and the piper had played till many of those errors had been overthrown; they had gone on after that strange musician, those old superstitions, to their fate in that river of change where a little higher up grows the tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations! But the church was not pleased with the result, and were willing to deny the value of the work of Spiritualism. Had it not killed the devil, extinguished hell, and torn the dark, forbidding mask from the smiling face of death? They refused to pay Spiritualism for bringing the exact knowledge for whose attainment they professed to be so anxious; and so the strange musician played on, and the little children had followed the call (a fact which none would deny) by their own numbers of happy young faces, which had grown the last of the previous evening and on Sunday morning; and there were yet other children—not children in stature, but in that humility of spirit of which Jesus said "of such is the kingdom of heaven," and they walked on and on, till they came to the bare blank wall of death before them. But when the musician came there, behind, the gates were ajar, and the children and the humble in heart entered in to taste the blessed revelation of the true meaning of life.

We might not understand where we were walking; but though our God had lost his personality, and our Bible did not speak to us with an infallible tone, yet still we felt that there was a revelation coming to us; that there was a Bible in our hearts that was being opened. No more did we stand before the anthropomorphic idea of Deity in a human form, but we felt the truth that we could not define or comprehend or measure him by any of our own notions of thought; we only knew that we must continue to uncover that higher revelation, and feel that in him we live and move and have our being. When this intuition came to us, Spiritualism, in its highest and best sense, was dawning upon our souls. It was then that the silence and the calm came on: (that was the reason why she spoke as she did when she arose on the present occasion) and then it was, as we felt this, that we became aware of distinctive features in the doctrine of Modern Spiritualism, which were not in human hearts when "time was a forgotten circumstance."

We must stand firm; knowing that as that revelation came to the world in obedience to the great law which governed the evolution of ideas, we must be prepared to see Spiritualism change again and yet again; and when we came to a conception of all that was divine and true in this latter dispensation, we would know experimentally that each mutation would lift us up into a higher and more perfected state of use and unfoldment. Until then we would fall when we strove to organize—to work together. When that time came, the word would be given by some strong soul that had been content to sit down and wait to see what the great forces away out in the eternities were doing—which had been willing to listen silently and take every word in to the innermost recesses of the heart, and did not strive to impress on each the seal of its own personal individuality: some soul that would feel the truth, long before it would speak it. This Spiritualism of act rather than word was the dispensation for which we were waiting; a Spiritualism that would come with the last great religion of humanity. When the declaration was made in the past, "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth," then the axe was laid at the root of the tree of ancient superstition. She cared not whether Jesus said it, or some other of the great metaphysicians of that time; and until men reached a comprehension of that truth they never could understand the mission of the spiritual cause among men.

The speaker declared her belief in immortality, and in eternal life, and in the great heaven of beatitudes which lay beyond the confines of mortal existence, but in all the modes and manners of that life, in all its forms of thought and expression, it differed so much that she would not

attempt to speak of it definitely. The reason why she would not so speak was that it was transcended the range of her experience, and every philosopher would say that it was impossible for any to speak understandingly of that which lay beyond the reaches of their experience. She would be obliged to continue in the presentation of things which came to her not through the usual channels of experience, or in union with the common ideas rampant in the earth, but through and in accordance with the voice of inspiration that came to her, and which she felt she must either give utterance to, or die the death of the hypocrite.

In the silent midnight watches she had been granted a vision in which she seemed surrounded by a great multitude, and, strange to say, she heard them singing (but with a new meaning to her interior perception) the old hymn of Cowper: "Judge not the Lord by feeble sense, But trust him for his grace, Behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face."

And when they reached those lines which declare—

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And seek his way in vain;
God's love will surely lead,
And he will make it plain."

then in a manner impossible of expression, her soul burst out into song, and she joined her voice with theirs in the grand refrain; and just as the last word parted from her lips, she heard the echo coming back again from the infinite height: "And he will make it plain." Her spirit being thrilled; once more she sang, and then she heard her mother's voice, who was "now a saint in heaven," repeating those words again; and then that angel-mother repeated the lines she used to sing to her, when a little child, she sat at twilight by her parent's knee in those bright days which earth would never give again:

"Father, I thank thee, may no thought
Ever deem thy providence severe;
But may this heart be ever true,
Calm each wild wish, each mortal fear.
Full many an hour of grief and pain
Is earth's sad wanderer doomed to know;
Yet not one prayer is heeded in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
Thy various ministers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfill;
And 'mid the wreck of human joy
Let kneeling faith adore thy will."

