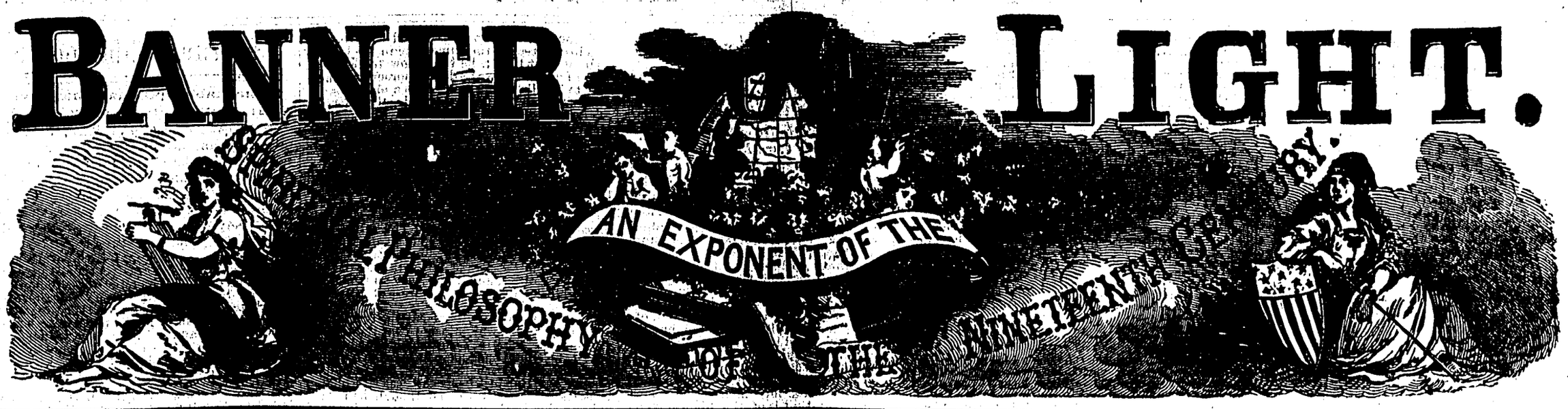
BANNER OF LIGHT.



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CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Our Agents. *The Spiritual Rostrum:* The True Spiritual Resurrection.

SECOND PAGE.—*Poetry:* Life's Philosophy—1886. *The Anniversary:* Anniversary Celebration in New York, May Magazines. *The Rostrum:* Uriel Da Costa. *The Reviewer:* The Purpose of Theosophy. *Spiritual Phenomena:* Remarkable Spiritual Phenomena.

THIRD PAGE.—*Free Thought:* Experiences with the Late Charles H. Foster. *Banner Correspondence:* Letters from Massachusetts, Ohio, Wisconsin, and New York. Mrs. Harriet Reading Helmick. Obituary and Meeting Notices.

FOURTH PAGE.—A Wail of Spiritual Despair, Mr. Conway's Notion, The Labor Question, Thought-Transference, The True Soul-Cure, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—All Sorts of Paragraphs. Phenomena Under Peculiar Conditions. Movements of Mediums and Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—*Message Department:* Invocation; Questions and Answers: Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer from Elizabeth Chamberlain, William Charles Crangle, Eliphalet Field, Hannah Brewer, Geo. Hale, Mary Haines, Sarah Davis, N. B. Smith, Charlotte Codman, Frank W. Hill, Henry Brewster.

SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Spiritualist Meetings in Boston. Another Household Necessity, etc.

OUR AGENTS.

The policy of Mr. Gladstone in regard to home rule in Ireland is bitterly opposed by the Tories, the latter even going so far as to asseverate that if the proposed measures succeed in Parliament a bloody revolution will result. A citizen of Glasgow, himself a Liberal, has written to Lord Churchill for an expression of the latter's views upon the subject—to which he replied as follows: "My speeches advocating that the Tories closely imitate the Northern States of America during the period of 1861 to 1865, all indicate that that is the only policy for imperial safety"!

The Danish people, it is reported, have worked their way from minority to independence, from official rule to popular rule, from truthfulness to vigilance, from dreams to clearness of vision, from weakness to power. Ancient Scripture informs us that "things done in secret shall be proclaimed upon the housetops." It is being literally fulfilled to-day.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

The True Spiritual Resurrection.

Inspirational Discourse delivered in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Easter Sunday Morning, April 25th, 1886, by

W. J. COLVILLE.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The return of springtime always brings with it naturally a revival of the sweetest hopes and deepest joys of human nature. The heart of man in springtime is naturally joyous; all nature rejoices around him, and he cannot but participate in the general anthem of thanksgiving, and unite his voice with the universal pæan of praise.

Easter, as a distinctly Christian festival, commemorating the resurrection of Jesus from the dead, is only a continuation of a long line of festivals which have antedated the Christian era. In ancient Egypt at the time of the vernal equinox every year, special celebrations were held in honor of the triumphs of the sun over the wintry constellations. The sign Aries, the ram, was always regarded by the ancients as the sign of promise; and as hope and expectation, the joyful anticipation of future pleasures not yet realized, but certain to appear in due course, must ever constitute the leading elements in genuine happiness—as no one's cup of happiness can ever be said to be full if there is no hope in it (for if hope departs all joy flies with it, while if hope remains the bitterest sorrows can be bravely endured)—it is but natural that the season of the year which specially portrays hope should be everywhere regarded as the most sacred season, the dearest of all to the hearts of humanity.

The twenty-fifth of December, regarded by many as the hollest day of all the year, is in every sense a festival of hope; the year is an infant then, Christmas Day being the natural New Year's Day which no civil calendar can change; the Christ-child whose birth is celebrated then is but an infant destined to grow in stature and wisdom—his life lies before him, and the world expects great things from that life; but at Easter, three or four months later, hope has assumed a deeper tint, a far more roseate hue; the storms of winter, the dangers and weaknesses of childhood have been successfully encountered—the year is now a young man, quite a youth still, in all the bloom and freshness of dawning manhood, but still strong enough to be capable of yielding a plentiful harvest of bright and promising things which, in the course of nature, are destined to blossom in the ripe fruits yet in store for the individual and for humanity. Christmas has always been celebrated especially as a children's festival. Christmas trees and children's parties at that season are always eagerly looked forward to by the little ones; and the old folks are always specially remembered at that season, as a birthday speaks to the very young and the very old alike; to the former it holds out the prospect of long and happy life in this world—to the latter it suggests the new birth, the awakening to the larger activities of spirit-life when the material body has been thrown aside. Easter speaks to young men and maidens; to the older boys and girls; it is a time of weddings and of introductions into society everywhere. The year is out of the nursery—it has left its primary school, and is about to take a new step in life. And does not Easter also speak to mourners with most vivid distinctness? for though it is all alive with the springtide festivities of this sublunary sphere, it is forever pointing to that brighter and more glorious spring time which shall follow upon the dissolution of all the ties of the senses, and open up new vistas of life immortal in the glorious Summer-Land beyond the clouds and death's dark, chilling river.

The story of the resurrection of Jesus as told by the Evangelists is full of hope and glad suggestiveness; in its old literal dress it has suggested so much of darkness, difficulty and limitation to the human mind, that the joy-bells pealing on Easter morn must have sounded jangled, harsh and out of tune, to those who could not see a universal light, an all-pervading truth in the story so often rehearsed, which yet in many circles where its letter was idolized was so little understood in any spiritual sense. Let us think of Jesus as a typical hero, a representative of the human soul; let us think of the thirty-three years of his earthly life, and especially of the last three of them, as typical of the experiences through which all must pass ere they can reach the glories of a spiritual resurrection: First, there is a cross to be borne, then a crown to be worn. There can be no Easter Sunday without a Good Friday—and the very darkest day in man's experience in the whole cycle of his education for eternity is emphatically a *good* day. Nothing is easier than to persuade the happy and the prosperous that all is for the best; but to preach this gospel to the poor and wretched seems like cold, hard, unsympathetic mockery, unless the preacher is one who has gone through some bitter experience which he can relate to his hearers, and has experienced therefrom a blessing which no other discipline could impart.

We always feel chary of commissioning those whose lives have been almost entirely passed in sunshine to go forth and preach the most glowing optimism to those whose circumstances almost compel them to be pessimists; some people are too sparkling, too full of untempered joy; they have had too few temptations, trials and difficulties to qualify them to bear the glad news of Goodness Supreme in the universe to their oppressed fellow-beings who have never tasted of such joy. The true counselor must be one who has been wounded in life's battle, but the wounds must have closed; he must have passed through many a saddening discipline, but have come out conqueror over all; he must be able to exhibit scars in hands, and feet, and side, and yet those scars must not only have healed—they must have grown luminous, and become signs of glory, the result of former pain. The world of Asia turns to Gautama, and the world of Europe and America to Jesus, because these two heroes have been placed in history as the two whose lives were most representative of human conflict and subsequent victory. No matter how much margin may be allowed for legend, tradition, or anything else partly real and partly fanciful, the great moving principle, the underlying fact in both these histories, remains eternally true: man suffers to enjoy; he bleeds, that the sweetness of his soul may be exhaled. The very oldest book in the Bible, the book of Job—a strange old poem of great antiquity—no matter who or what it refers to as a fragment of literal history, takes up this same great truth, and interweaves its golden thread into all the tangled skein of human misery and perplexity. Job is rich at the beginning, but richer far at the close of his career; he is good at the beginning, but vastly better at the close; and what agent is employed to enrich and to improve him? Why, none other than Satan, the accuser, the very impersonation of all the trials and troubles of mortal existence; what are the means used to bring this ancient patriarch to the glorious summit whereon at length he stands? not joy, peace, plenty and prosperity, but misery of the deepest and most abject kind. At times he loses faith in God, in every one, in everything; he feels as though all had forsaken him; his friends turn against him; his advisers tell him to curse the Eternal, and put an end to his own miserable existence—but he rises on the wings of spiritual perspective, and exclaims: "I know that my Redeemer [vindicator] liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter day upon the earth, and though worms destroy this body, yet in [or out of] my flesh shall I see God." Then when his trials are over he exclaims, addressing the Eternal Goodness which governs all things: "I have heard of thee with the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee." What shall we say of this complicated utterance of a very ancient people, and a very ancient time? what shall we say of the confounding in the text of the two ideas of seeing deliverance in the flesh and out of the flesh? It always seems to us that great ideas are far too large for words; human modes of expression break down under the weight of infinite ideas; words are arbitrary, mechanical, material, and the soul cannot voice all it has to say in them. Music is better than speech; "songs without words" tell tales no words can tell; a spiritual revelation in words will always be faulty and ambiguous because so painfully limited. Spiritual revelation is a torrent of new wine, fresh, young, vigorous—words are poor old bottles, dry, withered skins, in which the truths of the spirit are placed by man: The wine cannot ferment, the ideas cannot turn themselves round and display their many-sidedness in the narrow groove of speech, and then the poor old words have to be altered and mended, and we have an amended Bible text, and revision committees conning over Greek and Hebrew, Syriac and Chaldaic manuscripts, to find the living truth of being, while God all the while is just as ready to speak a word to any modern mind, ready to hear and to receive his message, as he ever was to any favored man or tribe of old. We do not consult the past because its records are infallible; we do not employ metaphors and use illustrations because they are exhaustive, but when endeavoring to give utterance to what is beyond utterance we feel as many an artist feels whose canvas is of the best he can procure, but, he being spiritual and the canvas material, his conception is ever superior to the best he can portray for outward eyes to see.

