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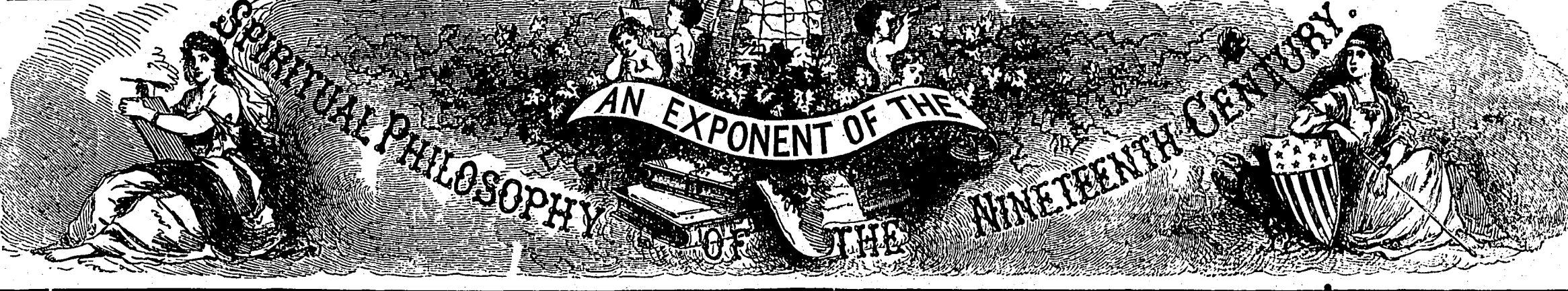
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Berkeley Hall.

The Spiritual Temple: And How to Build It.

A Lecture delivered by
W. J. COLVILLE,
In Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday Morning, Oct. 9th, 1881, under Influence of his Spirit-Guides.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

From the earliest historic ages, in all parts of the world, men have erected temples for religious worship in some form or other. Some of these temples were very crude and very barbaric, and displayed evidences of very small intellectual and spiritual attainment—many of them being so rude in their construction as to be devoid of all architectural beauty; again, others were so magnificent that it appeared as though all the wealth of man's artistic nature had been heaped upon them in order to make them very palaces of beauty. Is there any need that we should build temples in which to worship God? Do we require any form or ceremony with which to come before the Eternal Spirit who dwelleth in all things and who liveth and moveth in our own souls? Are religious rites and ceremonies superfluities, or are they useful to us for a while, even though, after a time, their use may be over and their places know them no more?

Our subject this morning is "The Spiritual Temple, and How to Build It."

When we allude to the spiritual temple we mean whatsoever place or whatsoever thing is the shrine of holiness, for God must be infinitely holy, infinitely wise, infinitely loving, as well as infinitely powerful, and, therefore, nothing but truth and love and honor can afford before Him with acceptance. "Not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is." This sentence, found in one of the Epistles, seems to us to convey the idea that the early Christians were accustomed to place a very high estimation upon public worship, and no doubt their estimate was none too high. But the necessity for public worship in that day may have been greater than at present, because in the stormy periods of persecution, when men, women and children were proscribed and persecuted everywhere, when all their goods were taken from them, when their lives were in jeopardy, when their pursuers were ever on the alert to capture them if possible, they could not stand alone; they were altogether too weak to endure without that strength which grows out of union.

Whenever we are in danger we feel our danger less when we have congenial associates. If we are in jeopardy we feel our peril less if we have companions with us than if we are all alone; and no doubt the early Christians, who were in such sore danger, felt the imperative need of assembling together for mutual protection, as well as for mutual edification. It was needful that they should hold their conference meetings, in order that they might talk over the best means of spreading the new faith, which was so dear to them all, and also to invent measures for their own protection; for the law of self-preservation is one of the first laws of nature, which we are commanded by all that is best in ourselves, and safest for society, to obey. To run any unnecessary risks, to expose ourselves to danger when we can benefit no one by doing so, is foolhardiness. It is not bravery. We may admire the man who will dare, amid the perils of shipwreck, all the terrors of the deep, in order to rescue those in danger from a watery grave. We may admire the man who will leap into the flames unprotected by any coat of mail, that he may rescue children, who otherwise would be burned in their beds. But

we cannot admire a man who will place himself in an unnecessary position of peril, and thereby tempt God to destroy him. One of the temptations of Jesus when he was alone with wild beasts and evil spirits in the wilderness, ere he commenced his three years of public ministry, was the temptation to risk his life only that he might stand before the world in the light of a remarkable magician, who had power to expose himself to unheard of dangers, and yet be protected by the power he wielded. We have no right to demand or to expect spiritual protection when we unnecessarily expose ourselves to risks. But whenever we are engaged in a benevolent enterprise we have a perfect right to call upon our angel friends to carry us through all dangers, and especially to trust in the protection of God when we are doing our duty.

There is a great deal of difference in the environment of those who expose themselves from foolish motives, and those who expose themselves for the benefit and salvation of others. When you desire to benefit another you throw around yourself a shield which will protect you from the influences of evil. As soon as you are bent on an errand of mercy, and are determined to elevate the world, you are clad in an armor that is proof against all attacks, and clad in which you may defy the hosts of wickedness. If you lose your physical life, your soul only enters at the right time into a world of larger usefulness, into a sphere of extended liberty. For no one can die at the wrong time when he dies doing his duty. No man can go into the spiritual world uncalled for by the angels when he falls at the post of duty, nobly working for the elevation of the race and the securing of its happiness. We consider that the early Christians and their great teachers were none too earnest in proclaiming the necessity of public worship as a means of protecting and encouraging one another. But there is a necessity for public worship beyond this, and that necessity can probably only be thoroughly understood by those who are somewhat familiar with psychological influences, and with those spiritual powers which are continually working around us. Whenever a company of people gather together, they generate magnetism, and form a spiritual sphere. As we have told you oftentimes, spiritual spheres may be carried from place to place; and communicating spirits when they have been questioned closely concerning their abodes, have said that they can live in their houses and carry them with them. They are thus always in heaven, if their surroundings are the outgrowth of a virtuous heart—while hell is equally an outgrowth of man's inner condition. Wherever we are, we are in our own spiritual spheres. We form our own environment, and this is composed of the substance of thought.

You will see the point at which we are aiming—that if a company of persons come together with a good object in view, wishing to receive and also to impart good, they form spiritual spheres on the earth, in which dwelleth righteousness, and whence salutary influences may be dispensed far and wide over the globe. You do not, or you ought not, to come here to listen to the service, but to take part in it. You have no right to come here or to go anywhere in order to get as much as you possibly can while you give nothing in return. You should come here to give as well as to take; and you will enjoy any public service, and it will do you good, just in proportion as you are desirous of making it do good to others. As you go to church with the determination to get good, in order to dispense good, you will receive a blessing; but when you go only in order that you may grasp something, wishing to receive all the instruction you can, and then use it for your own advantage in the world, public worship will be to you not only unnecessary, but positively injurious; because it will encourage selfishness and cherish inordinate self-love. We have a right to try to get all the instruction we can. We have a right to get all the good we can possibly extract from every man on earth and from every unseen spirit; and the more we get the better, if our desire in the getting, and the use which we make of the possessions when acquired, are laudable and for the elevation of the race. A company of people come into this hall, and by their very contact they stimulate each other, and send each other out into the world to battle with the temptations of life more manfully and successfully than if they had not enjoyed their hallowed union on Sunday morning. You come here and sit side by side, desirous of blessing and of being blessed; by so doing you generate the very elements into which loving spirits can descend. Even though there may be nothing very instructive in the words of the speaker—though you listen to the poorest discourse that was ever delivered, even though you be stone deaf, and cannot hear a word that is said, your heart and mind may be played upon by spiritual beings, as the æolian harp is played upon by the wind. You cannot prevent the wind playing upon that instrument; even so, the wind of the spirit of truth, which bloweth where it listeth, and is unperceived by mortals, is the power which brings the apprehension of truth to the minds of men.

Those who are willing to receive truth always will receive it, and those whose minds are not ready and willing cannot receive it. This is why it is that the eloquent words of many a powerful speaker make no impression upon a portion of his audience, while to others they are filled with the deepest meaning. This is why the sweetest strains of music may fall upon the ear of one and inspire him, and yet produce no impression upon the heart or the mind of another; the latter having no appreciation of sound other than in a very worldly way. Our

minds must be alive to heavenly influences, and the doors of our own energies must be thrown open wide, or God's good gifts, though lying around us, will be unappropriated by us, even as all richest wealth of soil may lie buried in uncultivated ground; but our energies not being employed in its cultivation, we may go hungry while living on the most productive spot of earth. Because many persons are stimulated by others, because everything is contagious, public worship is good; one cannot help being stimulated to noble endeavor by the thoughts which are coursing through the minds of others. It is a libel upon the laws of nature to say with Col. Ingersoll, that disease and not good health is contagious. By coming into a healthy assembly, you can catch physical and mental health just as truly as by breathing a tainted atmosphere you may inhale the germs of disease. When we are assembled to help one another, we cannot help being elevated, because holy influences are circulating in the very air we breathe. Our own state of receptivity enables them to work in us and through us, and we are saved by them from a thousand ills. You perceive, then, why it is necessary that young people should be taught to attend some religious gathering; not because they are to receive so very, very much instruction from the words of a minister, which they cannot get from magazines, newspapers, or the library. You may have a discourse published and circulated, but it cannot do people generally as much good to read it as to hear it delivered. You are not benefited by singing alone, as much as by joining your voice in united song. Congregations must sing, as well as listen to the efforts of professional singers.

The truth of the matter is, you must be in a condition to receive before you can receive, and thus a word spoken at a critical moment of your life may turn the whole future tide of your existence, while the same words addressed to you when in a non-receptive condition will make no impression upon your heart. Hence the great benefit which may be derived from public spiritual gatherings is that in those gatherings we are so wrought upon by our surroundings, and so benefited by the influences which are generated and circulated, that we can receive in the living sphere that which we cannot obtain when we are deprived of such beautiful gatherings.

Thus every true church, every Spiritual Temple, must be a centre from which hallowing influences are diffused abroad. If the church is not a spiritual centre for practical work; if it does not ally the earth with spiritual spheres in a peculiar way, that church, however sumptuous, however beautiful, however graceful its oratory, goes for naught in the estimation of the spiritual world, and stands as no true monument of man's devotion to God; it only represents fashion, or Mammon-worship, agreeable truly to Pharisees desirous of putting on the outward semblance of godliness in the spirit of those olden Pharisees who were termed whited sepulchres by Jesus.

An unseen traveler through the streets of many modern cities exclaims: "Behold the many houses which are called houses of God! How many of them are Spiritual Temples!" They represent so much architectural ability, so much ostentatious display. Man proclaims abroad that he worships God; so he dedicates to him some particular portion of the substance which must of necessity belong to God and all humanity.

If by any of your tricks of trade you have amassed a fortune, stolen from the poor in order that you may build a handsome church in the city, do you imagine that God will be satisfied with the house dedicated to him? Every cent which is taken from the poor man in order to enrich the wealthy, everything that adds to your worldly prosperity that has been gained at the sacrifice of your allegiance to conscience, is money stolen out of the treasury of God. For as God requires no money for himself, neither food, nor shelter, nor raiment, nor any material thing, you cannot rob God by going directly and breaking open his safe and taking possession of the money there; but when any poor person is robbed, then God is robbed. We contend that every church which has been endowed by those who have gotten their money unjustly, is only the attempt of some wretched and unhappy conscience to still the tones of its own condemning voice by paying back to God a portion of the amount which has already been stolen from him.

And so with the endowment of all charitable institutions, many of which have only a tendency to keep people in poverty and dependence. Persons who have the means at their disposal to prevent crime and pauperism, are insulting the Infinite as they give unto the distressed merely an asylum in the midst of the distress which their selfishness has occasioned. The work of the future will be the erection of preventive asylums. The work of the future will not be the building of magnificent temples to the honor and glory of God, and endowing them with magnificent gifts, in order that men may be turned from the error of their ways unto righteousness, but institutions in which little children may be taken care of so that they may never become criminals, and, therefore, never need the salvation which is so freely offered to the world in the name of Jesus Christ. The church of to-day is continually making proselytes, and constantly striving to convert men; the mission of ministers is to bring souls to Jesus, and compel them to renounce their evil doing, and to begin a new life. Ministers of religion, you are doing some good in so far as you are sincere. Every honest man is doing some good, because of his very honesty. The love of humanity in itself is good, and every honorable man is doing good, no matter what doctrine he may preach, no matter

what methods he may employ in the advocacy of his doctrines. But there are degrees of good and degrees of usefulness, and so far as we get rid of the atrocious doctrine that men are altogether born in sin, and shapen in iniquity, that they require to be altogether altered before they can get to heaven, and change our theology altogether into a system which tells us that a child starts pure and innocent, and that if his innocence and his purity are protected he need never become a criminal, we shall have struck the key-note to the true plan of salvation. Acknowledging the necessity of all the trials and temptations of life, we may go through all these temptations by exercising self-control without falling into the meshes of iniquity. Let us realize that God's gospel unto all humanity is that their own bodies are his temples, and they can worship him truly only as they develop them into symmetrical and harmonious organizations.

As soon as this divine view of life is the view taken by all the leading teachers of the world, as it is already taken by all practical philanthropists, we shall have in the church a new kind of worship, a new system of theology. Any devout Christian who bows the head every time the name of Jesus is pronounced in the service, will, by comparing this method with the record of the life of Jesus, find that his teachings, divested of all modern exorcises, will harmonize perfectly with this view. What Jesus formerly gave to the few is now to be given to the multitude. What Jesus taught to the few is now to be taught to the many. It will not be the remodeling of the gospel, but its extension, the removal of all exorcises, and the reduction of all religion to a sound, practical effort for the reformation of the world. And in this practical effort for the redemption of mankind we may still maintain our churches, our academies of learning, our concert halls and theatres, our art-galleries and museums, our public schools, and freely circulate our literature. We shall have room for all our paintings, works of art and strains of music, and shall not refuse to cultivate a love of the beautiful anywhere. For the beautiful, in itself, and a beautiful place of instruction, can always exert a more widely extended influence for good than can a crude, poor meeting-house or an ill-ventilated and imperfectly-furnished home. Crude homes suggest the idea of running away from home into a whirlpool of excitement, rather than remaining under the shelter of the parental roof, there to find all that there is in life most worth living for.