The calm faith, the enduring trust in the ultimate "good in all," whose warm light flooded this picture of the midnight watch, it seemed an abiding place in the inner sanctuary of her soul, and thrown out to every department of her nature its sustaining arms. And to-night, in presence of the angels, on the memorial occasion of the advent day of that philosophy which had wrested the sceptre of despair from the hand of death, and raised the dark lattice of the grave that the heavenly splendors beyond might flood the waiting human hearts this side the valley of change, she recommended its cultivation and unfoldment to all before her, and with the words of Paul's admonition: "Quench not the spirit; despite not prophecies. Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil. Cleave to that which is good."

Dr. John H. Currier was next called upon. There was no grander index of the character of the work accomplished by Spiritualism during the last twenty-nine years, than the presence on this platform of the inspired and eloquent speakers there gathered. If the question were asked, Where were those speakers twenty-nine years ago? The answer would come from the great heart of humanity: Within them! But now they were enfranchised, and were breaking the bread of life indeed to the hungry souls of our time. He thought it eminently appropriate that Miss Doten should have been selected as the opening speaker, graduating as she did from that old pilgrim town of Plymouth, where the seeds of earnest and conscientious devotion to what was deemed right were sown so long ago; and it seemed to him that those old Puritan fathers, baptized in the doctrine of the cross, the wider tenets of the better land, were with her to-night, bringing with them a glorious benediction. Twenty-nine years ago the angels pushed a little further open the door between themselves and us, that the Dawning Light might come to the world, and since that time many true-hearted workers had stepped forth into the field in obedience to the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." He was inspired to the recent departure to the thither side of life of Joseph John, to whose inspired art it had been given to leave behind many limnings of spiritual scenes redolent with the airs of their heavenly birthplace. Achsa W. Sprague, Rosa T. Amedey, William White, and many others, had striven in the past to sustain the welfare of this cause, and now from the brighter home they were enabled to behold the blessed fruit of their labors. He seemed to him that Mr. White was present, in spirit on this occasion with an added pleasure in his heart, at being able to celebrate with his (the speaker's) old schoolmate, Luther Colby, and Isaac B. Rich (the members of the firm of which he had been when on earth so honored a head) the twentieth anniversary of the Banner of Light, for which they had unitedly and devotedly labored in the past. The speaker had attended the Lyceum meeting in the morning, and was glad to see the wider the exercises of the children; these little men and women were the hope of the spiritual cause; they were to be the future adherents and supporters of the Spiritual Philosophy, when those who now labored should pass on to their reward. How important, then, that that institution should be sustained, that when the hour of our departure came we might hear a voice proclaiming to the soul, All is well; the cause for which you have labored is being carried on, and you will hear it onward to yet undreamed of triumphs!

Hattie E. Wilson then recited, with effect, Miss Lizzie Doten's poem, "Great-Heart and Giant Despair," after which James B. Hatch, Conductor of the Children's Lyceum, took the platform. It gave him unalloyed satisfaction to see that, as the representative of the Boston school, his efforts to arrange for the celebration of the 29th Anniversary under its auspices had resulted in the happy success which characterized the wider the previous sessions. He called attention to the claims of the Lyceum on the part of Spiritualists in this vicinity. It was the only organization, in a legal point of view, which Spiritualism now possessed in this part of the State. As long as he was Conductor of this school he should claim the privilege of celebrating the Anniversary day of the cause on its every recurrence, and hoped next year to equal, if not outdo, what had been accomplished at the present time. He gave notice of arrangements made for the Eastern Annual Camp-meeting of Spiritualists and Liberals, which was to be held at Highland Lake Grove, Norfolk, Mass., commencing on Friday, July 20th, and closing August 6th, under direction of Dr. A. H. Richardson and himself, and said that during its continuance a three-days' Convention would be held, one day of which would be devoted to the Lyceums of the country, and to a consideration of their vital interests; he had already been encouraged to expect representatives from the Cleveland and Philadelphia schools, and others at different points. He then called attention to the envelopes which had been scattered among the people for donations to the Lyceum exchequer, and hoped their silent appeal would meet a hearty response.