All spiritual revelations are intensely eloquent in what they do *not* say: they suggest infinitely more than they express; their imperfections and omissions compel us to think and strive to get the remainder, to find the missing blocks without which the puzzle is incomplete; and it does us infinite good to have to write our own bibles, to be our own prophets and our own priests, our own rulers and our own teachers; behind everything lies a great impenetrable mystery which we dare not call unknowable, but we must call unknown; into this untried well we must drop our bucket, into this unsounded ocean we must let down our line. There seems to us far more allegory than history in the gospel tale that the disciples of Jesus were mostly fishermen, and he would make them into "fishers of men"—that is, they were inquiring minds, they were seekers after knowledge, and it seemed miraculous in their eyes that one hundred and fifty-three fish were caught immediately they let down the net on the right side of the boat, while hitherto they had toiled all night and caught nothing. There is a right side of the boat in which we all are; there is a way of letting down our net that we may catch fish, and there is a way of fishing, blundering on blindly and yet honestly, but catching nothing. How often we see this illustrated in daily life: take a scholar in arithmetic figuring away hour after hour till his head aches and his eyes are red, and his whole frame quivering with nervous excitement because he cannot solve his problem. There is a way of accomplishing that result, but he cannot find it—there is an answer to it, a correct result which some one has found out and published in a manual, but the student tries in vain; he is not working in the right way. The teacher should never chide such an one; the true teacher always enlightens, he makes the pupil do the work, he does not work out the problem for him, but he shows him how to work it out for himself, he gives him the rule whereby the problem can be solved.

The physical resurrection, when viewed in a gross, material light, is positively repulsive; the reanimation of scattered dust at the last great day is an odious idea, and no one can so poetize as to make it agreeable, without leaving the letter and getting into the spirit of the idea. The human body or physical organism is so constituted as to have no permanence or stability at all in and of itself; as long as it is connected with the spirit it appears to live, but it is moved and guided by a force extraneous to itself; when this subtle force, usually called "life" or "vitality," is removed, the structure passes into decay; it is neither permanent in a living or dead, healthy or unhealthy condition—it is perpetually changing, molecules are retiring before other molecules incessantly. It would therefore be impossible for a rational mind to conceive of a resurrection of the body unless he believed in something stationary in the body, a point of rest around which all changes move but which is never agitated itself. If there be a physical microcosma, and this is indestructible and unchanging, then the deathless human body is a microscopic affair, entirely eluding all sensuous research. Some eminent naturalists, notably those of France, have suggested this idea, but so totally distinct is it from the dogma of corporeal resuscitation as taught by Orthodox churchmen that the latter would instantly repudiate it as a pestilential heresy. Nevertheless, many years ago, in the Established Church of England, we have heard clergymen of unquestioned soundness maintain their belief in a physical resurrection based on the supposition of there being some vitalizing and unchanging particle of substance in the human organism, around which, on the Judgment day, a new material organism will be formed; but practically this doctrine tends to a belief in what is known as reëmbodiment, and not to an acceptance of the theological dogma of a bodily resurrection at the last great day.

In a purely spiritual sense the resurrection of Jesus meant nothing more than his rising superior to all the difficulties which encompassed him while yet in the flesh, and the future establishment of his kingdom as a spiritual but not an earthly hierarchy.

Now let us look for a moment at the condition of the people among whom Jesus moved. His own chosen disciples, his intimate followers and closest friends, misunderstood him. Peter on more than one occasion urged him to use worldly policy, and showed himself unable to bear the test imposed by a perfect surrender to a spiritual ideal; the very air of Palestine was heavy with revolt; the people were positively aching for a battle; they were resolved to fight. The action of Peter in cutting off the ear of Malchus was typical of the firm hold the prevailing false belief in the expediency of material weapons had gained upon the populace. A great reformer must stand alone; he had a few half-supporters; they admired him and loved him, but they failed to comprehend him; what could have been their dismay when, at the last, they saw him fall into the hands of his enemies and heard him sentenced to death? The story of the resurrection, full of hope and joy as it is, can never have been built upon the legend of the Nazarites that Jesus was taken down from the cross and secretly restored to life by the kindly services of a mystic brotherhood to which he belonged, for such narratives contain no account of victory or triumph after this resurrection from apparent but not actual dissolution. One of these stories says Jesus was an invalid for six months and then died; where was the triumph in such an unsuccessful attempt to prolong his earthly career? We can imagine the joy of the disciples at finding him restored to them, even for so brief a time from the very jaws of death, but no spiritual triumph is here!

We are told in the gospels of the raising of Lazarus and of the raising of a widow's son, of the daughter of Jairus and of a centurion's servant; but in all these instances it is the power of spirit over matter, of life over death, that is complimented—the persons resurrected are never spoken of afterward; but when Mary Magdalene is resurrected spiritually from the dominion of evil to the freedom of righteousness she figures prominently in the history of the gospels till their very close. A too material view of resurrections does not and cannot raise any one's thoughts from earth to heaven, from lower to higher things; the reanimation of a corpse can never be a demonstration of immortality, and the gospels do not tell us that those who were reanimated never died again.

At the present time far too much stress is laid on healing the body; the great work for the spiritual teacher to set about is healing the mind and reforming the disposition. It would be far more glorious in the annals of true miracles to witness the record of a spiritual than a material result following upon spiritual treatment for disease. The diseases we are most anxious to eradicate are not tumors, cancers, consumption and other physical ailments; terrible though they are, and thankful though we are when we hear of their being overcome by the power of spirits, we would far rather cure lying, theft, adultery, malice, revenge, murder, and all the black list of crimes, the record of which converts the daily newspaper into a stream of refuse when it might be a river of crystal water, chronicling the good instead of the evil deeds of men. As long as an account of murder will sell a paper quicker than any record of benevolent action, so long as the latest divorce case, with all its hideous accompaniment of scandal and vituperation, will exhaust an edition of a newspaper more rapidly than the most instructive matter from the ablest pens in the world, we are indeed remote from a millennium of spirituality. The states of mind producing such morbid appetites surely need to be treated spiritually and scientifically, and when spiritual science can lay its finger upon the root of human injustice and uncharitableness, the removal of these fruitful parents of a million ills will so tranquilize, harmonize and enlighten human understanding that physical health and longevity will naturally follow upon improved mentality. We must not strive too eagerly after the external; the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness must ever be sought first, and then all necessary external blessings will be added in good time and in the best way.

We are not prepared to deny even a physical resurrection; an infallible test of death satisfactory to scientific minds has yet to be produced; many persons have been buried in trances, and have come to life after their bodies were in the coffin: others have been tortured at hearing those around them speaking of their funeral and making all arrangements for their interment while yet they have been thoroughly conscious of all that was transpiring around them, though utterly unable to speak or make any sign; even their breath seemed suspended, apparently the heart had stopped its beating. In the face of many such well authenticated cases as are now on record of restoration to life after prolonged entrancement, it would be futile to make the endeavor to convince the public that any one had ever been raised to life after he was really dead, as the convenient hypothesis of apparent death could always be brought in to refute the miracle; and were this wonderful phenomenon of raising the dead literally a verifiable fact it would fall miserably far short of proving the immortality of man. Jesus as God could not prove the immortality of the human soul; he could only do so as man—so say all theologians; the human spirit and the human body are all we can lay claim to—thus it would be no evidence of our resurrection, even though God, or a being totally distinct from ourselves, should rise, after real or seeming dissolution. But what do we really need in an hour of doubt and sorrow? Do we feel satisfied with evidences of immortality furnished to other minds? It would be cold comfort indeed for a mother, sorrowing over the loss of a beloved child, to be told that certain eminent personages were convinced of a conscious hereafter: she could not see with their eyes or understand with their intellects: but if, on the other hand, all the presumed *savants* of the world were to call a solemn council and deliberate on immortality and report against its truth, at the very moment they were issuing their pretentious doctrine, couched in the grandiloquent language of the schools, pronouncing life after death a mere delusion, some poor orphan, widow or bereaved parent might be the welcome recipient of tidings from the spirit-life, convincing beyond a peradventure of the falsity of the theologians' and the scientists' stilted manifesto. A company of blind men might gather to deny the existence of color; a company of deaf men might pass a verdict pronouncing every one who pretended to hear anything insane; but would the facts of sound and color be altered thereby in the estimation of those who saw and heard? If you have eyes, you do not ask if Mr. Huxley has admitted that anything is red in the world; if you have ears to hear, you do not wait to know if Herbert Spencer believes in the existence of sounds produced by the singing of birds. If either of those most able and learned gentlemen were to deny color, you would pronounce him afflicted with color-blindness and tender your sympathy for his affliction; if the other should deny sound, you would feel sorrow at his deafness. We might as well, however, accept the verdict against sound or color given by a deaf or blind man, as take the trouble to employ learned committees to fathom for us the mysteries of Spiritualism. Psychic research is as much an individual matter as the action of the sunshine; we are all psychical beings, more or less unfolded on our psychical side, and are as capable of making psychical as physical discoveries. We want to know the truth for ourselves concerning our spiritual being; we want to hear our own spiritual hearts beat, and feel our own spiritual pulses throb; we want to see and hear with our own spiritual eyes and ears, and can be satisfied with nothing short of a personal spiritual revelation.

