

BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. LV.

CORLEY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1884.

{ \$5.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free. }

NO. 17.

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The Spiritual Rostrum.

Modern Spiritualism: Its Attributes and Mission.

An Address before the New Orleans Association of Spiritualists, at its Celebration of the Thirty-Sixth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, by the outgoing President.

C. SANDERS, A. M., M. D.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

To-night we celebrate the advent of Modern Spiritualism—its Thirty-Sixth Anniversary. Why do we commemorate this event? Why is it that large and imposing assemblies of people in all the great cities of the Union, in fact in the whole civilized world, on this day and during this week are convened to celebrate the advent of Modern Spiritualism?

We call this a new era, a new dispensation. So it is, and it is important to make the distinction between Modern and Ancient Spiritualism, between the Spiritualism that had its advent on the 8th day of March, thirty-six years ago, at Hydesville, in the State of New York, and all preceding dispensations.

But if Spiritualism is ancient—as we say it is—it is contemporary with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, why celebrate its modern advent? True it is that the intercourse between spirits and mortals, between the heavens and earth, between man and the angels, has ever existed, and every religious system that has blessed or cursed the world has recognized, as we recognize, the dual nature of man and intercourse between the visible and invisible worlds; but there is this distinction, and this is that makes Modern Spiritualism the greatest and most transcendent event of all the centuries: Spirit manifestation and intercourse are the result of law, and the law of spirit-control is as regnant and universal in its operation as is the law of gravitation in the material universe. Modern spirit manifestations reveal to us the fact that the world of spirits is as real as the world of matter; that in fact there is but one world, the world of spirit; that matter (all outward forms, all objective realities) is but the clothing of the spirit, the mode and manner in which it expresses itself. Modern Spiritualism surpasses all that has preceded it in this: that it is not a faith, it is not a dispensation, but it is a reality, it is a fact, it is a demonstration. The sun shines, the autumn succeeds the summer, the night follows the day. How ridiculous it would be to say on a cloudless day that we believe the sun shines. Spiritualism carries us forward out of the domain of belief into the sacred precincts of knowledge. We know that the sun shines, that the autumn succeeds the summer, and that light and day succeed each other with unerring precision and regularity.

The spirit manifestations of to-day reveal to us the reality, the dominance and universality of the law of spirit-control. Everywhere and under all circumstances spirit is the master of matter, molding and shaping, aggregating and segregating it according to its good will and pleasure. Spirit manifestations and the law of control supply us with a most inviting field of inquiry. One of the greatest of our inspirational poets has summarized the law of spirit-control, the dominance of spirit over matter in the following language:

"God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through countless channels, Lord, from thee,
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs
Till from Creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

God of the Granite and the Rose!
Soul of the Sparrow and the Bee!
The mighty tide of Being flows
Through all thy creatures back to Thee,
Thus round and round the circle runs—
A mighty sea without a shore—
While men and angels, stars and suns,
Unite to praise Thee evermore."

God is another name for Spirit, the Universal Spirit, and Modern Spiritualism asserts both its dominance and universality; that is to say, in its highest form of expression, spirit is omnipotent and omnipresent.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

"And I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy." Thus did the Spiritualism of past ages, through its poets and seers, prophesy of the advent of Modern Spiritualism and of the event which we are now so joyfully commemorating. What a sublime reality is that into the presence of which Spiritualism brings us! There is no difference, absolutely no essential difference, between man as a mortal and man as a spirit—no other difference than exists between cause and effect, between the interior and the exterior, between the thought and the expression of it. It is indeed "the mighty tide of being" in which man lives and moves.

"It came to life in grass and flowers,
Through every grade of being runs
Till from Creation's radiant towers
Its glory flames in stars and suns."

Sublime as the idea—as are the realities of spirit-intercourse—facts which come under our daily observation justify and sustain the largest claims that have ever been made for or on behalf of Modern Spiritualism.

Bro. Miller says: My idea of God is the highest conceivable expression of spirit-essence or power; and of man only a lower or fractional expression of the same universal spirit. "Proclaim to all the humanity of God and the divinity of man," and their relationship imposes upon man the necessity—under the law of progression he cannot escape it—of aggregating to himself strength and power which must go on continually in the ages that are before him, and to which aggregation of knowledge and power (coming as an irresistible necessity to every individual soul) there is no conceivable limit.

A new revelation was a necessity; not a new revelation, but a positive demonstration, which came to us in the rapping in the Fox Family at the Hydesville farmhouse, on the 8th of March, 1848.

The reality of the law of spirit-control, the demonstration of the dominance of spirit over matter in the so-called Rochester Knockings and in all subsequent phenomena, wiped out all the accumulated rubbish of the ages on the subject of spirit-intercourse. Instead of our angel visitants being special messengers from Jehovah, sent to earth to execute the wrath of an offended God upon sinful man; or on specially designated mortals, we find that these blessed spirit-visitants are our brothers and sisters who come to us daily and continually on errands of love and mercy; and that their interest in the world they once inhabited has lost nothing of its earnestness, its reality or its intensity.

Ancient Spiritualism was regarded by religious bigots, and is now regarded by that class, as a supposed special visitation from God, and that priests, prelates and popes were the chosen and exclusive instruments of his bounty and gracious favor, the Ruler of the Universe allowing his angel messengers, on special and rare occasions, to visit certain mortals (the elect) whom he favored, and petted, and certain other mortals on whom he wreaked his vengeance by direful punishments.

A more complete perversion of the truth than is contained in the popular, and prevailing Orthodox idea—Catholic and Protestant alike—of angel visitation, or spirit-intercourse, a conception more false and degrading to God and man, could not and cannot be entertained. While Spiritualism of the past ages has been grasped and fully understood by exceptionally illumined and enlightened minds, such as Confucius, Hermes, Socrates and Plato; Jesus and Swedenborg, it has been with the mass of men only the base of the structure on which the temple of superstition has been reared, giving to ecclesiasticism a precedence that has ever been among the most obstructive of the influences to the progress, welfare and happiness of the race.

Modern Spiritualism takes issue with the false and illegitimate claims of ecclesiasticism; it comes in with its illuminating power to dispel the darkness, to lift up humanity to a higher plane of action and loftier conception of duty. And that higher plane of action—that loftier conception of duty—comes as a sequence, as a logical necessity, from the revelations that Spiritualism brings to man as to his destiny, his alliance with the spiritual universe and his oneness with the Father. In the light of Modern Spiritualism, what a grand prophecy was that uttered by the greatest of the Hebrew seers, when he said not only of himself, but of all humanity, "I and my Father are one."

We learn through Modern Spiritualism and its phenomena that spiritual intercourse is the prerogative of no priesthood or sect; that spirit-return comes from the decree of no special providence, but that the law of spirit-control is everywhere dominant, coming to all, dominating the lives of all who are open and receptive.

Again, Modern Spiritualism differs from all preceding spiritual dispensations in that it is not a sentimental affair; it is not a mere intellectual perception, but being a fact, a reality comprehensible by the common mind, it is a practical working force, soon, probably before the close of the nineteenth century, to become the dominating, reconstructing, intellectual force of society—in all its activity and ramifications.

Modern Spiritualism sounds the death-knell of ecclesiasticism, which can no more hold Spiritualism in its grasp, with all its false and slanderous reports and paid tricksters employed against it, than it can hold chemistry or astronomy, or any of the exact sciences.

Another distinguishing characteristic of Modern Spiritualism is that it is American in its origin; it could have had its birth on none other than the American continent, a virgin soil baptized in the blood of the heroes and martyrs who struggled against fearful odds to make good the declaration "that all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Spiritualism will be the great magnet which will hold the American people to the doctrine of human equality, and the ascendancy of the spiritual over the material man.

The New Heaven.

An Inspirational Discourse written through the Mediumship of
MRS. H. J. HORN
And delivered by H. J. Horn, President of the First Society of Spiritualists, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Sunday Evening, June 29th, 1884.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away."—Rev. xxi. 1.

We call your attention this evening to the claims of Spiritualism in presenting to man's consciousness a new heaven and a new earth. At the advent of Spiritualism, the prevailing idea of heaven was that of a vague and ethereal state of existence, intended for those only who had been received into the Christian Church. The pulpit portrayed heaven to the indolent and weary as a state of perfect rest; while to those who were zealous and who loved external show, it was depicted as a kingdom where their ambitious hopes would be gratified; where a powerful king reigned, and a great white throne was set upon a pavement of gold; and there, amid thunder and lightning, and the pomp of spiritual music, these favorites were to be drawn up on the right side, in stately phalanx, to witness the fearful drama of judgment from the left side of the Royal Judge, and listen unmoved to his fearful anathemas while he dismissed their comrades, yea, perchance their brothers, sisters and parents, into the flames of eternal torment!

For occupation, the redeemed soul who was so fortunate as to enter this heaven of old, was to engage in singing psalms and in playing upon the harp. It was

immaterial how unadapted, how commonplace or uneducated the person might be; the glorious gift of a Mozart, a Handel, a Beethoven or a Wagner, became his at death.

And not only for a little while was he to sing and play thus, but it was to be forever! There was to be no cessation to his song; his vocal organs were to continue their duties every minute, hour and year of unending time! His hands were to move over the strings of the musical instrument without pause through the long cycles of eternity! The learned man and the day-laborer, the rude hawker as well as the quiet thinker, the murderer from the gallows (after accepting Jesus) and the self-sacrificing missionary, all alike were to pursue the same monotonous form of existence in heaven, forever!

No wonder it has been found difficult to persuade men of healthy organisms to prepare for this heaven. There is something so weird and unnatural about the idea of the employments there, and of joining those whose robes have been washed white in the blood of the Lamb, that preparation for that event has often been deferred until the individual has become emasculated by disease, or has run the gamut of all the joys and pleasures of earth, when, frail in mind as in body, he consents at last "to be enrolled on the Lord's side"—a metaphor descending to the Biblical student from the days of warfare and carnage; an idea suggesting an opposing force warring with the Lord!