Our Spiritual Temples must, in the first place, be human bodies; in the second place, well regulated homes; and in the third place, good schools, churches and general institutions for united action. If a man tries to begin on the largest scale he may have to decrease to the smaller; but if he begins on the smaller he will increase to the larger. The man who expects to start on the topmost round of the business ladder is likely to fall; all his hopes will be blasted and his prospects wrecked. But that self-denying youth or maiden who will begin at the base in spite of many disadvantages, will rise gradually higher and higher through self-denial and industry to great eminence, never despising the day of small things. Let every man and woman build securely upon the rock of true effort, and their edifices shall never be like the toy castles erected on drifting sand which gives way beneath your feet.

Is there not a pressing need in the world to-day for a recognition of the rights and necessities of children, both born and unborn? Children are the Temples of God, yet undevoted and unpolluted by any act of their own. They may be born into wickedness and vice, or they may be born into holiness. You who are philosophical, and you who are philanthropical, instead of mourning over hereditary evils, or sighing over the origin of sin, exert yourselves to practically remove evil and abolish sin. If children are born in sin, why are they born in sin? They are born in sin because their parents did not obey the laws of nature, and, in a great many instances, their parents did not obey because they did not understand the law.

A great many young men and women enter the matrimonial state with honorable motives and pure intentions, and are desirous of bringing up their children in the ways of usefulness, wishing to lead respectable lives; but they do not know how to perform their duties because they have not been instructed in the laws of nature, and, as the result of ignorance, their children are born in the most pitiable conditions of distress. Instead of taking your child to the church font to be regenerated, let the mother's womb be the baptismal font; and as soon as the child is conceived there will be laid the foundation of a truly beautiful temple, fitted to enshrine the ever-living spirit of God. As fathers and mothers become father-confessors and mother-confessors in their own households—as children learn to confide in their parents, and parents invite their confidences, and explain unto them the truth so far as they are able to bear it—then young men and women may go out into the world knowing the consequences of yielding to temptation. Let not your young people remain in ignorance, or they will be unprotected against the seductions of the world. As soon as children are born and hunched on the sea of life, if their parents cannot or will not take care of them, let them not be left a prey to those terrible influences which overtake the neglected; from the ranks of waifs and strays you cannot wonder that there are so many criminals and so many paupers, and that there is such a vast amount of wickedness in the world to-day.

As soon as any little creature is stranded upon the shores of time, and has no natural parent or guardian to take charge of him, there should

be at once an asylum found for him in the home of some one who will incur the responsibility, and will faithfully perform the work of bringing him up in the true way. Public institutions are good in their way; convent and other schools and orphanages are doing a great deal of good; many of the institutions connected with the Catholic Church are most valuable in the absence of more perfect institutions; but no public institution can ever take the place of the home. If the child can be brought up by his own natural parents, their home is the place for him; and if not, there are no men and women who—having no children of their own, (having either had children and lost them, or who loving children have never been blessed (with them)—will be ready to take charge of these little ones and bring them up in the path of purity?

The crying need of to-day is the prevention of transgression; instead of allowing men to fall into the clutches of evil, and then rescuing them, we must devise plans to protect from the beginnings of evil. The work of the future will be the prevention of evil. We hear a great deal to-day concerning prison reform and other reformatory movements; those reforms are sorely needed; and far be it from us to detract one iota from the dignity of those who are engaged in them. Investigate every form of cruelty perpetrated upon the unfortunate, and strive for its discontinuance. If a man is criminal, he can only be attracted to virtue by kindness, by the power of love. If you seem to restore him by harsh measures, you only prevent him from the open commission of sinful acts, because he is afraid he will be found out, he will abstain from enormities; but no man was ever reformed, no man was ever brought into the fold of truth by cruelty; this only makes him deceitful, as he is brought to fear the consequences of open transgression. If a criminal is really to be reformed, and made a blessing to society, he can only be thus restored as the divine influences within him are called into operation, and the power of love alone awakens the inner goodness.

There are some people to-day who say that it is merely a sentimental matter that we are so earnest in insisting upon the doctrine of universal salvation. We have had conversations with Swedenborgians, who believe in progression in the future life for some souls, but who also believe in retrogression for others; these have told us that while a great many will be saved, a great many will go to hell, and remain in hell to all eternity, but they will get enjoyment there, and will be made comfortable. This is less unreasonable than to imagine that they are to be tormented to all eternity in order to gratify the vengeance of an angry God, who will do nothing to reform them, according to the Calvinistic view of the case. It will be far better to believe, as the Swedenborgians do, that those who remain in hell will be of some use, even though their uses cannot be understood by us, rather than that they will be subjected to endless misery to satisfy a revengeful God. But while the Swedenborgian idea is in advance of the Orthodox conception, and a great improvement upon Calvinism, it is altogether unsatisfactory, and is radically wrong in its influence upon practical life. If I believed that there are people in this world to-day who are going to remain evil to all eternity, and that God will make them contented with a course of iniquity, and will find a use for their sin; if I believed it to be a part of the Divine plan that some people should remain forever in the abyss of wickedness, and that they may in that state be of some good in the universe, then my ardor would be altogether dampened, and when I had work to perform on behalf of the fallen I would think perhaps after all God does not care whether or no they are reformed; perhaps God does not want them reformed; perhaps he will have some use for their depravity.

Instead of believing in the good God, as soon as I believe in a God who has a use for everlasting wickedness as well as in a God who has a use for everlasting good, I at once lose my heart in practical efforts to reform the world, for after all I may be working for others as God does not wish them to be worked for; if there must be everlasting evil, and he can make use of it, then all our energies for the elevation of the race are necessarily crippled. But if I look out on the broad fields of humanity and endeavor by the furthest stretch of spiritual contemplation to take in the unnumbered spheres of human souls, and if embracing the whole universe, or as much of it as I can, I cling to the ideal belief that every soul is dear to him, and that God is anxious that every one should be elevated, and that he has implanted pure desires within all, feeling that God's spirit dwelleth within every child, I know that I am made use of by the eternal goodness, and that I am an instrument in the hands of a mighty power to rescue men; and immediately I appeal to their finer sensibilities, I know that it is the divine will that these diviner sensibilities should be called out into perfect action. In all our conduct with the depraved we need to be Universalists in the very broadest sense of that term, in order that we may bend all our energies to the great work of man's salvation. We contend that our work to-day is the improvement of the human species, the elevation of man, and that so far as outward ceremonies can contribute to this end, let them be advocated and continued.

The traveler in Italy may wander through Rome, and gazing upon St. Peter's, admiring its colossal magnificence, sigh for a while over the corruptions which are connected with the system which is typified by that gorgeous temple. He, remembering that in the days of Luther, when the Protestant reformation commenced, a noble monk protested against the sale of indulgences while this splendid temple was being built through the extortion of

money from the pockets of the poor and superstitious people, in order to fill the coffers of the church, may pause for a moment and ask: Of what use is all this vast expenditure, and what good is this splendid temple? Can God bless those who gather in a temple which was built primarily in his honor, though people being wrought and defrauded? Suddenly all dark thoughts vanish, as the lights and shades alternate in solemn and grand variety in that magnificent structure. He feels that he is surrounded by hosts of unseen worshippers who have been benefited alike by their own efforts and the desires of their neighbors to receive good in that place long and long ago. And as he feels that beneath all this pomp and ceremony human hearts have long been ennobled and still continue to strive for goodness, he is impressed with the sovereign efficacy of art itself, in itself even to tears and moved into greater holiness of action as he gazes upon the gorgeousness of the architecture and the perfection of the minutest portion of the structure. He feels that the very soul of Michael Angelo is now working for the erection of a broader and grander temple to be established among men, and that he, with his myriads of unseen co-workers, is inspiring him through his love of the beautiful, speaking through all that is most glorious and magnificent in the productions of his master mind. The sheer beauty and magnificence of the building itself, apart from all its associations, makes it for us a temple of God, and we are made face to face with the love and power of God, through the operation of man's genius, and are reminded of the possible achievements of the race. Standing then in the temple, and by the side of a man, embracing art, we are elevated and inspired, as we feel that we may become even Angels ourselves, though we build not a temple of brick, mortar, marble or stone, but one of the spirit in our midst, wherein men may come to worship whenever they will, and be fettered by none of the limitations of ecclesiastical bondage. We may even be greater than he ever was.

To the traveler wandering through the numberless apartments of the Vatican and gazing upon the artistic beauties of the Sixtine Chapel, however unimpaired many of the paintings may seem to be, if interested in the beautiful, art itself will surpass its embodiment. Angel Ministry, as represented in Raphael's masterpiece, "The Transfiguration," portrays humanity as it stands revealed and glorified. All that there is of infinite merit in an artist's production, is here in an inspiration to noble living. We are reminded of how beautiful this world may be, and how transcendently fair our lives may become if our energy is only expended in decorating the true Temple of God, by embellishing the shrine which encloses the Holy of Holies. We are impelled to turn away from the structure and paintings and go out into the city; and as we go we feel more charitably disposed toward the rascal children and their poorer parents who are out there begging, we feel that even in the lowliest of them God dwells, as he never dwells in the tabernacle of any Catholic altar. We are thrown out into the world with higher resolves and nobler projects, and we feel the inspiration of a Raphael coming into us and telling us to paint in living colors the forms of Spiritual Truth which are evolved from our souls, and to persevere in our labors until human lives shall be temples of the living God indeed. Having taken our last look at the beautiful, having been inspired with all the good that art can inspire in us, let us go into the houses of the poor and there find deserted temples and forsaken altars, which it is our mission to restore. Houses of inquiry multiply; gin-palaces and rum-shops increase; abodes of licentiousness are freely encouraged in a land which professes the religion of Christ. We know that the only true method of leading men away from places of infamy is by making home so fair and attractive that it will be to them the most fascinating spot on earth. "Sweet, sweet home," being infinitely sweeter than all other places. Men, women and children will not be willing to leave their homes for darker and more dangerous places, even though they be more brilliant to the gaze of the outside world. Almost every young man or woman who begins a downward career begins with becoming dissatisfied with home; when parents are too exacting, when they suppress natural enjoyments, when they are too severe, when they refuse to take their children to places of innocent amusement, they sow the seeds of infamy and disgrace. Homes must be attractive and natural; and all the adornments of home must be suggestive of nature in her most attractive forms. Above all, let your attention be paid to the early training and culture of your children, that their bodies and their minds may be God's living Temples, wherein dwelleth the Spirit of Truth.

How, then, may we build the Spiritual Temple? We may have something to say on another occasion concerning the desirability of erecting special places of spiritual resort and on the cultivation of spiritual gifts, and the value of houses where men and women may come together in order that they may benefit one another. But the thought which we desire to leave with you to-day is this: That the human body is of infinitely more value than the church, and that the home wherein men dwell every day and every night is far more valuable than a temple specially dedicated to God. We tell you that it is not necessary to spend your money upon gorgeous ecclesiastical edifices. We say give God all the houses; give him not only a hundred temples in a city, but let every house be a church; and there, around the family altar, surrounded by all the endearments of affection, let the children rise up and learn to develop in wisdom and love under the fostering care of a wise father and tender mother, truly kind and truly wise. Many a little child kneels at his mother's knee and says: "Oh, God!" and looking into the mother's eyes, sees all that he can understand of divinity shining out through those beautiful and tender orbs. Many a little girl kneels down at her father's side and repeats "Our Father who art in heaven," feeling that that earthly father is all the God she is capable of understanding. If her father be a true and noble man, if the mother be a noble and virtuous woman, then it will truly be through that mother and father that the divinest influences may reach the child; for while the child cannot understand the mystery of an all-pervading spirit, nor enter into theological speculations, and know that God is all in all, that God is everywhere, God in father and God in mother is God manifested in the flesh, and as God, after all, is infinite goodness, wherever goodness comes from is God's seat; whatever is good is from God. Let all parents become leaders leading their children higher and higher, nearer and nearer unto God.

Let us first build a Spiritual Temple at home, then. Let us go forth into the world, resolving

to make other homes the most beautiful places on earth; and because of the inexperience of the young who are entrusted to our charge, let us resolve to preserve them from all temptations to the commission of vice, by cultivating in them a love for all that is beautiful and fair.

This is the work for your missionaries to begin: the work of bringing together those who are in sympathy with each other, to work practically. Bring your easily-led astray people into an atmosphere which is redolent of purity; bring those who cannot stand alone into an assembly of men who are resolved to redeem their brethren, and when those weak and tempted ones go out into the world, they having met with you will be strong, because your magnetism and will-power will help them, and your good resolves will attract, and enable exalted spiritual presences to abide with them. A spiritual temple must rise till it covers the earth; and when it shall have assumed such proportions and includes all humanity, then, and only then, shall we see the true church of God, a spiritual temple in which love and truth abide eternally.

Reception

Given to Dr. Monck at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton, New York.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Saturday evening, Oct. 8th, a reception was given to the Rev. Dr. Monck, of England, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Newton. A large and intelligent company of influential Spiritualists was assembled. After music and refreshments, Prof. J. R. Buchanan introduced Dr. Monck in a brief and appropriate manner as one who had received higher honors abroad than we could confer upon him, who had carried Spiritualism triumphantly through the highest ranks of society, and who in addition had shed honor upon the cause by his disinterestedness, self-sacrifice, and having met the fiercest enemies of Spiritualism in England and received the honor of martyrdom by imprisonment under the barbarous laws of that country. Such a servant of the truth was entitled to the warmest and most honorable reception we could give him, which would be simply repeating what he has received abroad, where his generous and disinterested services were known. The Spiritualists of England and Europe, after his imprisonment and loss of health, presented him, as a token of their respect and sympathy, a testimonial of over two thousand dollars, besides having raised a similar sum for his defense during the prosecution.

