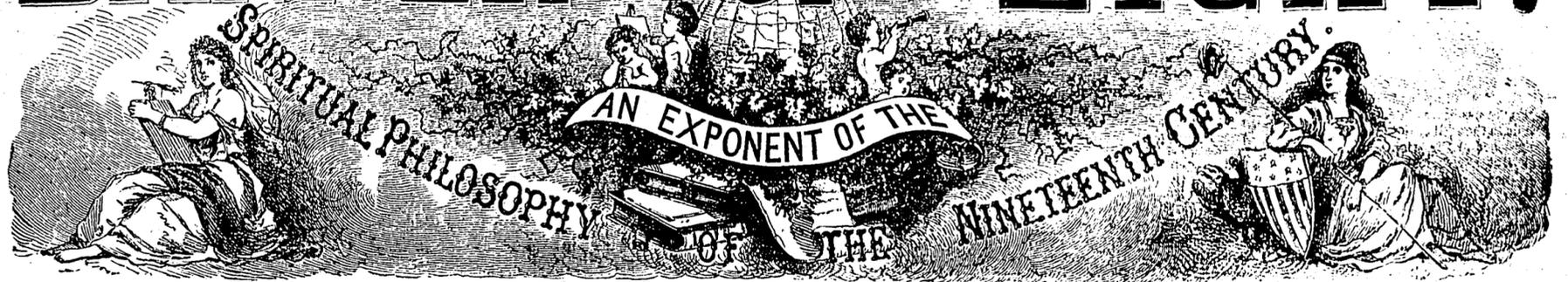


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLVI.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

\$3.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.

NO. 15.

## CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—The Rostrum: The Light of the Ages.  
SECOND PAGE.—The Reviewer: Protestant Sectarian Missions. Spiritualism in Christendom an Infant. Strong Proof of Spirit Materialization.  
THIRD PAGE.—In Memoriam. Banner Correspondence: Items from Kansas City, Mo., and Letters from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Canada. Everett Hall Spiritual Conference. Poetry: The Whispers of Angels. Conference of Spiritualists and Liberalists. Spiritualist Meetings. Holiday Books, etc.  
FOURTH PAGE.—A New Year. To our Subscribers, and the Public Generally. Spiritual Communion Tracts. The Editor at Large, etc.  
FIFTH PAGE.—Brief Paragraphs. Spiritualist Meetings in Boston. New Advertisements, etc.  
SIXTH PAGE.—The Free Circle-Room: Replies to Questions given through the Mediumship of W. J. Colville. Spirit-Message Department: Messages given through the Mediumship of Miss M. Theresa Shelhamer and Mrs. Sarah A. Danksin.  
SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston." Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.  
EIGHTH PAGE.—Everett Hall Spiritual Conference; Mrs. F. O. Hizer in Brooklyn; New York Lyceum. Passing Events. Steel Plate Engravings Free.

## The Rostrum.

### THE LIGHT OF THE AGES.

A Lecture Delivered by Spirit William Ellery Channing, through the Medium Instrumentality of  
**MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,**  
Before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, Ill., Sunday Evening, Sept. 7th, 1879.  
(Specially reported for the Banner of Light.)

#### INVOCATION.

Oh, thou Eternal Source of Life; thou Infinite and Divine Presence; thou Life-giving Soul; thou Sublime and Perfect Being; within the temple of the universe fashioned by thy hand, before the shrine of the human spirit wherein thou dost abide, we lay our offerings of praise upon that altar consecrate to thee, the altar of aspiration, of prayer, of earnest endeavor. Oh, thou Immortal Name, by whatsoever name man has praised thee in the past, whether God, Jehovah, Lord, still we praise thee as the source of life and light ineffable, as the spirit whose all-pervading presence and power fills the universe with matchless glory. Thine the law that fashions in the stary firmament the orbs that glitter and beam in constellations bright; thine the law through which the earth, atom though it is, compared to the larger worlds, flits forever in its orbit responsive unto thy breath; thine the law whereby, through millions and millions of years, the uncreated worlds are evolved at last in space by majesty of thy supreme dominion; thine the law through which the suns and stars march forever on in their ceaseless course, yielding to life, order, harmony; thine the law that peoples every planet with living souls, each born to the inheritance of immortality and passing through stage after stage of life that the immortal nature may be made visible and the outward be vanquished by the soul within. Thou art the Supreme Conqueror; thou art the ineffable Life and Light moving in and through matter to the supreme work and word of creation, summoning souls to thy bidding, fulfilling forever the law of that harmony abiding in thee. Oh, may thy children, imured in time and sense, still bound and fettered by earthly form, perceive the glory of that life and light; may thrillings of that divine harmony pierce the atmosphere of time; may the glory of that ineffable light shine into the prison-house of clay, illumining its darkened chambers and pouring floods of light through the deep, dark avenues of human existence. Those who are sorrowing, may they be uplifted; those who are in doubt, may they become certain; those who are despondent, may they be cheered by this immortal splendor, until all of darkness shall disappear and the radiance of thy love shall beam upon the earth even as the splendors of the heavenly firmament beam through the clear atmosphere of this night, or as the glorious orb of day lightens the darkened valleys and deep ravines of time with murmuring and tremblings of light till flower and shrub and leafy tree respond with ever-living voices of bloom and beauty. Oh, thou Divine Ardor! Oh, thou Supreme Soul! Receive our praises and thanksgivings for every good and perfect gift. May the human voice join with the choirs of spirits and of angels who sing forever thy praises in the light of perfect love.