How preposterous the conception the enlightened mind of to-day fully perceives. And when at last the person has made himself ready, with fear and trembling, for heaven, by subscribing to certain forms and paying for his pew in church, he is still afraid that the deity will permit a fabulous being with aveloen foot to seize him and prevent him from entering this opulent heaven of old theology—this heaven for the ancient Hebrews, patterned after Jerusalem, degraded after the Jewish love of gold and precious stones, designed for that musical people who excelled in singing chants and playing upon the harp!

In place of this old heaven of the Hebrews Spiritualism presents to the rational mind a new heaven, as seen by the clairvoyant eyes of the New Dispensation, and the advanced minds of the day have gladly received the truth. Throughout the land the electric story of the new heaven has spread like sunlight, and thrilled the hearts of humanity as with the cry of the discovery of a new continent!

In our large cities, liberal speakers have taken up the theme and in eloquent voice proclaimed this new spiritual heaven of common sense—a heaven adapted to every degree of development. The pale theological student feels new blood coursing through his veins as he reads of the new heaven—the new dispensation of avocations and action; a heaven in which man who on earth has to labor for his material necessities shall find occupation adapted to his tastes and aspirations; where the cramped, distorted mind, crushed by toll, may have opportunity to expand and grow; a heaven where the poet will find a wider sphere for his song, the painter set his palette with unfading tints, the inventor devise telegraphs and motors for new worlds beyond man's ken; a heaven where there is not only one city but thousands of cities; where the homes of humanity dot the landscape far and wide; where every kind of art you have done on earth adds to the beauty of your home; a heaven of glorious possibilities and possibilities, where the navigator and astronomer, the scientist and philosopher will find countless systems and suns for exploration; where a Darwin may continue his investigations, untrammelled by earth's bigotry; where such as he are relieved by the intelligent minds of past ages—by Socrates and Plato, by Jesus and Confucius, by Buddha and Vishnu, by all the human gods and goddesses who led the chariot of progress during the early centuries of the world; a heaven where Carlyle and Emerson, Spencer, Martineau, Compt and Fourier, where Strauss, Zeller and Voltaire, infidels though they were, can exercise their God-given faculties, fearless of an angry, jealous God; a heaven where families will not be sundered, as in the terrible demoniacal plan of the old heaven, where a mother, in safety on one side of God, was said to smile while her poor reprobate son writhed in the agonies of hell on the other!

In the Spiritualist's heaven the remorse of the wrong doer is his bitter punishment, and eventually works out his purification, even as the water in a tank, stagnant from a long sea voyage, works out its offensive odor and taste into a condition of sweetness and purity. In our new heaven we will not sweep through space by the directing power of our will! Faster than the speed of thought, we can leave our circumscriptions and temples, our lyceums and schools of Logic, our beautiful meadows and noble mountains, and circling through space, descend to earth at the call of our friends to advise, counsel and sustain them.

Thirty years ago ministers taught that children who had passed from earth, after blooming like lovely flowers for a brief season, and had died without the rites of baptism being performed over their little sunny heads, were eternally lost!

Al! how many a heartache has been caused by this heaven of the past! How many broken-hearted fathers and mothers have bewailed the fate of their little ones! How many, even in this small town of Saratoga, have passed through agonies of doubt as to the everlasting condition of members of their household!

Now turn we again to the new heaven, as revealed by Spiritualism, and we see these little orphans, under spirit guidance, returning to earth and bringing garlands of flowers to their parents; roses and lilies and spirit blossoms to sad, desolate hearts! We see them in the grand spirit parks, being taught in the children's Lyceums, instructed in their duty to humanity, their souls growing day by day more loving and more childlike!

What spiritual circle on earth is without its child spirit? Through every medium in the land the voice of the spirit-child is heard, pouring forth in prattling tones words of wisdom, whose very simplicity confounds the Doctors of Divinity.

A new heaven! No narrow space is ours, but spheres rises above spheres, circle widens into circle! A heaven of progress, where the ignorant and foolish being who has snatched away his earth-life, wasted his time and neglected his opportunities, can progress even through the arid and desolate deserts which he first enters in spirit-life, into association with Godlike immortals!

How grand, how sublime, is the heaven of Spiritualism! The whole universe is open to our visitation, Mars, Jupiter, the pale Moon, and the great Constellations, but worlds never yet revealed by Earth's telescope. Not only does Spiritualism teach that we can study in the hereafter the history of the prehistoric races of men, but that we can stimulate such investigation among sensitive spirits of earth.

Oh, how glorious to stand on the sublime heights of eternity and read the premonitions of creation; to

unravel the mysteries of the past and unlock the secrets of the Pyramids and Temples left by the mighty kings of Egypt, Assyria, Phoenicia, and the Isles of the Sea!

How much more worthy of the powers of the human soul than to cry Hallelujah forever, Hallelujah! How befitting to the mighty Creative Power to suppose that such a meagre song would propitiate the great Creator! No, no! the All-Father is worshipped by your study of the trees and flowers, the rocks and sands of earth. Whenever you look at Nature and are thrilled by its grandeur and beauty, you worship the God of the new heaven. When you help the oppressed, feed the hungry and clothe the helpless, when you pursue your duties in life unfalteringly, you worship God—not by abasing yourself, not by groveling in the earth, but by doing right in all the emergencies of life.

If ever man needed a rational heaven, it is now, to-day, when reaction from the superstitious belief of the old heaven has resulted in agnosticism and in a doubt of there being any hereafter.

Are not the prevailing sins of suicide, manslaughter, fraud, and of absconding with large sums of money held in trust by Christian bankers and brokers, the result of false teachings of the Church respecting heaven? In our large towns and cities is it not the prominent church-member, the active leader of the Sabbath School, who has squandered the wealth entrusted to his care, and ruined whole families by his reckless crime?

Why such occurrences unless men are deluded by the belief that their sins will be washed away in the blood of the Lamb? It may satisfy an uneducated person to believe that when he has slaughtered his benefactor he is going to heaven as soon as the executioner's rope has done its duty, and that Jesus will take him in his arms and bless him, while he is yet warm with the shame of his shocking misdeeds! But that easily obtained heaven is not adapted to the growing intelligence of the age.

Men need to be taught of the new heaven that they may reach it by unfolding their spiritual natures and developing their heart-sympathies, not indulging their baser passions, and stimulating a change of nature they have never experienced. Ah! such mistaken men suffer after death in a condition that is indeed a hell. Their demoralized spirits must return to earth, and are to be found in the dens of infamy and haunts of misery, slowly working their way up from the fiery Vesuvius of crime into a state of harmony, even as the geological earth has worked its way from the turbulent Silurian period into the present time, when health-giving cereals spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and the harmonious ripples of vast fields of corn brighten the Western prairie, as with the smile of the Great Spirit!

The old earth has passed away with the old heaven. The age of the old Bible-earth was but six thousand years; the age of the new earth is ten times six thousand years! The old earth was created in six days; the new earth has been growing since it was whirled into space a fiery mass of matter from some great central sun. The new earth has not degenerated from a state of perfection, but has progressed from a lower to a higher condition.

The old earth had but one Garden of Eden; the new earth has them planted in every quarter of the globe. Every happy household is an Eden, and every harmoniously married pair an Adam and Eve. The old world thrust all its burdens upon Adam; the crimes and mistakes of an ignorant, struggling race were heaped upon him. The Eve of the old world was cursed with sorrow and made subject to man; the Eve of the new earth is the medium of spirits, the co-worker with man, helping him ever upward by her inspiration.

The new earth has no devil to lay the responsibilities of its wrong-doing upon; no serpent-like form to whose temptations may be attributed the plottings of a crude savage nature—but instead we have a negative and a positive force, working throughout the universe, which can only be directed by a careful investigation of spiritual laws. Not by praying to be kept from evil, but by regulating the machinery of our being ourselves; by learning the wise laws that govern our souls and bodies; by not adding fuel when we should sweep up the fire, but by constant oversight, like good engineers who have made a study of the complex machinery they drive, and with a restraining and guiding hand bring it into a harmonious and perfect action.

When the electrician knows all the forces he has to cope with, he can perfect his electric machine. So man must learn the laws of the magnetic spirit-currents that act upon his being; must learn to attract spiritual entities; must understand that the kind of spirits who may influence him depends upon his loves and desires, upon his will-power to draw about him elevated spirits, or their opposite.

He may be attended by the spirits of the gold-seeking miner from California, Nevada, or Australia, by the ranchman from the Pacific coast, the Texan ranger, the Southern bravo; the Wall street broker, the unhappy suicide, or by angels of love and wisdom! They are all around him whether he believes in Spiritualism or not. The unwise spirit comes to aid him in his foolish plans, when he cowardly thinks of suicide, to evade his just punishment; when he contemplates defrauding to add to his external glitter and ease, the undeveloped spirit is ever near.

"Ah!" say some who oppose Spiritualism and listen to me to-night, "you have betrayed yourself; we have always believed that Spiritualism tended to evil; now you have admitted the truth."

My friends, you are mistaken; we do not admit that our noble belief leads to evil, but we assert that evil or ignorance exists, as night exists; and Spiritualism is the light that guides you through the darkness.

Have not crimes been committed on the earth ever since it became fit for the habitation of man? Long before the dawn of spirit rappings did not the bloody Machabees of ignorance desecrate the fair earth? Is it Spiritualism that has filled your jails and penitentiaries, your Newgate and Bastilles? Have the scaffolds and guillotines been replenished by believers in Spiritualism? Have they enslaved the masses? Did they light the fires under Savonarola? under Ridley and Cranmer? Did they devise the Inquisition, or perpetrate the cruel massacres that have made carnage among mankind under the guise of Religion?

