

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LV.

GOLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1884.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 12.

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deeds than it has ever converted through these monstrous doctrines, and by the presentation of a system that never can be reconciled to the system of Nature.

How can we talk about the realm to which immortal souls are consigned when we know not the first letter of the alphabet of the science of astronomy? How can we locate a city of God somewhere in the heavens when we have not the least idea of the vast system of the natural universe? How can we talk about the success of evil in the world, and the judgment day postponed for ages to come, when we see the law of compensation ever in operation, here and now, within the lives of men? How can we recognize as a just God a being who commits crimes against common humanity which would stamp any creature as a fiend? For I do not care how black you paint the devil, he can excel in excellent qualities the Christian's God as he is portrayed to-day.

If for the sins of this brief life God, as Jonathan Edwards declares, takes the sinner and holds him as a spider over hell, exulting in the torture which thrills not only the body, the corporeal existence, but the spirits well—if a God does this, what, in the name of common sense, will the devil do? If this is justice, what is injustice? If this is mercy, God give me implacable hate! These are, or have been, the accepted ideas of Christianity. I know you will say, "We do not believe these things now"; then you are hypocrites if you adhere to names and creeds that are obsolete.

The vast amount of wealth that is crystallized in the Christian churches and cathedrals throughout the world would feed and clothe and educate God's poor for a thousand years to come. The wealth in these churches is a monument to this creed, the outline of which I have given you.

While the Church has been forced to forsake many of its old battle-grounds; while it has been forced to cry for quarter, and to carry the flag of truce into the enemy's camp; while the enemy being progress and the sciences—it still insists upon the judgment day of which I have spoken, and of this idea of God and of his system of salvation; though it ignores our new chronology and passes lightly over the contradictions which are shown to exist within its infallible inspiration; though it yields graciously to the declarations of the science of geology and stretches its periods of time to meet the exigencies of the case, yet in that mystical region where there is no ground upon which to walk, there, at least, the religionist is prominent and is within his own realm, and can declare anything to be true which he conceives to be—shall I say the most rational? Oh, no! It is not necessary that any religious tenet be rational in order to be accepted as Christian doctrine. It is only necessary that you shall have sufficient credulity, and sufficient veneration for authority, for your part, and that the rest of the world believe in your revelations; does not believe in them—not upon new visions, oh, no! not upon the prophets of to-day, but upon the authority of the old—upon this it rests.

Now we believe in the religion of nature; we believe in a system of moral government, in a law of compensation which has established the judgment day here and now. We believe in the bar of God, in the Divine witness, in the commendation and the condemnation that man follows.

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Do we accept this as the rule for salvation? Do we accept this as the natural law of spiritual life? No! A thousand times no! For to declare that a man's belief in a certain system and acceptance of a certain idea shall win eternal life or subject him to eternal misery is monstrous. Why monstrous? Simply because we cannot believe what we choose to believe; we have no capacity to measure and weigh that evidence. We are constituted unlike; there are some who can believe that Jonah had a comfortable time in the stomach of a whale, and that the sun stood still while General Joshua slaughtered a few more hundreds or thousands of human beings who were on the opposite side of the question. There are some who can believe anything if it is to their interest to believe it; at least they will assent to it, and they will endorse anything, will adopt any faith which fits them best as a cloak, which will serve them best as a mask in the drama of life. They can adopt, for policy's sake, any system that will win for them success in this world, and we know many persons who are very religious on Sunday, but forget their religion the rest of the week. These are the people who believe so readily; they believe because they never think, and this is one of the essential requirements of the churches.

Gregory the Great said, "Ignorance is the mother of devotion," and this was the system in which the Church ruled for hundreds of years. This is what made the age of faith the most terrific of human history.

Do not think for a moment that in becoming a disciple of any religion you are to escape any penalty, any punishment—not that the Church proposes to visit you with, not that an arbitrary God may inflict upon you—but any penalty which is attached to the violation of natural and immutable law; any punishment which has for its aim reform and improvement, and any punishment which is not reformatory, is ornamental and ungodly, whether it is inflicted in the spiritual realm, or in the present time or in the hereafter. Nature has attached to every law, physical and spiritual, her penalty. What, for? because she is malignant in her powers, and takes pleasure in the agony of her creatures? No! A thousand times no! But for the protection and preservation of harmony in the universe, that this sweet symphony of life than which no other is so grand, runs and thrills no discord, and every note that has broken from the passionate lips of humanity, every thrill of anguish that has fired the nerve of the human body, or tortured the human heart, hath for its object the purification and the ultimate joy of that human soul; for whether it is inflicted here upon the physical man, or there upon a spiritual and deathless being, it is for the same purpose.

Faith here is the sentinel that stands at the gateway of life, saving us from total destruction. Pain in the spiritual realm—anguish of soul—is for a similar purpose, that as moral beings, we may be quickened into clearer conceptions of truth, and advanced to a higher life.

The judgment day is every day of your life—from now throughout the endless days of eternity. The Gospel Tract Publishing Society declares that the sinner accepting Christ's blood as atonement for his sins shall not be summoned before the bar of God, that he shall be excused from putting in an appearance, but shall just stand there, clothed in glory, and not have a question put to him; that no man, woman, or child who has accepted the atonement need say anything about their life, however black it may be, so far as acts are concerned; if their faith is sound they shall not be questioned, they are to pass right on to infinite and eternal

glory without a single doubt as to their worthiness. But the man whose faith is not sound, who has not accepted the doctrines, shall be brought before the bar, and no excuse that he can make, as being unfortunately born and bred, having no education, or being born in heathen lands, can save him, though it has been impossible for him to hear the name of Christ. These blessed Christian people, those comfortable, well-fed, Christian missionaries declare that fifty million of human souls are daily going down to feed the fires of Hell—all because they have not heard the name of Christ.

The system of God's government is universal, as operative in China as it is here in San Francisco—I hope in some respects more so—and the ministrations of his spirit have been confined to no age or country. Here and now and everywhere this divine presence is manifest. Our struggles for truth, our aspirations toward the good, he they are strong, determine, to a certain extent, just the amount of happiness and joy that shall be allotted to us, and every act of our lives is passed upon by an immutable Judge whom we cannot propitiate, to whom no sacrifice may be offered except it be a penitent spirit and the pure life that may come after.

Judgments are visited upon nations as upon individuals for every wrong permitted to exist. Have you forgotten the judgment your people passed under a score of years ago? What for? Not because you failed in any tenet of your religion, nor because you were of an unchristian faith; not because you built shrines to this or that religion, but because a wrong was permitted to exist; a system of injustice toward your fellow-men; the enslavement of a race, which was contrary to the laws of eternal justice. This injustice, having been incorporated in your Constitution, having been fostered by your Government, permitted to grow and overflow your territories, in spite of the protestations, the pleadings and denunciations of the great wrong, the great injustice, you for political reasons, for selfish purposes and material aggrandizement, permitted to exist. And lo! you were in the midst of civil war—a war between justice and injustice. It was the judgment day of the nation. Justice was reestablished; the nation was purified by rivers of blood. These are the bloody sacrifices that are acceptable in God's sight—when men die for the sake of a principle, and for the establishment of truth, the Christ died. When men die for the sake of a principle, and for the establishment of truth, then is it made known to us that God has not deserted his world, nor left it without his witness.

Whenever a nation permits evil to accumulate; permits the enslavement of a class and the perpetration of crimes; permits a nation to be wrong and crime against a fellow creature, and in the enjoyment of liberty, then is it made known to us that God has not deserted his world, nor left it without his witness.

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Is this idea of a final judgment day, in which the soul's destiny is decided forever, a true one? Has its foundation in truth? Is it substantiated by anything we know in nature? I answer, no! For the judgment is according to the act, and according to the wisdom, justice and love of the eternal heart. For a finite sin creature, he is in danger of the judgment; the agony cannot be endured. But if into that moment of supremest we there flows the promise of good to follow; there sweeps the tenderness of the Infinite, and Hope once more kindles her star in the heart and the path grows clear again.