#### THE LECTURE.

As early as 1848 Thomas Carlyle, the despiser of men, the critic, the cynic, in answer to a question asked by a lady friend, which was undoubtedly a question concerning future rewards and punishments, wrote in substance as follows: "The question which you ask is difficult to answer—has puzzled the philosopher and sage for ages; but this is undoubtedly the best philosophy: that evil, to say nothing of the penalty for evil, is of brief duration; that good alone is imperishable; that our actions and thoughts shape themselves in immortal conformity to the laws of the universe."  
That which is good is harmonious in duration—represents the sublime and the imperishable; while that which is evil is like the discord in an anthem, and is perceived only to the limited sense, while the harmony has rules of its own that cause the anthem to soar, and at a distance all the inharmony is merged in the harmony.  
The sublimest philosophy, the loftiest religion, the most exalted hope promises this: If he who can criticize men for their foibles, despise them for their meannesses, and with all possible satire visit upon them the keen rebuke of his clear and searching mind, yet turn with ineffable confidence to the sublimity and endur-

ance of all things good—if he can do this, the world certainly has great reason to hope. The enthusiast, the sage, the religionist, the poet, always are expected to do this; the critic, the misanthrope, the cynic, never.

In the first years of human history, those ages that are somewhat veiled in the night-time of misinterpretation, we still have a prevailing consciousness that the lofty hope of the world lifted it from the dark cesspool of time into the broad region of the eternal, the infinite good. But for the most part the historian and student encounter the struggle of humanity in the primal ages of the world toward one goal. Along the dark borders of the Nile, in the deep ravines and fastnesses of the mountains of the East, all through Syria and even through the Orient, tremblings of one supreme idea were uppermost; that idea, that thought, pervading the children of Israel in their bondage, leading them out of their bondage; that thought, rising upon mountain and valley where the shepherd kings kept watch by night and by day; those supreme and living tremblings of hope were the exaltation of a prophecy that even in the darkness of past ignorance kept the light and life aflame in the human heart. Another light glowed still in the ages that intervened between the glory of the Eastern religion and the dawn of Christianity, a light that pierced through Roman darkness and enshrined itself in the hearts of the Roman counselors, a light that did not slumber in Greece, a light that kept Athens aflame, and thrilled and pervaded the Hellenic nations with dreams far beyond any that seemed to have preceded them, a hope that the mighty Caesars encountered, a hope that pierced the darkness of the reign of the Pharaohs, a hope that illumined the plain, the desert, the wilderness in the far East—I mean the hope of freedom—thrilling through the monarchies of Western Europe, kindling its sacred shrine and altar upon many a nation, receiving there also its death-wound, having there its funeral pyre, yet ever floating on before the advancing tide of civilization, until even here in this remotest country, this largest and greatest nation, this youngest and proudest of the daughters of the world, freedom has had her final resting-place.

This hope of the world was then in its infancy. Each nation has possessed it in an earlier day. It is the hope of growth that leads to manhood; it is the feeling of the child before the thought has departed that all of life is in individuality; it is the power that leads the young man out from the parent roof into the world, to encounter whatsoever may beset him, rather than to be bound and tethered by authority, or even by affection—rather than be limited in his range of growth and action. It is the feeling that has led to the reforms in every clime and age; it is the thought that has uplifted the patriot in his dungeon cell or on field of battle; it is the theme of the statesman, the philosopher and the poet; it has inspired more thought and eloquence than any other word save that alone of Religion, save that alone of Love; and yet Freedom is a term, it is a means and not an end.