It was just this personal demonstration of immortality to the women who came to the sepulchre before daybreak on the first Easter Sunday, and to the disciples later on in the same day and during succeeding days, that constituted that proof palpable of immortality for which they were so eagerly hungering and thirsting! Their beloved friend and teacher appeared to them in such a manner that though at first they may have doubted whether it was really he who stood before them or another; though there may have been a shadow of doubt lingering in the minds of some even after the most marvelous phenomena; (though "they believed on him but some doubted," may have expressed the state of feeling common even during the forty days when he was wont to appear to them so mysteriously and yet so convincingly,) we cannot fail to see that no one interpretation of the manner of his appearance can be made explanatory of all the recorded facts. It is invariably the case that diverse manifestations are given by one and the same spirit to meet the requirements of varied states and conditions of mind. Let us look over a few of the leading incidents in the gospel story, and see if we cannot discern where the diversity is most conspicuous, and even the shadow deepest, at least a glimmering of bright, spiritual light. Mary Magdalene does not know Jesus when he first appears to her; she mistakes him for the gardener. Now if he appears to her at all, why does he not appear in a manner distinctly recognizable? why mystify or confuse her? why not give the clearest and most unmistakable manifestation of his presence? To bring the matter down to these times, why does not a revelation from spirit-life come to the world in so undisguised a form that no one can reject it, unless willfully? Surely because the majority of men and women are so immured in sense, so devoted to the pursuits and pleasures of material life, so ultra-physical in their demands, that a revelation coming to them in the form in which they would most readily receive it, would often confirm them in materiality rather than lift them to a higher plane of spiritual perception. Now imagine for a moment a demonstration of spirit-life wholly sensuous in its presentation, the senses only the objects of appeal—would such a revelation, if constantly repeated, do anything more than reëmbody a departed friend? Would it, could it lift the spectators to a higher plane of thought and action, and could it qualify them for a spiritual manner of life in the eternal world? It often strikes us as very sad to see so many test-hunters, greedy for some material exhibition of spirit-power, brought face to face with so much external paraphernalia representing the truth of immortality so far as it can be represented to bodily sense—forgetting altogether that the time must come for them when they can no longer converse with materialized spirits; they must at some time throw aside all these material chattels and either recognize their friends in spirit or not recognize them at all. These outward likenesses all wear away in eternity; proofs considered indubitable when sense is judge, melt away into nothingness when tested at the bar of spirit. We must be able to discern spiritually the things of the spirit; we must undergo a spiritual transformation; we must leave the grub and chrysalis conditions of the mind in the sepulchre in which worldly ambitions are buried, and rise to a new life, to the full possession of other faculties than bodily ones, or immortality despite all external proofs still remains the algebraic x— the unknown quantity.

We often hear people say: "I believe, and yet I doubt." "I sometimes have my doubts," is a very common expression; belief is not enough; it is unsatisfactory: "I believe in God; I believe in immortality; I believe in spirit communion," these are inadequate phrases; they are stamped unmistakably with insufficiency. You have no doubt often heard revivalists talk about "finding Christ," and has it not often struck you how much more satisfactory it must be to find Christ than simply to believe in Christ; creeds are never enough to content the spirit; "Credo," "I believe," must be set aside for "Scio," "I know," ere the spirit can enter into rest.

Now evidences to sense are inadequate from the very nature of the case. We can think beyond sense; we know how delusive and illusive outward appearances frequently are; we know how often we are forced to admit the truth of Longfellow's assertion: "Things are not what they seem." Sunrise and sunset, the fixity and repose of the earth, the existence of a firmament and of a horizon, are all apparent, but unreal. What we discern with our senses we often discern untruly, and yet when such meditations as these lead us to the brink of a most pathetic infidelity we are at once comforted as we reflect upon the errors arising from the false judgments of sense being all errors of limitation—not one of them an error of exaggeration. How small the sun appears to be—how large it really is; how little the stars look, and yet how great they are; there is always a transcendent, overarching reality, whose immensity appals us by its very majesty when we think there is only some little world which we can measure with our one foot rule. Of one thing we are as certain as of our own existence, and that is, the infinite superiority of life to everybody's opinions of it. Is life worth living? Yes, and a million times more worth living than the happiest, wisest and most hopeful person can ever imagine it to be. Is love immortal? are our affections deathless? Yes, and a million times more blessedly so than it hath entered into the human heart to conceive; we must lose the shadow to grasp the substance, and let us beware lest in our too great eagerness to grasp the shadow we do not imitate the folly of the dog in the fable who lost his good wholesome piece of meat through falling fanatically in love with its shadow in the water. Do not let us prize our outward blessings so highly that in the idolatry of sense we blunt those only perceptions which can unlock for us the treasures of the immortal world.

Jesus makes himself known to Mary by a word; he speaks to her, and though she does not recognize his outward appearance, she feels intuitively that it is really he. She answers him at once. Intuition is beyond reason; where reason fails, there intuition comes to the rescue; intuition is the all-embracing sense of spirit—the fount whence all the senses of the body flow; how often do we err, and that grievously, because we turn away from intuition to follow the uncertain light of reason; what we call reason is the lower reason—intuition is the higher reason, it is angelic, divine reason. Our intuitions tell us more than our intellects can discover, with all their searchings. Intuition detects love, truth, in a word everything immortal; it sees through shams as easily as men look through glass; it reveals truth at once; it knows, it speaks with the authority of knowledge, and when we hear it we are convinced. The intuitive faculty is necessary for the true discernment of spirits; ordinary clairvoyance may see a form, and describe it, but it takes intuition to know whether that form is an honest representation of a reality behind it, or only a mask invented to cover up deception. You cannot deceive a truly intuitive person; lies are of no avail; misrepresentations are seen through at a glance; this gift alone enables us to be absolutely sure of truth—this alone enables us to *know* ourselves immortal.

In the far Orient, where introspection is a daily habit among the natives, this inner faculty asserts it-

[*Continued on eighth page.*]

LIFE'S PHILOSOPHY—1886.

Do not hurry! do not flurry!
Nothing good is got by worry.
Ride the hour to make the spring!
Take life easy; that 's the thing.

Do not trouble, do not trouble!
Heavy hearts make toiling double.
Groans the back with loaded pain?
Laugh, and 't will grow light again.

Do not sorrow; do not sorrow!
Grief to-day is joy to-morrow.
Life flows smoothly after fears;
Eyes shine brightest washed with tears.

Hark the children, hark the voices!
Somewhere everything rejoices.
Blasts without like winter ring—
Inward mirth makes endless spring.

Forward, then, to victory straining!
Forward, as brave men, uncomplaining!
The game's afoot, and here 's the ball;
Yonder the goal—on, comrades, all!

Good gathers strength, and lo! the powers
Of darkness yield. *The day is ours.*
Though cloud and tempest wrap the sky,
Yet wakes behind the Eternal eye!

—London Spectator.

The Anniversary.

Anniversary Celebration in New York.

[Reported for the Banner of Light by Miss H. M. Maynard.]

On Sunday afternoon, April 11th, the spacious parlors of the Metropolitan Church for Humanity were filled with a large and appreciative audience, which listened with interest to the first anniversary exercises of the church, and also the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism. A handsome cornucopia of flowers stood on a table upon the platform, and other floral emblems were scattered about the rooms, adding beauty to the scene. After an organ voluntary, the pastor, Rev. Mrs. T. B. Stryker, rendered the following

INVOCATION.

Unto thee, thou great, overshadowing Spirit; unto thee, the great Over-Soul, the author of all things, render we our tribute of thanksgiving and praise. We would join our *thought with the grand, great anthem of nature* in praising and adoring thee. All nature chants her praise in fulfilling thy divine purpose, and, even so, great Father-Spirit—whom man calls God—do our souls and spirits accord thee gratitude and praise, and we, too, join the chant.

Thou hast revealed thyself to us in manifold ways. Thou hast left thine imprint upon all creation. Thou hast revealed thyself in thy beauty through the varied kingdoms of creation. Thou art a loving father, a generous provider, an all-wise author. We can only know thee through thy revelations, but these are abundant; thou hast given us the intellect and desire to search after thee, and all we know of thee, Great Spirit, is love, beauty and wisdom.

Thou art wise, and thou hast left thy record hidden; thou hast given us the capacity to search out, and we thank thee for the power to unravel and resurrect the grand, great truths which thou hast left recorded on tablets of stone, in catacombs locked by thyself, which only the key of science that thou hast placed in our hands can open.

So, *accept our tribute, Great Father of Light.* We need not call aloud unto thee, for thou art ever present; thou art with us and knowest what we require, for there is a cord of sympathy which binds us together. With this we reach toward thee. Thou knowest we are as children struggling to acquire knowledge of thee and of ourselves. Accept our tribute; accept every effort made in all departments of life for uplifting and benefiting humanity; for every effort, in whatever direction expended, redounds to thy honor. Thou needest not our glory, for thou art already glorified—thy work glorifies thee.

We thank the great angelic host that has worked for and with humanity, for the grand, beautiful revelations of immortality which it has brought to man through mortal organisms; that it came from its realms in the higher spheres, radiant with the morning light, to succor suffering humanity. May that host be ever active, ever present wherever suffering and sorrow are known; may it bind up the wounded spirit, make the afflicted grow spiritually, and may our family, humanity, rise from out these conditions of ignorance and superstition which environ it, that the spirit may rise to the heights of rapture where the law of our God of love may be more clearly revealed. Bring to every one present sweet consolation; oh! thou Ministering Angel, may the abiding presence of loved ones bring home to their consciousness the sweet realization that death does not separate, but binds closer together. Bring thou the sweet knowledge that the spirit-realm is not afar off, but that loved ones dwelling there constantly minister to loved ones here; and unto thee and unto our God will we render praise, world without end. Amen.

This was followed by a quartette, after which the President, Mr. Geo. D. Carroll, gave a brief history of the church and extended a cordial welcome to all.