Do you fear the judgment of God that awaits you? Not before a literal bar of judgment, far removed from your present state of existence, shall you feel the lightning glance of his justice and be conscious of his rebukes; but here, when in the process of spiritual change and development there shall come to you clearer conceptions of right and wrong; here, when into the depths of your consciousness there comes some spiritual beam which leads no corner of your life unilluminated, unsearched, shall all the acts of your life be summoned before yourself. This life of God enshrined here, which marks its presence here by your desire for good, by the rebukes felt through the stings of conscience which often makes its presence known, too, by your desire to hide the evil you have wrought from the eyes of your fellow men, shall be shining down upon you from the spiritual existence; it is this presence of this supreme good, this divine life within you that shall be your arbiter and Judge before which you shall fall down and cry aloud for the rocks and the mountains to fall upon and cover you.

Many of you have stood before this judgment bar in the days that are gone; when it was possible for you to have made the path smoother for tender feet, to have provided for the little ones who were dependent upon you for enlightenment; when in the development of your spiritual nature, you neglected the opportunities which you threw away the means by which you might have secured for them purity and happiness in this world, and the day had come when the means had flown, and you stood in the presence of that higher selfhood and you said, "Oh! how I have neglected a sacred duty to these! Oh! how I have neglected those golden opportunities!" and you writhed in your anguish of soul through the consciousness of the neglect of duty before the judgment-seat of God. Within your own soul you were condemned. Self-condemnation is the hardest to bear of all that God permits to come to the human soul.

It is true we want the good will of our fellow beings, and crave the love of our brothers and sisters; it is true that we want our innocent babes to look into our faces and find there only the records of virtuous acts; that we long to be revered and honored in the world; and if this wish for virtue, shall win the right hand and you carry out your way through the entanglements of the sensual life you have lived; until, through anguish of spirit that will not cease until the victory is won, you are under the judgment of a just God.

treasures and lays them at our feet, and still there is within the consciousness of unworthiness, how empty and how worthless is all that may be bestowed. This proves to you, does it not, that God's judgment-bar is here, that the witness is within the human heart?

Let me say to you who are suffering reproach, and are bearing heavy crosses; to those who are maligned and calumniated, who stand adjudged of the world as unworthy, be patient, brave, pure and strong; not only shall this Judge within you pass judgment, but the other Judges shall declare themselves, finally, in your favor. It has ever been thus in the world. Look at the history of Jesus, look at the life of Socrates; scoffed at and maligned while here upon the earth; Think of the ignominy, the defeat, the death; and how swift are the judgments of God! The good in us, by-and-by, feels the virtue of these men, and the world recognizes their power. In the time comes when we must give in our testimony on the side of Justice, on the side of heroism and truth. Thus shall every man be justified according to his acts.

You have seen how a man like Carlyle may pass along for a period of years living a selfish life—and a cruel life in some respects—charming men with his genius, captivating our intellects, though not winning our hearts; how he may perpetrate through half a life-time a great wrong against one weak, defenseless human being, and not shall rise up and cry against it; how, hidden in the seclusion of the home life, this perpetual torture shall go on, day after day, and no cry of anguish strike the ear of the world, and the defenseless and long-suffering woman may declare to herself daily, "there is no justice in the world, there is no mercy in heaven." But lo! the day dawns; death plucks away this beautiful flower that has been yielding its fragrance to that selfish life all these years without recognition or acknowledgment, and a grateful word; each comes, and the delicate flower is transplanted, and suddenly that man discovers, what?—his own infamy, his own true position as relating to this being who has given her life to him uncomplainingly for such a period of years with no recognition. And now Carlyle does not fear the judgment of the angels nor the judgment of the world half so much as he fears the judgment of this better man; this good man which, unawares, was hidden in the bosom of Carlyle, and lifted by the sword-thrust of death, at last sitting in judgment upon his life and declaring, "As ye sowed unto others so shall it be sowed unto you." Desolate now is that life, with no right to call upon the departed one to minister to him, with no right to hope for a meeting by-and-by—the judgment day had dawned for Carlyle. It has dawned for thousands of men, and shall dawn for thousands more in the future.

But more than this there is a judgment day which renders all other days dim and of little consequence in a man's memory. That day is revealed when the soul, stripped from the bondage of the senses, released from the shadows of mortality, standing out in the clear light of a new existence with extended and new environments, with intensified faculties and additional senses, it looks back upon that which has been neglected in the world below; and then the soul in that supreme moment passes through its own self-judgment, and the judgment-day which comes after the great change of our life, death is, after all, the supreme time of our life.

It is the day when you perceive how short is the span of mortal existence, and how magnificent the object of your creation; when you get a glimpse of the destiny that awaits you; when a flash of light reveals to you your possibilities. Then do you perceive, if you have been unworthy of those whose love has been lavished upon your lives, perpetually offering the gift which separates you from the innocent and pure, and that you can never overtake them. For the law of progress which carries you forward acts also upon other souls, and therefore there is no overtaking in that other world of whom you were not worthy.

And when you stand in that light the revelation is made to you; when these innocent eyes into which you have gazed with hesitation and wavering sight, but into which you cannot now gaze for shame, since you see they, too, recognize your unworthiness; when you see those who have clung to you, and all the bitterness, misery and degradation of your life, because they knew not that you were leading an unworthy life, hidden from their view—then comes the judgment day. You have entered the home—they believing you to be honorable and pure—with garments smothered with the acts of days and nights which you would hide from their eyes; you, coming there, receive their caresses, though you may blush at the thought of their innocence and of your wrong, still, you receive their caresses—love is true to you still.

How many women cling to such as these years after the world knows of their unworthiness, believing them to be worthy, turning a deaf ear to all who would acquaint them of the unworthiness of their beloved; but the day of judgment comes. Do not deceive yourselves, thinking the day shall not come when the revelation shall be made. I say to you the day of revelation comes, and then the hands that cling to you are slowly unclasped, and arms that held you in their fond embrace shall be quickly withdrawn, and then—God be help you! feeling the need of their love as you never felt it before—this is your judgment day.

You may delay it; you may put it from you, and think another man's innocence will save you; you may bathe in the blood of Christ, and plunge into religious asceticism; yet until the life is pure, and the soul unfolds its wings of aspiration; until the heart beats to the music of that which is pure and true, and the spirit is bathed in a consciousness of well-doing; until you are conscious of your own hand you carry out your way through the entanglements of the sensual life you have lived; until, through anguish of spirit that will not cease until the victory is won, you are under the judgment of a just God.

God loves truth; God loves joy—the universe is created for joy; and who can look upon those throbbing star-lights in the abyss of space, who can inhale the exhaling sweetness of these flowers, who can feel the throbbing of the magnetic streams of life, as they flow from soul to soul, and not confess that life is made for joy? Who cannot see that the universe is a musical instrument over which God's hands are forever sweeping?

In Memoriam of the Victims of the "State of Florida"; OR, THE EFFECT OF VIOLENT DEATH UPON THE SPIRIT.

An Address delivered by
MRS. EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTON,
At Republican Hall, New York, Sunday Evening, May 11th, 1884.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by K. Y. Z.)