On the Committee of these two funds were such leading names as Alexander Calder, President, and Morell Theobald, Honorary Secretary of the British National Association of Spiritualists; Sir Charles Isham, Bart.; Baron Holmfeld, A. J. Cranston; Rev. W. Stanton Moses; Hensleigh Wedgwood, J. P.; Hon. Alexander Aksakoff; Prof. F. Zollner, of Leipzig, and others.

This testimonial from the leading representatives of Spiritualism was the highest honor which has ever been given to any medium, and I have here, said Dr. Buchanan, the autograph letter of His Highness, the Prince de Solms, a connection of the English royal family, in which he refers to his subscription of a hundred dollars to Dr. Monck's Testimonial Fund having been acknowledged in the spiritual papers as from "Prince G—," and expresses his wish that in order to do honor to Dr. Monck his subscription should in future issues of these papers be acknowledged opposite his full name, thus: "His Serene Highness Prince de Solms."

Dr. Buchanan read the letter in full, in which he says, "I feel for you the greatest sympathy, and I know you are not alone an honest medium, but a kind hearted man for all who suffer. As to your letter, I thank you very much for it; I like such long and explicit letters, as I think you have great talent for writing, and you should use your talents to write your life. Your mediumship is so wonderful and so convincing to skeptics because the materializations take place in the light without a cabinet, and visible before the eyes of the witnesses, as I can testify from personal experience."

Dr. Monck then presented several other letters expressive of similar esteem from well-known leading English and European Spiritualists, including A. J. Cranston, Esq., Baron Holmfeld, Sir Charles Isham, Bart., Rev. W. Stanton Moses, M. A. (known as M. A. Oxon), Dr. Kennedy, of America, Dr. Brown, Dr. Stowell, etc. These letters, including Prince Solms', were all written after Dr. Monck's release from prison, and must have been highly gratifying to him as proving how absolute and universal among English Spiritualists was the conviction that his incarceration was unjust, and left no stain upon his honor.

Dr. Monck then gave a very interesting narration of his personal experience, which greatly interested and pleased his auditors. This he did by special request. He said: "I am always most reluctant to speak of myself. This is the second time I have received such a pressing request in this country. The first was from the President and officers of the Association at Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting, when my expressed reluctance to allude to my own mediumship yielded only to the urgent solicitations of those gentlemen, whose guest I was."

He then related his media experiences in childhood, when spirits rocked his cradle and he communed with the invisibles, and his remarkable career as "the boy preacher," beginning at fourteen years of age, in the church of the great English preacher, Spurgeon. He became inspired and preached spiritual truths to audiences of several thousands and the spirits responded loudly by raps upon the platform. He lived upon his private income and spent his life in the service of humanity without salary. His guardian spirits, however, demanded that he should come out as a Spiritualist without reserve and sacrifice his church connection and valuable prospects, and their aim was accomplished after his church had been burned down by incendiaries. Since then he has given himself entirely to the work of a lecturer and medium, in doing which he has entirely spent a considerable private fortune.

As a conspicuous Spiritualist and medium he was assailed and imprisoned on a charge unsustained by a particle of real evidence, and preferred against him by the same group of conspirators who had a few weeks prior to this attacked Dr. Slade. Incessant labors and hard persecution undermined his health, and after the imprisonment he suffered from dangerous hemorrhages produced by those wonderful materializations described by the Very Archdeacon and Dean Colby, A. J. Cranston, Professor Wallace, and many others, in which living forms materialized out of his side, and the state of his health compelled him to rest from his arduous labors for the space of over two years, up to the time of his leaving England or this country. His health has, however,

since been remarkably restored by spirit power, and although his physical mediumship is for a short time in abeyance, he has received back his old and remarkable power as a healer by laying on of hands, and having been invited by prominent New York Spiritualists and other citizens to exercise his gift and lecture regularly in this city, he has located at No. 205 East Thirty-sixth street, where his services as a healer are in great demand, and many wonderful cures have been accomplished by him. On Sunday evening, in Republican Hall, he made an eloquent address on the healing power, and having invited the sick among the audience to go on to the platform, a number of sufferers responded, whose conditions he promptly diagnosed with accuracy, and after laying his hands only a few moments on each, they publicly declared themselves entirely relieved of pain. One was an extreme case of ophthalmia, and the patient said: "You have done more for me to-night than all the New York physicians have been able to do."

These astonishing exhibitions of the Doctor's magnetic healing power created considerable enthusiasm in the audience, which was greatly increased when a crutch was handed to him and a lady arose in the audience, declaring that she had long been painfully lame and unable to walk, that all medical aid had failed to restore the limb, and that three weeks ago she received one magnetic treatment from Dr. Monck, and from that moment she had been able to walk as well as she ever did in her life, and had not once found it necessary to use the crutch, which she now desired Dr. Monck to keep as a trophy. He succeeded in demonstrating to the audience, by these numerous and prompt cures, that he possesses healing power of the very highest order. Dr. Monck has succeeded in a short time in winning for himself as high a position in the esteem and admiration of New York and Brooklyn Spiritualists as he enjoyed in the regard of the great body of Spiritualists in England.

The Indian Question.

The difficulty with the Poncas having been adjusted, through the tardy justice of the Government and the liberal liberality of a friendly chief, the country turns away from the subject, thanking Heaven that the Indian troubles are over. But Gen. Nelson A. Miles warns his countrymen that this impression is erroneous. In a very striking article in the *Military Journal*, he enforces the lesson that the Indian question will never be settled until it is settled righteously. Gen. Miles holds that it is a mistake to attribute Indian wars either to the implacable savagery and treachery of the red men, or to inherent differences in the nature of the two races. The Indians, he says, are governed by the same impulses and motives that govern all other men. They have come to regard the white men as their enemies, by reason of a long course of perfidious and relentless hostility, extending back to the Spanish conquest. Gen. Miles declares that, in our treaties, "we have invariably overreached the natives, and we find the record of broken promises all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific." He combats the commonly received opinion that contact with civilization improves the savages as human beings, and contends that it has degraded and brutalized them. The introduction of vices and the provocation to constant warfare have greatly deteriorated the race. The changes proposed by this distinguished General, to reform our "vexatious and expensive policy," are, in the main, such as have been recommended by all practical students of the question. He would give the Interior Department control of the civilized and semi-civilized Indians, and intrust the management of the wild and roving bands to the War Department, holding each responsible for its wards. The policy of extermination by enforced migrations to unhealthy or uncongenial localities he would have abandoned as cowardly and cruel. To break up the tribal habits, Gen. Miles would locate the Indians on reservations by families. All supplies and annuities should be accounted for on the army system of disbursements. Much of the present police work of the army could profitably be directed to assisting the Indians in becoming self-supporting; were they properly placed and fairly treated; but Gen. Miles's chief reliance is in making the Indians herders of domestic animals. He says: "A large percentage of the annual appropriations should be employed in the purchase of cattle and other domestic animals; the Indians desire them, and the Plains will support hundreds of thousands of them. They should be branded and given to the Indians by families; the surplus stock, to be sold after three years, under such restricted rules as would enable the owners to receive the full return for their property. From a pastoral people, the Indians should be induced to become agriculturists." The greatest evil want of the tribes is declared to be a simple system of courts, under which prompt and equal justice can be had. This is what we have many times incited. The Government should at once take action and bring this vexed question to a speedy termination.

THE BLISS MEDIUMS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Last Wednesday evening I was present at a séance given by the Bliss in Providence. Some twenty or more form-materializations presented, and among them the full form of the late General Burnside, wearing a military coat with metal buttons. The General appeared in full view of all present, shaking hands with some of us. A gentleman (who was not a Spiritualist and had never been at but one séance before) who accompanied me to the séance, agreed with me that no one who, like ourselves, had even seen the striking, stalwart figure and marked countenance, hair and beard of the late General could possibly mistake the identity of the spirit, which was a perfect fac simile in every particular of Gen. Burnside.

I have just received a letter, dated Oct. 13th, from a valued lady friend now in the State of Maine, from which I make the following extract. Yours truly, THOMAS R. HAZARD.

South Portsmouth, R. I., Oct. 17th, 1881.

"On Tuesday evening last we held another séance. I took our places (four in number). Adelaide Nelson was the first spirit who came. She was gloriously attired, as you saw her last winter at our house, with the addition of a bright light in her hand. At my request she gave us in pantomime the bridal scene from 'As You Like It'; also the duet scene in 'Twelfth Night.' Next came Charlotte Cushman—strikingly familiar. I asked her to personate 'Meg Merrilies,' which she did most effectively. I assure you, for we all started simultaneously, it was so far beyond what we supposed she could do. She was very strong, not to say powerful; her tread was as heavy as that of a large man. Miss Cushman also gave us, through the person of the medium, the sleep-walking scene from 'Macbeth.'"

SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.

HOW WE SPENT THE HEATED TERM, IN THE CITY AND ON THE SHORE.

"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
And the wild waters lapping on the strand."
—Tennyson.

To the Readers of the Banner of Light:

The year 1881—which biblical expositors and modern prophets have pointed to as likely to be rendered memorable by unusual cosmical chances and great disasters to individuals and nations—is fast drawing to a close. In the apprehension of the rational mind, there are no immediate indications that the ensuing three months will witness any great convulsion of Nature, much less the final winding up of our terrestrial affairs. Two of those mysterious visitors, known as comets, have come and gone, lighting up their solitary paths through the azure depths; the presence of others is already announced in the celestial programme; but none of these have disturbed the laws of solar attraction and terrestrial gravitation. Whether their burning robes have increased our atmospheric temperature, and diminished the measure of aerial moisture, causing extreme heat and dry weather, may be problems in the minds of scientific philosophers, but it is not our present object to seek their solution.

The present year has certainly been signalized by unusual atmospheric phenomena. In the early part of the season the range of the mercury was low, and the cold winds came down upon us from the snow-fields of the north. April sat in the lap of March, and shivered all over like the man on the ice-cart. In May we suddenly jumped from an almost freezing temperature into the torrid heat of summer. It was not exactly a leap from the frying-pan into the fire, but from northern refrigeration into something like cremation. So intense was the heat as to almost justify the apprehension that our aluminous substance might congeal. Personality was being rapidly reduced to a saline solution, and our very bones seemed liable to calcination. It was resolved that we must get out and away from the blast-furnace of the great city. With a blinding pain in the head, appetite gone, digestion impaired, and even unbroken consciousness an uncertain possession, we did not hesitate to employ our little remaining strength in crawling off the gridiron, and making our way out among the green hills and running waters of Belvidere, where we found rest for body, mind and spirit.

At the end of two weeks the invisible powers, more fully comprehending the necessities of the case, summoned us to the seashore. It was our plan to return in two weeks, but an earnest protest from the spirits through many and strange voices, resulted in such a modification of our original programme that we were absent some forty days. For a month the writer was the honored guest of LUTHER COLBY, the Nestor of the Spiritual Press, the record of whose generous hospitality (here garden, we are a witness and must tell the truth) runs through three States, leaving a string of pleasant memories and a broad streak of sunshine all the way.

We are happy to say, it was not in a barren wilderness that we wandered for forty days. Our experiences will be long remembered as the weary traveler recalls the fresh verdure, the grateful shade, and the clear waters of the oasis where his wasted energies were restored. Bro. Colby was our unerring monitor and guide, commissioned by beneficent spirits to keep us in the right way, and most faithfully did he perform his duty. But for his watchful care we might have switched off and taken the back track under a mistaken sense of duty, and thus have sustained, at least, a partial loss of the substantial benefit the spirits designed to confer upon their humble servant.

A brief record and a free running commentary on some of our experiences may possibly interest the readers of the *Banner*. After a day or two spent at "the Hub," we went to Hampton Beach, N. H., in search of health, repose and recreation. The host at one of the principal hotels had received previous information; our arrival was anticipated, and we found excellent accommodations at the Ocean House. The five days spent at Hampton Beach passed quickly away, then, in the sombre presence and under the strong pre-sure of a cold easterly storm, we drifted back to the city. On the succeeding Sunday we made a flying visit to the new and elegant hotel at the "Point of Pines," a place destined to present great attractions in the future. There we found a multitude of well-dressed people, supposed to be descendants of the Pilgrims.

In whose bright and happy faces
We saw not the smallest traces
Of the stern creed of their fathers.

What a vivid contrast! The old times when one could only take "a Sabbath day's journey" on the first day of the week—two miles, more or less, and then under a deep sense of religious obligation as to the equal measure of his steps, and with a demeanor solemn as scenes and reflections in a grave-yard—such, verily, were the old days now gone forever. Indeed, they seem to be quite forgotten. In the pedestrian exercises at the Point of Pines, the "go as you please" system is so popular that it is quite universally adopted. The music was not all especially sacred in the sense of long ago. In other words, it was not arranged to the measure of Old Hundred. As we happily entertain the idea that the best music is the most sacred, our sense of propriety was readily accommodated. The general freedom of the people was illustrated by swinging in the air, swimming in the sea, gambling on the green, and love-making everywhere in leafy bowers; and—what remains may sadden the hearts of temperance reformers—it is said that the ministers of the *Bacchanalia* held a grand levee with open doors.

The next wave that came over the city like a burning simoon sent us to Old Orchard Beach, on the coast of Maine, east one hundred miles from Boston. There we had a varied experience, which, with some small exceptions, was promotive of health and productive of much pleasure. While there the writer had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, which, however, soon gave way. We have learned by experience how to manage this enemy of our peace; and it is worthy of remark that, on this particular occasion, we had—in addition to our usual treatment—the magnetic hands of a good healing medium in the proper person of Mr. Colby. By his pains regard for the Christian injunction to "bear one another's infirmities," our recovery was speedy, but it left him with a painful reminder that, wherever an intimate magnetic relation exists, there may be something catching in rheumatism.