Mr. I. G. Withers then played a flute solo, Miss Lizzie Middleton accompanying him on the piano.

Mr. Nichols said: It is with fear and trembling that I utter a word this afternoon; but when our sister asked me to say something to you I could not refuse. I am in hearty sympathy with your work, as are all the friends in Brooklyn. We honor and love the sister here for the work she is doing in this great city, and for the wondrous power which the spirit-world has betowed upon her. How grandly she is fulfilling her mission!

Friends, I believe in your church—in its present and in its future. I believe that in the future there will be no middle ground in this matter; it will be Materialism or Spiritualism; and when I speak of Spiritualism I mean its marvelous facts. [Applause.] We do not ask you to believe in the Spiritualism of eighteen hundred years ago. We give you a living inspiration as it comes from the other world, and back it up with facts. I thank God every day that I live that over thirty years ago this light came to my soul. I rejoice in the broader church of to-day, and as your *hearts are receptive to the truths of Spiritualism* your lives will grow richer. I know how it has touched our sister here and brought comfort to your genial President. It is the cause of God, and my sympathies are with you in your work and with all earnest workers the world over. The poet truly says:

"The world hath felt a quickening breath
From Heaven's eternal shore,
And souls triumphant over Death
Return to earth once more,
For *this* we hold our jubilee,
For this with joy we sing:
'Oh! Grave, where is thy victory?
Oh! Death, where is thy sting?'"

Mr. Mathews then sang a solo very acceptably, after which Mrs. Milton Rathbun spoke as follows: It is indeed a pleasure to assist at the first celebration of the Metropolitan Church for Humanity, and also at the *Thirty-Eighth Anniversary of the founding of* Modern Spiritualism.

In Modern Spiritualism, however varied the workers, they all have their value and may all work in their own way, provided they are honest and earnest disciples of the Philosophy; for under the name of *Spiritualism per se* we find many forms: she has welcomed and smiled upon this society with its gifted teacher and guide, who is always at her place, a ready and willing instrument in the hands of the spirit-band, and the members so loyal and constant in their attendance. We congratulate all of you upon the success attending your coöperation with the spirit-world. You have sown the seed, and it has not fallen upon stony soil, for already the fields are promising a harvest near at hand as well as in the distant future. Go on in your labor of love, and may you be obliged very soon to enlarge your borders because of the greater thought of listening humanity. No one can more earnestly desire the triumph of our cause and the continued prosperity of this branch of it than myself. Let us continue to work loyally and disinterestedly.

Next followed a song by Miss Lizzie Middleton.

Mr. J. J. Morse of England was then introduced, and said in part: Some eighteen hundred years ago, the sun-like soul of the man of Nazareth, laboring in the plains of Judea, gathered around him twelve disciples—twelve of the common people of those days—men who honestly earned *their daily bread by the* sweat of their brow, but whose souls were attuned to the melodies of celestial music; and this great-hearted worker taught the gospel of truth, and the common people heard him gladly.

These thirteen lives were the foundation-stones of the Church *for Humanity.* But presently *cowled* monks were in habits of gray and black, with knotted cords around their waists, and stone built fortresses, wherein they lived with harsh and cruel ritual which crushed out the living spirit of the Great Teacher. Above them sat the hierarchy of priesthood, claiming the *triple crown*, and they blotted out the Church for Humanity that Jesus had built centuries before.

Little by little that hierarchy has been destroyed by the corruption of the priestcraft, and the protest at last being made, these cowled monks are hurled one side, and the pathway seems again clear. But it has become more corrupted and choked with creeds and forms and meaningless ceremonies than even by the ritualism of the older church, and black night seems all around.

But in time the air became tremulous with a strange, new voice, that spoke sweet and soft and low, and echoed gently in the hearts which first received it. It had in it such an element of strength that it echoed and reverberated throughout the world with a strong voice, and affected minds in all sorts and conditions of intellectual, social, and religious life, until the new philosophy was manifested in a thousand places. The tiny sparks have united until they shoot upward as one vast Promethean fire upon the altar of life, and reinspire and revivifiy the religion for divine humanity of the sun-like soul of Jesus of Nazareth.

So then there comes this new religion, and when you are told that when death lays the bodies of your dear ones in the bosom of the earth, you have no further knowledge of them in this life, and that the loves which quicken humanity are severed then, you can point to the facts of this new and divine religion; and the sweet communion upon the Mount of Transfiguration comes back to you, and you hear the silver cadence which rises and floats upon the air around you, telling you that death has at last been conquered, and bringing back the missing link of the chain that binds heaven to earth.

It is your work to bring this to the great heart of the world through the Church for Humanity, and may it grow apace, and diffuse its fragrance abroad like these fair flowers before us. And you shall reap a rich reward in the consciousness that you are helping on the everlasting progress of humanity, so that when the end of the year approaches, and another Anniversary comes round, you will be conscious that you are still fellow-workers with the saints and martyrs above, and that you have helped forward mankind to a realization of its deeper desires. And you will also have this fact, that when the garment of flesh lies cold and motionless, you will still be helping on the fulfillment of the beauty and promise of all the prophets which minister to you to-day.

We join with you most earnestly and truly in the celebration of your Anniversary, and of that larger Anniversary, which you also commemorate, and we can only hope that the same self-sacrifice, the same earnest endeavor, and the same determination to desire and do shall guide you in the future as in the past, and then the sweet voice of your prophetess shall bring to you many messages, and make you glad with the knowledge that you have not worked in vain. May she bring you deeper and higher suggestions than you have before entertained, and teach you to be of greater service while you are living with your fellows, and ever open up for you those sweeter depths beyond. And when you pass to the better land, and shall greet the other members of that greater Church for Humanity, may there ring out for you, for there is no sweeter rhythm to fall upon your listening ear: "Welcome, and well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Some excellent music was again rendered by the quartette, after which Mr. Henry C. Bowen spoke in substance as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: At the present day there is a great deal that is very misty and transcendental about Spiritualism, and our adversaries are *making the most of this fact.* But these imperfections adhere more or less to every new humanitarian movement, and if Spiritualism is a delusion then it is unique from the fact that every other delusion shrinks from investigation, and loves darkness rather than light. Now our spiritual facts—and upon the *Thirty Eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism* we speak with boldness and assurance—these facts, from the first raps at Rochester until to day are always open to the light, and Modern Spiritualism has said to science: "Come with your crucible, and all the tests that you are capable of applying to this subject, and we will submit to the examination." We have said to the people through these many years, investigate, and weigh the evidence, in order that you may be satisfied; and I believe that every human soul which has investigated has become satisfied of the spiritual nature of the phenomena. It is true some few, like the Rev. Charles Beecher, while admitting the spiritual nature of the phenomena, ascribe them to evil spirits. But why did he do this? Simply because the communications did not tally with the evangelical church creed.

Mr. Talmage, speaking of the Spiritual Philosophy, has recently said that it will not do when you have a dead child in the house; while the fact is there is no time when its presence is more appreciated. What comfort does the old theology give when your child dies before he has joined the church or experienced a change of heart? *According* to that he is endlessly, hopelessly damned. Far better than this is the belief of the scientist that the end of this life is an eternal sleep. Now Spiritualism comes to you with its grand revelations, saying that each soul shall reap the reward of its own acts, not only here but hereafter, and the grandeur of its philosophy is that it teaches eternal progression.

"Have you heard of the 'Rochester Knockings'? How foolish to believe in spirit rappings." These were the remarks thirty-eight years ago. Yet go back still earlier, to the year 1716, in the parsonage of John Wesley, and we find the same thing. And when the good old man saw a wooden plate dance upon his desk, and the assembled family saw a hand mill turned by invisible hands, John Wesley himself was convinced, and ever afterward looked upon these manifestations as spiritual. But though a great many people believe these things to be quite likely and possible, yet they will not accept them because they are not in accordance with the popular theology.

I rejoice to see the progress which this church has made. A church for humanity is what is needed. We have churches of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ, but they do not seem to have much to do with the affairs of this world; but the Church for Humanity deals with the things of to-day, and there is need of it among so much suffering and distress. Spiritualism has come to rob death of its terror. Spiritualism has come to the Prime Minister of England, and has work to do in Russia, where the Nihilist, with no hope of a future life, yet marches triumphantly to his grave, and will reap his reward in the spirit-world. Spiritualism is largely responsible for the present turbulent state of society, but out of this seething chaos order will at *length be brought.*

Next followed a soprano—Mrs. G. B. Dennis—solo, and quartette, and then Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham stepped upon the platform and said:

You have heard so much, and it has all been so fitly spoken, that it seems but little remains to be said, and that little more in the way of congratulation than in any other way. But we can assure you that not only have you many mortal friends here to-day, but you have also a larger audience of the unseen than those whom your eyes can see, and it is for them we speak to you.

She then delivered a beautiful poem, bringing words of comfort to many sorrowing hearts. She spoke of the bright Morning Star, who was blessing and comforting his father, and waiting to welcome him on the other side; of the sage, whose words of wisdom echo from the spirit-world; of the little buds of promise that left us ere their lives had scarce begun; and the hosts of loved ones who are continually hovering over and ministering to us whenever they see us in need of sympathy and love.

A song was then sung by the quartette, and an address by the pastor followed.

Mrs. Stryker said the Church for Humanity is as broad as the universe—a vast cathedral, domed by the azure sky, and carpeted with the verdure of earth. Life and labor are not limited to threescore years and ten; that is but the bound of our earthly pilgrimage—that period which we spend in the primary department; but when death severs the golden cord we enter God's university, and acquire more perfect knowledge. Those who work for humanity are the Saviours of humanity.

We would bring you the sweet consolation of a *united life and continuity of individuality in the world* beyond, and the knowledge that your loved ones are ever around you. Any individual fully realizing that he is constantly attended and watched over by those who love him will not cast on a crucified Redeemer the weight of his own wrong-doing, but will ever endeavor to walk in the straight and narrow way that leads to perfect unfoldment. We can work in but one small corner, but we have organized as a church that we may work together; for in unity there is strength, and by centering our efforts upon this little corner we hope to reap an abundant harvest for the blessing and uplifting of humanity. For this we ask your sympathy and aid.

Mr. Carroll then thanked the speakers and artists, and a piano solo closed the exercises.