Mrs. Hardinge-Britton commenced the exercises of the evening by reading from her new work, "Nineteenth Century Miracles," an account of the disclosures made through New York mediums of the fate of the steamship *Pacific*, long ere the tidings of her loss were generally known—after which, and a most touching and fervid invocation, Mrs. Britton gave in substance the following address:

"All calamities which appeal to the public heart, mind and sympathies, are missionary preachers in the interests of human progress. Accidents of all kinds, whether by the overmastering influence of the elements, or as the results of human action, whenever they call forth those tones of sorrow and suffering which waken up responsive chords in the hearts of a pitying multitude, invariably create the urgent demand for improved methods; thus the cry of agony from the whirling wave, the consuming fire, or the crashing ruin, is an appeal which will vibrate forever in the ear of sympathy, until the leaders of science have organized means of prevention against the recurrence of future fatalities. But whilst this view may seem no less hopeful than true, in considering the means by which human progress has been effected it also seems to present a stern and remorseless picture of a destiny which has overwhelmed the martyrs to science, and it may be in the attempt to reconcile 'God's justice' with man's beliefs, that the doctrine of 'divine judgments' and 'special providences' has been so pertinaciously taught and cherished. And it is in the midst of such conflicting opinions as these words suggest, that some great catastrophe, like the one which has stirred the heart of humanity to its very depth during the past few days, occurs in our midst, leaving a path of destruction, the work of the good and the evil alike, sweeping into the vortex of common martyrdom the aged and the innocent babe, putting to shame and silence the theologian platitudes concerning 'judgments' and 'special providences,' and asserting the majesty of stern and immutable law, in all the motions and procedures of the universe. With this aspect of all causes and all events, the philosophic student of life and being must be content, but not so the mourner suffering from the anguish of bereavement, or the pitying spectator contemplating the doom of the victim.

The time was, when these last would have cried, "Why does a merciful God permit these things?" The question is changed now—and the great mass of unphilosophic observers are not slow to say, "Why have not these spirits intervened to save, to rescue, to warn, or prevent the catastrophe?" The Spiritualist might retort upon the theologian, and question why these spirits should be expected to take the place of the theologian God in a dispensation of special providences. Attempts to shift responsibility from one spiritual power to another, however, are equally futile now, when the analysis of science can retraced the ages and prove that every atom of matter acts as inevitably under the dominion of law for a million years as for a second of time. Cosmic matter, sun, satellites, and all the material existences of our planet, are born, grow, rot, out their deathly dials, and are again reborn in new forms of organism with no less inevitable certainty than that the unguided ship will collide or founder, that the insecure structure will fall, or that the elements in any department of the universe will be slaves or masters, according to the power of man to adjust himself to their action." After following this line of argument with some brilliant smiles drawn from nature, and pointing out how inevitably the sciences of anatomy and physiology had grown out of pain and disease; how cold and hunger had stimulated man to the search for inventions of civilization; how even luxury, extravagance, ambition, and the love of ornamentation, had been goods to the various activities which constitute the supreme triumphs of the intellect, the speaker went on to say, that "after all, the main questions of life concerning God's justice, and man's relation to the unswerving action of his laws, could never be finally settled, much less understood by contemplating this life only. Here upon this earth death must end, and the question of wrong or compensation for right, are principles universally felt, but only dimly visible in action in the seething cauldron of human society. Kind hearts break in silence. Pure lives are often wasted in garrets and cellars. Wickedness sits in high places, and iniquity as often revels in the palace as it lurks in the felon's cell. For all these, and ten thousand other problems that the realm of matter is unable to solve, there is no answer to be rendered until we lift the veil that hides the world of mind and effect from the world of matter and cause, and trace out how the man that has left his gold or his rags behind him, has commenced a new life with a capital of soul powers instead of those derived from physical life and surroundings."

After touching with deep pathos and solemnity upon the infinitely varied conditions of this second stage of existence which had been revealed to view by the rending of the veil of death and mystery in Modern Spiritualism, the speaker went on to say, "and this brings before us the all-important question, is there in the spirit-world any condition analogous to that on earth is called time? To this we can emphatically answer there is not. Time on earth is measured by physical changes, as in the relations of the earth to the sun. Time in spirit-life is determined by states of mind, and conditions of good or evil. Thus man may in a single moment behold his whole past life as a single moment before him. This has often been experienced and acknowledged by those rescued from drowning, or some other great impending peril. An entire life-time, with all its beauty or ugliness—with the whole of its cause, effect and judgment—may be crowded up into one second of time; while, on the other hand, the spiritual sense may be so dull, that the soul may pass from time to eternity without realizing what part it has played in the grand drama of life. If this be the case with a single moment, how much more must it be when the soul is such mental states intensified, that ALL REALITY is freed. The man or woman is that is in the soul whatever that soul may have been."

Remembering, then, that Death is not only a

The Spiritual Bostrum.

The Day of Judgment.

An Inspirational Lecture by
MRS. E. L. WATSON,
Delivered in Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by G. H. Hawes.)

The vital truths underlying all religions are the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. The vital errors ingrained in all religious systems are the claim of exclusiveness for divine revelation, and the infallibility of inspiration. Of all conceptions of the hereafter and of the Judgment Day, that of the Christian religion stands forth unique, peculiar for its awfulness, and as an idea which it is impossible to reconcile to man's reason or common sense. The idea of a final judgment day, when all souls—and bodies too—shall be summoned before the bar of God to receive commendation or condemnation which shall determine the eternal joy or misery of the undying soul; the idea that these souls were created for commendation or condemnation from the beginning of the world, that some were elected to eternal agony and others to eternal joy; that this fate was determined for them by the Creator beyond a possibility of variation, of calliation in the slightest degree; the idea that this judgment of Jehovah can be accepted as just, that this fate has been determined by him over the will of the creature, that no effort or sacrifice will avail, and that a life of purity, of noble deeds, of unselfishness and truth, stands for nothing before that awful bar of God, but that only judgment and wrath have been stored up through all the ages for that dreadful moment, to be poured out without stint upon helpless immortal beings; all this is abhorrent and utterly opposed to every dictate of reason and principle of justice.

And yet the popular Orthodox theology asks us to accept these ideas, in this age of the world, as due to God-honoring, noble deeds, of unselfishness and truth, stands for nothing before that awful bar of God, but that only judgment and wrath have been stored up through all the ages for that dreadful moment, to be poured out without stint upon helpless immortal beings; all this is abhorrent and utterly opposed to every dictate of reason and principle of justice.

The common pulpit presentation of the doctrine of a final and universal judgment day is to the familiar effect of you to make it necessary for us to dwell upon those teachings. Yet it may be well to remind you that there are intelligent, good men, who this very day have been trying to impress upon intelligent minds the idea that there is to be a final day of judgment, in which you shall all be summoned before the bar of God, at which time the recording angel shall bring forth his book and you shall be asked, not, have you been a good man or woman in the world, but, have you kept my commandments?—oh! no; you are not required to answer these questions, but did you confess Christ while upon earth? Did you accept the sacrifice of the only begotten Son of God? and do you believe in the remission of sins through the shedding of his blood?

And if your reply shall be, "I believed him to be a good man; I tried to practice his precepts, and knelt before the shrine of his truthfulness, feeling the kinship existing between his family and mine; but I believed not in the remission of sins through the shedding of his blood; I accepted not Christ as one who should stand in my stead and bear my blood-guiltiness upon his own white soul"; if this shall be your answer, then the Infinite Judge, sitting upon his throne in the centre of heaven, shall say unto you, "Depart from me into the lake of fire and brimstone; depart from me, into everlasting burning; I depart from me, ye accursed, into eternal anguish!"

Though you have broken all the commandments, though you have not ceased to do evil until the day of your death, and have committed the blackest of crimes; though you have left this world from the gallows, if the priest had interfered at the last moment before you passed to the realm of spirit, if but an instant of time before this great change you had confessed Christ, and had accepted the sacrament; if you had accepted the sacrifice, willing to load him with your sins, and to pass into glory under cover of his innocence, then shall he say, "Come unto me, ye blessed of my Father; sit ye on the right hand of God; and ye shall be given your golden harps to sing his praises throughout eternity."