There are thirty hotels at Old Orchard, with the requisite accommodations for more than four thousand persons. Among these the Old Orchard House, of which Mr. Ebenezer C. Staples is proprietor, is much the most conspicuous, owing to its greater dimensions, the

superiority of the superstructure, and its commanding situation. It affords a fine view of the sea, the adjacent country, and the shore from the Dunstan River to the mouth of the Saco. Added to the natural objects, which are sure to attract attention, there are historical associations which render the whole region interesting to the traveler. The Old Orchard House was completely destroyed by fire in July, 1875, and the hard-working proprietor saw the labor of years reduced to smoke and ashes in a day. His early life had been spent on the restless ocean. We may almost say, without a figure, that he was

"Rocked in the cradle of the deep"; and hence was not easily appalled by the elements even in their wildest and most destructive moods. Trained to a life of rugged industry, he was not the man to fold his hands in despair. He did not dishonor his manhood by weeping over his hard fortune. Such was his resolute determination and unfaltering industry that, in the following year, the Old Orchard House rose phoenix like from the ashes, but in grander proportions than before.

The New House has excellent accommodations for five hundred guests. It requires a working force of one hundred persons to run the establishment in the best of the season. In mid-summer it was full, but during the eight days we spent there, the average number of visitors may have been about two hundred and fifty. The house has steam-power, and the laundry and culinary departments are supplied with all modern improvements. The dining-room is the largest we have seen in our travels, and the house has a hall, expressly for evening amusements, nearly one hundred feet long by fifty wide. In the morning and afternoon the guests are favored with classic music by the band which, for the season, belongs to the house. In the evening music of a lively measure is furnished in the great drawing-room for the special benefit of all who desire to illustrate the poetry of motion. Two sons and three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Staples assist in the management of this excellent house. The eldest daughter has the chief direction of the industrial forces employed inside of the establishment. She is a quiet lady in her manners and movements; an almost omnipresent inspector of everything, and withal a woman of strong mind and great executive ability.

Mrs. Staples, the excellent lady of the Old Orchard House, is one of its chief attractions. Her matronly presence, intelligence, freedom of thought and genuine liberality, not less than her sympathetic interest in whatever concerns the happiness of her guests, are calculated to fix attention and to invite the presence and patronage of refined and enlightened people. She is a confirmed Spiritualist, and fortified with abundant reasons for the hope that is in her. She never hides the light of the New Gospel under the fashionable bushel of dignified indifference and words without meaning. Among the objects of her deepest love is a gentle granddaughter in the last stage of her teens. Naturally mediumistic and timid as a young lady, she shrinks from observation. To the thoughtful student, who discerns the spiritual element in human nature, her eyes are like deep wells in whose silent depths the darkness and the light seem alike to the observer.

The scenes along the shore bring vividly to mind the experiences of early manhood and the course of study pursued more than forty years ago. Our divinity school was in the woods and by the waves. The elements were our teachers, and through them we learned to see God in everything above, beneath and around. Not in the confined and heated air of the great city; not beneath the classic shades of the University; not at Oxford, Cambridge, Andover or Princeton did we learn the religion of Spiritual Freedom and the theology of Nature; but in sylvan halls among the hills; in the forest arched; by the brookside; and, mainly, where Demosthenes learned his oratory.

Away at the shore where the ceaseless wave
The ruder and fairer creation lave;
Where the Summer wind kissed the ruffled sea,
We learned the sweet lessons of liberty!

There, too, we studied music, and held solemn communion with the invisible "powers of the air." If we ever worshipped at all, "in spirit and in truth," it was there. The unwritten harmonies improvised on the grand organ whose pipes are in the depths—the *de profundis* of the sea—were the source of a natural inspiration. In seasons of profound contemplation,

From measureless pipes of the Ocean wide,
On rhythmical strains of the restless tide,
From invisible lands beyond the sea,
The gent of the tempest came to me:
In voices loud piping through wind and hall,
Moved the grand marches of the midnight gale.

As a rule the visitors at Old Orchard House were intelligent and sensible people. On the whole, the moral and social atmosphere was excellent. Of course exceptions to any standard occur in every crowd. Where hundreds congregate there will be some who carry empty heads and brazen faces so high that they quite overlook people of average stature and position. They perhaps realize that they are nothing if not conspicuous, and hence such people are chiefly ambitious to command attention—to see and be seen.

As curious Zacheus climbed a tree
For the sake of seeing what he could see,
So empty souls go up in a balloon,
That others may know they have come to town.

The beach at Old Orchard is in the form of a crescent six miles long. Great rocks rise here and there above the heaving bosom of the sea. Otherwise the shore is smooth, everywhere presenting a gentle slope to the water. The beach is covered with fine sand, quite free from stones and shells. There is no under-tow, or other currents that endanger the lives of fair creatures that daily sport like water-nymphs in the sea-foam.

While at Old Orchard Mr. Colby and the writer made several flying excursions, by the Orchard Beach Railroad, to the Bay View House. We have not the space for an extended record of our observations here and elsewhere. We may mention the fact that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe regards this place as the "most attractive along the shore." The peculiar features of the ocean scenery at this point: "the beautiful beach . . . and charming forest drives" combine to secure her preference for Bay View. A liberal class of religious people frequent this place, and the intellectual and social atmosphere seemed to be altogether agreeable. Among the clergymen of the progressive school in morals, theology and religion, we recognized Rev. M. J. SAYAGE, of Boston. The pious people at Bay View are not strait-laced. Whist! Yes, indeed, ministers occupy seats at the card table, and share the honors—easy or otherwise—with "the world's people"! Shades of the Puritans! Oh where are those "burning and shining" evangelists who used to see the

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The Editor of the *Banner of Light* and his guest were repeatedly invited to ride by the amiable hostess of the Old Orchard House, who was pleased to point out the chief objects of interest in the neighborhood. On one of these occasions we visited the residence of Mr. Thomas Goodall, a gentleman of fine taste and superior intelligence. His house, outbuildings and grounds are a museum of rare curiosities. We can not describe the several automata, and their surprising representations of the forms and functions of animal and human life. We can only refer to a single specimen, which is so curious and complicated in its mechanism as to excite general astonishment. This is a representation of New York and its surroundings. The great Metropolis, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hoboken, the New Jersey and Long Island shores, Governor's Island, Staten Island, the harbor from the Narrows to Hell Gate, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Hudson River, and other objects too numerous to mention, are all presented in their proper relations. Everything in this masterly exhibition of automatic art has a surprising semblance of reality. Sailing vessels, ocean steamers and smaller craft are moving in all directions, not on a surface of glass resembling the aqueous element, and reflecting their forms and colors, but in *real water*. These are all so admirably navigated by means of electric forces and invisible machinery that they never collide. Mr. Goodall was much occupied on occasion of our visit, but gave us a very cordial reception.

Of all the places on the coast of New England we prefer Old Orchard, including the house that bears its name. People with good appetites go there and are not sorry, whilst those who lost an appetite somewhere else are sure to find it there. The cows in Maine are not fed on chalk, and they never give skin-milk; the soup is not too thin, and the spring chickens are of no uncertain age. Calaveras fanatics, who have been vainly trying to foster their wasting vitality on a few Graham gems; whose regular bill of fare would starve an anchorite, and speedily reduce a normal man to a very poor scare-crow—if they survive another winter and are able to move their bones—should go to Old Orchard in the summer. And lean ladies, whose acute angles tax the customer's art; who never show us Hogarth's line in the snuff, should take board next season at the Old Orchard House. If they graciously accept this suggestion they will be able to go home after dog-days with their ribs protected by something better than satin jean and whale-bone.

One evening, a day or two before our departure, a fair committee waited on the writer and requested him to join a company of ladies in a private parlor below. A summons from such a source was not to be resisted by any normal process known to human nature, and accordingly we instantly repaired to the apartment designated, where we found some fifteen young ladies in a circle, awaiting our presence and the monitions of the spirits. For an entire stranger to enter a circle that suggested the very girl of Venus, was somewhat embarrassing to a solitary and naturally bashful man; but we remembered that in earlier times none but vestals, or consecrated virgins, were employed to watch and renew the sacred fire on the altars of one of the principal divinities of the ancient Greeks and Romans. There was really nothing to shock the most delicate sense of propriety, and we determined to accept the situation, which we found to be equally novel and agreeable. The writer was not the only object that was moved in the presence of so fair a company. The table was soon moved in a very decided manner, and one lady was entranced. One after another each member of the circle affirmed her innocence of any attempt to cause the motion of the table by muscular pressure or otherwise.

At a later hour the same evening another circle was formed, in which several gentlemen were present, including Mr. E. D. Appleton, of Boston, and a former American Consul at Constantinople. The folding-doors were thrown open and the adjoining parlor was filled with interested spectators. Though no phenomena of any special importance occurred, it was interesting to observe that the subject of Spiritualism was treated with entire respect by the whole company.

After eight days spent at Old Orchard we left—not without a feeling akin to regret—and returned to Boston, much improved in health and spirits. While in Boston—at the invitation of Bro. Colby—we were joined, for two days, by Mrs. CORA L. V. RICHMOND and her gentlemanly husband, who accompanied us to Nantasket Beach, where we spent a day of rest and pleasure long to be remembered. Though a native of Massachusetts, born within fifty miles of "the Hub," it was our first excursion among the islands of Boston Harbor. On our return at the close of day the sun set in a flood of golden, crimson and purple effulgence. The evening breeze was cool and strong from the West. Our need of an extra garment was perceived by a ministering spirit, and we soon felt our shoulders, back and chest encircled by a soft, textile covering, warm as a genuine South-Down fleece. The presence of so remarkable a medium as Mrs. Richmond rendered the spirit's approach easy and its loving service a complete success.

While in the city the writer was an interested observer of the curious atmospheric phenomena which occurred on what may hereafter be known as the second "dark day" in American history. The whole atmosphere appeared to be pervaded by dense vapors, which were commonly attributed to the smoke from extensive fires in the States and British North America. Such was the prevailing darkness that fowls lost their reckoning and went to roost, and it became necessary to light up many places of business at midday. It really seemed as if some yellow pigment had been dissolved, vaporized, and then diffused through all the air and over every object within the field of vision. By what mysterious interference with the laws of light this saffron-colored atmosphere was produced, we are incompetent to determine. By what strange atmospheric conditions the other rays of the spectrum were temporarily veiled from sight, or arrested on their passage through our terrestrial atmosphere, we may never know. Whether this chromatic aberration was in any manner dependent on the effect produced by a wide area of combustion is a curious question for the scientific philosophers, and one they have not yet settled to our satisfaction. It is possible that the vapors suspended in the several atmospheric strata, like lenses may have so modified the different refrangibilities and the foci of the colored rays in the solar spectrum, as to produce the singular phenomena of a day that will long be remembered as the dark day of 1881. Our return home was still delayed a number of days by the spirits, who desired to lengthen

the period of rest and recuperation. Our experience is likely to demonstrate their superior wisdom. We are not constitutionally disposed to be indolent, but it seems to have been necessary for us to vegetate awhile. To merely absorb and grow by what we feed upon, as a settled purpose and policy of human existence, at best only realizes an ignoble idea of life, and we were a little apprehensive, at one time, that we might become demoralized by this do-nothing gospel. It must be just suited to those lazy old sinners who are bound to let the world wag as it will. If heaven is to be found in the bliss of ignorance and idleness they are sure to be saved. How happy they seem! They are peaceful as oysters, and too quiet to make much exertion. But what can we expect from creatures whose small ambition only aims to illustrate by example the bivalent stage of progressive life. Like waifs on the flood of sluggish memories, in their seasons of greatest sensibility snatch from the old hymnology come back to them, and—with so much energy as a pious drone may have—they join in singing.

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

By the favor of Mr. Isaac B. Rich, one of the publishers of the *Banner of Light*, we occupied reserved seats two evenings at the Pavilion, Oakland Garden—a charming place of summer resort and popular amusement. One of the most splendid nights of the late Summer we spent with Bro. Colby at Bay View, Boston. It was a sultry evening in town and we sought the shore for a cooler atmosphere. The heavens were without clouds. The rounded moon poured a flood of silvery light on land and sea; over beautiful islands, sleeping in the still waters, and frowning battlements that bar the world's approaches to the modern Athens. The view was magnificent beyond description. The bay was studded with boats of every size and variety, all freighted with pleasure-seekers. The commingling tones of happy voices, with jest and song, came from far and near through the clear air and over the smooth surface of the waters. The soul of music rode on the West wind. Her breath was sweet and gentle was her voice:

"Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes."

Venice with an Italian sky and the clear notes of her gondoliers in the incantations of impassioned lovers were scarcely more enchanting. We could but gaze with a feeling of intense admiration at this picture of surpassing loveliness, and at last only left the enchanted scene at the approach of the midnight hour.

While in New England we met with several excellent mediums, including Mrs. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, of world-wide reputation; Mrs. I. B. WHITE, who with her husband had just returned from Europe, and Mrs. M. A. HOWES, of Worcester. In presence of the last mentioned lady—who was until then personally an entire stranger—we had a most satisfactory interview with the spirits and important messages from our dear son Albert Angelo, Hon. John W. Edmonds, Dr. Robert T. Hallowell, and from Mary (Mrs. Thomas L. Harris), on occasion of whose obsequies, many years ago, the writer delivered a funeral oration. The presence of this spirit revived many hallowed associations of the days long gone. The words spoken at that time, with strong emotions of mingled joy and sorrow, were the means of attracting the risen spirit to the writer. She always brings an influence pure and grateful to the spiritual senses as the fragrance of spring flowers.

"Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touched within us, and the soul replies."

It was in a rural cemetery, on a beautiful eminence—away from the strife and noise of the busy world—that we left the ashes of one of the fairest earthly beings. A tall pine casts its shadow over the consecrated spot, through whose boughs the evening winds breathe a low requiem, solemn and sweet as the sacred memories of youth and love. The inspiration of Mr. Harris was beautifully illustrated in the subjoined lines, in memoriam of his dear MARY:

THE VOICE OF THE PINE.