May Magazines.

THE CENTURY.—A portrait of Nath. Hawthorne, from a Daguerreotype of 1848, is given as the frontispiece, and one of 1862, with a sketch of his "Philosophy," by Julian Hawthorne, further on. Mrs. Van Rensselaer commences a series of papers on "American Country Dwellings," with numerous illustrations. "A Californian's Gift to Science," is an interestingly detailed description of the Lick Observatory at Mount Hamilton, thirteen miles from San José, for the construction and equipment of which Mr. James Lick bequeathed $700,000; twelve engravings are given in illustration. "The Flour-Mills of Minneapolis," by E. V. Smalley, *with its many fine engravings, will impart to* those unfamiliar with the growth and enterprise of that city some idea of the spirit that imbues life in our Great West. The War Papers are posthumous notes of Gen. McClellan, "From the Peninsula to Antietam"; "McClellan at the Head of the Army," by W. L. Goss, and "The Battle of South Mountain," by Gen. D. H. Hill. T. W. Higginson contributes to this number a just tribute to a noble woman, in a sonnet, "To the *Memory of H. H.*" "Topics of the Time," and "Open Letters," are of more than usual interest. The Century Co., New York. Cupples, Upham & Co., 283 Washington street, Boston.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—"Is Medicine a Science?" is a question considered in a rational manner by Dr. Robt. Walter, in the course of which the "regulars" are given some pungent truths to digest. "None," he says, "are so likely to be fallible as those *who seek to secure confidence by claims of infallibility.* The scientist points to his principles as justification for his practice; the empiric claims education—his diploma—his experience.... Truth is unvarying, unchangeable, always the same; but medicine, while it may have made some progress, does, as a matter of fact, compass the circle of practice every few generations only to return to the place of beginning." Other articles of interest are "A Plea for Women," "Principles of Heredity," and "Psychical Experience." Fowler & Wells Co., New York.

MIND IN NATURE.—Some of the statements and suppositions of Bishop Coxe made by him in previous numbers are sharply criticised by R. W. Shufeldt. A brief report is given of a séance held with Mrs. R. C. Simpson by members of the Western Psychical Society, for independent slate-writing, at which we are led to infer that this phenomenon occurred satisfactorily to a party of eleven persons; no opinions are expressed regarding it. "The Doctrine of Evolution" is the subject of an article by I. Lancaster; Dr. Valin gives his second chapter on "Heredity of the Memory," and an interesting account of the cure of chorea and epilepsy by entrancement, is given by Prof. E. P. Thwing. Chicago: Cosmic Pub. Co.

THE QUIVER.—A new series of biographical sketches of "The Sages of All Ages" commences with Confucius. A consideration of the subject of "Shy Poverty" is resumed by Anne Beale, and new chapters are given of "The Heir of Sandford Towers," and "Oliver Langton's Ward." Cassell & Co., New York.

The Rostrum.

Uriel Da Costa.

The Ideal of Religion which he had Formed in his Soul; His Hatred of Everything Doctrinal and Rigid.

The following lecture on "Uriel da Costa" was recently delivered by RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER in the Temple Adath Israel, Boston:

To define the meaning of the term "value," or to establish a general rule for the measurement of the "value" attached to a thing, is a problem which still puzzles the genius of national economists, and which, in spite of all attempts to solve, has remained unsolved. It has been said, and well said, that it is the greater or less "desire" to get possession of a thing which establishes its true value, but this standard, though valid in many cases, is not applicable to all. I should then be as much justified to assert that it is rather our exertion "to obtain a thing which conditions its value." Indeed, it is the thing for which we have most exerted ourselves that is of the highest value to us, and which therefore we do value most. I could prove this rule by a thousand examples. May it suffice, however, if I mention but two. It is a fact, well established by daily experience, that the man who started in the world penniless, but who by genius, industry and economy succeeded, and amassed a fortune, values his money more than his son does, who, without any exertion on his part, becomes heir to it. The latter will part quicker with a ten dollar bill than his father would with a nickel, for the simple reason that he never had an opportunity to find out how difficult it is, and how much a man must exert himself, to earn an honest dollar. Money is, therefore, of little value to him, while his father may attach so high a value to it as to almost become its slave.

It is the same with liberty. That nation, or to speak more properly, that generation of it which, experiencing the thralldom of slavery, has broken its fetters, and has finally become free, values its liberties much higher, and guards them therefore much more jealously than that which has been reared in the sunshine of freedom which had never had its struggle for it, never exerted itself in the least in its behalf. We who live in a country where equality before the law is guaranteed to every citizen without distinction of race, color or religion, in a country which is governed by laws, and not by persons; we who are accustomed to liberty of thought, speech and action, without ever having exerted ourselves to obtain these boons, or without ever having experienced the discomfort of a despotic government, or the unpleasantness of concealing one's thoughts, and of hypocritically conforming with obsolete forms and customs; we cannot sufficiently value and appreciate these liberties, surely not as much as did those who struggled and shed their blood for them.

Our independence and freedom, our liberty of thought and speech have been bought dearly, and have been paid for by the sufferings of thousands of noble souls; but we, in full enjoyment of our rights, hardly think of them, and not unfrequently do we wantonly squander what has been accumulated with such great pains and struggles.

In regard to religion, we consider it now a matter of course that we have the right to think and reason for ourselves, that our performance of rights and ceremonies is a voluntary action on our part, and that our adhesion to any of the different religious denominations is entirely left at our option. We take it for granted that no man can be forced by law to join a religious body, yea, even more, that we have a right to criticise the opinions of others, to examine their doctrines, and to discuss publicly their seeming errors. We take it as an indisputable fact that common sense and public judgment may safely be trusted to take care of themselves, and that the fittest only of all religious opinions will survive.

But all these privileges are only of recent birth; two hundred years ago, one hundred years ago, such liberties would have appeared to be extravagant absurdities, and would have been regarded as frivolous, licentious, and therefore dangerous. Humanity had to buy every one of these liberal ideas at an exorbitant price, and to pay for them with the discomfort, the distress, yea, the misery of thousands. As the tender scions of modern money-kings take the story of the toils and struggles of their parents rather as a fanciful fiction than a reality, delightful to speak of and to brag about by the comfortable fireside; as they can seldom rise to a true appreciation of the manly work performed by their horny-handed ancestors; thus we frequently fail to attach the proper values to our liberties, partly because we do not know the price at which they have been bought, partly because we cannot imagine the sufferings of former generations for the sake of these liberties as indeed real.

It would be a foolish action on our part if we should judge a barrel of apples by the size of the *biggest* one which has been picked out purposely for a sample. We should by all means be far better enabled to form an estimate of what the barrel contains by an apple of average size. Our misconception of former ages may thus be frequently traced to the mistake which is generally made by selecting the exponents of these times, the greatest men of these periods, as samples, and by concluding from them upon their contemporaries. The great heroes, the celebrated statesmen, the renowned philosophers, the admired poets of a historic period form the exception in their time, and do not represent, as a rule, its true spirit. The biographies of a Richelieu, a Bismarck, a Washington or Grant may be interesting reading, they may contain a multitude of historical facts, but we cannot judge their time by them, for not every Frenchman of that period was a Richelieu, nor is every German a Bismarck. To form a true conception of a certain historical period, we must pick out an average man, such as could be found in every social sphere, and describe his life.

It is my intention to-night to show to you under what difficulties our modern liberal views have been ushered into life, at what an enormous price of individual suffering they have been bought, and how gradual has been the transition from mediæval darkness to modern illumination; I intend to picture to you the time in which the first timid efforts were made to shake off the fetters of superstition and to break the ground for the erection of the temple of liberty in which to-day we are so safely housed. But in order to place you right in the midst of that period I have selected the biography, not of a man who had been the exponent of his time, not of a hero, not of a statesman, not of a philosopher, not even of a martyr in the usual sense of the word, but of a man of the middle classes; of a man without brilliant talents; of a man gifted with all the foibles of average human nature. I shall bring before you to-night a man who is far from being worthy to be taken as a model, but who has, nevertheless, contributed his mite toward the general fund, who has suffered, so to say, for us, struggled, though unintentionally, for us, and who finally succumbed in the unequal combat. But though apparently unsuccessful at his time, he has stirred up uncounted thousands of others to think, to doubt, and to search for truth; he has, as Dr. Graetz, the eminent Jewish historian of our time, terms it, smashed the windows to allow the fresh air to enter and the stagnant, foul atmosphere to escape.

Uriel da Costa, of whose life I shall speak to you, has been made the hero of a drama by Gutzkow, a German poet, and as such he may be known to many of you. I shall, however, derobe him of all the fictitious embellishments with which the genial poet has adorned him, and present to you the dry historical facts as they appear in his autobiography and another book written by him.

Gabriel Acosta (for such was his name first) was born in April, 1590, in Oporto, a Portuguese town. He was a descendant of a long ancestral line of Marranos, whom the Inquisition had finally so frightened into submission that they, and especially Gabriel's father, had become devout Catholics. Young Acosta was not only instructed in the teachings of the Catholic Church, but accustomed to perform promptly its various rigid demands. He would pray his rosary, fast, confess, in a word live as a devout Catholic was expected to live. He was instructed at the same time in the knowledge of that time; he knew how to read and write Latin. He was a daring horseman, knew how to handle a sword or to use a pistol.

He studied law because the legal profession was considered at that time in Portugal the stepping-stone to higher political or ecclesiastical offices. In the year 1615 he was elevated to the office of treasurer and administrator of a church, a rather high office for so young a man, as the churches at that time owned considerable property. In his veins, however, flowed Jewish blood. He began to think, to meditate and to doubt. The older he grew the less was he satisfied with his religion. The strict ceremonials of the church became burdensome to him, his skeptic mind revolted against them. To make matters worse, he could not dare to utter his doubts, and there was no friend, no book which could settle the unrest of his mind. Poor Gabriel!