This is a universal, the doctrine preached to-day from thousands of pulpits throughout Christendom. This Church has made more in-

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 COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Bookellers, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books. Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least cash. When the money forwarded is accompanied by cash to the amount of each order, the books will be sent by drawing the bill and a fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—ones and twos preferred. Postage stamps in quantities of 20¢ or more than one dollar will be accepted. All business orders looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.
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SPECIAL NOTICES.
 In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we cannot undertake to entertain articles that are not of a general nature. We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer by drawing the bill around the article he desires specially to recommend for publication.
 Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion must reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1884.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.
 Howarth Street (formerly Montgomery Place), corner Province Street (Lower Floor).

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:
 THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
 39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH,
 PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, Business Manager.
 LUTHER COLBY, Editor.
 JOHN W. DAY, Assistant Editor.

Business Letters should be addressed to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass. All other communications should be forwarded to LUTHER COLBY.

SPiritualism is the Science and Philosophy of the Universe as viewed from the Spiritual Standpoint, and it is identical with Spirituality.—SPIRIT S. B. BRITTON.

No Public Free Circle
 Will be held at this office on Tuesday afternoon next, June 10th. The Circles for the season will be suspended Friday, June 27th—the last meeting occurring on that date. Due notice of their resumption in the fall will be given in the columns of the Banner.

Magic as an Element in Religion.

In a recent discourse from Unity Church pulpit, Mr. M. J. Savage made the burden of his remarks on his topic—"Magic and Law"—that "magic reigns almost supreme still in the popular religion." He said of "priestly jugglery" that, like the putting a little water or oil on the forehead of a child or of a dying old man, it is still supposed to fling wide open the golden gates of the celestial city. It is doubtless from the religious theories of the past, in his opinion, that we have chiefly inherited it. And since religion used to cover and include the whole of life, it lingers still in those departments of life which we now call secular. The Jewish history fully illustrates it. The Jews took Jehovah for their national god. They supposed he had commanded them to do certain things, and that their obedience and disobedience were accompanied by certain arbitrary promises and threats. The whole was but a matter of the king's will, and related only to matters of this world. Applying this theory of theirs to their national life, the Jews found that it led to their downfall. The Levitical ritual and the sacrifices in the temple were not very effective weapons against the Roman legions.

Nor had the early Christians outgrown those ideas. Jesus is once represented as teaching a more rational doctrine, when he asks if his hearers thought that those upon whom the tower of Siloam fell were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem, and answered his own question in the negative. "When we come to the Church," said Mr. Savage, "and trace its history for the last eighteen hundred years—we must declare that its predominant principle has been magical all through. Its rites, its sacraments, its priestly formulas, its miraculous relics, its exorcisms and its prayers have all been supposed to produce all sorts of 'supernatural' and unnatural results, though in no way connected with those results as cause and effect are connected." "Presto, change!" says Mr. Savage: "That is the key to the old Church's claims and pretensions to this day." And thus do men dominated by the church come naturally enough by their unnatural and magical theory of human life. He proceeded to illustrate this point in a practical way, and a most convincing one. These common illustrations show that people still hold a theory of life that is essentially magical. They forget that the world is one in which the law of cause and effect is universally true.

There is nothing of the nature of a causal connection between goodness and worldly prosperity. "Loving Jesus" does not prevent your child's sickness and death if the natural laws of health have not been obeyed. Its health continues subject to those laws all the same. The laws of health, of life and death, are God's own laws, just as much as the laws of love and goodness. The former work to the production of health and its joys, and the latter work to the production of goodness and the joys that accompany it. God never undoes with one hand what he is doing with the other. Every seed yields its own fruit, and not some other. Carelessness will burn up an orphan asylum as readily as it will a gambling house. Nevertheless it will not answer, said Mr. Savage, to give up belief in "judgments." They are rather to be accepted as being on our track forever: But they come as the natural, appropriate penalty of broken law in its own department of life or conduct. If we break the laws of health, the judgment comes in the form of sickness. If we are careless about fires, we get burned out for a "judgment." If we are mean, the judgment is to be thought meanly of by others. But, on the other hand, if we try to be noble and true, the judgment consists in the rewards of satisfaction which none but the true and noble can comprehend.

The laws of ship-construction, of winds and tides, of the magnetic compass, of screw and wheel, are all God's laws. And it is by obedience to them—not to the laws of a good prayer-meeting—that a ship is to be successfully sailed on the sea. There is no causal connection between a prayer and an ocean current. There

is no causal connection between an ecclesiastical ritual and an iceberg or a broken shaft. And any supposed connection is but a survival of Old World magic. Piety is good, but good for nothing to sail a ship by. All the confusion that exists on this subject springs from thinking that the government of this world is magical, instead of being one of law. It springs, said the speaker, from the old idea that God is an arbitrary king, separate from and sitting outside of the laws of nature, and governing the world by means of interference with those laws, whereas, as a matter of fact, he is in and through those laws, and they are only the methods of his working. Therefore the way to have God on our side is for us to find out his method of working, his laws, in that department of life in which we wish to produce a certain result, and then obey those laws—comply with the necessary conditions. Whether it is health, or wealth, or goodness, or learning, or what not, the one law of cause and effect must be recognized.

The same principle holds good in respect to the questions of forgiveness and salvation. The popular doctrines of forgiveness and salvation, said Mr. Savage, are pure and simple magic. It is supposed, for example, that a life of sin can be wiped out by a prayer, erased by a sacrament, or swept out of existence by a flood of emotion or washed away by a rain of tears—then the past is gone, the gates of heaven swing wide open, the beatific vision is gained! No more baseless or demoralizing doctrine was ever invented by the fantastic imagination of man. The real truth is this: That every thought, every word, every deed writes a sentence of good or evil on the character, and what is written is written! Tears, prayers, or sacraments cannot undo a fact. What is past, is past forever. Omnipotence itself cannot make it not to have been. We may recover, outgrow the evil, and rise in spite of the past; but the evil record and the fact of its injury to others can never be effaced. It is mercifully true, however—added the speaker, in a truly eloquent strain—that just before the feet of even the furthest wanderer there is the foot of a ladder, like Jacob's, on which angels ascend and descend, and on which, if he will, he can rise into an atmosphere of improved conditions.

The Physical Phenomena in the South.

We have on several occasions spoken of the extraordinary interest now being awakened in the South by the occurrences taking place in presence of the "Georgia Electric Girl," as Miss Lula Hurst is called, though the phenomena witnessable at her sittings are identical with those known to Spiritualists as of the physical phase.

Concerning this powerfully-gifted instrument, and what she has done in Charleston, S. C., the *Deutsche Zeitung*, published in the German language in that city, has borne frequent witness—the following paragraphs, translated from its columns, being specimens of its utterances:

"Lula Hurst, the 'Georgia Electric Girl,' will give an exhibition in Hibernian Hall on Thursday evening. She is sixteen years old, healthy, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Everything that she touches moves. If she places her hand upon a chair, three strong men are not able to hold it. Many professors have investigated the case without being able to find a solution of the mystery. Prof. Willet, who accompanies her, says, 'It is wonderful beyond measure, a genuine miracle, and I am more astonished than ever.' As there are no miracles in nature, Miss Hurst is simply a medium for physical manifestations, and no miracle-worker."

After the exhibition above announced, the *Zeitung* said:
 "The séance of Lula Hurst, on last Thursday, in Hibernian Hall, was attended by many hundreds of our most prominent citizens, and all were convinced of the mysterious power which the wise men declare does not exist: a power which hears, sees, and can give intelligent answers to intelligent questions, but which cannot be seen. 'What can it be?' is the query of all Materialists."