No, no, Spiritualism does not create evil spirits, but it reveals to man how ignorant and degraded numbers are who pass to the many-sphered spirit-world. It tells how you are controlled and surrounded, that you may know from whence come those subtle influences that sweep your sensitive souls as the Zephyr harp is swept by unseen currents of air!

Knowing your own dual natures, comprehending your relation to the world of spirits, you may guard against danger as Edison would guard against a misadventure of electricity.

A few weeks ago some children sporting in the field found a piece of wire upon the ground. They had heard of the wonders of electricity, as you have heard of the wonders of Spiritualism, and in childish thought, meaning the boys hung the wire up in the air and

caught it upon the collared for the purpose of illuminating the streets at night. Behold the harrowing result of their ignorance; the daring little fellow who had seized the wire received a shock so great from the unseen force that he could not release his hold. Alas! the blow was sure as the thunderbolt of Jove. He was struck dead; no human aid could reach him.

Shall we abandon the use of electricity because it is proved to be a dangerous element when thus used thoughtlessly? No. Shall we give up our steam-plows, our mills and smelting-furnaces, because if used ignorantly they will produce evil results? No; let us investigate the laws that govern them, and they will bring to us good and not evil; they will revolutionize the world and scatter food over a land hitherto barren!

So with Spiritualism, and good and bad spirits who haunt the new earth as they did the old, but with this great difference: that you can now talk with them intelligently and give them the benefit of your growing experience and of your wiser benevolence. Let us study the laws that bind them to earth; let us not be satisfied alone with materialization, trumpet-speaking, banjo-playing and the hundreds of wonderful feats that spirits perform to convince and interest us; though these, indeed, are wonders for the doubters in the wilderness, like the miracles of Moses of old.

Do not ask for low influences. As you would read the best standard works to educate your minds on earth, so select the most elevated spirits you have knowledge of to inspire and direct you. Call to your aid spirits like Luther and Wesley, St. Pierre, Channing, Theodore Parker, Dean Stanley and Paley, Longfellow and Bryant, who will be found always ready to answer your earnest questions.

The echoing cry of *Excelsior!* reaches us from that ever-nearing shore. Our souls even now feel the magnetic presence of those who have gone before us. In our better moments we can scent the odor of the flowers that bloom in the spirit-land; we can hear the stir of the busy feet as they tread the wide avenues that encircle our heavenly homes, and feel the touch of invisible fingers as they softly caress our troubled brows.

Let us, then, aspire to this new heaven and emulate the higher beings in our efforts to attain perfect growth, and, trusting in the wisdom of a God who has given the new heaven and earth for our use, falter not in our endeavors to understand the nature of that heaven whither we are all bound.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Vision of My Spirit Mother.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Who has not felt the desire, the deep and earnest longing of the soul, for a glimpse of some loved one who has passed beyond the ken of mortal sight, as when the soul, not satisfied with earth and its fleeting pleasures, seeks to lift the veil which obscures its vision and soar away untrammelled to brighter scenes?

Such was the secret, heartfelt yearning of my inner soul on the eve of the night of June 29th, and ere I was about to disrobe myself the thought came, I will take my mother's dress and shawl with other souvenirs and place them near my bed. Mentally I said, "Dear mother come to me in my dreams." After repeating this two or three times I was soon sleeping soundly, only to awake and hear the clock strike the hour of three in the morning, but no vision, or dream of mother. I looked up and saw the stars brightly shining through my window while the mementoes which graced her form were still near, and around my head. "Oh, why will you not come, my mother dear?" I said, "for your child calls!" A sense of drowsiness came over me, and in a moment more I seemed to float and fro through the air, while a holy calm and quiet pervaded my whole being.

"Your mother's here! Your mother's here, dear child!" I heard in soft accents.

"But I cannot see her," I exclaimed. "Oh, if I could only see her, even something that would look like her!"

As I uttered these words, then, for the first time, I perceived beside me a beautiful being robed in white, whom I had no recollection of ever seeing. Gently taking me by the hand she led me through large, magnificent halls, whose sides and floors seemed of polished marble and of varied hues, while the walls were adorned exquisitely. Still leading me by the hand we passed on. Entering a large room I observed in different sections groups of men, seemingly pupils, yet apparently advanced in years, who were being taught by instructors who looked like ancient bards or sages.

My guide led me to one group, then, pausing, said: "Listen!" Before me was a large black canvas, extending from the floor high up on the wall. Said the instructor, in a deep and earnest tone, "Draw an example of an earth-life." Quick as thought his hand moved on the canvas, with lightning rapidity tracing characters which my spirit instantly seemed to interpret. As I gazed upon the scene I beheld a flight of steps, running up and through, as it were, the whole picture. Some steps were jagged and broken, while others were smooth, and appeared like verdant fields with an occasional flower to be seen.

"These steps mark the years and experience of a human life!" said my guide. While musing, the voice of the instructor was again heard saying: "Color truthfully the picture of human life!" As before the hand flew over the canvas, leaving tints of various colors, and I then saw, illuminated like some grand *mise en scene*, every good and noble action of that earth-life transparent and clear; golden-hued was every deed of love and kindness; even every thought seemed here transcribed upon some part of that picture; while dark and forbidding, ink-black were the lines, and plainly visible, marking each misdeed or crime.

Transfixed, I stood before the picture, the spell being broken only by a voice at my side saying: "Come!" Leading me, we passed along, pausing again for a moment, as a white-robed being, looking at me seemingly so kindly and gratefully, said: "Do you not know me?" "No," I replied. "I am, or was, the poor cripple. You came to see me once in earth-life. Do you not remember the little brook that runs by the door? Fields is my name."

"Oh yes," I said; "I do remember you now." (Surely I do remember that poor cripple, although the case had passed from my memory long ago.) Looking down I saw no deformity. I wondered why.

I moved along, my guide still holding my hand, passing many beautiful beings robed in white, all of whom seemed to look so kindly and tenderly upon me—their faces beaming full of love. Oh it seemed like heaven there! Through a magnificent corridor we passed; presently a curtain of exquisite workmanship my guide gently pushed aside. I stepped in, and oh, the sight that met my gaze, realizing, sweetly lumbering, for so she seemed to be, on a couch of beautiful roses and lilacs, various hues, was my mother! My angel mother! Never! oh never can I express the rapture of my soul at that moment. No pen can describe—no earthly artist paint that picture. "Eye hath not

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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 important free thought, but they cannot be used as a platform for the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee 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 a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires especially to recommend for perusal. 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, JULY 12, 1884.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.

Bowdoin 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 letters and 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.—SMITH S. B. BUTTAN.

The Tottering Old Creeds.

The noticeable fact in ecclesiastical matters at the present time is that they are put in an explanatory, expostulatory and defensive position. In this way their advocates and professors admit that revolution is everywhere in the air for them, and thus unintentionally testify that what they have so long strenuously denied has really come to pass. The condition of what is known as the Andover creed is a sufficient illustration of this. It was at a recent meeting of the Congregational Club in this city, at the recognized headquarters of Orthodoxy, or old-fashioned Calvinism, that two representative professors at Andover appeared and made a statement in writing to the Club which was intended as an interpretative one respecting the present condition of the Andover creed. We devote to it our brief attention.

One of these two Professors—Smyth—said he came there "somewhat burdened in spirit." The invitation from the Club to be present, he said, expressed its desire to see the new Professors at Andover face to face. After giving an adequate idea of the Seminary in its present condition, Prof. Smyth reaches and states his conclusion that it is now just beginning "to fulfill the ancient vision" of the men who founded it. The object of the Seminary is stated to be not only to provide ministerial service but to perform the function of special scholarship in every department of sacred learning. Then the curriculum of studies is outlined, and in the formal and sanctimonious Orthodox way—a way which has no parallel. At this point appears the apologetic spirit. The Professor claimed a broad latitude for the "Investigation" of truth, which obviously means a relaxation of the rigidity of creeds whenever found necessary. Something more than mere church traditions and the like is insisted on as the needed equipment of the preacher.

The preacher, he suggested, must not be an echo. He must maintain his individuality in his search for the truth. "He must face problems." "He cannot shirk and evade troublesome questions." And the Club was reminded that the preacher of to-day has to stand up before men "whose atmosphere is the free air of this century, and all whose methods of investigation are imbued with the spirit of modern science." He has to stand up before men who bring with them "all the problems of knowledge, all the questions of doubt, intimations of coming discoveries, aspirations reaching out into the future, an ingenuousness which is a sin against the Holy Ghost to mar." And if the preacher was called on to do this, the Professor at Andover who teaches and trains him has to do it much more. He said no Professor can fill his chair in that seminary "unless he has some liberty of investigation."

But while he is the "servant of the church," (they used to say the "servant of God,") the speaker claimed for him "the rights of Christian scholarship and the liberties of Christian truth." And he insisted that he should not be condemned "because this scholarship and truth seem to him to require new adjustments of statement." That means only that the old creeds need, and must submit to, stated changes in their form to suit the new meaning which the world's rapidly advancing experience, under the illumination of free thought, demands of them on penalty of their entire rejection. Here is the very gist of the admission that creeds are but crumbling contrivances at best, and that the creed of old iron-rod Orthodoxy is fast tottering to its fall, to be supplanted by a new birth of belief in the human soul. We might stop here and say we are satisfied; but our readers will be interested to have us go on.