Unlimited freedom is nothing, is valueless, has no possession; it is a condition, not a possession. If the nations of the earth struggle for freedom, to what end? Is this alone the light that shall set itself in the darkened places of time, redeeming, regenerating man? "After Freedom, what?" The voice of the prophet in the wilderness, the voice of the Messiah upon Olivet, the voice of religion in every land, is the crown for which freedom is the pathway. Freedom your forefathers sought, not for name and title alone, not for individual possession alone, but freedom to "worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences"; not simply freedom from taxation, not freedom from servitude to the monarch, not freedom from the galling chains and bondage of an aristocracy, not freedom from the servile toil was enjoined upon all who beneath the tyrant yoke might seek to work out release from a life-long period of misery; not freedom from unjust persecution merely, but freedom to worship.

Ah! Here is the aim, then—the supreme object. Not freedom from Jewish thralldom; not freedom from Roman empire merely, but the freedom of the spirit of Christ breathed upon Olivet, announced upon Calvary, revealed in many a sign and token in Galilee—the freedom to worship God.

The ancient kings of Judea set up the divine shekinah, the sacrament, the ark of the covenant, the glories of the inspiration of the Most High, as evidences of the pouring out of the unseen and Divine Spirit, whose name they did not know, but whose presence was manifest under the various names and titles of Jehovah, Lord or God. By what light did they surrender the power and supremacy of their kingdoms to this invisible yet potent agency? by what supreme command could the ambitious kings of Israel be made to yield their power and fervor at the voice of prophet or inspired teacher? by what light could Solomon, the supreme ruler, with all splendor and magnificence, still be led to the divine contemplation of loftier purpose? by what power could the shepherd and peasant kings be inspired to do the bidding of an unseen yet all controlling agency, save alone by the power of that Supreme Light, greater than Freedom, loftier than individual Liberty—the thought, the inspiration, the hope, the power of immortal possession!

The thought that I would present to you this night is, that while the early nations struggled for freedom, the later humanity struggles for somewhat beyond this; while the individual in childhood seeks individual liberty, the later humanity seeks that liberty to the attainment of other purposes, and man after youth is not simply a freed man, but he is bound by ties of society, he is fettered—albeit willingly—by the larger growth of his own nature that includes

humanity; he realizes that he is something more than an individual, that he is connected with the whole by the greater and grander ties of his nature, that he must not simply burst the bonds and fetters of life, and walk forth alone into the world, but that doing this he meets face to face at every hour and every moment of his pilgrimage other bonds and other fetters, other belongings and other duties that are supreme in their command and mandate over him. He is not only an individual, but he is a member of society. He is not only bound and fettered by the loftiest thought of humanity, but he must do his part in that great human strife and struggle—not only do his part for individual effort and maintenance, but do his part for the whole, that society may not suffer by his existence, and that governments may be ennobled by the fact that he is a portion of the body politic. In larger regions of thought and endeavor, in philosophy, poesy, art or religion, he is more than the individual; he belongs to the fraternity of art, of poesy, of philosophy; he is linked by a thousand indissoluble ties to that eternal brotherhood that constitutes the idea that he represents; he is a prophet, he is a prince, perchance, among those who are all prophets, a king among those of kindred thought, and feeling, and pursuit. Thus the man enters, by the individual freedom, a larger and more comprehensive bondage. By bondage I do not mean slavery, but a more comprehensive tie that unites him to the great world of human thought, and he can no more burst asunder these thoughts and fetters than he can sever the arteries that lead to any individual portion of his being and still survive.

The feeling of the child, when it would learn to walk, is, perhaps, to break away from the first bonds that enthrall, without knowing, or entirely unconscious of, the larger obstacles that may be encountered, of the greater bondage that may be attained. The feeling of the youth in growing to manhood is that of the desire of personal endeavor, of individual aim, of a world to vanquish, of all things to be conquered; but speedily manhood ripens into consciousness that the larger the freedom so also the more binding are the obligations—the greater the powers, so also is the sacredness of the trust—and he finally learns that the whole social fabric is made up not only of individual freedom, but of that kind of individual obligation that is linked to every other department in the universe, and makes the social scale, one mind interblending with the other, until at last it rises supreme and grand in the recognition of the entire human family.