The same paper also holds the following outspoken language regarding the explanation (?) offered by the would-be-thought "wise men" as to what causes the phenomena:

"The learned gentlemen, physicians, etc., who have investigated the phenomena occurring in the presence of the 'Electric Girl of Georgia,' find that it is neither electricity nor magnetism that produces the manifestations through the girl, but that the power which moves chairs and tables is intelligent. Of course it is not the unpopular Spiritualism, but a soul-power, which every one possesses in a higher or lower degree. It may be a kind—but here we must let the gentlemen speak for themselves—of emanation from the mind, a prolongation of the will, whatever that may be. But perhaps that is a term which fits the case as well as any other. But to translate these wise words into German is not so easy: 'Ein Ausfluss des Gemüths, des Geistes, eine Verlängerung des Willens,' sounds well, but expresses nothing. How can an emanation from the mind or a prolongation of the will move heavy furniture, while the child's hand only is placed upon it, unless there is an intelligent power in the background to direct it? How can these meaningless expressions produce the phenomena witnessed in the presence of this child? But 'none are so blind as those who will not see.'"

It seems that the inquiry into the phenomena thus specially brought to pass in this instance by Miss Hurst's public séances—we say specially because the experience of all investigators is that there is an under-current of private inquiry at work always and everywhere in the world to-day, and that an answering spiritual influence is also at work in like wide degree and measure toward supplying the demand by developing many mediums in private of whose existence the people generally have no knowledge—has brought other mediumistic subjects before the people in a public capacity, since we find the *Zeitung*, above translated from, chronicling in a later issue (May 26th) the following concerning certain local mediums of Charleston:

"A large number of members of the society assembled in the Spiritualists' hall on Friday evening, in order to see the Charleston 'Lula Hurst.' The manifestations, if not quite so powerful as those of the Lula, were wonderful. A broom was used instead of a billiard cue, which on two occasions flew from the hands of the gentlemen who were trying to hold it, upon the medium's simply touching it. The gentlemen who endeavored to hold the chair, struggled until they became out of breath, and at last two of them—the largest a two-hundred-pounder—seated themselves upon it, but scarcely had the medium touched the chair-back, when they were both thrown down, and the chair after them. Afterwards experiments were tried with other ladies present, and four of them proved to be possessed of like gifts—one of them, a young American girl, developing extraordinary powers. The experiments will be continued next Friday night."

C. B. Lynn delivered his noted lecture on "Ingersoll and his Critics" in the Universalist Church, in New London, Conn., on May 23d. Gov. Waller and other distinguished citizens were among the listeners. Mr. Lynn's Sunday discourses are highly spoken of by the New London press.

Mediums no Choosers.

It was well said by Dr. Cetlinski before the American Spiritualist Alliance of New York, in a recent address on the subject of mediumship, that mediums are such of necessity, and not of choice; that they are summoned to their peculiar vocation by a voice which they feel that they cannot do otherwise than obey. In the face of the frequent criticism and even condemnation of mediumship in some of its phases by Spiritualists, which of course is to be taken as but the frank and free expression of the individual views of those uttering them, he solemnly averred that in all his experience he had never found a medium who had deliberately chosen his or her phase of mediumship. The spirits, he rightly explained, bring out the different phases adapted to the organisms of their instruments. It is in no way a matter of choice with the mediums, but a result of law.

He said that puritanic Spiritualists may wish to fashion mediumship, but in this they are bound to fail utterly, because mediumship does not happen to be a matter of human invention. It is God's gift, and it is under spirit control. Therefore, he most justly and properly gloried in the rich gift of modern mediumship, and all the more because it comes through individuals of the common fold, through those who are among our friends and familiars. This is a matter that deserves more serious thought from Spiritualists than is commonly bestowed upon it. We are much too apt to underrate this precious gift to our age and time, to criticize its modes of manifestation, to question its real value, and to condemn its oftentimes inadequate testimonies.

But let us always bear in mind that it is not for the mediums to choose. They are called to their sphere and to the phase which they shall manifest in. They are the chosen, not the choosers. One may be esteemed by us above another, but it is not for us to assume that the service performed by one is superior to that performed by another. Each is appointed to his or her right sphere, in which the manifestations of the spirits are to be made after his or her peculiar capacity. It is not for us to decide, not for us to lay down the law. If we were as truly grateful as we should be, we should not be fault-finders because things are different from what we think they ought to be. Let us not refuse the blessing because it comes in a way unexpected.

English "Regulars" on the War-Path.

If recent London despatches to the daily press are to be credited, the English metropolis is, at present, in all the agonies of a small-pox scare. The malady is reported to be alarmingly prevalent in some of the metropolitan districts, and is spreading from the city to the adjoining provinces, several of which are already badly infested. London city has expended since last November \$250,000 for additional accommodation for the increasing number of patients, and it is proposed to carry the work of building smallpox hospitals forward till the outlay shall cover a total of \$1,000,000. The anti-vaccinationists very properly are calling attention to this state of affairs as a direct proof of the entire futility of the Jennerian delusion to guard the public against the dreaded malady for which both the law and the "Regulars" in medicine still persist that it is the supreme specific (?). The following paragraph from the despatch to which we allude, shows all the answer which the Allopaths of Great Britain are able to make against this telling point which Wm. Tobb and his gallant co-laborers are so keenly forcing upon the people's attention:

"The regular practitioners are becoming alarmed. They denounce the anti-vaccinationists as enemies to the public health, and insist that the energetic preaching of their propaganda has been the principal cause of the present spread of smallpox, because it has so largely shaken the faith of the poorer classes in the efficacy of Jenner's method. The doctors are getting up petitions urging the government to immediately adopt the most energetic measures to put an end to the mischievous work of the anti-vaccinationists, by making penal the further incitation of their propaganda, which, if allowed to continue, the petitioners declare, will soon subject the whole of England to a disastrous scourge."

This is the usual answer which bigotry, entrenched in an authority which it borrows alone from a popularity born of carefully nursed public ignorance, has in every age presented to the truth, viz: attempted repression by law. Let us see if the people of England will tamely bow to the mandate of self-constituted Allopathic authority, or practically demonstrate in this instance that line of their national anthem which declares that "Britons never shall be slaves!"

Dr. Talmage on Heredity.

Good blood cannot be denied to be a good inheritance. King Saul asked young David the first thing after the latter had slain Goliath: "Whose son art thou, young man?" As if it made any difference who his father was. Rev. Dr. Talmage, the Brooklyn evangelist and sensationalist, in a recent discourse, remarks that Saul wanted to know David's parentage, and that this question of heredity is a great one. "The longer I live," said Dr. Talmage, "the more I believe in blood, good blood, bad blood, honest blood and thieving blood." Dr. Talmage instanced, in the same discourse, the power of heredity in a New York family, which, he said, had been rolling in wealth for a hundred years, and which was founded by a man who, after achieving great riches, sent back to the store a package of tacks because it cost two cents more than he expected. "Gripping, grinding and gouging in the fourth generation," said he, "and, I suppose, gripping, grinding and gouging in the twentieth generation."

So far, so good: But, as usual with this rocket-like divine, he here takes a broad sheer, and after making this wholesome admission flinches from the practical application of his own statements to every-day life. In harmony with his creed, he is not ready to accord the least weight to the fact that the possession of an inherited tendency ought, in equity at least, to go far toward discharging from personal responsibility the party so inheriting. After emitting the usual shower of sparks on this subject, Dr. Talmage disappears in a cloud of platitudes concerning the self-sufficiency of "Religion" (the creedal article, of course), to cure all evils to which humanity falls a prey in this mundane sphere—leaving his hearers utterly in the dark as to his original intentions when he started out to treat the theme.

Attention is called to the advertisement on fifth page of Mrs. E. C. Eaton, who proposes to give a series of six select afternoon séances, which her friends intend as a testimonial and benefit—she having been unfortunate in the recent loss of her earnings.

Materialization Incidents.

A gentleman of our acquaintance informs us that while at a séance of the Berry Sisters on the afternoon of May 1st, there appeared among others a young lady spirit, who gave her name to one of the company. As a test of the truth of this manifestation, the person for whom it was intended called upon a friend of his stopping at the Quincy House in this city, whom he knew to be well acquainted with the family of the spirit named, and gave a minute delineation of the personal appearance of the spirit-form as it appeared to him. As he proceeded, he did not fail to notice the growing interest of the listener in his narration, and when he had finished was pleasantly surprised by the exclamation of his friend, who said: "Why! that's a perfect description of the daughter of Mr. —, who died a year ago."