The Professor now comes to what is named the "New Departure." For some little time he floundered and floundered on an attempted definition and description of it, in a sort of mock-serious way, pretending for himself not to comprehend what the term implied, and that nothing was really known of it at Andover; but the piercing eyes of the Club were on him, and he felt them, and he was forced to proceed as soon as he could fairly gather his breath after having plumped out the unreliable phrase in their presence. Thus does he muster the courage to speak up at last: "But that there is a wide-spread and irrefutable movement in theology, working everywhere in our time, confined to no particular

school, impossible of exclusion by or from any seminary, seems to me as plain as that we live in these closing decades of the nineteenth century. It influences its stoutest opponents. There is not a minister in our denomination who preaches as men preached fifty years ago."

Then, in the face of having said that he does not know at all what the New Departure means, or in fact that there is such a thing, the Professor proceeds to observe that he will not attempt to define more closely than he has "what is most distinctive of this movement." He says of it that "it deals with realities more than with verbal propositions; that it interprets the Scriptures more as the record of a special historic revelation, culminating in incarnation and redemption, than as a code of laws; that it finds the system of truth revealed therein to be a system of being, especially of personal being, whose unity lies in the fact that one and the same Logos creates and redeems, and will finally judge," and so on. While the Professor likewise adds, that whether the movement be new or old, "the movement is undeniable." That is all we substantially care to know. Speaking of being "led hopelessly to a past phase of theology," he says that Andover cannot so interpret its present duty.

Going over the old Orthodox or Calvinistic creed, as a whole, he announced that Andover signs the creed subject to its constituted guardians. On the three mooted points it contains—inspiration, atonement, and probation—the vital points of the creed, he quoted the precise language in regard to them, and asserted that Andover accepts all that it asserts, and holds nothing contrary thereto—which makes one think of the politicians over their platforms. He flouts it in the face of his judges that the creed is silent just where he prefers it should be silent. If the creed is too short, so much the better for it now that men have outgrown it. That fatal silence and shortness he is careful not to lament or bewail. He evidently means to say that it will give Andover so much less trouble for that very reason. But it is charged, he reminds them, that the authors of the creed held opinions adverse to those now entertained at Andover. Triumphantly does he reply, that the Board of Visitors have judicially dealt with and settled that.

The most ludicrous and laughable part of the affair was the Professor's comparing the signing of a theological creed to the signing of a note. In the latter case, he explained, "you know just what you sign for; in the former case you really know nothing about it. You know what a hundred dollars are; but what do you know or can you know about God and his constituent elements?" While there is something constant, he says, about one's affirmation of what he knows about God, there is vastly more that is variable, for the reason that it is wholly unknown. He is compelled to admit that much of what is stated passes over into more that cannot be stated. So that, as we should ourselves say, the old creed is fast becoming a kind of a passover. He would say of the creed as a whole, and of each and all of its leading doctrines, that "it is capable of being put into larger relationships as theology advances." That is a confession of the whole matter. The old creed is going, going, and theology is advancing, advancing.

Camp-Life—Its Pleasures and Its Lessons.

The delight of living in the open air at this season of the year is acknowledged by every one. The native instinct impels us all to take to the groves and open meads and saunter by the lakes and streams. Especially is this change in our modes of life in harmony with a worshipful spirit. The spirit of man goes out to find free and unrestricted fellowship with Nature in her varying moods. This out-door life now is a source of satisfaction which those who feel it the deepest are least adequate to describe. That we all need it as the season of summer comes round is evident from the eagerness with which its approach is annually greeted.

To the Spiritualist especially does the summer season now upon us come with an important meaning: To a greater extent than those of any other system of belief do its followers, by means of grove and camp-meeting gatherings, emphasize the deepest lesson of this communion with Nature in her golden prime. They take with them to the woods, by lake and seashore, both the social and religious elements of our modern life, and combine them in a practical measure. They worship while they enjoy; commune with the invisible and visible world at one and the same time; draw nearer to the All-Father through his beautiful creation; and knit closer the bonds of brotherhood in the very act of sharing common pleasures. The Spiritualists' camps are multiplying all over the country. Here at the East especially, within the ready reach of the welcome breezes from old ocean, the inland lakes and the lofty mountains, their summer camping-grounds are to be found. Who is able to tell how deep and rich is the spirit's experience during this season of out-door living and worshiping, with the daily existence in its every department removed from the artificial conditions which rule the ordinary course of life in towns and cities, and with the air of freedom breathing over every morning's dawn and evening's close? May the spirit of benevolence, of fraternal love and harmony convert each day into a hallowed experience that shall enter into the very fibre and life of all who in north and south, east and west shall attend these grand gatherings; and may results be best for the angel-world and the cause of its demonstrated communion with men be brought forth by the camping season of 1884.

Premature Interment.

A lamentable instance of premature interment is reported as having occurred in West Virginia, it being that of a young lady who three months subsequent to her marriage was taken violently ill, and after ten days apparently died. Certain peculiarities caused a suspicion in the mind of the physician that his patient might be in a trance; but after keeping the body four days, with no signs of returning life, the remains were consigned to the grave. This was in May of last year. A day or two ago the body was disinterred prior to removal to another cemetery. To the surprise of the sexton the coffin lid showed evidence of displacement, and on its being removed unmistakable signs indicated that life had returned to the young lady, and that she had made desperate efforts to escape from her terrible fate. Since the discovery the young husband has been prostrated and his life is despaired of.

We have received an official report of the proceedings of the Vermont State Convention, held at Barton's Landing, June 30th, 31st and 2nd, and shall find place for it in our columns at an early date.

Col. C. G. Greene's Eightieth Birthday.

It gives us unfeigned pleasure to publish the following tribute to Col. CHARLES GORDON GREENE by the Boston press. He was our editorial instructor, as we served under his administration for twenty years—from 1836 until 1856—when, by spirit-power, as we fully know, we were selected among others to start the Banner of Light in the interest of Spiritualism. Mr. B. P. Shillaber, whose sterling tribute to the Colonel all will appreciate, was also an employee on the Post a portion of the time we were, and thus speaks of the grand qualities of the man from actual knowledge.

The eightieth anniversary of the birth of Col. Charles Gordon Greene, for so many years the editor of the Boston Post, was deemed a proper occasion for the members of the Boston press to give expression to the kindly feelings they entertain for the veteran editor, who was born at Bosworth, N. H., June 30th, 1804.

They caused to be engraved upon parchment, and neatly bound, their words of congratulation and Mr. Shillaber's appropriate verses. Accompanied by a floral tribute commemorative of the event, the gifts greeted the Colonel on the morning of June 30th, 1884:

TO COLONEL CHARLES GORDON GREENE. The members of the Boston press beg permission to congratulate you upon the attainment of your eightieth birthday.

They tender to you their best wishes, and trust that old age may bring with it continued happiness and a full measure of the joys of life. They remember with pleasure the years of activity and usefulness which you gave to journalism, and they cherish the remembrance of your long association with the press of this city. While they have special cause for expressing these fraternal sentiments, they feel that they represent your fellow-citizens in paying this slight token of respect to one who is honored and beloved by all. WILLIAM W. CLAPP, Journalist; R. M. ZUSFELDER, Herald; WILLIAM DURANT, Transcript; CHARLES H. TAYLOR, Globe; ROBERT G. FITCH, Post; GEORGE H. ELLIS, Advertiser; EDWIN B. HASKELL, Herald; ROLAND WORTHINGTON, Traveller; CHARLES H. ANDREWS, Herald; R. G. McNEIL, Star; EDWIN M. BACON, Advertiser; CURTIS GUILD, Bulletin; HENRY G. PARKER, Saturday Evening Gazette; CHAS. W. BLACK, Commonwealth; HUGH O'BRIEN, Shipping and Commercial List; ARNO BATES, Courier; JOHN W. FAY, Boston Herald; B. F. GUILD, Bulletin; JOSEPH F. TRAVERS, Courier; JOHN D. DWYER, Budget; JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, Pilot.

TO COLONEL CHARLES G. GREENE, ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Dear Colonel: On your natal day, The eightieth year on life's highway, Your thousand thanks would tribute pay Of cordial cheer.

And at your feet their offerings lay With hearts sincere, No sentimental gush the thought That prompts the act with feeling fraught, It is an inspiration caught From your own life's ray.

For one whose gentle course has taught Life's brighter way.

With kindly attributes imbued, Your influence, in thought and mood, Has flowers in darkened places strewed, And made them bright, And ever with gentleness subdued, Have added to our light.

Suavity and courteous grace, And heartfulness in hand and face Of the true friend have given trace, And friends respond, As years accelerate their pace That leads beyond.

They breathe congratulations warm That no vicissitude of storm Has overclouded the honored form So long their pride, Sustained by some intrinsic charm, With good allied.

The oak that wrestles with the gale, But strengthens as the winds assail, And, firmer fixed, no powers avail To mar its state, Fore'er luxuriant and hale, Till doom of fate—

So like the oak you've stood, old friend, And blasts have given your form to bend; But, with the power that would not rend To the root, you stand, You grandly flourish to the end, And always green.

Please take this friendly votive gift; May health and happiness and thrills Combine to cheer as on your drift Where birthdays cease, With heart serene and soul uplift Mid airs of peace.

B. P. SHILLABER.

What they Think of us Above.

Under the above heading, *Man*, a liberal journal of progress and reform, published in New York, prints an article in its last number, and in commenting upon Spirit Dr. H. F. Gardner's message, says: "We read in the Banner of Light a 'spirit message' which comes as near the wisdom of this world as anything we ever came across from the other." The editor then remarks, after quoting from the message:

"Well, dear Banner, this is the kind of defensive work that the League and *Man* are doing. Your friends are our friends, your enemies our enemies. What do you say to a still wider and better allied union of Liberals, and cooperation of Liberal Spiritualists on just these questions of God-in-the-Constitution, interference with mediums as teachers and physicians, Sunday trains to Spiritual camp-meetings, Sunday laws in general, Bible in the Public Schools, taxation of Church property, etc.? We don't remember that the National Liberal League has ever had a good word from the Banner of Light; perhaps it has, without our observation. But, anyhow, what do you say now to counselling all hands to rally at Cassadaga Lake the first week in September, for the fullest possible consultation and organization to meet just these points, which are of such common and vital interest to all? Here the League has maintained its organization for eight years. It looks as though this fall it will take a new start. Will the Liberal Spiritualists come in and help us and let us help them?"