On account of the Reformation, which had come to stay, and which just at that time struggled for existence in a war which lasted thirty years, the Bible had come into such a prominence that the Catholic church had forbidden reading it. But just because it was a forbidden book Gabriel took it up, and though he read it only in the Latin version, he became inspired by it. A flood of light burst upon him. The history of the Jewish nation, the Mosaic legislation, the brilliant oratory of the prophets, made an everlasting impression upon him. This was a religion such as he had dreamed of. Here he hoped to find consolation and the clew for the solution of all his doubts. When he finally had found out that he was an offspring of that wonderful nation, he rashly determined to return to the bosom of Judaism. But this was not so easily done as it is told. The Inquisition was ever watchful, and woe to him that fell into the hands of that tribunal. Gabriel pursuaded his mother—his father being dead—and his brothers to join him in his flight. He converted his estate into ready money, and after many adventurous trials the family succeeded in reaching a ship, which carried them and their property to Holland, the country they considered to be the most liberal of all.

In the city of Amsterdam, then crowded with Jewish fugitives from all parts of Europe, they took their domicile. No sooner had they landed than Gabriel and his brother appealed for admission into the Jewish community. They submitted cheerfully to the painful rite of circumcision, and Gabriel, turning a Jew, now changed his name, and assumed that of Uriel da Costa, the translation of Uriel being: God is my light. While reading the Bible, Uriel being of a sanguine temperament, had built up in his mind an ideal of Judaism, such as he was justified to form if the prophets had indeed been the messengers of God, and as such respected by the people. But alas! he was greatly disappointed. Judaism, as he found it then in Holland, did not resemble in the least the ideal which he had formed of it. There was the same clinging to empty rites and ceremonies, the same rigid enforcement of fasts and prayers, and the same forgetfulness of the spirit of religion as in the Christian church; there were the same promises of a heaven and the same threats of a hell. Uriel had never heard that the prophets had been superseded by the rabbis, and the rabbis by the Cabalists; the Bible by the Talmud, and the Talmud by the Sohar. Uriel had never learned that the Republican form of government which Moses had instituted, and the Democratic spirit which the prophets had manifested, had long before died away, and that the rabbinical conclave despotically preserved a rigid church discipline of which we to-day can hardly form an adequate conception.

Uriel, who had sacrificed a brilliant career, a prosperous future, a sunny home, in a word, all that is dear to man, upon the altar of Judaism, now found that he had simply exchanged one form of superstition for another, but he claimed it as his right to speak at least his mind. He claimed that Judaism could afford to grant liberty of thought and speech. Poor mistaken Uriel.

He was right in so far that Judaism and liberty are identical, but he was entirely mistaken in expecting that the Jewish rabbis of that period would grant liberty of speech and thought. No sooner had the young man expressed himself in violent language against their superstition, no sooner had he actually defied them by disregarding the customary ceremonials, than they summoned him before their tribunal, and admonished him that unless he should bridle his tongue, and cease to break what they called the law, they would hurl the thunderbolt of the cherem against him. The word cherem has been translated "with excommunication," but I think this translation does not exactly cover the ground. It was what we should call a boycott, in the most extended sense of the word.

[*Concluded next week.*]

The Reviewer.

THE PURPOSE OF THEOSOPHY. By Mrs. A. P. Sinnett. 16mo, cloth, pp. 117. Boston: Occult Publishing Company.

The design of this book is said by its author to be to explain the general character and tendencies of theosophic thought in contradistinction to many prevailing erroneous views regarding it. In what measure success has attended the effort, is a point upon which each individual reader must make his own decision.

Theosophy is claimed, if we read aright, to be the "wisdom-doctrine," the esoteric foundation upon which rests, the perennial source from which is derived, every religious faith; it is not in itself a religion or a philosophy, but that without which neither religion nor philosophy, nor any form of knowledge, could exist among men. It is, therefore, as thus presented, the *ultima thule*, the extreme limit, of all intellectual derivation and attainment. This subtle truth, that is the life of all forms of faith and knowledge, "existed," says Mrs. Sinnett, "on this planet thousands of years before any of the creeds of Christendom, and before the still more ancient religions of the East were recorded."

Re-incarnation is one of the fundamentals of theosophy, and without it it is deemed impossible to reconcile, says this author, the apparent injustice of conditions in which men are born and live; looked upon as "spirit evolution," it is asked, "why are we to accept the theory of evolution up to a certain point, and then cast it off abruptly, saying, this is the end, here all progress ceases?"

Of equal importance with the doctrine of re-incarnation, and closely interwoven with it, is that of Karma, briefly defined as being "the law of cause and effect operating through the merit and demerit of a person's deeds in each life," or re-incarnation. The Karma of each individual is being constantly evolved by his daily acts and thoughts; thoughts being, "in some cases, of far more importance than actions, inasmuch as the latter, being on the material plane, affect only physical lives in future incarnations, while the former, belonging to the higher plane, have consequences even more far-reaching, that affect the spiritual and therefore real existence." On the nature of each individual's self-produced Karma is said to depend his future incarnations on earth, and the character and duration of heavenly bliss previous thereto.

After these elementary points of what is termed theosophical truth have been defined so far as may be to the world, Mrs. Sinnett proceeds to give an "Outline of Occult History," correct "Western Misconceptions," consider the relation of the material to the spiritual world, and educe from the latter what she declares to be proof that Theosophy is a "key to the hidden mysteries of nature, as well as the way that leads to spiritual and intellectual progress in the next state of existence."

With an account of "The Mahatmas," and a chapter of "Rules for Students," the book closes.

To say that Mrs. Sinnett has given to the world a work that is worthy of being carefully read and studied, is but to utter what every honest-minded person will fully endorse. To many, and they a large majority, it will be incomprehensible; and doubtless a large proportion of those who in some degree do comprehend its teachings will hesitate long before adopting them, even should they ever incline to do so: But the book may safely be rated as one of the signs of intellectual and spiritual progress, and as the agitation of thought leads to greater attainments in knowledge, it should be welcomed by all who favor such attainments.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Remarkable Spiritual Phenomena.

[From the New York Sunday Mercury of March 28th, 1886.]

Mr. I. Loewendahl, (the Vineland, N. J., wine-producer,) an investigator of spiritual phenomena, yesterday related to a *Mercury* reporter some remarkable experiences which he has had lately in that line. Mr. Loewendahl claims to take nothing for granted, and must have everything demonstrated with mathematical nicety and correctness:

At a séance one evening I saw a form materialize that I thought was that of Judge Edmonds, an old friend of mine and a famous lecturer on Spiritualism [he said]. The form was unable to speak, so I could not then identify it. A few evenings later I called on a slate-writing medium and handed him a paper which I had folded into thirty-two folds. He could not have read or known its contents:

MY DEAR JUDGE EDMONDS—Was it really you who materialized twice for me at the séances given by Mrs. Gray and Son, 323 West 34th street, and who said last night, "The truth against the world"? If it were you, could you, as my wife has done lately, write me a short communication? Yours truly,

I. LOEWENDAHL.

To this the reply came:

MY DEAR FRIEND—I am indeed happy to meet you. Yes, indeed, it was myself that appeared to you. I have tried very much to come, and I hope that I can do much better. You can tell Mr. Cotton that I will help him, and that he need not feel discouraged. He will come out of his troubles soon. Ever yours,

JUDGE EDMONDS.

Mr. Cotton, explained Mr. Loewandahl, is a friend of mine, who had his home in Vineland burned down a short time ago. The medium could not have known Mr. Cotton or the friendship that exists between us. I consider that a good test, but I am waiting until I can hunt up some letters which I had from Judge Edmonds to compare the signatures. I then wanted to give a further test. I wrote this to my wife in the spirit-land:

MY DEAR WIFE—What were the pet names by which you called me in our correspondence? What is your first name? What was the name of our dog?

Your loving husband, I. LOEWENDAHL.

To which the reply came:

MY DEAR HUSBAND—I am very happy, and I shall do whatever I can for you. I see you wish a test of my presence. I used to call you, if you remember, "Loelli," and our dog "Amie." Poor animal! I watch him now and see him often.

Your loving wife, GERTRUDE.

I again asked her if she remembered the gentleman who lifted her from the arm-chair and carried her to the bed, and also of the gentleman who spoke at her funeral. She replied that she recollected both quite well, and gave their names, including their initials. I considered that a most complete and unquestionable test, for the medium could not, by any possibility, be acquainted with the circumstances.

A very remarkable séance, Mr. Loewendahl resumed, was one I attended at Mrs. Thayer's, 323 West Thirty-fourth street. This was a flower séance, and was conducted under test conditions; *the doors locked*, and every hole, crevice and joint were pasted over with paper. Dr. Mary Walker was present, and examined the medium to ascertain if she had any flowers or other things hidden in her clothes. The keys of the doors were held by a stranger, and Dr. Walker again arose and examined all the bureau-drawers and every place in the room where anything could be hidden. The lights were then put out, and soon the room became filled with the *delightful perfume of fresh* flowers. The lights were then lit and disclosed a large, oblong dining-table completely loaded with flowers and plants. Each sitter received a full share, I, for instance, getting seven varieties, namely, calla lily, geranium, pansy, rosebud with twig of leaves, smilax, tulip and lily-of-the-valley. This last was a particular favorite of my wife's. The two ladies sitting on each side of me also received two beautiful bluebirds, which apparently were very tame, one nestling in the lady's sleeve. A fine dove also made its appearance. The sitter at my right hand side, a lady whom I had never seen before, told me that she saw my wife standing behind us, and that her name was Gertrude.

But perhaps the most strange thing of all was this: A lady present had wished for some ivy to plant on a grave, and actually an ivy, about three yards long, with an abundance of roots and fresh earth ready for planting, was brought into the well-closed séance-room and deposited on the table in full view of all present. Now I cannot see how there could be any trick in this. These flowers could not have been in the room at the time the séance began, because their odor would have betrayed their presence. They could not have been brought in by mortals, because everything was locked up and sealed. And besides all this, it would take more money to buy all these flowers at this season than Mrs. Thayer took in at her séance, so that if it were merely a money-making scheme she was the loser, and she could not keep up the business long in that way.