The gentleman to whom the spirit came then stated he had just seen her in visible, materialized form, and that only from thus seeing her had he been able to so describe her. This intensified the wonder and astonishment of the gentleman, and led him to ask if it were possible such things could be—that spirits had the power to make themselves visible to mortal vision! To which the answer was given that no question existed, in the minds of those who had made the subject a study, of its possibility; with them it was an established fact.

In this connection we may mention the experience of Mr. Henry Lacroix with the same medium. Attending the séance a perfect stranger, his daughter Josephine appeared alone; then retiring, almost instantly reappeared leading her young brother, Leon, by the hand. Both of them spoke in French, without the slightest English accent, and in that language the three, father and spirit children, sustained for several minutes a conversation, running, as he says, from one subject to another with which all were familiar, in a most lively manner. Leon then gave the names of those of his spirit brothers and sisters who, he said, were behind the curtain.

Therapeutic Sarcogenomy.

The above is the title of Prof. Buchanan's promised work, which has been delayed in its appearance by the enlargement of its scope, to embrace a full development of electrical science.

It has been well known to advanced thinkers for a third of a century that Prof. Buchannan has laid the broad foundations of a new philosophy, based on careful experimental inquiries—not speculative but practical—which overturns and supersedes most of what is now considered philosophy, and places the truth of Spiritualism on a solid, scientific basis of anatomy, physiology and cosmic laws. Nothing at all like this has ever been attempted heretofore, except in the writings of Swedenborg, which have no application to therapeutics.

This new science and philosophy, called *anthropology*, has a thoroughly practical character, and as such has been taught by Dr. B. in medical colleges. In the new work on Sarcogenomy, which will be similar to his collegiate lectures, but more complete, Sarcogenomy (the science of correspondence between soul, brain and body,) will be applied to the magnetic treatment of disease, to which it gives a profound scientific guidance, and also to the electric practice of therapeutics—showing how far Electro-Therapeutics has been developed in the colleges, and what a complete revolution is effected in its practice by the principles of Sarcogenomy, which enable us to apply electricity to diseases by methods never dreamed of heretofore, and also to apply it to the development of the moral and intellectual faculties, cultivation of oratory, mediumship, clairvoyance, psychometry, etc.

The scientific basis and principles of electric and magnetic practice have long been a desideratum, and all progressive minds will be gratified to learn that it will be presented in a practical form by the founder of Anthropology.

The Herald on Ingersoll.

When Col. Robert Ingersoll delivered recently his address in Boston upon the changes in the modern creed of Orthodoxy, the *Herald* quibbled him by remarking that he was only "thrashing straw," and said it was hard to understand how people could take such an interest as they certainly appeared to take in "this re-thrashing of old theological chaff." It sought to show him up to the public as setting up a "stuffed and grinning fetich of his boyhood days" before his auditors, and for so much per head "battering at this scarecrow as if it were a veritable monster." The *Herald* then proceeds to charge him with being as ignorant of what is going on among the creeds as if there had been no change since his own Sunday-school days. And it alleges that this marked change had been brought about, not by "such tirades as he is wont to deliver," but "by the calm, judicious statements of men of the stamp of Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall and Spencer." If that be the case, then why does the *Herald* devote the better part of a column of its close type to a woman's reply to Col. Ingersoll, in the same issue? To admit such a communication, and to refer editorially to the subject of it as a thrasher of straw and an exhibitor of stuffed and grinning fetiches, is surely not very complimentary to the intelligence of the lady writer, to say nothing of the *Herald's* own consistency of opinion concerning the importance of what Col. Ingersoll utters. The *Herald* tries to sit on two stools at once, and often finds itself on the floor.

The February and March numbers of *La Fraternidad* of Buenos Ayres are to hand. We notice extracts from various speeches of Emilio Castelar, the Spanish statesman, in which he gives evidences of his being a believer in Spiritualism; an article on a series of musical phenomena taking place in the island of Ceylon, and one from the pen of Manuel Gonzales Soriano, entitled "Some Antecedents of Spiritualism," with numerous highly interesting and instructive essays from various correspondents. We are particularly pleased to observe that magnetic healing is beginning to be appreciated among our South American brethren, as we notice an advertisement from Dr. Henry Beck, who charitably offers to attend poor patients gratis, every day from 12 M. to 2 P. M. An account is also given by a correspondent of a cure performed by Sr. Barraza, in Mercedes, a city about seventy-five miles in the interior. Sr. B. supplies his patients with water that has been strongly magnetized by his spirit guides, and the cures effected are said to have been marvelous. Mr. David Wilder, of this city, possesses a similar power in a high degree, having many times medicated water for the cure of disease, simply by making passes over the vessel containing it, and he has thus been the means of healing many an invalid "without money and without price!" Yet the "respectable" secular press calls our divinely-gifted mediums frauds!

The Belief in Immortality.

No instinct is more deeply rooted in the human soul than this. It is the highest and profoundest idea within the grasp of human intelligence. Buokie has well stated it as being "the prop and main stay of mankind." What and where we should be without it, we hardly dare try to conceive. No other thought so binds together for us the present and the future. It is a future in which we are to have a part. The loftiest aspirations spring from it. It is a fountain that gives perpetual freshness to our life. It is the powerful influence that makes the human spirit triumphant over the dread change which we call death. It is Nature's own gift to us, and by her subtle and supreme agencies we learn how to verify this instinctive belief and convert it into demonstration. No creeds can give any additional strength to it. Nor can Materialists take away from its power with their barren and blasting doctrine that all ends at death. Materialism just as much fixes a limit to Nature as the creeds seek to fix a limit to divine power. The one is, in its way, as bad as the other in its way. This knowledge of immortality of which Spiritualists are fully convinced tends to beautify and brighten the sky of life, to drive out doubt and fear, to dispel the gathering clouds of darkness that are born of thought exercised merely on the sensuous plane, and to illumine the spirit with the light of hope, founded on the reality of knowledge. Life would be blank indeed, if it could not prolong itself in our present consciousness.

"Ministering Angels."

The Saratoga Eagle (N. Y.), for May 31st, contains the following paragraph, which fully explains itself. We shall transfer the report of this discourse to our own columns for the benefit of our readers next week:

"During the progress of the Presbyterian Assembly here, the Rev. Henry A. Jessup, a prominent clergyman, said: 'We need not the ministry of angels, the gift of miracles. Miracles alone never converted men. Let us not question or doubt the power of the gospel, attended by the power of the Holy Spirit.' Mrs. H. J. Horn, wife of President Horn of the Spiritualist Society, while in a trance-state, wrote an inspirational lecture on Mr. Jessup's utterance, which was delivered by her husband, Sunday evening, to a large and appreciative audience, and which is published elsewhere. The lecture is a fine test of Mrs. Horn's intellectual mediumship, through which a popular book has already been written, the demand rendering a second edition necessary."

Philadelphia, Pa.

Joseph Wood, Esq., writes us, June 2d, that the First Association of Spiritualists of this city concluded its lecture season on Sunday evening the 25th of May. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Boston, Mass., occupied the platform for the organization during the month. We shall print the remainder of Bro. W.'s letter next week.

Onset Bay Grove.

The friends should bear in mind that this beautiful airy Grove opens to the public on the 14th inst. The Camp-Meeting proceedings commence July 13th, and close about the middle of August. For particulars see notice in another column.