Our liberal contemporary, we fear, has not in the past very carefully counted our columns. Had he done so, he would have seen many notices of the League published gratuitously—whenever sent to this office. We think it would be a capital plan if all classes of Liberals would rally at Cassadaga Lake the 1st of September, as you suggest. But there is a doubt in our mind whether Spiritualists would be received and allowed to speak from their standpoint. Why we think so is, because the experiment was tried several years ago—at the Watkins Convention—when several Spiritualist speakers were squelched. Besides publishing the Liberal League's calls, we sent the Secretary, Mr. Green, ten dollars to aid the Liberal cause, and a short time afterward he went into the *Investigator* repudiating Spiritualism, saying it was full enough for him to know that he existed here, without going into any speculative notions about a hereafter. Consequently the Spiritualists, who had acted in good faith, silently withdrew. What surely would the "Liberal Spiritualists" have, should they, as you desire, "come in and help us and let us help them?" When we see an honest disposition manifested on the part of the Leaguers—i. e., true liberality—then we can act understandingly, and could consequently "come in." But how can we unite against the common enemy, when the papers devoted to "Liberal Thought" so often traduce Spiritualists and Spiritualism? The discord among Spiritualists, which Dr. Gardner deprecates—i. e., "harping on little points"—may apply equally well to the Liberals who are not Spiritualists. This should cease altogether; the sooner the better for all concerned. You pertinently ask, Mr. Editor, "What do

you say to a still wider and better allied union of Liberals, and cooperation of Liberal Spiritualists on just these questions of God-in-the-Constitution, interference with mediums as teachers and physicians, Sunday trains to Spiritual camp-meetings?" etc., etc. These questions the *Banner* has been discussing for many years; and what we have to say is, that we are with all liberty-loving people, whether they be Infidels, Free Religionists, or the so-called heathen, who are more liberal in their religious views than many professed Christians. But the serious problem to solve is: How can it be done? Can *Man* inform us, in the light of our past experience?

Dr. Marvin at Home.

By the Portland, Oregon, *Daily News*, we see that Dr. Frederic Marvin has recently returned home and gone to preaching again in the First Congregational Church of that distant town. Dr. Marvin, it will be remembered, has of late been expending his surplus energy on some very savage attacks on Spiritualism, by which we trust he has experienced happy relief from whatever may have previously afflicted him. When he reached home and found himself once more in his own pulpit (which the account says was transformed by kind hands into a fragrant rose-bower) he opened with a discourse on the heavenly mansions that would almost have led one who knew nothing of his vagaries to infer that he was a confirmed Spiritualist. So quickly does the chameleon change his color.

On this interesting topic of the mansions existing in the heavens for mortal occupancy, the Doctor said that the Jewish notion of a New Jerusalem was a narrow and wholly local one, and their idea of any place like heaven a purely patriotic and poetical one. He adds with perfect truth, that mankind is not satisfied now with mere pictures and with what appeals to the imagination on this subject. We want something, he says, that we can appropriate and use. The human heart cries out for a heaven that is a real home, where love finds love, a home not fitted so much for angels as for human lives. So the Bible promises the Father's house of many mansions. He refers to Swedenborg's power to meet that human desire to a very large extent; to the increasing popularity of such books as Miss Phelps's and Mrs. Oliphant's, and one or two others; and declares that the Bible answers all such demands with its promise of many mansions in the Father's house.

Dr. Marvin thought there were many mansions in order to accommodate so many different kinds of persons. He said that in many churches (in most churches, we should say,) we should find men who would like to shut all the gates but one, that all who go through into the New Jerusalem should have to pass through the same experience and subscribe to precisely the same doctrine. He believed rather that God wants us to put twelve gates into our churches instead of one. He said that all he wanted was to have the Church as broad and generous as the city not builded with hands, eternal in the heavens. As to the locality of heaven, he thought that those people might after all be right who think heaven is all around us, and that "millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep." Heaven, he said, may be all around us, and there are some things in Scripture that look in that direction. At any rate, he thought it a sweet and beautiful belief, and that it could harm no one.

It may be, said Dr. Marvin, that the dead are with us every day, and that we are now walking the streets of the New Jerusalem without knowing it. He quoted from Longfellow's "Golden Legend," remarking that there may be "good philosophy" in the quotation. The passage is a very beautiful and impressive one, whether often cited or not. We cannot refrain from giving it entire, if only to show how deeply imbued Dr. Marvin is with the spirit of that Spiritualism which he has periodic spasms of assailing. It is as follows:

"Weep not, my friends! rather rejoice with me. I shall not feel the pain, but shall be gone. And you will have another friend in heaven. Then start not at the creaking of the door through which I pass; I see what lies beyond it. And in your life let my remembrance linger, for something not to be lost or disturbed it. But to complete it, adding life to life. And if at times beside the evening fire You see my face among the other faces, Let it not be regarded as a ghost That haunts your house, but as a guest that loves you, Nay, even as one of your own family. Without whose presence there were something wanting."

On Decoration Day, May 30th, the Congressional Cemetery, near Washington, D. C., was the scene of impressive ceremonies over the spot where rest the remains of Col. A. B. Meacham, the long and faithful friend of the Indians. The grave was beautifully decorated with floral tributes, conspicuous among which was a large anchor of roses, pinks and pansies, contributed by the Indian delegation. An address was made by Rev. Dr. H. R. Naylor, followed by the reading of poems written for the occasion by Mrs. Lydia H. Tilton and Mrs. Mary Kall. In the course of his remarks Mr. Naylor said of him for whom the service was held: "Trusted by the Government with gravest responsibilities, he was never found wanting. Closest scrutiny always proved him to be pure gold. He had a great and benevolent purpose, and his life was one of self-sacrifice, for the fulfillment of that purpose."

The discussion on the "Inspiration of the Bible," between James D. Shaw of the *Independent Pulpit*, Waco, Texas, and the Rev. Mr. Price, editor of the Methodist organ of that State, is turning out just as we expected. Although Mr. Price agreed in print to conduct his part in all fairness and without any personalities, yet we find that in the second article Mr. Shaw is obliged to remind him that "by the terms of the discussion he is under obligation to be respectful in his remarks." Bro. Shaw will find that the average minister always considers a denial of the inspiration of the Scriptures as a personal attack, which can only be refuted by a "mud-slinging."

The well-known photographers, Messrs. Bushby & McCurdy, have removed from 13 Temple Place, where they have long been located, to 621 Washington street, "Spacious parlors and operating-rooms on the upper floor, conveniently reached by an elevator, are equipped with facilities unsurpassed for fine artistic work in their line. We commend them to all who would 'catch the shadow' of the substance." "of their friends and themselves."

We regret to learn that our good friend, Mr. Chas. W. Sullivan, one of the most genial of men, lately met with a serious accident at Onset Bay Grove, which will confine him to his domicile for a time, and will be a great loss to the cause.

Spiritualism in Saratoga.

On our first page will be found a full report of a lecture delivered before the Saratoga Spiritualist Society on Sunday evening, June 20th. On this occasion, we are informed, the town-hall was crowded by an intelligent audience, who listened in breathless silence to Mr. Horn's eloquent delivery of the address, his manner adding double force to the spirit lecture, prepared through the medial instrumentality of his gifted wife. Many strangers and friends from the Evangelical churches were present, and at the close of his discourse warmly congratulated the speaker. The services were closed by Mr. Mills, and his wonderful clairvoyant descriptions verified the statements of the lecturer with demonstrative proofs. The following liberal extract from the editorial columns of the *Eagle* of the 5th inst. will serve to give evidence of the influence exerted in Saratoga by the Spiritualist meetings and festivities now in progress there:

"Mrs. Horn has reason to feel proud of her fine development, as the lecture throughout was an able and scholarly production, rich in imagery and vividly descriptive. The exercises were admirably supplemented by platform tests through the mediumship of Dr. Mills. He described a man standing near a stranger, and said he could only get the title of 'Captain.' 'Have you then asked?' 'Is there any lady closely related to you answering this description?' The patient replied that he had lost four daughters. 'Are not your daughter, but your wife,' replied Dr. Mills, 'and she died of a brain difficulty, is this not true?' 'He then asked,' 'Is there any lady closely related to you answering this description?' The patient replied that he had lost four daughters. 'Are not your daughter, but your wife,' replied Dr. Mills, 'and she died of a brain difficulty, is this not true?' 'He then asked,' 'Is there any lady closely related to you answering this description?' 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Message Department.

The Messages published under the above heading indicate that spiritualists with the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil; that those who pass from the earthly sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to higher conditions. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest desire that those who may recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the facts for publication.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this department of the Banner should be addressed to the medium in any case.

L. W. H. Wilson, Chairman.

The Free-Circle Meetings

At this office closed June 27th. They will be resumed, as usual, in September; due notice of the time will be given hereafter.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
Miss M. T. Shelhamer.

Report of Public Sances held April 11th, 1884.

(Continued from last week.)

Carrie E. Marshall.