When the séance was over I asked Mrs. Thayer if I could have a written communication from my wife. She said we might try. She got two slates. I saw they were perfectly clean. We put them together and each held an end. The gas was at full h ad. The medium and I sat face to face and conversed. There was no pencil between the slates, yet I could hear the writing going on, and would make an affidavit that it was not by the medium. When we opened the slates one of them was covered with writing in my wife's hand. Especially was the signature a *fac simile*. This communication reads as follows:

MY DEAR HUSBAND—I am so happy to see your By the help of the good guides of this gifted medium, I am able to write you a few words. I am so glad you are here to get a word from me, and do come often to hear from me. I am with you all the time, and the little time I have been in spirit-life I have progressed and learned much of the laws of the spirit. I see you are very lonely many times; but I want you to make yourself as happy as you possibly can, and by so doing you will make me happy, and then I can come closer to you. The more cheerful and happy you are, the nearer I can come to you. You often wonder where I am and what I am doing. My mission in spirit-life is music, and I belong to a band of musicians, and our object is to find some mortal instrument on which we can produce strains of music that never have been heard by mortal. My spirit wanders back many times to the pleasant hours we have spent together in music, and I see you miss those pleasant hours. I am happy in my spirit-home and shall do all I can for you, and will give advice on anything you wish to consult about. Meet me again soon. Angels bless you, is the sincere prayer of your loving wife, GERTRUDE.

I have brought these slates home with me, said Mr. Loewendahl, and any person who desires to compare the writing with that of my wife while she was here on earth can do so. I give you only the facts as I have found them. Let your readers make their own conclusions.

Neshaminy Falls Camp-Meeting.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The time is fast approaching for our summer camp-meetings, and I suppose the friends are looking over the BANNER to see when they will commence, and asking themselves where they had better go this summer; therefore in order that they may think upon the matter, we would say the new grounds of the Neshaminy Falls Camp-Meeting Association are situated about one and a half miles further east from the old grounds we have occupied the last seven years. A new station (and dépôt), called Parkland Station, has been built upon the grounds. Our society is busy in laying out the grounds and erecting buildings, and expects to have all finished by the 1st of July, or sooner. Capt. Francis J. Keffer has been again elected Superintendent, and is ready to answer all inquiries as to letting tents or leasing lots to parties who wish to put up their own tents. His address is 613 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

JAMES SHUMWAY, *Cor. Sec.*

Philadelphia, Pa.

Free Thought.

EXPERIENCES WITH THE LATE CHAS. H. FOSTER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The writer of this has resided in Rochester about fifty years, and during more than half that time was actively engaged upon a daily newspaper. Among the events which came to the surface and stirred the public mind in this period was what was known as Spiritualism. The alleged manifestations in the Fox family at Hydesville, in the neighboring County of Wayne, attracted much attention, not only in this locality, but elsewhere throughout the country and abroad. The revelations did not find much favor with the press of this city, but on the contrary were treated as deserving only ridicule. The Fox girls came to reside in Rochester, and the manifestations which attended them took the name of "the Rochester rappings." Notwithstanding Rochester gave the movement the name it has since borne, the people of this place did not take to it as kindly, or in such numbers, or with as much enthusiasm as did those of many other localities where they were less favored with opportunity to investigate the phenomenon. As one who had ample opportunity to investigate, I must confess that I did not give it any attention, for the reason that I fell in with the popular idea that the thing was an imposition and wholly unworthy of serious consideration. This was certainly the view held by the journalists of Rochester, and I joined with the rest in treating the subject from that standpoint. Whatever may be thought of the fairness of the press in thus dealing with a subject that forced itself upon public consideration, and engaged the earnest attention of many good, thinking people, it must be admitted that this subject *was* thus treated. For myself, I must confess that when I referred to spiritual manifestations it was to treat them as unworthy of belief, and those who gave them any credit as lunatics.

It may not be improper to state here that my view of this question was more or less tempered or influenced by certain opinions I had entertained during the most of my life. Being inclined to skepticism, if not wholly confirmed as a disbeliever in the popular theology of the day in which I lived, I was certainly not in a condition of mind to consider the question of communication with spirits from another sphere, when I had not yet accepted as a fact that such spirits had occupied a place in the material existence in which I was moving.

In the course of events I found myself compelled to relinquish active labor. After entering upon the period of rest which has now continued for twelve years, I had time to think of how far I had improved the opportunities of life, and among other subjects which forced themselves upon my mind was that of Spiritualism. I made inquiries of myself if I had not made a mistake in rejecting the opportunities I had presented to me at an early day to investigate the subject in a practical way? I saw that thousands of men and women of intelligence and refinement had given their attention to this matter, and had found enough in it to warrant them in accepting the spiritualistic theory. I saw that these people were not wanting in the best qualities of mind that go to make up good citizenship. I was sure that many of them were quite happy in the belief they held, and their standing in community was in no respect below those of the "I am holier than thou" sort, who had made them subjects of ridicule.

Thus I stood: knowing nothing of the new doctrine, and only judging of it by the works and acts of those who had accepted it, I set about to investigate for myself. I awaited an opportunity to meet a medium who had a high reputation. In due time I found one. Some four or five years since the late Charles H. Foster, who had visited the principal countries and cities of the world, and whose doings had astonished many who had witnessed them, came to Rochester. I made my first call upon this gentleman at the rooms he had taken on Clinton street. The day was fine, with a bright sunlight penetrating every part of the room where the interview took place. I was not introduced by name, but applied as one who desired to see something of his methods. I was politely received, and invited to a seat at a square center table in the room—which contained not any more furniture than appeared to be necessary. There was no drapery about the table, or elsewhere in the room. Mr. Foster directed me to write the names of deceased persons upon small pieces of paper, and fold the pieces so that they could not be read. I thus prepared a few names, folded and rubbed down the papers so that reading was impossible unless the papers were opened. The names which I used were those of persons who had been dead some years, and who held different positions in life: Some were so obscure that it would have been next to impossible for the medium, a total stranger to this city, to have known that such persons had ever lived here or elsewhere; some of the names were those of persons who had lived and died far away. Mr. Foster came into the room, and seated himself at the table opposite to me, and presently raps were heard in all parts of the room. Foster did not touch the pile of papers which I had laid in the center of the table, except with a small cane, when he would throw or push with the cane toward me a paper, calling the name written upon it. In no instance did he fail to announce in full the name written. After exhausting my list of names he said there were other spirits of friends present who wished to communicate. The medium wrote out, and delivered to me at once, communications purporting to be from friends and relatives who had died hundreds of miles away. The subjects treated in these communications were of such a nature as seemed to render it impossible for the medium to have had any knowledge of them, and the names given were some of them uncommon, but always in full, and perfectly written. This is but a mere outline of what transpired on this occasion. I thought I saw and heard enough to make it worth further inquiry. I determined to make other visits, when I would be prepared to make better tests, if possible, which I did at a later interview. The limits of this paper do not permit anything like a complete report of what I obtained in eight or ten interviews with Mr. Foster.

After leaving Mr. F. at the first meeting I met a gentleman to whom I related a part of what I had seen. He heard what I had to say, and replied that this could be explained on the theory of mind-reading. I asked if he meant that Foster could discern what I was thinking about and thus get the knowledge that he had disclosed to me. He replied that he did mean just that; I replied that at the next visit I would test the mind-reading theory, and I did so, as I will explain:

I requested a friend to prepare for me a definite question, addressed to some deceased person and signed by my name. He did so, and gave the communication to me in a sealed envelope. On my next visit to the medium I threw this sealed envelope on the table with a number of others. Foster, seated at the opposite side of the table, called out the names of the spirits, as on the first occasion; touching his cane to the sealed envelope, he threw it toward me, saying he would write the answer at once. He wrote upon a paper, which he handed to me. I read what he had given me as an answer to sealed questions, and I read the answer before seeing the question I had offered, as before described. I opened the envelope and read the question; I found it was addressed to an ex-Mayor of this city, who had been dead more than a dozen years, and was signed by my name in full. The question asked was whether two well-known citizens, deceased, were in the company of the party; the answer was in the affirmative, and entirely correct, all four of the proper names being given in full. As none of the four names, excepting my own, had been in my mind for a long period, this test settled the question as to mind-reading conclusively with me.

I will conclude by giving only one more of the many satisfactory experiences which I had with Mr. Foster: I had heard or read that this medium had, by the aid of spirits, read from closed books. I asked to be permitted to bring a book and make the test. He consented. At a subsequent day I invited a friend to make a visit with me to the medium. As we were about leaving the door of my friend's residence in a carriage I expressed my regret that I had forgotten to bring from my home an old book to make the reading-test. My friend said he had a number of my books in his house and would get one. He entered his dwelling and soon returned to the carriage, saying he had a book in his pocket. I did not see the book till we reached Mr. Foster's room, to which we went directly. On entering the room the gentleman took the book from his pocket and laid it on the table before me. A glance at the binding of the book told me it was one of an edition of Fennimore Cooper's novels, comprised in thirty-five volumes, which I had owned for more than thirty years. I did not look for the title. Foster said: "Put the book on the floor under the table." This I did, *taking care to see that it was closed and my right foot planted firmly upon it.* The medium then said a spirit was present who would read, and told me to write on a piece of paper what he might say. I proceeded to write as directed. When I had concluded what appeared to be a sentence, the medium said: "That is the first sentence, in chapter thirty-one of that book." I took the book from the floor under my foot, looked at the title, and found it was "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish," one of Cooper's Indian tales of the Connecticut Valley. Turning to chapter thirty-one, I found that it began with the identical words that I had just written by direction of the medium.

In the year or two that followed my visits to Mr. Foster I availed myself of opportunities to see other mediums, but found none so entirely satisfactory (and apparently beyond the possibility of deception) as he appeared to be. The impression left upon my mind, after making some inquiries, in regard to the spiritual manifestations, is that, while I am not a full convert to the theory supported by the believers, I am satisfied that there is something in it that has not yet been explained upon any other theory than that advanced by believers, and something that will not fall before the shafts of ridicule sent by men who, somewhat like myself, were slow to examine and rather unwilling to surrender inherited prejudices. GEO. G. COOPER.

Rochester, N. Y., March 31st, 1886.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

WORCESTER.—Thomas W. Sutton writes: "The cause of Spiritualism is, to the world at large, an unpopular one; this I believe every clear-headed, thinking man or woman will admit. That it should be the most popular of all the various forms of scientific study, we who have carefully investigated it well know, as it is the only channel by and through which the world can obtain positive information of a life beyond the grave. Realizing, as I fully do, its unpopularity, I feel more thoroughly a high regard for those of either sex who, as mediums or workers in any form, have the courage to come out boldly and fearlessly before the public, in advocacy of the claims of this grand truth. I feel that whenever anything can be said in their favor, or when anything worthy of mention occurs to them, due notice should be taken of it by the spiritualistic press, and, therefore, I have taken the liberty of sending you this communication, that it may be the means not only of encouraging those mentioned to persevere in the good work, but instrumental in urging others on to a more active labor in behalf of this grand and beautiful philosophy of life.