The Saviour sought by Judea for the purpose of vanquishing mortal enemies, of gaining physical supremacy, of attaining temporal liberty, was asking, a lord, a ruler. The saviour of individuals, in the earlier history of the world, was somewhat of the same kind. Each nation pursues the same pathway, desires the same strong hand to lead it to victory, and then rejects the strong hand that would hold it in bondage. Those who wish for rulers or kings, wish for them that they may win victory over others, but never wish them to prevail over themselves. The king that Judea sought and still seeks—the Messiah, the ruler, he who shall be exalted above others—is the one that shall strike down the enemies of the House of David, shall build up Israel in its physical sense, they suppose. Ah! but what shall the true king be? The Prince of the House of David unrecognized came into Judea, unannounced took possession of the throne, and gave the world his kingdom.

The kingdom that to my mind establishes more fully than any other that which humanity seeks, is not simply and only freedom, but is the larger dispensation of light and truth. What Moses was to the children of Israel, physical power and supremacy is to man. What Christ was, such is the living truth that answers for the name of humanity.

What light is the world seeking to-day! What gleaming of intelligence! What vanquishing of armies! What storied treasures in the Orient! What vast supremacy upon the seas! What searchings after science and knowledge! What proings into the depths for whatever may be hidden there! And yet it is not satisfied. What other light is trembling through the darkness of time, is shining out above the dim labyrinths and strivings of human intellect! What other light than science pierces through the fastnesses of time and gives such glimmerings of its power and brightness that man leans forward to see, and listen whether he shall hear a voice that shall bid him come forward! What other light has led men all through periods of revolution, of scornings, of degradation, of imprisonment, of servitude, of slavery? Ask the poor negro at the South, who was led through years of bondage, by what light he was uplifted, and he would answer, by the light of the love of God. Ask the traveler on the desert, beset with many obstacles and surrounded with arid wastes, by what light he presses forward to home, to friends, to the allurement of native land, to flowery pathways and verdant fields: it is the ineffable hope that Love is best, and that life will triumph over death. By what light does the mariner far out upon the sea perceive the sail, the mast, the shipwreck, and still hope on through the dim night for succor, himself buoyed up by the strong hand and power of that life that is inevitable? It is the hope that somewhere a kindly hand will reach, an invisible power will be extended, to send some one to do his bidding or release him from death: otherwise he still hopes on, that in the infinite and immortal realm an abiding place is there, and he shall not perish forever.

By what light to-day does the world, in the multitudinous and labyrinthian paths of belief, of creed, of dogma, of skepticism, of doubt, still hold its course serenely toward the one point

of final uplifting for humanity? The same light and power that prompted martyr, sage, poet, philosopher and teacher to breathe of freedom, breathes at this hour a word of another and a higher import.

Christ was not a heralder of freedom: he was not a teacher of liberty; but beyond Liberty and above Freedom he taught Truth, the ineffable, spiritual and sublime mandate that, greater than freedom, crowns the world after freedom shall have been attained.

We seek a lofty temple; we desire to pass to some serene height; we ask of king or government the right of way, but the temple is ours if we attain it. Freedom is the pathway by which the world hopes to attain the highest truth. The man of science expects to win it through the labyrinths and mazes of human investigation and pursuit; the philosopher hopes to win it by both speculation and sublime contemplation; the poet wins it with his art; the artist with his forms and colors; the religionist with his belief; but humanity expects to win it with the sublime thought and opportunity that knows truth itself is there, if there is only a pathway open by which to attain it.

The great value of our measurement of human thought is in this: that we must not attach too much importance to the means, forgetting the end. Many persons suppose that when liberty is attained for a nation that it is the supreme, the entire, the utter achievement. Has it not been too much so with our own country? Did we not pause on the threshold of that freedom won by our forefathers, thinking this was everything? believing that all things would follow had we only freedom? The bird may have freedom to fly in the air, but if there is no eyrie yonder, or if there be no resting-place and no object to attain, shall the bird's wings last forever? We may seek freedom in its fullest and largest capacity and strength, for every endeavor, for every purpose, for every longing of the mind; but if we have not an ultimate aim, something that is beyond this mere space, to what do we attain? We may have freedom to walk forever, but shall we never arrive anywhere?