My name is Carrie E. Marshall. I lived in Boston, and I sometimes say I live there now, because I am so often in Boston with my friends, though I have not inhabited a mortal form for over twelve years. Like all other returning spirits, my chief desire in announcing myself is to send my love to my friends, for I do want them to understand that I come to them very often. Sometimes days pass when I am away in my spirit-home, pursuing my particular work or study; but again, I am here day after day, bringing some influence to friends which I feel may benefit them. I have specially attended one who was a dear school-mate of my own. Her name is Emma Stuart. She has not passed through many changes since I left her; her life flows along evenly and smoothly, and conditions around her are pleasant, but she sometimes feels there is a power within that ought to be given expression; that she is capable of performing labor for humanity, and that she also has a gift that should be unfolded. I speak of this, because I want my dear Emma to understand I know precisely the state of her mind, and also know the powers that are hers. We used to talk over these things years ago, and we planned ahead for the future; then we would wonder what destiny we should find, and how we should express our individuality, our character.

I have found my destiny in the spirit-world, and I am delighted with the conditions it affords me. I have been studying the lessons coming up before me, from time to time, and have endeavored to unfold the gifts which are mine. I come back, asking my dear friend to make a greater effort to study and advance than she has done before, because I know she will be richly repaid for the labor, and I am satisfied she will be able to accomplish good for humanity at large. I bring her my love, and assure her that I will be most happy to assist her in any way that I can. I believe she is meditating enough to impress her mind with my thoughts, and guide her with suggestions.

Frances Mary Parker.

I lived a long time in the earthly body, and was tired when I left it. I am not tired now in the spirit-world, but I feel wearied in coming here; yet I do come, because I want to reach my friends who are far away from this place. They do not know I come to them, trying to make myself heard and felt. I touch them with my hand, but they do not know it; I speak to them and say: "I am here; I am not dead; I have not left you; only the worn-out body is placed away to rest, but I am alive." They do not hear me, it seems so strange, because I can see them plainly, and hear their voices when they talk to each other. I have come here to tell them I wish to speak in private; and I think they can find a way for me to do so. I have many things to talk over with them.

I am happy with the new life. I have found the dear friends whom I mourned. They were not dead, after all, and they were not far away from me; they had not forgotten my existence, nor were they in the same place as I was. I feel as if I were coming to them, and they were coming to me, and that they must meet me. They have greeted me and I am at home with them. I do feel that I am in sweet home, it is so peaceful and restful there, and I am gaining strength and knowledge every day. I think this is good news for my earthly friends, and I come here hoping they will receive it with my love, and trusting they will find me an instrument through which I can come to them privately and express my mind. I lived in Newport, Ky. I am Frances Mary Parker.

George Abercrombie.

[How do you do?] I am tip-top. It seems good to get back after all. It is a long time since I went out of the body, and I went in a hurry; and I've got back in a hurry, also, if there is a long stretch of time between the two occurrences. I feel as good as ever I did, and that is first-rate. I too am a Boston boy. I tell you all the Boston boys feel good—in their own opinion. Well, I was one of the first-ladies. I belonged to Engine 7. I would like to meet some of the old boys—and they are old boys by this time, for I am sure it is over twenty years since I went out. I never twenty-two years, to be precise about it. I was at a fire on South Street. The walls of the building fell after a while and took me under, or over, or up, or something—anyhow, I went out in that manner. I do not regret it. I felt good, then; I knew I was working as I ought to, trying to save other people's property—it was my business—and I went out in the discharge of my duty.

I want the boys to know I have not been idle all this time. I have been climbing up, not scaling walls by any means, but I have been trying to climb and go ahead.

I would just like to meet some of the boys and have a good social confab with them. [To the Chairman:] You would do me an everlastingly favor if you would get some of them here and let me talk to them. [Perhaps they will give you the chance somewhere else.] Perhaps I can't get back again, and now I'm here I'd like to talk. You can go to some other medium and talk. But I don't know about that; possession is nine points.

What do you call this, anyhow? [Referring to the medium.] I should think it was a woman, but I hear them call "instruments," "machines," and God knows what I should think it was a fine little model-engine. I'd just like to hold possession of it, and now if you'll just go out and get in some of the old first-ladies and let me have a good chat with them, why, I do something for you—something good. Can't you do this for me? Because it's against the rules and regulations? [Yes.] Well, I suppose we'll have to abide by them. I always had to. [Looking around the room.] You'll excuse me, but I always like to see where I am. I am just as familiar with this city as I am with any, especially with the West End; and it seems to me if you'll just open your door and let me out I could find my way without any trouble. [I dare say you could by holding possession of the medium.] That's what I want. [We can't let you do that now.] Well, I won't take you any more. I am very much obliged to you for letting me in. I should like to come again. [Do so.] It seems good to be here. I'm very glad of

the privilege of getting in. I appreciate it, and I'll try to return it in future, in any way I would like my old friends, if any of them are here in the city (and I am sure some of them are), to know I have returned to bring them remembrances and love. I clasp hands with them, spiritually speaking, and I will help them aloft when they are ready to come. If I ever have an opportunity of controlling again in this manner I will be most happy to do it; if not, my associates must remember that I am waiting for them on the other side. I am George Abercrombie, a name not likely to be mistaken if once heard.

Report of Public Sances held April 15th, 1884.

Invocation.

Oh thou who art the resurrection and the life, in whom we live, move and have our being, we lift our hearts to thee in adoring gratitude and praise for all the blessings that are ours. We bear to thee the burden of our souls' desire that we may be brought near into communion with thee, and receive more light, more knowledge, and a higher comprehension of truth; may we be given power to go forth with tidings of great joy unto all people, that those who sit in darkness and mourn the loss of loved ones may learn that there is no death; that the gates of the tomb are wide open; that angels throng back, singing glad songs of rejoicing because there is life forevermore.

We would come into harmony with thy angel ones; we would cooperate with them in their blessed ministrations to humanity. To this end we receive to-day, from worlds beyond, some instruction, some lesson that will sink deep into our hearts, and bear good fruit in the coming time.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions are now in order, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—[By E. B.] I was in November last a young acquaintance of mine, a skeptic, devoted into an automatic writing medium, which power she held for about one month. She was then taken sick, and unable to exercise her gifts for two months. After she recovered her former health and strength, her spiritual gifts apparently left her. Is this loss probably permanent, or only temporary?

A.—This is a case requiring special investigation, therefore we are not prepared to state any definite views in regard to it. It is probable that the loss of medial power in the lady is only temporary, and that the spirit-band who have gathered around her, desirous of utilizing her mediumistic qualities, think it wise to suspend operations in that direction for a time, because of the physical condition of the instrument; or it may be that in exercising those powers for a month, the spirits have ascertained that they could not utilize them without serious detriment to her physical system, the result of which was shown in her illness. It is possible that the exercise of medial power; therefore, being wise spirits, they have concluded to withdraw until the bodily powers become strengthened and brought into a sound condition.

Q.—[By E. B.] What is the true doctrine with reference to the resurrection of the dead, and the day of judgment, spoken of in the Bible?

A.—Science affirms that in the divine economy of nature nothing is lost, nothing is wasted. When the body dies and is encased within an element of Mother Earth, it does not remain in a quiescent condition, but as decomposition ensues, all the elements and particles once contained within it are taken up in the soil, pass out into the atmosphere and become incorporated into other forms, whether they be of tree, flower, grass, or forms of animal life. All intelligent, reasoning minds of the present day are ready to accept this declaration of science, and therefore cannot believe that the body once inhabited by a human spirit can, under any possible condition, be resurrected in the same form that it bore in death.

The entire Christian world bases its belief of the resurrection upon the fact, as they consider it, that the Nazarene really appeared in his familiar form and likeness upon the earth, three days after the death and the burial of the body. They declare that this was sent to mankind as an affirmation and demonstration of the great truth that the bodily form shall be resurrected, and that man shall again appear in his own likeness upon the earth, with a new order of things will be established, and the old shall have passed away. Under the revelations of science we cannot accept this theory and declaration, but are obliged to turn to the spiritual for an explanation of the resurrection. From our spiritual standpoint, we are ready to affirm that the true resurrection is the appearance of the spirit clothed upon with a spiritual body, the counterpart of that external covering which it inhabited upon the earth. This spiritual body is an outgrowth from the material body, and it has become resurrected from that corporeal frame, and is the true, living body—the covering of the soul-germ, or life-principle within, which animates and gives it power. This, then, is our explanation of the resurrection; and when we turn to the fact—for we believe it is a fact—that the Nazarene appeared after death, in the familiar form which he inhabited when walking with his disciples, it is only to explain that this form was the spiritual counterpart of the material body clothed upon with sufficient similarity to make itself seen and recognized by those whom the spirit had known and loved; consequently it was simply a demonstration of spirit-power, a phenomenon of Spiritualism, manifested in the days of the Nazarene, which can be simply explained by the spiritual phenomena of the present day. The day of judgment, we understand, comes to every soul in the spiritual world; it is quickened into a recognition of its past life, when an understanding of its doings is awakened within it, and it is obliged to face the past and go on up within itself all its omissions to do good, and all the commissions of wrong that have appeared in its life; it is a process of self-examination which the spirit is obliged to pass through before it can free itself entirely from the effects of physical life, and press onward to a higher altitude of spiritual being. Self-proof or self-approval, as the case may be, become censors which determine the degree of punishment or reward, sorrow or happiness, which the spirit must undergo after passing through this process of self-examination.

Q.—[By a Spiritualist.] If possible, please give directions how the sick can find the medium who could impart the most good, without having to "experiment," as we have been obliged to do with the "old-school" among so many?

A.—This is something to be determined only by experiment. If one finds that the presence of a mediumistic person exhilarates or stimulates his system physically and mentally, he may be satisfied that the medium is of good, and that he is adapted to his own, and can assimilate with it; while if he finds that the presence of a medium depresses his system, mentally and physically, he may rest assured that the magnetism is not adapted to his needs, and will not assimilate with his own. This can be determined after a very short trial; at most, not more than two or three sittings with a medium will be required for the patient to ascertain the exact upon his own condition, whether it is wise to pursue treatment with that medium.

Q.—[By John T. Bassett.] What should we do to develop and strengthen the mental faculties? Are they ever suddenly developed by severe sickness?