Nature demands that every man shall labor in order to live, as there is nothing obtained except through care and toil. Hence those who do not labor live off of those who do. Is it, then, a wonder workmen and working-women complain bitterly when they see that the non-producers fare sumptuously every day while the latter cannot, in very many instances, secure even enough compensation to live decently? The whole system of trade today, the world over, is radically wrong. As it now is, the rich grow richer and the poor poorer. Speculators, through the facility of banks, keep the prices of provisions of all kinds up from fifteen to twenty per cent. beyond their normal values, the result of which is poverty, sickness and death among the poorer classes, as the latter cannot afford to consume good wholesome food. Is it not then high time that the pastors of our rich, untaxed churches—cathedrals, some of them are called—admonished the governing classes to enact stringent laws prohibiting selfish men from speculating in the necessities of life? They can and do wrangle continually over their creeds; but scarcely a voice is raised in behalf of down-trodden humanity.

G. I. Ditson, M. D., writing us from Paris, France, under a recent date, says of this choice work, "LIFE AND LABOR IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD":

"Few books have so deeply interested me as that recently published, containing spirit-messages through the valued mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer. Grateful tears and a heart overflowing with benedictions on those beautiful, those gracefully-eloquent spirits, the Kinsey sisters, were my willing, welcome companions as I turned the leaves recording what they had done to render humanity better and happier. Where are to be found higher and holier sentiments? Where more impressive appeals to our diviner consciousness than adorn and make radiant these pages? A home beyond the grave, a sphere of active benevolence (so unlike the dreariness of modern Theosophists), a touching natural interest in what had engrossed their attention for years, a sweet sympathy with sorrowing relatives left behind, and an earnest desire to impart to us something of that angelic inspiration in which they are basking—these, with perhaps an almost wild enthusiasm to make us comprehend the future as they see it, impart to these bright glimpses through the 'gates ajar' a greater value than inheres in all the gems of earth."

The legal authorities of Philadelphia having—instigated, probably, by frenzied religionists of that city, whose craft is endangered by a free expression of truth—had an experience with spiritual mediums, propose now, it is stated in the public prints, to arrest Col. Ingersoll for blasphemy! Notes of his lecture there recently were taken and submitted to law experts for their decision as to whether they do not violate the law against blasphemy. Mentioning the above the *Commonwealth* of this city says: "Philadelphia is just the place for such bigotry, for it has more ecclesiastical prejudice to the square foot than any town in the United States." Keep this fact in mind, friends, as it is God's truth.

Dr. D. E. Caswell, who is a fine trance medium, will receive visitors at his office, No. 55 Elm Street, Charlestown District, Boston, Mass., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of each week. As we have on several occasions had sitting with this medium, we can understand and recommend him to those who desire to commune with their loved ones on the other side of life.

A hard bearing testimony to the value of the professional services of Dr. J. S. Lusk will be found on our eighth page.

Message Department.

Public Free-Circle Meetings. Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 100 North Street (formerly No. 100) on TUESDAY and FRIDAY EVENINGS. The hour (which is used only for those who are present) will be open at 7 o'clock, and services commence at 8 o'clock, and are not closed until the conclusion of the service, except in case of absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited.

SPIRIT MESSAGES, GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF Miss M. T. Shelhamer.

Report of Public Seance held March 18th, 1884. Invocation. Oh, thou Divine Spirit of Love, we incline our hearts to thee, for we would receive of thy tenderness. Let the fullness of thy power be laid upon our souls until they thrill with sympathy for all human creatures.

Questions and Answers. CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions are now in order, Mr. Chairman. QUES.—There is heaven any discrimination on account of sex? and, in the sense of right and justice, should be any upon the earth?

Dr. H. H. Toland. He said: "I know him intimately thirty years ago; he was a physician, and also engaged in the hardware trade. I was in the same business, and bought extensively of him."

Susan E. Stoddard. "All the world's a stage, and we are but the actors on it." This has become a truism with me, and it presses upon my mind as I return to take part in the great drama of life that is passing around you.

Catharine Sanger. My name is Catharine Sanger. I have a brother William and a sister Lottie in Boston. I am hoping they will receive my message. I send them my love. I feel strange in coming here; it is the first time I ever attempted to speak from the body, and in coming back I take on something of the old sensations, but I do not want my friends to think I feel this way in my spirit-home; oh, no! there I am strong and well, and am busy, from day to day, performing my work.

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Dr. H. H. Toland. He said: "I know him intimately thirty years ago; he was a physician, and also engaged in the hardware trade. I was in the same business, and bought extensively of him."

It seems like old times to be talking in this way. I think if I can find some one near home who will kindly lend me their machine for a little while, that I may set it going. I may, perhaps, give something to my old neighbors that will wake them up a bit. Some of them need it.

I have been especially attracted round the old parts lately, because there is some interest manifested in spiritual matters, by persons passed on, and I have learned some few things from their investigations.

Now I want to turn around and give them a few bits of information from my side. I am willing and ready to do it just as soon as I can find the means. I am Samuel J. Lawton.

Catharine Sanger. My name is Catharine Sanger. I have a brother William and a sister Lottie in Boston. I am hoping they will receive my message. I send them my love. I feel strange in coming here; it is the first time I ever attempted to speak from the body, and in coming back I take on something of the old sensations, but I do not want my friends to think I feel this way in my spirit-home; oh, no! there I am strong and well, and am busy, from day to day, performing my work.

My name is Helen N. Packard. I would like my message sent to Josephine A. Packard, of Boston. Through her I hope to reach all my dear friends on this side of life.

Report of Public Seance held March 21st, 1884. Questions and Answers. QUES.—[By J. L. Traubner, jr., Mandeville, Mo.] When we feel a slight blow on the person and hear some light body fall, as though we had been struck by a paper ball and it had fallen on the floor, what produces the sensation and the sound? Is it a material substance, or is it entirely spiritual?

Capt. Richard Phillips. That was a delicate young lady, and I wish, friends, you could have heard the sweet singing with which she has been entertaining the assembled spirits during the half-hour you have been listening to the utterances given forth through the medium. She is certainly a singer of rare merit, in my opinion, although I am not a musical critic.

I lived in the good old town of Marblehead. I have many friends and neighbors there. I come here hoping to reach them, merely to give them a friendly greeting, and tell them that I have the power of finding out who is going on in their midst. I answered to the roll-call of the Great Commander, and passed to the spirit-world. I think, about a couple of years ago; and since that time I have been tramping here and there, back and forth, from spirit to mortal life, hoping to carry some report to my old neighbors and friends of the condition of affairs in the great fields beyond; but somehow I don't get hold of just the right kind of an instrument, and so I don't succeed very well in my work.

I was an old soldier. I had command of one of the first Marblehead companies that reported for duty on the field of action, in obedience to the first call of our President for troops during the late civil war, and I have always taken an interest in the affairs of our country and in military matters since that time. I would like very much to have a conversation with some of my old comrades; I think we could spend a pleasant hour together, over reminiscences of the past, and perhaps I might be some aid in demonstrating the truths of immortality in that way if not in any other.

I step in here to report to my friends; but I find myself surrounded by such a crowd of spirits, who, like myself, are anxious to make themselves heard, that I feel I am intruding, and I shall retreat, giving some one else an opportunity of marching in. However, I must give my best love to all friends, and tell them I am bringing them my love, and if you can, send me a line. Just send me, if you can, as Capt. Richard Phillips. If you are able to show me, you may apply to the authorities of Marblehead.

Henry Parkinson. I was a resident, Mr. Chairman, of Nashua, N. H. In an earthly parlance, I would say I was killed instantly by the cars, for I was lifted out of the body through an accident on the road. But I do not feel that I am correctly speaking when I say killed, for I never was more thoroughly alive in this world than I am just at present; and never were my powers of mind or of body more actively engaged on earth than they have been in the spiritual life.

I was well known in Nashua; indeed, my father's family are very well known throughout different parts of New Hampshire; and when I mention the name of Parkinson, many inhabitants of that State will remember my father and his boys.

I was hoping to call attention to the Spiritual Philosophy, as well as to convey my love and sympathy to my dear friends of earth. You may say: "You only repeat the old story that so many others have related before you." Very well; they have come to speak their story for themselves; I come to narrate mine for myself. My love is transmitted to my friends; the affection and sympathy of others are sent forth to their friends; therefore, although we have the same words to repeat, the story is ever new to those to whom it is related.