"Oh lonely pine! Oh fadeless pine!
In dreams I hear thee wave,
At evening shades and morning prime,
Beside the lost one's grave.
'Not lost, not lost, but Spirit-found!
Thou whisperer still to me;
Thou watcher over the forest mound,
Oh lonely, sacred tree!"

Oh mystic tree, thy branches thrill
To meet the morning glow,
But all thy earthly nerves lie still—
They clasp the form below.
The earthly fibrils of my breast
Cling to the dust with thee—
The dust beneath thee laid to rest,
Oh Spirit-whisperer tree!

Yet from the brightness of the dawn
Thou comes a mystic breath—
The whisper of the Angel gone
From out this world of death.
My bosom, like a haunted lyre,
Breathes mystic strains with thee—
Strains wafted from the Spirit-choir,
Oh lone, memorial tree!"

The writer had several interesting conversations with the spirits through the mediumship of Miss M. T. SHELLAMER, known to all Spiritualists as the worthy successor of the late Mrs. Conant and the late Mrs. Rudd. At the opening public séance for the season at the *Banner* Public Circle-room, on the 6th of September—Judge Edmonds made an address through the medium, concerning the importance of the Secular Press Bureau, which appeared in the first number of the enlarged *Banner*. Many intelligent spirits who were influential while on earth came unsolicited to the writer in private at every convenient opportunity. Among these may we record the honored names of Dr. W. E. CHANNING, Rev. John Pierpont, Hon. N. P. TALLMADGE, Judge John W. Edmonds, Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond, Dr. H. F. GARDNER, William Berry, Mrs. Frances H. Green McDougall, George Ripley and N. P. WILLIS. The general drift of these communications is clearly enough indicated by the subjoined examples:

FROM GEORGE RIPLEY, L.L.D.,
The late eminent literary critic of the New York Tribune.

MY GOOD FRIEND: I cannot allow this opportunity to pass without availing myself of it for the purpose of this message. I wish you to know that I am interested in the work inaugurated by the Spiritual World through your instrumentality. I refer to the Secular Press Bureau. It is an important service that will not soon terminate. With an organized staff under your general direction, a great work may be accomplished that will spiritualize the people. The world needs to be awakened and stimulated in the intellectual region as well as spiritualized, and this end may be achieved by yourself and your band of helpers. Go on, in God's name, go on; not to your own detriment, but to your own honor and the glory of the cause you represent. Intelligent and wise spirits have watched your career and your work in the spiritual cause. They desire to place you in circumstances where you will not need to be troubled concerning your daily bread. You have been called to the duties of the Secular Press Office,

and the way is about to be opened for you to receive aid from another source, giving you the power to out-work or embody in more consecutive form your abilities and the labors of your life. You may still direct the Secular Press Bureau movement, to the further advancement of Truth and the lasting benefit of Humanity.

As one of your private band I come to-day, expressing myself but feebly, and am,
Yours truly,
GEORGE RIPLEY.

FROM MRS. FRANCES H. GREEN McDUGALL.
The immortal author of the following communication was for several years a member of the writer's household, and she was greatly beloved by every member of the family. Her life was that of an earnest and true reformer, whose love of truth and humanity was so strong that she seldom gave a thought to any personal or selfish interest. Mrs. McDougall was a person of deep feeling, great intellectual capacity, and remarkable purity of life. She was familiar with popular science and English literature, and a vigorous prose writer. Her gift of poetry revealed such a power of constructive idealism as fairly entitled her to a place in the front rank of our American poets:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I approach you with a feeling that I shall be welcome, while I rejoice in the assurance of your presence. I know that we are kindred as well as friends. Your dear companion is present, and desires me to wait for her love and blessing to you, and to assure you that all your dear ones are happy, safe in the beautiful Spirit-World.

My dear friend, I deeply sympathize with you in your late affliction; but I feel that you know that your beloved one still lives, is safe and happy in the Eternal World. He is no more subject to pain; his languor and weariness have passed away, and health and joy are his portion forever. Knowing this it is your privilege to rejoice, even in suffering, in the blessed assurance that you will meet each loved one in the Beyond.

My friend, I am more than glad in view of the great and good work that has opened to you since my parting from the body. I am happy to find you still in the harness, and to know that whatever you may do, will be done well. I do not flatter you; I have always felt this, and only speak the truth in love.

I know that I have influenced you in the past. I shall delight to do so in the future, assisting in your work, and blessing you, whenever possible, with a new influx of spiritual power.

I remain, my dear friend, as ever, bound to you by ties of tenderest affection.

FRANCES H. GREEN McDUGALL.
FROM NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS, THE AMERICAN POET.

One of the founders of the New York *Home Journal*.
"I rejoice very much, and especially that I am able to commune with you, however imperfectly. I would cooperate in your work. Not a few, but many spirits are interested in you and your present sphere of action. I would have you know that I, for one, take an abiding interest in your labors. I have watched your progress for years; have observed the good accomplished, and have felt that your powers should be utilized in sending the truth through channels of wider circulation. I have endeavored to impress you with a sense of my presence within the last twelve months."

I desire to have you understand that I most heartily endorse the Editor-at-Large and his work. I speak for others as well as myself. It is our most earnest desire to see this work go on. It is needed. Truth deserves to have a wide hearing. The golden rays of morning stream upon an awakened world! The early risers behold the glorious light, and are glad; but many yet slumber. We want heralds to arouse the people. You have been first selected, and are foremost in this work. Through the agency of the secular press you may reach and awaken the drowsy millions to the realities and glories of the Day!

We will do all in our power to sustain and strengthen you, and we trust that mortals will second our purposes that we may be strengthened in return. More help is needed—more material aid, and we shall send out our messengers, here and there, to impress the people to render the required assistance.

Yours in fraternal love,
N. P. WILLIS."

Wherever we go—in the darkness and the light, which are alike to the Spirit's vision—our footsteps are followed by watchful guardians of our lives. Those who discern spiritual things have within themselves the demonstration of their constant presence and solicitude for human welfare. When the veil is rendered thin and shadowy by a growing spirituality of feeling, thought and life; when it is suddenly rent by some mortal shock; or otherwise by the opening—through spiritual agency—of the inner avenues of perception, the luminous cloud appears in the heavens and the immortal witnesses stand revealed to the conscious soul. Under the spell of a divine enchantment we rise to a higher life and a nobler fellowship in the heavens. Well might the great Post-philosopher of all the ages—while from his illuminated brain and over his responsive nerves were transmitted sublime monitions from the Spirit-World—make a poor mortal say,

"I hear a charmed life."

It was over thus the sensitive soul first recognized a spiritual presence, and this experience will be repeated so long as time endures. In all things we discover the evidences of a divine presence—"the Father of the spirits of all flesh"—and blessed forever be his loving angels, who come and go and minister to the lives and loves of poor tempest-tossed mortals on the sea of life. Happy is that man whose hopes are anchored in Heaven.

Our Angels come and go at will
On errands of celestial love.
Our hungry souls on earth to fill
With light and love from realms above.

Now come what will, we should not fear, but feel secure under the brooding presence of his love. Should sudden darkness fall on our humble pathway, and the gathering storm of adverse fortune sweep away the last vestige of our temporal possessions, leaving only the ruin of all earthly hopes and a wide scene of mortal desolation, we may still trust in Him. At best all these things depend on the limits of our lease of life. And what is death but a mere circumstance in the endless cycles of being? We know that this ephemeral existence is not all of life. Let us rejoice that there are other and more beautiful spheres where needy souls find a suitable inheritance, congenial companionship and occupation, and a sweet HOME forever—"Where storms are summer flaws compared with mine."

*This refers to a remarkable experience in New York. One night in the month of January last, while the Editor-at-Large *solus* was at his work, he was honored by a large number of visitors, who were all of them of the most otherwise extraordinary. The company was chiefly composed of distinguished Spiritualists and literary people, whose presence in our sanctum was accompanied by the recognition of electric forces in the air and over the body, and a feeling of unusual exaltation. We recognized several of the spirits at sight; among the number were M. M. Smith, Charles D. Stuart, Horace Greeley, George P. Morris, N. P. Willis, Alice and Phoebe Cary. These were followed by a shadowy host, whose imperfect outlines did not admit of identification.

So real was this visitation that we at once wrote a private letter to Luther Colby, making particular mention of the above names, at the same time assuring him that we should soon receive communications from those spirits. Without special solicitation the anticipated messages followed in the order in which the names above mentioned, and are herewith mentioned, most of them through the mediumship of Dr. Mansfield and Mrs. Shellamer. From Mr. Noah, C. D. Stuart and Horace Greeley the messages were made directly to the writer. The one from the author of "Woodman, Good-Night!" and the Message Department of the *Banner of Light*, contained a distinct reference to the author's presence at the spiritual reception in New York, which the writer, Mrs. Shellamer, is presumed to have had no knowledge. The present communication from N. P. Willis, author of "Rural Letters," "Sacred Music," and "The American Poet," is a return, through the same medium, and we see no reason to question its authenticity.

It is enough if we but know that in the fierce tempest that rends the sails of our frail barque, that shivers the tall mast and sends the trembling mortal to his resting-place in coral caves, the triumphant spirit finds happy release and its passport to the peaceful lands of the blessed. As supreme Power, infinite Love, and omniscient Wisdom govern the Universe, ALL MUST BE WELL AT LAST.

"Now, winds of night! your force combine,
Without His high behest,
Ye cannot in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest."
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This lecture will be read with interest, coming as it does from the pen of one of England's gifted mediums, who has lectured so satisfactorily in the United States.

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Appendices, by

CHARLES CARLETON MASSEY,

Of Lincoln's Inn, London, England, Barrister-at-Law.

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From the Daily Times, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 26th.

"My Heavenly Home."

A Discourse purporting to be spoken by the late President Garfield.

Fairbank Hall was filled to its utmost capacity last evening, it having been announced that James A. Garfield, the late President, would control the organism of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, the noted trance lecturer, on this occasion, and discourse on "My Heavenly Home." It was also announced that Mr. Lincoln would assist.

After some preliminary services, Mrs. Richmond rose in a state of trance. The spirit who spoke announced himself as Abraham Lincoln. He referred to his discourse of two weeks ago on "The Nation's Sorrow: Shall It Be Changed to Joy?" and said that while it was being delivered the spirit of Garfield stood by his side, absorbed in interest. When he had concluded, Mr. Garfield remarked that he believed he could master the psychological process that enabled a disembodied mind to control a physical brain, and expressed an earnest wish to do so. They had since then visited the medium on frequent occasions, sometimes seriously indisposed her, because the control of a spirit that had so recently passed from a bed of suffering was highly detrimental to the subject; but they believed that the end justified the means, and he was pleased to announce that not only had Mr. Garfield mastered the psychological problem, but there would result nothing detrimental to the medium when the effort was concluded. With this he would give place to his friend, the late President Garfield. A marked change came over the medium, and what was said was colored and made effective by a strong personality.

Then I saw through a glass darkly. Now it is face to face.

This transposition of the words of the apostle is ever rising in my thought since the solemn chance which you call death, but which I now have learned to call another birth. What this change implies, dear friends, no one can fully tell until he has passed that solemn bound; but I must try, for the thoughts burn for utterance, and the spirit cannot remain in quiet in its heavenly home unless some word reaches the earth and those who are left behind.

I found, on awakening from mortal life, that after the first shock of physical wounding there had been no hope of recovery; that the time which was spent in the attempt to restore the body, by the healing of physicians, by the nursing of kind attendants and the loving care of friends, as well as the prayers of the nation, was but a preparation for my spiritual birth; that it was known there that I was to come, and that even my own spirit, by a sort of double consciousness, was aware of it. I struggled to live; I thought I must remain; but in those intervals of sleep and partial delirium of the senses my spirit held converse with spiritual beings about me, and they told me that I was coming. I will tell you more about this double consciousness a little later on, for it is a significant feature of our wonderful existence. The period, as I say, spent in attempting to restore the body, was a period of spiritual training and preparation for birth, and when the hour of dissolution came the full flood of consciousness dawned upon my spirit, as well as upon the obscured senses, that I must pass away, that the hour had come. Up to that moment I expected to recover and fill the duties appointed to me.

With great joy, with humility and gratitude, I now come to tell you what has happened to me since that time. When that which is called death came, I seemed for an instant to be crowded into a narrow tunnel: from behind, the past seemed crowding upon me, while before me was the future, and I alone filled the tunnel. I thought the past and the future must meet, and must pass one another. Would I be crushed by them? There was no sensation, but it seemed a sublime consciousness that I was to be annihilated between these two forces which were pressing and crowding upon me. I can never describe it in words. It was the supreme moment of being: greater than birth, greater than death, greater than the fulfillment of manhood was this consciousness. I was to be crushed, and as one feels when standing on the verge of Niagara, that his life is valueless compared to its vastness, or as some feel at the approach of a mighty engine, that they would fain lay down their lives in the presence of such power, so did I feel when from the past the thronging memories of an existence freighted sometimes with imperfection, but greatly with joy, crowded upon me, to be remembered; and from the future the power, and glory, and vastness of a dawning light seemed to break upon me.