The mistake with many is that they account this small avenue, this pathway by which humanity must mount, to be the finality, the goal, sung of poets, taught of statesmen, wreathed round with eouquence of orator, fought for by warriors, believed in by humanity. The hope of the world has led mankind astray and led them, I say, to where, having nothing beyond this, their feet must needs falter; they must needs lose the ground and the stronghold they have attained. Unless the next step beyond freedom is truth, we have no endeavor; unless the next goal to be won is truth, we have nothing upon which to fasten our freedom or our liberty. We might as well unfurl our flag in the whirlwind, or spread our sail upon the seething whirlpool, as to seek freedom without truth; for each must belong to the other, and one is the stepping-stone to the higher attainment.

The Saviour of the Jews was the king to lead them to freedom from the bondage of their foes; the Messiah of Christendom is the truth that comes after freedom. By what subtle lines and links of following, through what dreamy pathways of philosophy and metaphysics, by what unspoken words of dreamer and poet, through what announcement of prophecy and prediction, by what revelation and pathways of warfare the world shall win this truth, I leave for you to judge. But glimmerings of it are perceived in every land; tremblings all along the corridors of time, that espousing freedom there is something more, and that the highest effort of humanity is after freedom is attained—which is the pathway to point to the ultimate of the journey—that which shall be gathered and won by the wayside, that which shall constitute the real achievement of life. We begin to study when we have the privilege to do so; we begin the attainment of knowledge when the pathway is open to us by preliminary education, and with those achievements that shall afterwards be counted to be our immortal possessions, we pave this pathway of freedom to our divine abode, the serene temple of which is the supreme thought, the uplifting power, the divine mandate of the world.

The vanquishment, therefore, of the physical foes of men, of poverty, crime, disease, social disorder and even death itself, is not the ultimate. It is not enough that you shall be uplifted from the thralldom of fear, of bondage, of servitude and tyranny, of supremacy of human passion—from the bondage of time, of sense or of the fear of death—this is not enough. Then you begin to live; then your freedom becomes valuable; then you have somewhat to do, and time to do it in. The world is working now for the means to attain that end; for the pathway that leads to the good; for the freedom of the high seas beyond which the harbor must be found. The world is working now for opportunity, not for truth; working now for circumstances, not for the highest height. The world is wishing now to be released from the fetters and obligations of time and sense to the degree that the mind, with its surpassing powers, and the spirit, with its immortal destinies, may have better opportunity for expression. Every day and hour leads you more nearly to this conclusion. If there shall be fewer wars in the future; if by-and-by bloodshed shall be the exception, not the rule; if finally the world will have no time to make battles, no time to have physical contest, no time for commercial degradation, no time for brutal and enslaving labor, no time for that form of human existence that wastes its best energies in futile effort to be supreme in some physical direction of life; if the world shall ultimately conclude that it cannot afford to spend its entire time

and energies in the pathways of servile toil and endeavor to no aim, then it will be because, having accomplished a higher freedom and won a loftier power, the spirit itself and the mind discover that there is too much in the supreme wish of the soul for the body to have the entire ascendancy; too much in what the spirit desires to attain for mere physical existence to have such supreme privileges.

Your fathers fought for freedom—the right to pursue happiness in their own way—but chiefly, I say, the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. This means that the supreme attainment of the human spirit is other than the physical; it means that the highest requirement of the mind is toward that which leans to the Infinite and recognizes the infinite possibility; it means that not only the dust, the clay beneath your feet, may be yours; not only the air above your head, the sunlight and the wintry storm, but also that that other and higher atmosphere, that loftier and purer possession of spiritual quality of the mind, the enduring nature of the soul, the possession of the infinite, may flow freely and continuously toward you.

Man covets freedom not simply to build railways and palaces, not simply to delve in the earth for gold and to plow land and sow it for the harvest-time of the earth, but for those other and grander privileges—that the seed-time and the harvest of the mind may be of his own seeking, that he shall have the privilege, as he has also the capacity, to seek God in his own way, and find him in whatsoever voice ministers to his spirit, and whatsoever power uplifts humanity.

I proclaim it here at this day and this hour, that America, so far as the freedom of her social or political institutions is concerned, would be valueless to the world but for another and a higher progression hinted at in her very existence. I proclaim it here that neither Italy, France, Germany, Russia, England nor the Orient could afford to look to the Occident for the sublime ideal of the nations of the earth, unless in the spiritual atmosphere were the tremblings and the possibilities of a higher word than freedom. I mean *Humanity*.