Samuel J. Lawton. It is not very pleasant for me to come back and tell a crowd of strangers that I went out of the body by lunging myself; but nevertheless it is the truth, and I cannot speak it. I had a cause for doing just what I did, and that I am not going to speak in public. Clouds pressed over my mind which others did not understand, producing a strange, unpleasant, bewildered condition by spells. Under the influence of one of these paroxysms of depression I committed the deed which sent me from the body.

more plain to me, so that I am now quite satisfied with my condition, and ready to go on and learn all that I can in regard to it. My friends are in need of all the knowledge I can impart to them concerning the spirit-life. I feel it my duty to come here, an opportunity of giving them information of the other life. I have found so much that is foreign to my own ideas, that I feel impelled to attempt, at least, to give the benefit of my experience to my friends, that they may know, in reality where they are going, and what they will find after they pass out of the body.

I do not mean to take up your time, Mr. Chairman, but I thought if I sent out a call from this place, possibly I might gain the response which I desire.

Esther Catharine Ladd. I died over three years ago. I have friends in Cambridge whom I would like to know, and I have returned. I send them my love, and I bring this to all my friends for a kindred wish to know what you are doing at the time of my death. I have friends in Vermont, and have attempted to reach them through the avenues of mediumship. I did succeed in making a little manifestation which startled certain persons, and they wondered what it could mean. I was unable to make them know I had produced it. Now I intend to try again, because I feel certain if I could make a manifestation at one time I can at some other. I hope to draw the attention of those who are in need of knowledge towards the spirit-life. I wish to impart what I have learned of the other life, which I would like to speak to them of, which I do not care to mention in public.

I want all my friends to know that I live, that I have been steadily gaining in strength since I passed on to the other life. I have found no weariness and pain over there, only that which is refreshing to the mind and stimulating to the inward forces, and I find I shall go on in this way to an infinitude of time, always expanding and learning more and more, and the thought very joyful to me, to wish to impart what I receive to those who are dear to me, and I do hope they will take my coming kindly, and be glad to know I have returned to bring them my love. My name is Esther Catharine Ladd.

Mrs. Emily L. Pray. I lived on earth seventy-two years. I was tired and worn when I passed away; the shadows of earthly life settled upon me; but oh, I opened my eyes to the glories of the spiritual world and found there only light and beauty. I was welcomed by my dear husband, who had preceded me to the eternal world, and from him I have gained lessons which have enlarged my mind, and which, although given to me in a great measure, have now resulted in a greater knowledge of truth than I ever received before. My home was in South Farmington, N. H. I have many friends there, to whom I send my heart's best love. Tell them I am not weak and weary, or bowed down by the weight of years; no frosts of time mark me now, for all those things which belonged to physical life have vanished, and I am strong and youthful in appearance, happy and vigorous in mind. I am delighted with the change which has come to me.

Not quite a year has passed since I entered the spirit-world. I could not realize what was to open before me; but when I found myself surrounded by dear friends with familiar faces, and listening to the sound of well-known voices that I had thought forever hushed, a great sense of peace stole over me. I have been basking in the light which has shone around me from that time to this, until I feel my whole being permeated with its uplifting rays. I come back singing a song of rejoicing for the mercy of our Heavenly Father, for his goodness in bestowing upon his children the gift of death, which takes away all sensations, all memory, all love for our friends, and all things that are beautiful to the soul, but for that delightful change which only strengthens the powers within, and expands the spiritual nature, that it may take to itself new labors, new acquisitions, and a new understanding of life. So I am happy, and I say to my friends, if I never come to you again, accept this as a token of my love and esteem for you. I bless you ever, and will exert my influence to make your lives peaceful and glad. I shall endeavor to give you evidences of my existence, and will do all I can to straighten the pathway leading from this world to heaven, which you are to travel; but if it should be that I cannot come again, remember I am waiting to receive you in the land of love beyond the tomb. Oh! there is nothing to fear in passing through death; there is no darkness, no terrible experience for the soul; all is beauty, light and gladness. I want my friends to reach to me at the approach of dear friends, that will transport them to a higher plane of existence. I was the wife of Dr. Samuel Pray, Mrs. Emily L. Pray.

Dr. R. M. Gibson. [To the Chairman:] Good afternoon, my friend. I am extremely happy to meet you. I like to visit these spiritual gatherings; they do my soul a vast amount of good. I go into them, taking notice of the proceedings and extending my magnetic power to those who I feel may utilize it; I also gather new strength for myself. I am always in my element when mingling with spiritual people, whether of the other life or of this.

I was a Spiritualist before I passed from the body. I accepted the teachings of its philosophy, and they were of great benefit to my soul. Why, it seems to me that I received more from a few years' association with spirits, more, in my way of instruction, of elevation of mind and body, than I did through all the course of my life from other sources, and I appreciated what was brought to me by returning friends. I tried to give the knowledge I possessed to others, and was ever ready to sow the seed of truth wherever I thought there was a chance of its taking root.

I return, perhaps, because I want to; it seems to me I shall feel better for coming, and I feel to send my love and greeting to friends. Tell them I have not forgotten them. I sometimes mingle with them in their meetings, and in their social gatherings I exert my influence when I feel it will be for the best. I could not remain idle when here; I felt there was something for me to do, and in the spirit-world the thought is ever pressing upon me: be up and ready to do what you can for the cause of truth, always willing to work in ways that will be of advantage to the returning friends.

I believe I am a Spiritualist now, and I understand more fully than I did before passing from the body that the spirits were around me, and the glory of God shone about me from day to day. I lived in its presence, as it was brought to me by intelligent human beings of the other life. I could not absorb it as fully as I would like to have done, nor did I understand it then as I do now; but all the same I felt it and it made my soul glad. I shall always speak a good word for Spiritualism wherever I am, and I believe it my duty to seek through mediums and make myself heard, because I can in this way demonstrate the truth that I have in the body, and that the death of the body did not break the connection of the soul, that the spiritual powers are more active now than they were when, trying to express themselves through an earthly habitation, I shall always be glad to come into contact with my friends, ever ready to give them what I can by the way of magnetic or spiritual influence. I want them to call on me whenever they feel I can be of service, and I will be only too glad to respond. You may call me Dr. R. M. Gibson, and report that I came from Fairfield, Ohio. I am in my sixth year of spiritual experience on the other side.

Mary Jane Carver. My name is Mary Jane Carver. I lived in Boston when in the body. I have been dead over twelve years. I have friends here, and I feel to send my love and greeting to them. I have not forgotten them. I sometimes mingle with them in their meetings, and in their social gatherings I exert my influence when I feel it will be for the best. I could not remain idle when here; I felt there was something for me to do, and in the spirit-world the thought is ever pressing upon me: be up and ready to do what you can for the cause of truth, always willing to work in ways that will be of advantage to the returning friends.

Samuel Rodman. My earthly home was at Broomfield, N. H. I passed away a few years ago, and since that time I have endeavored to reach my earthly friends. With the hope of doing so I come here to-day, sending my love, and requesting them to give me an opportunity of communicating with them in private. I was interested in material affairs, and I would like to talk them over with my nearest friends. I am also interested in the business affairs of some of those near to me, and I think I can give them practical advice. I can only find a medium through whom I can speak.

I have many wonderful things to relate concerning my spiritual experience. It has been so very different from what I anticipated. I have found so many new ideas appearing to my mind, and demanding an entrance, that I was quite startled for a little while, and could not understand what kind of a position I was placed in; but the clouds have been clearing away, the mystery is vanishing rapidly, all things appear

Helen N. Packard. My name is Helen N. Packard. I would like my message sent to Josephine A. Packard, of Boston. Through her I hope to reach all my dear friends on this side of life.