Many times I remember that during my sickness I had seemed to rise as one beneath the ocean might rise, and see the morning breaking after night. Then some loving and tender care of ministrations of physician, of prayer of friends, would call me back again, and I was submerged in the waves of mortal life. Now I was impelled. The past came up with a mighty rush, and pressing me forward, I was forced into the world of spirits, and there I stood, bewildered it is true, but so utterly conscious that I would have called on my regular attendants to behold the scene that was before me. I did call, but they did not hear me. Death did not divide us, but I realized then that time and sensation did, and that they were in the ocean and I had risen above it. Then this past of which I speak came crowding upon me, all the scenes of my boyhood, my youth, my manhood, the love, the hope, the aspiration, the joy, my mother's face, the gleaming light of every countenance; these all in retrospect came before me. But other faces came that I remembered not—that I had never seen on earth. But one face at the mouth of the tunnel from which I seemed to emerge shone benign and tender, fair and loving. It was the face of Abraham Lincoln. I could not mistake it. There it was in the full light of a spiritual grandeur that I cannot describe, but with every lineament perfect, with every expression natural, only a transparent glow that made me feel as though I were in the presence of an angel, though I recognized the countenance of my friend. With hands extended, with both arms extended, he received me, saying: "I knew you were coming; you are welcome." And then my father, whose presence had been denied me on earth, came and greeted me. I do not know, or I did not know then, how I knew it was my father, but from the instant I saw his benign face I named him father, and he named me son. Other faces that seemed equally familiar, though I had no knowledge where and when I had seen them, came out to greet me. I named them variously brother, and friend, and relative, whom I had never met in earth-life, yet I knew them.

And just here let me speak of that double consciousness to which I have referred. I found that I had known them. I said to my friend and guide, Mr. Lincoln: "Why is it that, never having seen or remembered my father, never having seen many of these friends in earthly life, I know who they are?" He said, smilingly: "You will be surprised at many scenes that will greet you in spirit-life. We lead a double life upon the earth: one is the outward life of the senses, the other is the life of dreams. Our dreams prove after all to be the greatest reality, for in sleep, oftentimes, when not disturbed by material cares, the spirit meets and holds converse with departed friends. You will find many scenes familiar to you, and many thoughts that you have held in waking hours you will trace to the land of the spirit."

Oh, how wonderful it seemed! Then I thought I had just awakened from a dream; and now restored to my natural senses, and yet I could not remember the long, late struggle for being; how the nation by its united voice placed me in the position of being its servant; how I had accepted that high trust with becoming humility and gratitude, but fear, lest I should not fill the lofty responsibility, and how with a sudden plunge that office was snatched from my duties of life, and I was prostrate, struggling for existence in a sea of pain and uncertainty. The voice of my wife, the tender ministrations of my attendants, the sound of consulting physicians, the uncertainty, the doubt, the cheerfulness—all this came back to me, and yet I could not relieve myself from the joy of the feeling that I had awakened from a dream, and that however pleasant the dream might be, that into which I had awakened was a greater joy. You will wonder at this, but I cannot explain to you how surprisingly great it seems to be born again; how without doubt in the Father's love, and with the consciousness that there is in the spiritual life a power that elevates, with perfect certainty of a future state, I still had no adequate consciousness of what that state might mean on the full awakening of the spirit. I cannot convey it to you now. I can only tell you it was a noonday morning of existence, a light added to a light, a joy blossoming to a fuller joy, a cluster of stars where there had been but one before.

I passed on among other friends. There were familiar scenes around me everywhere, beautiful landscapes, bits of loveliness fashioned of my childhood's dreams, fine stretches of country that I had seen in my earthly life and wished to perpetuate but had not the hand of an artist—all beautiful sights that I had desired to preserve in my youth and manhood, the affections of my heart, the hopes, the ambitions—the imperfections, too; and the more I advanced into this beautiful land, for land it seemed to be, though transparent as the rainbow, clear as the atmosphere—the more I advanced the more did I seem inadequate to appropriate, to enjoy; the more did I feel the insignificance of my thoughts, and yet, as an eager child, incapable of comprehending the vastness that is around it, I pressed forward ever to new scenes, new sights, new forms, and each form held the countenance of some one I had known and loved, and some one whom I had loved and not known, invisibly, imperceptibly loved. The ties of mind and spirit drew them to me; and these received me also into the kingdom. How long it lasted I do not know, but I seemed to pass on and on, meeting with minds whom I had known in public life, meeting with many whom the nation has named greatest and highest—but whom I felt I could not approach—meeting with these, all in kindness, and they received me with no surprise; they seemed to have known that I was coming; they received me gladly, but there was no display, no ostentation, no ceremony, no formal greeting; it was the same as if I had walked up to my mother's door and seen her smile in the sunlight, waiting at eventide to receive her boy. There was no greater or loftier endeavor than this—that they loved me and seemed to know that I was coming, and each had a kind word of welcome. I felt so at home, so humiliated, so glad, so full of pride and joy, that I was fain to go and bring my loved ones there.

Then came the recollection that I was among the dead and they were among the living. What is it to live, if it shuts out for the full period of man's life that which I saw then? What is it to live, if it be to struggle on through forty or fifty years of manhood without knowing that there are such scenes near and around? What is it to live, if, as a brazen door, clouded on the earth side, it shuts out the glory of the spiritual state? And yet my loved ones were among the living, and I was supposed to be among the dead. I heard the sound of bells tolling. It came to me as a sound from beneath the ocean might come—a dull thud ingulfed by waves. I heard waves washing upon the shore, the waves of the nation's sympathy. I do not mean the words of praise spoken in high places. These are common enough; they belong to man's natural adulation of man. But I mean the words and thoughts of sympathy that you extended to those in sorrow—singing, surging, nearer and nearer. Like the approach of a great solemn sea, a sobbing sea. It came up and ingulfed me round about; it came and broke in spray of tears over my head; and in the midst, I heard many guns, and then suddenly I was in the midst of the funeral train. I heard no sounds of martial music. I did not see the crowds that thronged the streets; I did not even see the catafalque; but I only saw the forms and heard the sobs of those who loved me. I could tell: there was no disguise. Only those who loved me were seen and known at that hour, not the masses moving carelessly, many wearing their sorrow outwardly because they must, but all giving more than in my mortal capacity I deserved: still I felt the heartbeats of those who loved me, and heard their tears fall, and would have raised my voice—did raise it, but it could not be heard. Then again I said to myself and to my friend, who did not leave me then: "Am I in the world of the living or the dead? Why do they not hear me when I speak? Why will they not answer when I console? What is it that divides us?" And again the benign countenance beamed as an angel, and he answered: "It is time and sense that divide you. Spirit lives, but the body is the veil between you and them—their mortal bodies." Oh! how I tried to penetrate that veil! How I tried to make my voice louder than the sound of music, louder than the trumpet's tongue, louder than all the words that were spoken, tender enough, kind enough, sympathetic enough; but who would break the silence and tell them that I was there? There was not one; and if he had I find he would have been thought a madman. Doubtless these words to-night, all important as they are to my spirit panting for utterance, and striving to reach those whom I love, and who care for me, will fall as the utterances of an enthusiast, while

idle words of vain pomp and show will go solemnly forth, blazoned to the nation as truth. Oh! but there may come a time—there must—when that which I know now shall be revealed to all, when you shall see and hear as I see and hear, and when with your friends who are dead close beside you and no voice to speak, no thought to bid them welcome, you will remember what I have said, and not press them afar off with great grief, with great sorrow or complaining.

The spirit of the nation I speak to to-night; I know that its form will be preserved. I know that no hand shall come between you and its law, its harmony, its furtherance of justice. I know that the nation will be preserved. That is nothing. It is great in the sight of man. But to know this other nation, this greater and vast—erone; to know Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Lincoln, all are here; to feel the clasp of their right hand and the fellowship of their living hearts and minds; to be ushered into the presence and companionship of their minds and feel yourself a worm—this is what I feel. Can you realize, my friends, that it is but a slight, a single throb of the heart, and the spirit is set free into this immortal presence? Can you realize that all of your loved ones are there where I am, where I must live? And I must not live and I must not know this life that has come to me unless I can make you know it also—I mean you of the earth to whom I am near and dear, whatever may be your names.

My mother, oh, my mother! You who watched and guarded me in my tender years; you who have sustained me in youth; gently, admiringly, kindly leading and guiding; you who have filled the place of both parents with the thronging cares around you of maturer life, and blessed the crowning years of manhood upon your children; you who have watched that growth of manhood extend to what you thought was a loftier usefulness, and been glad with every joy and sympathizing with every sorrow; you who now so lately cried out for me—and I was there, though you knew it not—my mother, in that hour of solemn import, when a nation's voice sustained and uplifted with glad acclaim, I turned to you for blessing, and gave you the first praise; and now uplifted to a higher state, crowned with a loftier manhood, oh, mother, will you not receive me? I touch your brow and you know it not. I place the lily of my love upon your heart; do you not feel me?

My wife, whom I heard cry even in the light of that new home, silent, with no loud voice, but with the cry of the spirit, that seemed to say: "We are separated forever until death shall take me hence." Oh, do you not know I am with you? No day has passed, no interval of hours, that I have not been near. My home is there in the home of the earth-life. Above it must be reared my spiritual temple; around it must hover the atmosphere of my heavenly home. Do you not know that I am there?

My daughter, speak to me! The light of your tearful eyes, as a flower wet with dew, shines on me in my new estate. Yours is not a crushed but only a bended spirit that will rise all the brighter for the tears; but do not feel that I am gone. My brave boys, too, I would sustain and strengthen. Pardon me if I refer to those already known to your hearts, but if I cannot breathe these words my spirit will burst its bonds somehow and come back to earth. Sustained and strengthened by my love, my heavenly home is at Mentor, where the loved ones are; but it is extended as high as any spirit that knows and blesses me can dwell. All the way from that simple earthly dwelling to the spiritual vastness that now accompanies and surrounds me, is the breathing of the air of home, extended and enlarged, glorified and beautified.

Oh, nation, take off the black and drape the walls with snowy brightness if you would tell where I dwell, for I am not among the dead! I will not be dead. The nation, if it chooses, shall hear from me; but those who are near and dear must hear my voice, must understand my presence, and in whatever hour and way that I can speak that word, or make it felt to those of my household, I will do so.

For your love and kindness, for the sympathy that I feel has brought me here—without which these broken utterances could not have been given—I most devoutly thank you. Volumes of the spirit remain unspoken, thousands of thoughts remain unuttered—clustering memories and prophecies that will waken into loftier duties and higher fulfillment. Whatever sympathy and praise, whatever voice of encouragement has been given, will sustain and uplift me to higher endeavors, though I know that I did not deserve it. I do not deceive myself for one moment. The circumstance, the time, the occasion, the tendency of human sympathy, is that which has upheld this thought within your hearts. But this I do know: not great, not wise, not a statesman, not endowed with any of the great gifts that many would fain heap upon me, I was still the honest son of an honest republic, a devoted citizen of a community whose laws I prized beyond all praises, whose prosperity next to that of its spiritual growth I coveted, and whose sympathy and prayers will help to bear me until I learn more fully the lessons of this higher country, where I sit and listen as the humblest among those who are wise and great and good, and who hold the nation's welfare in their keeping. These praises and these tokens of sympathy, your reception of my presence here to-night, the thoughts that will follow me after this utterance, and the hope that in some manner these words may reach those with whom I lived on earth—whom I also shall reach in a nearer way—these will make more bright the glory of my spiritual birth, and bear me to greater endeavors in my heavenly home.

The discourse was closed, and the chairman made some announcements, when the medium again arose, and this was said:

"My friend and counselor has admonished me that I had intended to utter one other thought. The newness of this method of speech may have made my utterance not so consecutive as usual. Another thought is to the nation, to the bar of justice, before which tribunal the poor maniac is now summoned. Will the nation remember summum jus, summa injuria, and strive in the presence of justice not to forget that mercy is her handmaiden. For my part, if the laws of the country declare that he must come into the world of spirits, I promise you, as my name on earth was James A. Garfield, that I will be the first to receive him in the spirit-world."

RECEIPT FOR A MEDICAL LECTURE.—An English exchange has the following, aimed at the "M.D." "over the water," but it will apply to the Allopathic Solons in America as well: "Written in magisterial English an essay without any meaning in particular or in general. Take three new each line and connect them with the aid of a dictionary into compounds of Greek and Latin, and say at the end you have proved your point; that opponents have already given way; and that your views are the only ones along the line. Better not say what the point is; that is proved, or define your own opinion."

Foreign Correspondence.

Stray Notes on Belgium, Holland, etc.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

[Conclusion.]

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Half an hour's ride from Ostend took me to Bruges. This monastic-like old city—containing thirty-seven convents—has a Spanish look, preserved from the Spanish occupation of the country. At that time, under Phillip II. the religious persecutions here were very rife. Bruges is the chief-leu of West Flanders. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries Bruges was the most important seaport of Northern Europe. The wealth of its citizens was prodigious. Now it ranks low indeed, and its avenue to the sea, dried up, consists only in a canal which courses through the city, bathing the foundations of houses, without much use.

One of the principal objects of interest is the cathedral St. Salvator, a Gothic edifice in brick (thirteenth century), rather plain in exterior. The interior, however, is grand and beautiful—filled with artistic treasures. The belfry of Bruges, in brick, is 350 feet high; its chimneys of 48 bells, like that of the cathedral at Antwerp, all the time, more or less, in motion. There are 402 steps leading up, and the figures on the dial of the clock are three feet long.

THE CAUSE IN BELGIUM.

A small monthly sheet, *le Moniteur*, is published in Brussels; Mr. de Turek is the editor. The headquarters for meetings, etc., are in rue de l'Empereur 21. Mr. V. Beyns, the generous proprietor, there attends most zealously to all parties, and exerts elsewhere a good influence. His reception was most cordial, and I cannot but praise his warm heart and devotedness to the cause. There are several other societies, or *Groupes*, in Brussels, beside many private circles; one is named "*Prix entre Nous*," or "*Pence between Us*," established since 1870. It is composed of twenty-nine members, ladies and gentlemen. President, M. Kover; Vice-President, M. Decalle; Treasurer, M. Jean Bosmans; two Secretaries, one French and the other Flemish—M. Frenitz and M. Deseek. The séance-hall is rue Dupont, 21, in suburb Schaerlaek—meetings twice a week. Direct writing in closed circles obtained at this circle. I spent an evening at the regular séance, and was influenced to organize the members into different groups, assigning to each medium a suitable rôle. I recounted some of my experience, and showed them the American way of proceeding, whereby practical and regular results are obtained. In that consists mainly the object of my two years' mission to Europe; and, at the very start, I can say that my endeavors are being crowned everywhere by a good cordial reception and a decided will to set to work in the proper way. I gained the confidence of all by describing the character and inherent style of mediumship of each medium, etc., and the counsels given through me were therefore duly appreciated. By stimulating them, encouraging them onward into a proper, clear channel, I realized fully the conviction that I was not working in vain.