The envelopes were then collected, the orchestra beautifying the pleasing service with a selection. The chairman then called attention to the fact that the late Senator Douglas had said that Vermont was a good State to emigrate from; and at the present time he was bringing up the minds of the audience that triumphant of female speakers who went forth from the Green Mountain State, in the early days of the movement, to work for its advancement in the world of thought. One of these speakers (Achsa W. Sprague) had gone to her spirit-home; another was in the extreme southern part of the country; and the third, Mrs. Townsend, was present, and he hoped for a word from her.

Mrs. Townsend said, in preface, that to stand on a platform dedicated to free speech and to the earnest utterance of views born of deep thought, was to her an honor. It indeed gave her satisfaction to meet this numerous delegation of the friends of the cause on the important occasion which called them together; it was pleasant in

deed to clasp hands again with her sister worker, Lizzie Doten, to greet the speakers on the platform, and to see the strong spirit of Dr. Gardner yet instinct with interest in the welfare of that truth for which he had so long labored. In view of the lessons of this hour, her heart was led to rejoice with "Joyous spiritual vision the workers present were not alone—those whose physical forms had long since mingled with the dust but whose warm hearts were beating in harmony with those yet left behind in the sphere of material activities, were present to add to the meeting the benison of their love. Achsa W. Sprague, that glorious spirit from Vermont, who stepped forth with her (the speaker) in the years gone by, to scatter blessings from the angels; Henry C. Wright, that old veteran of freedom thought, and many others, were so her spiritual natures revealed to her, in attendance; and the very air seemed filled with mental and moral and spiritual power. When she listened to the full round voice of the Conductor of the Children's Lyceum, as he called the attention of the people to the worthy claims of that organization upon their support, she felt in her heart that he was filled with inspiration and power from the spiritual realm to perform an arduous and noble task, and that those who devoted their lives to the cause of future workers for the angel-world.

How great the privilege which the little ones of to-day enjoyed above those of the past! They were now taught to fear no angry God, but to love the Great Source of all Good. They trembled not at the picture of a quenchless hell, into which human souls were hurled to eternal and fiendish torture—that nightmare dream for them was swept from the schedule of being; death was not a monster to flee from, but an angel to welcome; and many brought, when his destined hour arrived, the key to a more radiant sphere of existence; they had escaped from the gloomy ideals which clouded the childhood of many now in the hall, and were gladdened with the knowledge that the angels had thrown wide open the gates heretofore ajar, and had brought life and immortality to light, teaching the continuity of the spirit-world with this, and the continued love and affection which fills the hearts of those who have gone on before, teaching that if they obeyed the great law of God planted within the heart (which was the law of life), they would truthfully fulfill life's every demand—teaching that darkness and trial, the inseparable concomitants of the earthly state, acting as they did as inspiring and uplifting agencies upon the soul, were but preludes of eternal joys! How thankful should we be to those who had shed such light upon the hitherto tangled labyrinth of human experiences and theories, and pointed out the way to unclouded happiness and peace. Henry C. Wright followed. Some years since he was within the fold of the church. The fact of being a Spiritualist, of having attained to a knowledge of immortal life, did not necessarily make an individual any better only as he applied it to his daily walk. To his mind Spiritualism involved the right to be good and the right to do good. The gaining of the information revealed by Spiritualism was only one step forward in the path of progression, and the next step brought with it the knowledge that if aught of benefit was to be hoped for in the premises.

Prof. Eccles said that Spiritualism had many classes of believers who were of different orders of development, and it was unjust to measure all by the standard afforded by one.

Mrs. Hope Whipple was next called upon, but declined to speak, after which the Chairman introduced Mrs. Britten to make the closing address of the evening.

REMARKS OF EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

After referring to the hands of the clock, whose position on the dial gave her a hint that her expressions must be brief, she said that ever since she came upon the platform there had been present to her inner vision a scene which occurred some fifteen years ago (and when she had been but six months in America), where she had been invited to assist in the celebration of the 10th Anniversary of the coming of Modern Spiritualism. The meeting took place at the house of Leah Fox, the eldest of the trio of the Rochester mediums; on one side was Margaret and on the other Kate, of that family, then grown women, but bearing the scars of martyrdom on their young faces. Here in the past, she said, she had been invited to assist in the celebration of the 10th Anniversary of the coming of Modern Spiritualism. 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