A.—The mental faculties are best strengthened and developed by the cultivation of observation in the daily affairs and occurrences of life; by the perusal of good spiritual, philosophical, scientific, and other reading; by the cultivation of thought upon subjects brought under one's attention, whether by literature or conversation, and by associating with individuals who are themselves intellectually and spiritually advanced. The mental powers may not be suddenly developed through the effects of severe illness, but they may be brought into a receptive condition, so as to be readily impressed and stimulated by the presence of exalted intelligences from a higher sphere, who can drop thoughts into the mind, and so operate upon it that it will be predisposed and prepared for the acquisition of mental exaltation, and unfolded through the process of observation and a careful study of all that pertains to human life, coming within its reach.

Colonel Theodore Gay.

I feel that I have been favored in a new body. I have not taken to it as I did the last. I want to. I have no desire to have any further connection with it. It served my purpose for eighty-seven years, and I know it was like an old friend to me; but the infirmities of years pressed upon it, the frosts of time made themselves felt, and I could not hold control of the mental powers and exercise them as I had done in the vigor of manhood, and I am glad that I am freed from the old body, and have taken upon myself a new one, which is adapted to my expanding energies, and is all that I require for my full expression.

I was well known in the vicinity of the State militia of Massachusetts; I was dubbed "Colonel," and was known by that title through all the remainder of my life. I was a business man, quite active in my own line of pursuit, and I became acquainted with and interested in a good many people. I kept for many years what you city people know as a "country store." It was a variety store, I assure you, because I made a point of keeping a stock whatever it was that was wanted by my customers. I resided not far from Boston, in West Dedham, where I have many friends who I am quite sure will remember me, for it is only a few years since I dwelt among them. I wish to send them my regards, and tell them I have a good life and an active one in the spirit-world.

I am not keeping store just now, but am engaged in employments congenial to me. I have a snug little home; an interesting myself in horticulture and floriculture, and a large collection of plants and flowers of various kinds, because I want to know what will spring from the spiritual soil, and what it needs to produce the best unfoldment and most perfect growth.

I have no desire to come back and take up the old life, for the interests that concerned me here are laid aside, to a large extent. While I feel a desire to do my old neighbors and friends good, and wish to bring them love and greetings from my spirit-home, I do not care to return here and take up the old-time make and pursue them, for I think I am employed about a better business, one that is really my Father's work.

I do not find the spirit-world or the future state of mankind to be what I looked for; there are many things which I cannot reconcile with my own ideas of eternity; the very naturalness of life in the spirit has seemed strange to me; but I am getting accustomed to it and find it beautiful. I rejoice to know that my companions and neighbors on high are as human as are those on earth; they have some of the same faults, some of the same angusties that belonged to the external state, but otherwise I do not see that they are any different from mortals. They have their own concerns, interests, employments and tastes, likes and dislikes, very much as they did when on earth. Their sympathies are large, their emotional and affectional natures expand, they live in harmony together—that is, so far as I know anything about the society of spiritual life—and I am very glad to bring this report of it, because everything seems so natural, and that which surprised me at first now gives me the greatest pleasure.

I do not know as I have anything more to say here. I will always be glad to return and manifest to my friends if they care to hear from me, and will seek an opportunity of doing so. If I find that my return here has created a sufficient interest in their minds to know something more of spiritual teachings, I shall act accordingly. I do not say that I will come here, because I may not be able; I may not find an opportunity to endeavor to do so, and to express my individuality when I do come. I am Col. Theodore Gay.

Charles H. Wesson.

I would like to report to my friends, Mr. Chairman, through this channel, concerning my condition in the spirit-world. I want them to know that I still exist in a conscious individuality. I am not asleep, nor am I dead. I live and understand what is taking place in the great teeming world around me.

I suffered considerably with pain and weariness of the physical body before my departure, and I feel a return of the old backache and general prostration, and I come to speak to you; but I care not for that.

I have desired for some time to manifest, if I could only speak my name and tell where I lived. I had an experience of over sixty years on earth, and of course I passed through some changes and witnessed many events.

I listened just now to what the spirit had to say in answer to the question about the day of judgment, and I agree with him in his statement. For I found it true in my own experience. All the affairs of life came up before me directly after I had awakened in the spirit-world, and could take in my surroundings. I do not think it is so much of the sins committed, because in the average daily human life people do not intentionally commit very grave crimes; what errors we do commit are perhaps more from ignorance than from willfulness, and, although we regret them, it is not so much that which affects us unpleasantly as does the recognition of the many little things we have omitted to do, and which we have neglected to do, in many cases, that which we might have performed; where we did not take sufficient pains to make those around us happy and comfortable; where we neglected our duty in little ways, and overlooked the rights and pleasures of our neighbors and friends, and in summing up all these little omissions and noting where we have been indifferent to the results of our daily acts and thoughts, and also realizing how the might have made the world better by having lived as I wish, we begin to feel self-condemnation, and wish we had lived out to the very fullest extent, the convictions of right which are ever pressing upon us—had truly exercised our utmost power in making others happy, and thus performing a good mission in life.

These thoughts press upon me as I think of what your spirit-instructor said a few minutes ago; I know they will have an effect upon my own life. I have been seriously considering this matter since I went over, and have been leaving lessons in my mind, as I am sure will guide me in my future experience.

Tell my friends that I will be pleased to meet them if I can. I want to have a good talk with them. I want them to feel that I am alive and can come to them, and that I take an interest in their welfare. I have visited those whom I knew, time and again; I have tried to manifest my presence, and although I have not succeeded as I wished, yet I am not going to be discouraged. I intend to keep on making efforts until I succeed in convincing some whom I knew who have good hearts and intelligent minds of the truth of the spiritual philosophy. I lived in what is now a part of Boston, called the Dorchester District. My name is Charles H. Wesson.

Catharine Farmer.

I would like to communicate with my friends in Washington. My name is Catharine Farmer. I am twenty-six years old. I have friends not only in Washington, but in various parts of Maryland. As I have found no opening through which I could reach them near home, I have been induced to come here and speak a few words, trusting that some friend will see my message and respond to it, at least in spirit.

I have known nothing of the spirit-world a few years. I did not understand the conditions when here, and I knew nothing of those who died had the power of knowing what those who lived with their earthly friends, and sometimes of manifesting to them. I had all these things to learn after I passed from the body. I thought I was going to heaven, and that I should have a white robe and a golden crown. I do not know that I thought I ever did anything to deserve a golden crown and a beautiful harp, but I was taught that those things were given to such as died in the mercy of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Something of this; but after I found myself a conscious, living spirit, I speedily discovered that I knew nothing at all about the saving grace of divine love, and that my ideas of Christ and the atonement, as well as those concerning God and heaven, were all erroneous, and I had to throw them aside, and take my steps, taking up lessons which I had to find, and coming them over and over again, they became ingrained into my mind, and I was as I was before, but I was not the same. I have not come into any new phase of existence.

those loving friends of mine who still cling to old ideas and to the dogmas of the church.

My people are Episcopalian; they accept only the pronounced teaching of the High Church party, which I have thrown aside and have no sympathy with. I hope by coming here to attract the attention of friends, especially of one or two who are more liberal and tolerant in sentiment than the others, and thus make an opening in the minds which will allow a little spiritual light to stream in. This is my object in coming here, and I am told by those who seem to understand these things that I shall accomplish some good.

I want my friends to know of my condition in the higher life; that I have not been standing still since I went from their midst. I have been advancing in knowledge, and understanding what more of life than I did half-a-dozen years ago. I want my friends who are here to grow mediumistic unfoldment in their own person, and not wait until they go to the spirit-world, and then to sorrow for a time because of their inability to understand and appreciate their surroundings, and then be obliged to throw off, little by little, the old crusts of superstition and error, which have gathered around them, before they can take in new light and knowledge. I want them to become free from all things that will hamper and chain them in spirit while here, so they will be ready at once to appreciate and comprehend the beautiful life which will open before them in the spirit-world.

I have pleasant associations on earth, and many kind friends who ministered to my life and made me happy. I bless them all. I bring them my love. I am trying to help them, because I love them, and because I want their condition to be the happiest and brightest that can come to them. I wish them to know I do not regret having passed from the body so young, when life seemed opening before me with pleasant promises and prospects, because I know I have been immeasurably benefited in fullness, beauty and knowledge, that which could have come to me under any possible circumstances on the earth.

James Worst.

I feel that I am in a strange place, Mr. Chairman, but I was invited to come, and so I am here. I have friends far away from this Eastern city. I want to reach them with my voice, or at least with my influence, that they may know I live.

I was some time since Auditor of Sandusky Co., Ohio. My home was in Fremont, and I have many friends there. Belonged to a secret order, and enjoyed pleasant intercourse with my associates, which I would like to renew again if possible. I want them to understand that I am alive, and still observe and comprehend the external conditions of life. I have also friends outside of my Order, whom I desire to reach with my love and sympathy. I wish to assure them I can come and converse with them if suitable conditions are provided. I am seeking a knowledge of the laws of spirit control, so that I may take advantage of opportunities which may offer. I hope to manifest intelligently in the spirit world where I once resided, and where my influence was recognized.

It is only a year since I passed from the body. I went out in April, 1883. I return now in April, about three days after the anniversary of my death, to assure my friends I have a continued existence. Yes, this is a resurrection for me, manifesting myself through a human organism on the earth to friends who live, and who I know sometimes think of my past life with pleasure, and who would, perhaps, if they could become satisfied of my identity, be heartily glad to receive a word of remembrance or recognition from me. So, come, with the hope of accomplishing my purpose, and with the intention of again attempting to make myself heard through some agency as this.

I am James Worst, although perhaps not the worst fellow in the world.