On Sunday, the 11th, I left Brussels at 10:30 A. M., by the *garde du Midi*, for Roux, etc., on a spiritual expedition. I was accompanied and guided by Mr. Alfred Crignier, of Brussels, a most zealous Spiritist. We passed by the battle-field of Waterloo, and saw there some English soldiers, proudly climbing up the mound on which is erected the famous English lion. Double-track on this route, as on most others, the scenery, villages and farm-houses all the way quite charming. At the village of Roux, about thirty miles south from Brussels, we were warmly greeted, and walked to a scattered neighboring town, called Golysart-Jumet, where I was expected to address, in French, an audience of about four hundred. This place is in the province of Hainaut, and the majority of the people are employed in coal-pits, numerous here, glass factories and foundries, which are noisy and dusty. For one hour, at least, I examined men and women who came forward to submit to a psychological examination and learn what to do to be developed as mediums. In several cases I described spirits about some, and in others saw, also, what was wrong with the cause and their desires. Mr. de Martin, of Brussels, comes periodically to address these people, and as he is an able lecturer he has done much toward keeping the ball rolling. But the real soul of this organization is Mr. Alfred Crignier, my companion and friend. After the conference we went—quite by accident—to the house of Mr. Emile Leleuvre, who will assuredly become a successful spirit-photographer. He showed me several plates, on which were very good beginnings of faces, etc. I was impressed to tell him how to proceed in future, and have no doubt his perseverance and energy will be amply rewarded. I found here good elements to develop a materializing medium, and described a person suited for such development so accurately that she was recognized at once—the spirits requiring that absent person as their medium for that purpose. At this gentleman's house the table was laid and all present, including the Colysart-Jumet, these Walloons are an intelligent people, the Yankees of Belgium. On leaving I was surprised to find that my hotel bill had been paid, and I was forced to accept the amount of fare from and to Brussels—it being a rule so to do to all who come to these friends to address them.

I went next with friend Crignier to another group, which he established and patronizes. It was on our way back to Brussels, at a village called Mont St. Guibert. We were expected, and escorted to the séance-hall by six members of the group. Here I addressed some thirty people for about two hours, and, as at Roux, I found good elements of mediumship, which I individually surveyed and described—to the satisfaction of all—and established several circles on a new plan, with music, which is generally omitted in Europe. While we were entertained at supper at Mr. Bouffoux's house, I was influenced to sketch a spirit-picture, which was fully recognized. It startled and pleased every one. I was asked also to describe the disease of a lady present, which I did satisfactorily. The Fraternity here is not numerous, as at Roux, but has had to contend against strong clerical warfare and face a lawsuit, which ended well, however. The people here are poor, but very tidy. A cotton factory gives employment to a few hundred. The mechanical overseer of it is our host, Mr. Bouffoux, who is an intelligent brother, and a great mechanical genius.

At Mr. Crignier's residence, in Brussels, I organized the select circle held there on a new and quite successful basis, as remarkable manifestations occurred at the second séance. Two American spirits, one "*Charlie*" (colored) and "*Red-Skin*" (Indian), were brought forward before my vision as immediate controls of this circle. The first entrance a sister of Mr. Crignier, and has already won the friendship of the whole party by his sayings and doings. At my suggestion a large music-box was purchased, and at the next séance "*Charlie*" and "*Red-Skin*" both showed their satisfaction. They and other controls have assured me that they will be able to perform good feats through this circle, and awaken thereby the attention of others. Mr. Crignier deserves to be repaid, in that way, for his untiring and devoted endeavors. As an organizing tool under celestial guidance, feel already elated at the success met. Mr. and Mrs. Verheyen, at whose house this circle is held, are heart and hand in the cause, and so is Mr. R. C. Van Prehn-Wiese, a gentlemanly Hollander residing in Brussels. From what I have seen and heard, I feel confident that the cause will gain much in Belgium, when circles-holders and Spiritists at large are made to understand proper conditions. The works of Kardec are the only ones in circulation here, and they fall much in a practical sense. Like

boys coming out of sectarian colleges, the Spiritists on this continent would seem to have to learn over again to be up to the time with us. Apart from that a prevailing notion is active among them that the most fruits of clairvoyance are in a bad way and require to be prayed for; hence prayers innumerable, and little done to enlighten themselves. I have alluded to those points carefully, and shown those side issues to be irrelevant alongside of the broader and finer avenues of comprehension; and I may add that my observations, illustrated by common-place comparisons, were taken in good part and understood.

SPIRITUALISM IN HOLLAND, ETC.

On the 17th of August I left Brussels en route for Rotterdam, The Hague and Amsterdam, by the Rhine Railway, with coupon return tickets—cost thirty-six francs. Before getting to Rotterdam my spirit-friends came to me and announced that there was nothing to do in Holland in the way of organizing working circles; that some individual mediums could, however, be strongly developed; and that was all—for the present! And on my return, I found the situation exactly as described.

I spent an evening with Mr. and Mrs. Van Calcar, No. 38 Willemstraat (William street), both devoted to our cause. Mrs. Van Calcar, known to the literary world as an authoress of merit, in works of imagination, has for over four years devoted her attention to the publication of a monthly organ (large book size) of over thirty-two pages, entitled "*De Gids van twee Werelden*," "*On the Boundaries of Two Worlds*."

This intelligent, strong-minded woman, a little over the meridian in age, shows outwardly her inherent capacities; powerful individuality, a decided faculty of command, tinged with originality. Through her direct influence and writings she has induced many of her countrymen, of the higher classes, to notice our doctrine and its facts. Mrs. Van Calcar showed me some remarkably well-executed drawings performed through a medium by spirit-influence. I was to have met next day a number of spiritual friends and mediums at Mrs. Van Calcar's house, according to this lady's request, and see what could be done to advance their mediumship, etc.; but I had to leave without being able to perform my ordinary work—as I was informed moving the Mrs. Van Calcar was unable to attend to her promise, through illness. That *contretemps* proved what my spirit-friends had told me in advance.

Gouda, celebrated for its pottery and clay pipes—Leyden, for its University and history—and Haarlem for its beautiful churches, etc., lie between the Hague and the Metropolis. Charming spots are traversed, flowery and shaded by elegant trees. Windmills meet the eye in every direction, with their long revolving wings. The eleven provinces of Holland are all flapped by those antiquated windmills, and in winter the whole country is under water, so to speak, as ice forms its crust.

Amsterdam, the great and fine metropolis, situated on the river Amstel and the IJ (an arm of the Zuider Zee) is finally reached. The first station is on the outskirts, the second, the Central, is in the city, and there most passengers landed. Between the two stations a good view of the harbor and shipping is obtained. This is a stirring centre of commerce, being so actively connected with all parts of the world. It is a most remarkable city, different in every way from all others. It is a city of canals, and reared up proudly on a vast number of dams, its aspect is bewilderingly grand. One can scarcely realize the labor, patience and perseverance required in building up this noble city—on so many millions of pils.

I spent an agreeable evening with Mr. J. V. Maurik, Jr. and his wife, both Spiritists, living at No. 8 Damrak street. Mr. Maurik is highly mediumistic, intelligent, and a fine specimen of a man in every way. I was enabled through those good conditions to give spirit-tests to these friends, and advise them as to development of mediumship, and the nature of the work of the other through disciples. Mr. Krabbe, whose wife was sometime since a good physical medium, but had to give up on account of delicate health. While in Amsterdam I was interviewed by a lawyer, Mr. Van Stolk, of The Hague, who came to me unsolicited, for the purpose of securing, finally told this gentleman who, like the great majority of Dutch Spiritists, want conditions and facts according to their way—and who, therefore, can rarely be satisfied—that I had not come to Europe to give tests to any, but to organize, without pay, circles in the American way, and develop mediums; that my spirit guides had just told me: "I would give them more than gold, the mine from which they might draw any quantity of it." This man of the world, and of means, fully comprehended my meaning, but failed to appreciate the truth. But I could not help it, as I had to leave. I was the guest of another thorough disciple, Mr. Krabbe, whose wife was sometime since a good physical medium, but had to give up on account of delicate health. 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Mrs. R. also told Mr. Cherry some time previously that Mr. Robert J. Graham would be nominated and elected Superintendent of Streets. This nomination was also unanticipated, but he was nominated by the Republicans. After the nominations were made, Mrs. R. predicted that Judge Blake Republican nominee for Mayor

The second part treats upon the development of the soul, and in elucidation of the subject extracts are given not only from the writings and utterances of mortals, but from those of spirits. The Vedantists classify the hindrances to the development of the soul under five heads—nutrimental, vital, mental, intellectual and blissful. The Samadhi or Nirvana state is purely that of the soul and free from all

"You will have such a surfeit of congratulations upon the enlargement of your paper that I could not in the least add a laurel leaf to give it prestige; however, please accept my tribute due your twenty-five successful years of faithful recording the manifestations of the invisible world. In your twelve-page issue of September 24th was to my mind the best discourse of Mrs. Richmond that has ever reached the *Banner's* readers. At this momentous period of changes it must have a weighty influence by the logic it uses as regards the purpose and destiny of Modern Spiritualism. When many investigators are presenting hair-splitting arguments in favor of the personal teacher Jesus of Nazareth in order to reconcile Orthodox, to have a spirit untrammelled give forth a philosophy on the laws and principles of Spiritualism, leads us to hope for the ultimate emancipation of humanity from the creeds and dogmas of sectarianism. When the invisible guides of Mrs. Richmond say that as the engineer causes the escape of surplus steam he may suffer death, but thereby many are saved, he understands fully that it is not necessary for posterity to fall prostrate at the feet of this one martyr, for another will step in his vacated place to complete his unfinished work. How well the spirit says that truth expresses itself according to human growth, and whatever your state is, that will be your reception."

When life is a drug, and you have lost all hope
then trust in Hop Bitters.

BY M. B. CRAVEN.
Scientific Materialism refuted by the evidence of Spiritual
Existence.
Paper, price 10 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

As known, Dr. Fairfield was influenced by his spirit-control: the fractured bones were properly set, splinted and bandaged, and the lady taken home in a comparatively comfortable condition. More than one hundred persons witnessed the successful operation.

Q A postal-card from Brazil acknowledges the receipt of the *Banner of Light*, "the exceedingly interesting expositor of the Spiritual Philosophy of the nineteenth century." *The Rescue Spirit* is not received regularly at this office. Please send the two last numbers.

Attention is called to the business announcement made in another column concerning Rev. John W. Chadwick's new work, "THE LOST JESUS."

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Public Free-Circle Meetings

Science held Sept. 30th, 1881.

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2 speak in this way because I feel it to be
3 duty. I wish to say that I have found my de-
4 ones, my mother, and others who have be-

given. I thank you, Mr. Chairman, very much,

am sure it will live. I have been trying to help
the children, and others, and I think I shall be
able to do so better in time.

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t-Life:
Charles Alonzo Norcross
L. Norcross, aged
delicate to withstand
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of the spiritual life.

Mr. N. H. Smith, of New London, Conn.,
 highly successful as a healer.
 Mr. Fuller and family, of Willimantic, Conn.,
 veteran Spiritualists.
 Spirit-communion is one of the factors
 in the "equation of life."—*Ed. S. Dwight, St. Louis.*

This has been the situation for some years. Every intelligent and patriotic man hoping that time and the disappearance of the roots of bitterness, and immigration and industrial activity and commercial intercourse would weld the wrenched parts together, and restore the spirit of union with the form. But it must

Pearls.

And quoted tales, and words long,
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

THE INVISIBLE PAINTER.
Oh! Painter of the fruits and flowers,
We own Thy wise design.—Whittier.

Ceremonies differ in every country; but true politeness is ever the same.

WHAT IS RECEIVED.
We receive but what we give,
And in our life we Nature live;
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud!—Coleridge.

God is better served in resisting a temptation to evil than in many formal prayers.—William Penn.

DO NOT CONDEMN.
Be not too ready to condemn
The wrong the brothers may have done;
Be so too harshly censure them
For human faults, ask, "Have I none?"—Eliza Cook.

Be discreet in all things, and so render it unnecessary to be mysterious about any.—Wilmington.

INSESS OF THE HEART.
To be resigned when his better,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given:
Most surely this is wisdom's part
That is the license of the heart
Whose fragrance breathes to heaven.—Cotton.

The fairest flower in the garden of Creation is a young man, offering and unoffering himself to the influence of divine wisdom, as the hyacinth turns its sweet blossoms to the sun.—Sir J. E. Smith.

Original Essay.

A NEW EDUCATION DEMANDED.

PHILANTHROPIST SPIRITS INTERESTED IN IT.

In your paper of April 24th, 1881, appeared a communication, stated to have been given at your Circle-room, through the mediumship of Miss Shubham, in the name of that well-known philanthropist and Spiritualist, now a denizen of the upper world, HENRY C. WRIGHT. After sending a personal message to a friend of his, the communication proceeds:

"I am here in company with a number of friends, Chairman, this afternoon, who bid me give to you, and those assembled here, and those in connection with the *Banner of Light*, their most hearty greeting. They are a band of twelve workers in spirit-life, who come here this day to gain new power and strength for what lies before. It is a band, sir, organized by my friend Judge J. W. Edmonds, in order that Spiritualism may be presented to the world, the secular world, in its proper character. They are convened at this place this afternoon, and they have gathered together a large company of invisible hosts, and have brought hither this company of visible beings, in order that they may give new power and strength for their work. This work is already begun, and is beginning to show its good results. By-and-by, Chairman, the unthinking masses, those who pass by Spiritualism with a sneer and a scoff at the present time, will not only pause to examine for themselves, but will be obliged to give their beautiful philosophy that recognition which belongs to it of right; they will be obliged to recognize in this truth one of the grandest movements of the age, that is to redeem, to uplift humanity. No need for me to name over that band of twelve. Chairman, there are those in the body who are well aware of whom that band consists. I am glad to meet you all at this time and place."