If the God of Israel was a king, the Saviour of Christendom was a man—the *Christom* born to plead not only with prophets and kings but with governments and peoples for the sake of man himself. If the saviours of the Orient were clad in armor and girded round with physical strength, if Egypt wore the conquering armor of the world, and Rome subjected nations for a thousand years, Christ, the man of truth, foretold a dynasty greater than those, whose heritage is not of earth but of the spirit, and came as the conquering hero of what? Not of kings, emperors, principalities and powers, but as the leader of humanity. That eschaton which, paraded before the world, gives evidence of the physical need of man in the liberty to toil, labor and delve as he pleases, shall sink into insignificance compared to the loftier standard raised above it, pictured high in the heavens, revealed in a thousand armies, not with swords but with banners of rejoicing and love. I mean thrilling within every heart, that somewhere and at some time in life's weary pilgrimage there will be room for love, time for faith and prayer, opportunity for earnest endeavor of mind, and sufficient leisure in life to consider eternity. I mean that hope of humanity which says: "By-and-by we shall have time for these things;" that through the turmoil, the strife, the contention, the daily routine of mortal life uplifts the world by the supreme hope that somewhere is ineffable peace and rest and truth in the attainment of the spirit.

This, then, is the light that gleams upon you, the immortality; and this, then, is the hope that illumines beyond freedom, the possession of truth. This, then, is the garden toward which all paths are tending, the supreme manhood, the divine conqueror, the uplifting power, the evidence of that which is within man.

If Christ were only an ideal character he would still be the saviour of the world; if he only represented the possibility of man, if he was only the work of the poet, the priest, fabricated in the choice cloister of his brain as the only supreme hope of the world, he would still represent an ideal that in itself would constitute human salvation. A humanity to be uplifted beyond the trammels of the dust, to be released from the bondage of time and sense, unfettered from the supremacy of the body, is a humanity for which poet and prophet have alike predicted the highest treasures; and as Christ represents the ideal man so illumined, the reality, the conquest becomes double, the victory greater, and mankind is illumined by that promise to the contemplation of the individual freedom that is yours.

The light of this present century is the dawning glow of this superior and more supreme promise—not a promise that is meted out to you and doled out in parcels, not a promise that is given grudgingly at the hand of priest or king, not a promise that comes by authority or mandate, and is limited to the narrow groove of individual philosophy or thought, not a promise that reaches only to this or the other line of human life, leaving all others untouched and neglected, but a promise that enters now into your own estate, uplifts you by its encircling opinions, breathes out upon you its immortal opportunities, vanquishes the very bond by which you are enthralled, and makes you free in the midst of your duties, exalts and elevates by its continued presence, and rends the divine, the immortal, practicable, even while you are denizens of this house of clay.

The religionist removes your heaven too far, fixes it remotely far away; makes it something to be won or attained by narrowest thread of faith or belief; while humanity, Christ,

makes it the possession of each; tells you that the line of faith and prayer is within; that you attain it daily and hourly by the vanquishment of the daily and hourly obstacles...

And after fair Freedom, uplifted above, No more on the Earth here show, Then the Earth-stone once more flew Heaven to move...

The wise by spiritual exercise know Him and become free from nervous delight and grief. "Those who see God in their souls are always happy."

error, the wise man is set free. The doctrine contained in the Gita as to future punishment is higher and nobler than the Bible. It says: "The Almighty receives neither the vices and virtues of any one."

From the Cleveland (O.) Plain Dealer for Dec. 15th. Spiritualist Services IN CHRISTENING AN INFANT—CEREMONIES AT HALLE'S HALL.

And then came a soul out of heaven, as fair As the lily of flowers, in the blessed hour of heaven as a star that perfect and rare...

THE REVIEWER. PROTESTANT SECTARIAN MISSIONS PHARY GRAND MITTRA'S "SPIRITUAL STRAY LEAVES."

The translation into English in the year 1874 of the Bhagavad Gita, one of the sacred books of the Hindus, revealed to Western scholars...

It is not by many good words, or by exercise of memory, or by much hearing of Him, that one can know Him; the worshiper who wills to know Him reaches Him. God reveals Himself in the soul of such a worshiper.

The Spiritualist devotional exercises at Halle's Hall on Sunday were varied by the baptizing of an infant. We believe this is the first public ceremonial of the kind in this city, and as a matter of general interest...

And then came a soul out of heaven, as fair As the lily of flowers, in the blessed hour of heaven as a star that perfect and rare. All stars' splendors have a year eclipsed...

THE SUPREME GIFT. When the earth was young, as the land of a world, As a gem and unbroken to light, She was parted into the Heavenly Power...

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New York.

Evrett Hall Spiritual Conference, Brooklyn, Saturday Evening, Dec. 27th.