Abigail Armstrong.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman. I lived a good many years in the body, and in the last days of my life I grew weary of it; it failed me in power and energy, and I did not feel satisfied to have those faculties which once I exercised with considerable strength of mind fade away, and have no more to do with them. My mind weakened, and became unbalanced; that I was not responsible for what I said and did; but I want to tell them all that it was no such thing! I understood thoroughly what I did. Perhaps it may not have been as wise and prudent as some others would have done, yet I was thoroughly conscious of it and responsible for every act.

I was the possessor of means, of what may be considered much property. In the distribution of my means I was not prudent, and after I passed from the body they attempted to find fault with what I had done. Naturally enough, I did not feel entirely pleased at the course they pursued, principally because they called in question my soundness of mind, that which I always prided myself on, and which I wish them to understand I thoroughly believed in, as I do to-day.

I am not here, Mr. Chairman and friends, to flatter, or to exhibit a carping, critical disposition. I come to manifest my identity, and to announce my continued existence, not only to those who were connected with me by ties of friendship or otherwise, but to all people. For it must be a demonstrable fact that if one spirit passing from the earthly condition of life into the great unseen and unknown realm of spirit existence is in an active, intelligent condition, and has the power of demonstrating intelligence and power to mortals, then all spirits must have a like existence and power, and if I can manifest myself to mortality and become identified as the same personage who walked in bodily form through these streets of Boston in past days, then certainly one must believe that all spirits who once dwelt in the flesh and exhibited their personality, but who have passed from the mortal to some higher realm of being, have a like consciousness and a like existence; because one human being cannot possess the gift of immortality to the exclusion of any other.

Well, I like to make myself known, and to express myself in my own way. I always did that when on earth, and I have no intention of ceasing to do so. I confess that I did not perhaps pay that strict attention to others' opinions that I should have done. I believed in each one's exercising his own individuality, making himself or herself felt; developing their own powers, not depending upon the opinions and assumptions of others. I believe that a path is marked out for every one to tread, and that he of his has no right to impinge upon that of others; that each one should carve his or her own way, and impress their individuality upon whatever they take.

I do not express myself as well as I would like to, but then I am not in a condition to do so. I am using an instrument or medium of communication which I have never come in contact with before, therefore I have to do the best I can. If any one would like to hear from me and care to receive my love, I shall be very happy to give it, and to make myself known to them. I will certainly endeavor to do what I can to benefit others, but I must do it in my own way. I resided, on Beacon Street, in this city. I was a woman of many years' experience, and I lived on earth more than twenty years, and I was given me. I may not have profited by the time and experience which came to me, but I have an eternity before me in which to unfold, to grow and learn; and I mean to take the best possible advantage of it. Between two and three years have passed since I left the body. I am Abigail Armstrong.

Ellie M. Hardy.

I come hoping to reach my friends, and give them my love. I have a sister who is just beginning to investigate Spiritualism. She lives in New York City. She has attended one or two private sittings with mediums, and has been much benefited. I want to tell her that I am here, and that I am glad to hear of her progress. I want to tell her that I am here, and that I am glad to hear of her progress. I want to tell her that I am here, and that I am glad to hear of her progress.

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name is Ellen A. Hardy. I was very weak and ill for nearly a year before I left the body. I needed much attention from kind friends, and I received it. I appreciated it all. I now return my thanks for every attention that was bestowed upon me.

Tell my friends I am happy in the spirit-world. Dear mother is happy with me, and we have attempted to make ourselves known to dear ones on earth, but did not succeed. We hope before many months have passed away to be clearly manifested our presence, that we will be blessed with open arms by those whom we love.

My father's name is Thomas; my mother's, Grace. I give these names because it may accomplish some good.

I feel a return of the old weakness and weariness that attacked me when on earth; but yet I have many things to say to my friends, especially to my dear sister. I want her to stop for a moment and unfold in her own person, because I know she possesses powers that can be operated upon by other spirits, and in a little while I think she will be able to see us when we come to her. That would please my sister, because she has so longed for some token or knowledge of spiritual presence; and even when she did not have an idea that we could intelligently manifest to her, she felt as though it must be possible for those who had died to know something of the life of their friends on earth, and to become assured of their condition, and to know how they were getting on, and to know how they were getting on, and to know how they were getting on.

I come with a message of love. I bear for my mother a floral symbol, wreath of purple pansies, and for myself I bring a cross of white lilies, surmounted by a crown of thorns. My friends will know the significance of these floral treasures, and I think that by speaking of them I may accomplish some good in the direction of arousing in them a greater interest in the Spiritual Philosophy.

I wish to say that the roses of which the crown was composed had been divested of every thorn, by the direction of the dear friend who ordered them.

White Eagle.

How, chief—how? [How do you do?] Good. White Eagle, I come to chief. White Eagle makes chief talk sometimes; I make him speak, and pale-face of the hunting grounds, beyond the dark waters makes him tell of messenger spirits coming with good words from the pale-faces; so chief say: "White Eagle, go to the big council, send me scratch: tell of work." And White Eagle come to the council, he speak to the brave and spirits here, and say: I want to give scratch. He no could come first; two, three times pass; no come; but this time the big white chief here say: "Step in, brave, and do the work." So White Eagle, here, and say to his brother: Keep quiet; don't let the heart burn hot; the heart is a good; no can see any darkness; all bright in the beyond.

White Eagle's chief have magnetic power; he gives it to the pale-faced ones who need; and then White Eagle, he speaks the word for the spirits who no can speak for themselves; and that is the work going on and on. But chief get tired sometimes; he get feeling bad; don't know what the matter; wants to do heap bigger work; he no be patient. And then White Eagle have to give him shaking up. So come here to say: "Is all good, all right; no want to make heap more work; let it grow, just as the forest trees grow; a little, a little, a little, shine on it; the dew fall, the night-shadows cover it over, and it grow; not a great heap at a time, but little, little, by-and-by it gets a big, mighty forest. That is how the work grows; a little good accomplished here—there—by-and-by a heap big work is shown; the sun shine, the rain fall too; they are good. Rain must come, and night shadows must fall to make work grow, but all in good place and all for use. So, chief, keep steady, keep firm; do what band say; no have any fear; the forest are working, and, as the pale-face, chief who speaks the good words say to chief sometimes, all is well.

White Eagle's chief looking for scratch in talking-sheet, and when he sees it will feel good. That's why White Eagle come. Good moon. Heap power, heap pale-face spirits come; the chief make strength for the people; make 'em feel spiritually strong and physically better. White Eagle like to help the good work.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

April 15.—Benjamin F. Polson; James Edward Hooper; Emeline Jackson; George Owen Perkins; Elizabeth Ripley; Caroline Jackson; Lillie Perry.

April 21.—J. J. David H. Benington; Susan A. Myers; W. J. Rogers; W. L. Robinson; Samuel Underwood; Elizabeth Jenkins.

April 22.—Rev. George O. Pennington; Henry W. Allen; Mary Murray; Samuel Perkins; Sophia Brown; Allen Fowler; Della Howe.

April 23.—Sarah M. Butler; John Maguire; Henry Knight; Elizabeth Young; F. J. White; William B. B. Britton; John B. Robinson; Lulu E. Martin; William H. A. Ella Sterling; Glynn.

May 5.—Calvin R. Brown; John B. Knight; Mary E. Driscoll; Charles E. Codman; Helen Prince; Samuel D. Downes; Lizzie Allen.

May 6.—Alice C. Chapman; T. Worthen; Thomas Lyford; Alice C. May; Maria P. Anderson.

May 10.—Wash. A. Dankin; Adelaide E. Sonnenman; Geo. W. B. Spiller; M. J. Dowling; Caleb Martin; John Macomber; Nanette Graves.

May 12.—Horace Gleason; Charles J. Hanley; Mrs. Emily A. Hanley; John Chase; Hannah M. Stevens; George Carter; Henry Wood.

May 20.—Mary Williams; Jacob Reddy; Seth Perkins; Ella Macintosh; Dr. B. B. Morgan; Mildred Howard; Mrs. Clara Sullivan; John B. Brown.

May 22.—Geofford Learned; Minnie Palmer; Capt. John K. Hyer; William E. Brown; Sarah E. Coolidge; George W. Hyer; Mrs. John Chase; Hannah M. Stevens; George Carter; Henry Wood.

May 27.—Robert Anderson; John Terman; Susan Grant; Della Grimm; Mrs. Ida Sawyer; Ella Mayo; John K. Hyer; William E. Brown; Sarah E. Coolidge; George W. Hyer; Mrs. John Chase; Hannah M. Stevens; George Carter; Henry Wood.

June 3.—Mrs. Sarah Miller; Rev. Herman Blodgett; Kate Pitman; Eleanor Adams; Ella Barnard; Ida Brown; June 24.—Mary Elizabeth Brown; John W. Edmonds; Mary E. Driscoll; Charles E. Codman; Helen Prince; Samuel D. Downes; Lizzie Allen.

June 25.—John P. Brown; John B

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The Dominion Line steamer *Sarnia*, from Montreal for Liverpool, went ashore in a dense fog, Monday

the offspring of illy conceived spiritual ideas and old religious dogmatism.

entire for every child vaccinated, proved insufficient to persuade parents in easy circumstances to disfigure their children in this way, therefore the failure to vaccinate will be visited by fine and imprisonment.

business, with the means given us. And this, dear sir, is the reason why you and I and many others mean to attend to it. Yours truly,
JOSEPH D. HULL

F. F. Evans, George Graves, A. B. Child, F. B. Remondet,
 Arthur S. Barlow, J. O. Barrett, Mrs. Emma Harding,
 Britton, Miss Lucie Dyer, Mrs. Maria M. King, etc.
 Any Book published in England or America, not out of
 print, will be sent by mail or express.

...and call attention to the fact that the ...
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