In the absence of more explicit information as to the precise work in which this spirit-band was engaged, and the names of its members, I do not feel authorized to affirm that this interesting announcement necessarily refers to what I am about to state. I only say that it seems to well fit the case; but whether the same or some other movement was meant (for benevolent spirits must be fertile in efforts for human good), the following facts appear to be equally worthy of attention.

In June and July last, a medium with whom I am personally acquainted, and of whose good faith in the case I have no doubt (but who does not care to be publicly known at present in connection with this matter), was impelled to write a series of spirit-communications signed "J. W. Edmonds." In these communications the spirit-author refers to his well-known interest during his earth-life (awakened by his experiences at the bar and on the bench), in the penal institutions of this country, and in efforts to elevate and reform the criminal classes—the results of which were far from satisfactory to him. He proceeds to state, in effect, that after entering upon a higher sphere, and there learning lessons of humility and charity which he had failed to attain on earth, he became aware of some mistakes he had made, and was anxious to do something more for the improvement of humanity. Becoming associated with and taught by those wiser and more advanced than himself, he had come to see that he could work most efficiently to the desired end by laboring to establish an improved system of education, with suitable institutions, on the earth—a system which should tend to the prevention of crime and wretchedness. He had associated with himself a band of qualified teachers, who would teach of various important topics (some of them usually ignored in our schools), and the work was to be carried forward "as a branch of the Spiritual Congress," which body, he says, had "led him into this great and somewhat difficult work."

Here I may diverge to remark that the existence in the spiritual world of a "congress"—a deliberative body which concerns itself with the affairs of "this mundane sphere"—is an idea which doubtless will seem chimerical to many Spiritualists, and altogether ridiculous to the rest of mankind. This is not strange, considering the general reticence of communicating spirits regarding such a body and the popular notions respecting the future life. It is quite possible that few spirits who communicate belong to this congress (if such exists), and those not members may be ignorant of its existence. It is possible, also, that its members are not anxious to be known in their associate capacity, but prefer to work mainly through silent influence upon individual minds to accomplish the beneficent ends they have in view. Be this as it may, it is well-known to the earlier Spiritualists that the distinguished seer, A. J. Davis, in a work entitled *The Present Age and Inner Life*, published in 1853, narrates repeated visions by himself of a "vast multitude of spirits" in session, which he calls "The Spiritual Congress," composed of representatives of different nationalities, which body, he was informed, had been "convoled for the purpose of weighing kings, emperors, tyrants, teachers, and theologians in the bal-

ance of Justice and Truth," and the outcome of whose labors is to be "a new dispensation," etc. And he transcribes a number of somewhat remarkable semi-prophetic addresses given by "delegations" from this body to various peoples of the earth. Later, in 1857, a large volume appeared, entitled *The Educator*, consisting mainly of communications purporting to emanate from subordinate associations connected with a Spiritual "Assembly or Congress," and all looking to the introduction of various reforms upon earth. These communications were given through the mediumship of John M. Spear, and edited for publication by the writer of this article. Still later (in 1871 or 1875, I believe), there appeared in reports of Questions and Answers, given at the *Banner of Light* Circle-room (Mrs. Conant being the medium), the statement that a Congress of Spirits exists, whose object was said to be "to push forward all reforms on earth." "Everything," it was declared, "that has a seed of good in it, that will be for the ultimate good of the race, comes under the head of reform. It is the business of this Congress to push it forward through mortal coadjutors." In answer to inquiries from the audience as to the membership of this body, etc., it was at the same time stated: "I, i. e., the spirit communicating, belong to it. Dr. Rush, Dr. Fisher, Dr. Rufus Kittredge, and Dr. John Francis, all belong to it. So do Dr. Hoeman, Dr. Arzyle, and Dr. Fontaine." "Thomas Paine is the president thereof. I am proud to say he is the president, and an able one he is, too." "Francis (Francis?) Wright is the General Secretary." "The Educator is an exponent of the principles that govern that body." "Benjamin Franklin is a member," etc.

Whether these several testimonies through distinct channels refer to one and the same associated body of spirits, or whether there have been or are several different spirit-congresses representing different classes and purposes, is not my province to affirm. I will only add that a recent communication addressed to myself, relating to the new Educational movement, is signed, "For and in behalf of the Spiritual Congress, THOMAS PAINE, Pres. pro tem. FRANCES WRIGHT, Cor. Sec."

These evidences of the existence of organized bodies in the spiritual world, for the promotion of human advancement on earth, I submit for what they may be worth to the individual reader. In my own mind, while testimonies to the super-mundane source of reformatory suggestions and influences have much interest, as tending to show the continued participation of departed worthies in the world's great work, yet they are subordinate to considerations of the intrinsic value of such suggestions. While it is gladdening and vastly encouraging to believe that such noble and powerful helpers are ever with us, and are acting deliberately in an organized capacity—and hence that success sooner or later is assured—yet no proposed reformatory measure is important because alleged to emanate from an exalted spirit, or an associate body of spirits, but only because it is needed, and is plainly adapted to the present conditions of human society on earth.

To return to the purported communications from Judge Edmonds: He proceeds to sketch the general outlines of the improved Educational system which he desires to aid in inaugurating. These, I may say, are wholly in line with a plan which I have for some time seen to be needed, and have contemplated attempting to practicalize, when sufficient means and adequate health should be at my command—having been, as you are aware, engaged in educational work in former years. In some particulars, however, this scheme is broader in its scope than I had conceived. The Judge further indicates that his general plan of operations is to act, in concert with his spirit-associates, upon and through selected and prepared media in various parts of the world, by planting seed-thoughts and stimulating the growth of the same in competent minds, until public sentiment is prepared to demand and adopt an improved system. In the mean time, he and his band desire the preparation and publication of a somewhat full exposition of the system, and will aim to secure the establishment in this country of one or more model schools in which it shall be practicalized, and its advantages demonstrated. And the Judge expresses a desire to have it known to his friends both in this country and in England that he is engaged in this work.

These communications from the honored Judge were followed by a series of papers purporting to be from the several members of his associate "band," each treating of some special feature of the proposed system. These papers are twelve in number (which is the number of the band spoken of by Henry C. Wright), and the names attached to them include some of the most noted educators and philanthropists of modern times.

The papers, however, like those purporting to emanate from the Judge himself, consist merely of outline sketches, or suggestive hints, not intended for publication, but only to aid the person in whose hands they were to be placed in elaborating and practicalizing the system. Yet the names of the members of the band, and the topics of which they severally treat, may be of interest to your readers, and I am permitted to give them as follows:

ROBERT RANTOUL, JR., (once a member of the Massachusetts State Board of Education, and a prominent lawyer and statesman), discourses of *Discipline*, or punishments, both in ordinary schools and in penitentiaries, urging that they should be wholly of a reformatory aim and tendency.

HONORABLE MANN (formerly Secretary of the same Board, and afterward President of Antioch College in Ohio), writes of *Methods*, especially commending the Object Method, so termed, and recommending its wider application.

ANSON BULLINGAME (once United States Minister to China, and afterwards Ambassador from China to the civilized nations of the earth), recommends a cosmopolitan *Eclecticism* in the proposed system, and affirms that the plan instituted centuries ago by Confucius and his disciples in China has some features worthy of

adoption, as have the systems of some other countries.

DR. GEORGE HASKELL (who once contemplated the founding of an Industrial School in New Jersey), represents the eminent desirability of *Industrial Education* for both sexes.

ROBERT OWEN (the well-known Philanthropist and Social Reformer), calls attention to the importance of *Circumstances*, or favorable conditions for the success of any scheme of improvement—which conditions he thinks now exist to a greater extent than at any former day.

JOHN HOWARD (the Philanthropist) treats of *Prison Discipline*, and the importance of a system of Education that will prevent crime, poverty and disease.

WM. ELLERY CHANNING (the great preacher) discourses of *Religion*, and the *Culture of the Conscience*, with the duty of strict obedience to the higher law of Justice and Neighborly Love, presenting Jesus of Nazareth as a type of the highest manhood, never yet excelled on earth.

MRS. ELIZA W. FARNHAM (author of "Woman and Her Era," etc.) treats of *Coeducation of the Sexes*, and the importance of a balance of the sexes in school, in the teachers, and in all occupations; also, of making no distinctions on account of sex, color, rank or nationality, in the schools of the future.

FRANCIS WRIGHT (the well-known reformer) urges the desirableness of *Social Culture*, or of *Home Schools*—of awakening in pupils a hunger and thirst for knowledge, and of enkindling high, generous and noble life-purposes.

MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (the distinguished English poetess) speaks of the *unselfish devotion and spirituality* that must characterize the teachers of the new system, and portrays the universality of its scope—while she deprecates the existence of a rigid system of caste in her native land which will present a formidable obstacle to the introduction of the new Education in that country.

DR. BENJAMIN LUSH (the noted physician and philanthropist, of Philadelphia), treats of the sacredness of *Life*, the importance of *Health*, and of teaching pupils how the latter may be preserved and restored, instead of being unduly determined and destroyed, as it often is in existing educational institutions. Lastly,

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (the world-renowned philosopher and economist), presents some suggestions on the subject of *Economy*, and the importance of its being inculcated in connection with industrial training, etc., in schools.

All the papers above referred to, when completed, were, in accordance with the expressed desire of the leader of the "band," Judge Edmonds, placed in the hands of the present writer, with the request that I would carefully examine them, and make such use of their contents as I might see fit in preparing for publication a treatise setting forth the outlines of an improved system of education. In that work, so accordant with my own predilections, I am at present engaged, as I can command time and means; and I hope ere long to make at least a beginning toward the founding of a school which shall embody the plan.

It must not be supposed, however, that the ideas embraced in this educational system will be altogether new to the world. The several members of the "band" referred to, and many others in the higher life, have doubtless long been engaged in dropping "seed-thoughts" into receptive minds in this and other countries on earth, which have borne more or less of valuable fruit. But the plan, as a whole, has probably never yet been practicalized in this world.

Although the communications above alluded to were not designed for publication, yet as they touch instructively on a variety of topics not strictly educational, some excerpts from them will, I think, be of interest to the Spiritualist public, and may be presented to the readers of the *Banner of Light* in a future article.

A. E. NEWTON.

Matters in Chicago.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:
The season opens auspiciously here in spiritualistic circles. The First Society of Spiritualists have released Fairbank Hall for a year, and Mrs. Richmond commenced her ministrations there on the third Sunday of September. The audience thus far give promise of a larger interest in the subject of Spiritualism among the people outside the ranks than was noticeable last year.

Mrs. Richmond has returned from her summer work with renewed strength and vigor for the winter. The amount of ministerial work accomplished through the organism of this most gifted medium is truly a marvel of power. An average clergyman would be appalled if called upon to attempt it; indeed, it is more than any of them could do.

Last Sunday evening the spirit of the late President Garfield spoke through Mrs. R. The announcement was quite sufficient to fill the hall; for, while people do not believe in Spiritualism, still somehow they are interested to hear from "supposed spirits."

The personality was decidedly apparent, especially so to those educated in the law of spirit-control. There were no heights and depths of oratorical power, no flow of flowery words, of pathos and stirring eloquence, such as Garfield in the flesh would utter on some grand occasion, but the struggling spirit striving for the first time against great obstacles to speak across the gulf that divided him from the world of his earthly friends. But for the aid of his friend Lincoln, and the advantage to himself there presumably was in the act, he could not have accomplished it.

He has already learned the lesson of the worthlessness of external things, and the supremacy of the spiritual; as for the nation, that, he said, would live; but this rising nation which burst upon his vision—it was of this he would speak, with trumpet sound if he could; but, alas! he found when raising his voice it could not be heard by mortals. But it is not of the substance of his discourse I will speak, as the readers of the *Banner of Light* will have an opportunity to read it in full. It was published *verbatim* in the *Times* of this city, and a full abstract was in the *Tribune*.

In a very busy life, Gen. Garfield found no time to give Spiritualism that searching investigation which he always gave to new subjects; his attitude toward its claims in later life were not of marked antagonism; he knew something of the phenomena, and when a congressman in 1874, employed a magnetic physician, who claimed to heal by the laying on of hands, and gave her a letter of acknowledgment for the benefits received. Soon after his nomination, and before the tidal wave of success had set toward his future, I gave Mrs. C. H. Decker, of New York City, a letter which he had written several years previous, to psychometrists, which she did with great correctness, prophesying his

complete and overwhelming success in an undertaking just entered upon; foreshadowing the publication of the Morey letter, and the storm of vilification and abuse which followed. This was published in *Miller's Psychometric Circular* in July, and a copy sent Gen. Garfield at Mentor before his election.

When I met him in Washington soon after his inauguration he asked me about the *modus operandi* of obtaining this reading, and remarked that he had given it to several of his friends, who pronounced it phenomenally correct, and he thoughtfully remarked it was very strange how it could be done.

Released from an absorption in external matters, his spirit has entered upon a new field of labor—a study into the spiritual nature of man and his relations to God and the universe. No one who knows the earnestness with which he grappled with new and difficult problems when environed with matter, can doubt the sure and steady progress he will make in this, to him, new realm.

As an evidence of the substantial nature of the love and esteem in which the Society hold their gifted speaker, her friends came together a hundred strong to celebrate the fifth anniversary of her marriage with Mr. Richmond. They gave her a surprise in the form of a wooden wedding, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, presenting her with a number of very beautiful presents, all of wood, according to the book.

Quitting gracefully acknowledged for the couple, who, she said, although married for five years, could not yet make a speech for themselves. She pointed in touching words the contrast between the pale, fragile woman of five years back, and the embodiment of health before them, and told them of their husband's care and devotion, aided by their tender love and sympathy, had made the new picture.

HELEN BARNARD DENSMORE.

Chicago, Oct. 15th, 1881.

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