THE FOLLOWING IS A SUMMARY OF THE CONFERENCE.

The conference was held at the residence of Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, in Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, Dec. 27th. It was attended by a large number of friends of the cause, and was most successful in every respect. The subject of the conference was "The Law of Mindship," and the speaker was Mrs. F. O. Hyzer.

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How many are there among us who have ceased to be worldly seekers, and are ready now to form classes for the study and enjoyment of true mindship? How many of us who have become true disciples of an immortal life, and in possession of a full knowledge that our loved ones walk with us day by day, are ready and willing to work for the development and unfolding of our spiritual natures, and to do so with a selfless purpose to be here in this life up to our highest ideal and to do what we can to promote the good of our fellow-creatures? This should be our motto, and if we are determined to do so, we must have a plan of action. Let us, therefore, form a class for the study and enjoyment of true mindship, and let us work for the development and unfolding of our spiritual natures, and to do so with a selfless purpose to be here in this life up to our highest ideal and to do what we can to promote the good of our fellow-creatures.

We have in our midst a number of true disciples of an immortal life, and in possession of a full knowledge that our loved ones walk with us day by day, are ready and willing to work for the development and unfolding of our spiritual natures, and to do so with a selfless purpose to be here in this life up to our highest ideal and to do what we can to promote the good of our fellow-creatures. This should be our motto, and if we are determined to do so, we must have a plan of action. Let us, therefore, form a class for the study and enjoyment of true mindship, and let us work for the development and unfolding of our spiritual natures, and to do so with a selfless purpose to be here in this life up to our highest ideal and to do what we can to promote the good of our fellow-creatures.

It has been pointed out through many mediums, not only among us here but abroad, and with mediums who were not known to us, that there is a great need for a spiritual union in Brooklyn. A spiritual union is a union of true disciples of an immortal life, and in possession of a full knowledge that our loved ones walk with us day by day, are ready and willing to work for the development and unfolding of our spiritual natures, and to do so with a selfless purpose to be here in this life up to our highest ideal and to do what we can to promote the good of our fellow-creatures.

In the early days of my experience in sitting in circles, I was instructed to sit all day long, and without interruption, for six months before I had any visible outward phenomena, but that quiet discipline was of untold advantage to me, and it was the only way in which I was able to develop my powers. I have since learned that this is the only way in which we can develop our powers, and it is the only way in which we can become true disciples of an immortal life, and in possession of a full knowledge that our loved ones walk with us day by day, are ready and willing to work for the development and unfolding of our spiritual natures, and to do so with a selfless purpose to be here in this life up to our highest ideal and to do what we can to promote the good of our fellow-creatures.

Mrs. F. O. Hyzer in Brooklyn - to Speak for another Month.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Society has changed its place of meeting, so that hereafter its Sunday lectures as well as its conference meetings will be held in Evrett Hall, 25 Fulton street - Sunday lectures - afternoon, 4 o'clock; evening, 7 1/2. Lectures sessions, Sunday mornings, 10 1/2. Conference meetings Saturday evenings, 7 1/2.

The society has renewed its engagement with Mrs. F. O. Hyzer for another month, and thus the Brooklyn Spiritualists and the Brooklyn public will have the benefit of the services of this popular lecturer - as professed as she is brilliant - for the first month of the new year.

Mrs. Hyzer has always been a favorite speaker with Brooklyn Spiritualists, but it is the uniform remark of all who have attended her lectures during her December engagement that never before did she appear before a larger audience with such marked success. These December lectures have been one unbroken and brilliant series of triumphs for Mrs. Hyzer as a public lecturer, and Spiritualists, with such exponents and vindicators, must certainly be accelerating momentum in our country.

When it was announced on last Sunday evening that the society had renewed its engagement with Mrs. Hyzer for another month, a storm of applause from the large audience greeted the man's announcement.

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STEEL PLATE ENGRAVINGS, FREE! IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

FROM JAN. 1st, 1880, UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, Any Person sending us \$3.00 for a year's subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT will be entitled to ONE of the below-described beautiful works of art, of his or her own selection; and for each additional engraving 50 cents extra, the choice of the engravings to be mentioned in the letter containing the money for the payment of the subscription.

RECAPITULATION:

Banner of Light one year, and one Picture, \$3.00
Banner of Light one year, and two Pictures, \$3.50
Banner of Light one year, and three Pictures, \$4.00
Banner of Light one year, and four Pictures, \$4.50
Banner of Light one year, and five Pictures, \$5.00

Postage on both Paper and Pictures will be prepaid by us, and the latter safely enclosed in pasteboard rollers.

ALL NEW SUBSCRIBERS, OR OLD PATRONS ON RENEWING THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS, TO THE

BANNER OF LIGHT, MAY OBTAIN, FOR THEMSELVES AND FRIENDS, ONE OR MORE OF THE FOLLOWING FINE WORKS OF ART, FREE, BY COMPLYING WITH THE TERMS ABOVE MENTIONED:

"NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE."

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

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

SIZE OF SHEET, 22 BY 28 INCHES; ENGRAVED SURFACE, 16 BY 21 INCHES.

THE RETAIL PRICE IS \$2.50.

"LIFE'S MORNING AND EVENING."

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

A river, symbolizing the life of man, winds through a landscape of hill and plain, bearing on its current the time-worn bark of an aged Pilgrim. An Angel accompanies the boat, one hand resting on the helm, while with the other she points toward the open sea - an emblem of eternity - reminding "Life's Morning" to live good and pure lives, so "That when their backs shall float at eventide," they may be like "Life's Evening," fitted for the "crown of immortal worth."

SIZE OF SHEET, 22 BY 28 INCHES; ENGRAVED SURFACE, 15 BY 20 INCHES.

THE RETAIL PRICE IS \$2.00.

"THE ORPHANS' RESCUE."

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

This beautiful picture lifts the veil of materiality from beholding eyes, and reveals the guardians of the Angel World. In a boat, as it lay in the swollen stream, two orphans were playing. It was late in the day, before the storm ceased, and the clouds, belated of their burdens, shifted away before the wind, leaving a clear, bright sky along the horizon.

SIZE OF SHEET, 22 BY 28 INCHES; ENGRAVED SURFACE, 15 BY 20 INCHES.

THE RETAIL PRICE IS \$2.00.

"HOMeward."

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE FIRST LINE IN GRAY'S ELEGY. DESIGNED AND PAINTED BY JOSEPH JOHN.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," from the church tower bathed in sunset's falling light, "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," toward the humble cottage in the distance. "The plowman homeward plods his weary way," and the thrushes hawk eagerly toward their home and their rest. A boy and his dog are eagerly hunting in the meadow. The little girl treads life and beauty to the picture. In one hand she holds wild flowers, in the other grass for "my roset." Seated under a tree in the churchyard, around which she grasps, she gazes at the "poor, sweet wretch," and leaves the world to darkness and to me. "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight."

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

THE RETAIL PRICE IS \$2.00.

"THE DAWNING LIGHT."

ART ENSHRINEMENT OF THE BIRTHPLACE OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. From the Original Painting by JOSEPH JOHN. Engraved on Steel by J. W. WATTS.

In 1827 PROFESSOR JOHN, THE DISTINGUISHED INSPIRATIONAL ARTIST, visited Hydesville, in Arcadia township, Wayne County, N. Y., and made a careful drawing of the world-renowned house and surrounding scenery where Spiritual Telegraphy began its glorious and unending mission of light and love. The artist being a painter of high order, with his soul in full accord with this subject and its dawning light, how could it have been otherwise than a "work of love" and enthusiasm to him, as his hand was guided in designing and perfecting this masterly production of art? To give the picture its deepest significance and interest, the light with the real was united, embodying the production of a number - without wings, in forms tangible to the sight, enveloped in clouds and drapery of filmy spirits - sixteen in number - through the sky of quivering ether in a winding, spiral form, illuminating the entrance to the house and yard around with their magnetic aura, while another - the "Immortal Franklin" - robed in white, is entering the door to the room where the light shines from the windows, and where the first intelligible plan was heard that kindled to a constant flame the projected electric spark of communion. In front of the house are fruit-trees, and an old-style windlass drawn well, with its chain and oaken bucket. A little further to the left is the gate through which a path leads to the house; and along the road, beyond the open gate, stands the village smithy with its blazing forge, and the honest son of toil. While above and beyond the shop, resting against the side of the hill, is the mansion of A. W. Hyde, from whom Mr. Fox rented this house. In the background, stretching along the horizon, is a naked hill, almost lost against the bank of clouds; and between that and the house stands the fair and fruitful orchard.

SIZE OF SHEET, 20x24 INCHES; ENGRAVED SURFACE ABOUT 11x14 INCHES.

THE RETAIL PRICE IS \$1.00.

COLBY & RICH.

January 1st, 1880.