On Friday evening, April 16th, the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury C. Smith, 265 Pleasant street, to the number of about sixty, paid them a fraternal visit, carrying with them, as a token of their esteem, an elegantly-upholstered easy-chair for Mr. S., and a handsome cane-chair for his wife. It was a genuine surprise, and was highly appreciated by the recipients. The presentation was made by Mrs. Fannie Jacobs in a neat and appropriate original poem, and the evening was passed very pleasantly with speaking by many of the friends, vocal and instrumental music, and a bountiful supply of refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. S. responded to the presentation address in a beautiful and feeling manner.

Mr. Smith is a Spiritualist of over thirty years' standing, and was for several years the active and efficient President of our Spiritualist Society, but was obliged to resign the position, although reluctantly, through stress of business which carries him away from the city frequently for weeks at a time. Mrs. Smith is an excellent medium and a true and beautiful specimen of womanhood. Their home has been open at all times to mediums and investigators, and such have always met therein a kind and cordial reception. Their friends, realizing the good work they have done and are still doing, took this means of expressing to them their high esteem and regard. Mrs. J. F. Dillingham, of Lynn, widely known as an excellent medium and an active worker, managed the arrangements and carried them through to a successful termination. Mrs. D. was herself surprised, during the evening, by the presentation to her of a handsome gold ring and a pocket-book containing a small supply of the needful. She has been here nearly all of the time for the past two months and has performed a good work among us, holding test and developing circles every week, and accomplishing great good by the exercise of her strong magnetic powers as a healer, to which fact I personally and gladly testify. When she came here I was in a poor state of health, much debilitated; she has instilled into my system a new life and vitality that sends the blood throbbing and pulsating through my veins with something like the vigor of my youth. I invoke blessings upon her and all like her: May the time never come when, by statute law, in this State, they shall be debarred the privilege of imparting to their fellow-beings that healing power which comes to them from the world unseen by the physical eye.

Mrs. Dillingham assisted at our public meeting Sunday evening, April 18th, for the first time; spoke, under control, in a very acceptable manner, and gave several excellent tests. We hope to have her with us as a worker at our public meetings more frequently in the future, and would say to the friends wherever she may go: Keep her busy, for she is a good and true woman and an excellent medium; by all means avail yourselves of her grand healing powers while you may."

ARLINGTON.—A. E. Newton writes: "Permit me to say briefly to your correspondents who have derived their ideas of my views from the misconceptions of an opponent, rather than from my own expressions, that they are laboring under a grave misapprehension; that I have never advised any 'compromise with the church,' or 'compromise with evil,' or with error of any kind. On the contrary, I have recommended a kindly and discriminative recognition of all the *truth* and *good* (not the error and evil) that the church may contain, as a better means of commending Spiritualism to the acceptance of its members than is a coarse and slashing antagonism. To refuse to recognize truth, wherever found—'on heathen or on Christian ground'—seems to me characteristic of narrowness, clannishness and sectarian bigotry, rather than of true Spiritualism—though we may honestly differ in our perceptions as to what is truth."

Ohio.

CLEVELAND.—Thomas Lees writes: "The growth of Mr. Vivian B. St. Clair, an English artist, who has the past year made this city his home, from agnosticism to Spiritualism, mainly through his own mediumship, has been somewhat remarkable. While painting a subject ('The Spirit's Return,') suggested by the writer he became partially entranced, and beheld beautiful scenes and forms, which at first he thought were wholly imaginative; but so palpable and often did they appear that he yielded to the mysterious influence, and succeeded in placing on canvas a picture of a veiled spirit form, that was recognized as that of his wife's aunt, a lady the artist had never seen in the earth form. So impressed was he with this that he sought further development, and it rapidly came, until now several spirit pictures have been produced by him, while the physical and mental manifestations described as taking place at his semi-monthly séances are thought remarkable, even by Spiritualists.

With Mr. St. Clair, a finished artist and cultured gentleman, as a medium, the most fastidious art critic may be pleased in the reproduction of the countenances of their friends in spirit-life. The medium's method of obtaining spirit portraits is to give the person desiring one a sitting, and if he succeeds in seeing and describing any spirit friends that may be present so that they can be clearly identified, he then guarantees the sitter a correct portrait of them, and subjects himself to his controls.

Persons visiting Cleveland are cordially invited to inspect the entire collection—sixteen paintings—now on exhibition at the office of Thomas Lees, 142 Ontario street, Room 2."

Wisconsin.

MADISON.—G. H. Brooks writes: "I arrived home from the South April 14th, having been absent therefrom over six months, laboring in the interest of our glorious philosophy. I trust that good was done, but who can tell? Only those who here and there picked up a spiritual truth that made them stronger to fight life's battles, and more anxious to do their duty while in the form. Spiritualism needs many pioneers in the South, they who can overcome obstacles and work for the good that will come by-and-bye. I think there will be many such workers ere long for the South. While I labor mostly out of Wisconsin, I do not forget the State that gives me a home. I wish to speak of one of our many mediums who are laboring to reveal to the people the power of spiritual culture. I refer to Mrs. A. B. Severance, (psychometric reader,) of White Water, Wis. My experience with her has been one of great pleasure and profit; she has revealed to me much that has made me contented with my lot. As a prophetic medium she has no superior. I can truly say, they who consult her, either personally or by letter, will never regret it, and will be made wiser and better by so doing. Much good is being done by the Association that meets quarterly, and I look forward to no distant day when there will be a grand outpouring of spiritual power in the State, brought about largely by its efforts. I leave again in a few days, but would like to make engagements with Societies in the East."

New York.

BUFFALO.—Ira E. Davenport writes, May 3d: "We wish to acknowledge the receipt of your post-office order for $61,50. Please accept our thanks for the same. Father's eyes are growing worse, and during the week he intends to submit to a surgical operation which will probably confine him in-doors for several weeks, attended by considerable expense, as the doctor insists on his being placed in the hospital, where he will have all necessary care. Should you feel disposed to continue your assistance by an appeal to the friends, through the BANNER OF LIGHT, you will confer a never-to-be-forgotten favor. All donations to be sent to the BANNER."

Mrs. Harriet Reading Helmick

Was born in Virginia in 1815, but passed her early life in Ohio and the West. Both herself and husband became interested in the manifestations of the Fox girls shortly after these occurrences became known, and both continued devoted Spiritualists to the end of their days.

Mrs. Helmick was the grandmother of Miss Hattie Helmick, the young lady in whose presence independent voices have been so wondrously heard ever since her childhood.

Rev. Alex. Kent, who officiated at the funeral exercises, which were held at her late residence, bore the heartiest testimony to the consistent faith and life of the deceased, as likewise to her recognized knowledge of spiritual realities.

The address of Mr. Kent was one of exceeding appropriateness, being marked by great feeling, full of tenderness, of earnest sympathy and of a spiritually consoling character. Concluding, he read the following original poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. Julia Grey Burnett:

How peacefully she slumbers now,
Nor wakes to grief again;
The weary heart, the aching brow,
Are free from every pain.

Her tresses white are as a crown
Of glory on her head;
Like silver now, once golden brown,
Ere time on swift wings fled.

The beaming eyes, so clear and bright,
Are dimmed with time and care;
Soft close the lids, for angel light
Has left its signet there.

Then gently, lightly lay her hands,
Like lilies pure and white,
Upon her breast—"God understands,"
And doeth all things right.

He garners safe the fruit, the sheaves
Laden with golden grain;
While autumn winds will bear the leaves
Back to the earth again.

Dear Mother Earth, receive the trust—
This precious form we give
Into your care. It is but dust—
She whom we love will live,

Transplanted where the choicest flowers
Their fragrant buds unfold,
And love supreme speeds on the hours
In happiness untold.

Mrs. Helmick's form was laid beside that of her husband in Glenwood cemetery. B.

Passed to Spirit-Life

From her home, near Sturgis, Mich., March 18th, 1886, Mrs. Nancy Edgar (wife of Hon. Harrison Kelley), in her 90th year.

Her father, William Edgar, was descended from a family of ancient name, some of whom had settled in this country long before the war of American independence. Mrs. K. was born in Kentucky in 1797, and came to Sturgis with her husband in 1827, and settled on the estate where they resided until her decease. Seven children came clustering about the hearth, of whom two daughters and four sons grew up to maturity, and still live to honor and cherish her memory. She will be remembered by many as one of the most ardent friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, and also as one of the first to embrace the new truths announced to earth by messengers from the spirit-world. She and her faithful companion joined heart and hand in every good word and work. Their spacious mansion was ever open to the high and low, rich and poor, and many a wayfarer will recall it as a genuine haven of rest. The youngest daughter and son had never left the old homestead, and their loving care had supported both parents through the years of wasting strength in a way most beautiful to see. Mrs. Kelley's last illness was brief; her intellect was bright to the last. "Why can't I go?" she said, seeming quite strong; "let me stand up." Her son assisted her, and she stood alone a moment; then smiling, she reclined back and was gone. On Sunday, March 21st, her funeral was conducted at the Free Church by Mr. Abram Smith. They had chosen for her the choicest flowers; roses and lilies were clustered in profusion; the casket was filled with delicate ferns and smilax and white roses; and she looked like a beautiful bride whose spirit had flown to the realms of immortal joy. N. M. S.

From his residence, in East Pepperell, Mass., Feb. 5th, 1886, William Sartell, in the 71st year of his age.

Mr. S. was found dead and cold in his shed, where he went for fuel for his fire. "He was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." For many years a subscriber to the BANNER OF LIGHT, none loved its pages more than he. He was always upright and stanch in his defense of what he believed to be truth; a good townsman and a kind neighbor. He tried to be just and do good to all, wishing evil to no one. The funeral services were held in the Unitarian Church (at which he was a constant attendant), and were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Babbage, who spoke words fitting to the occasion. I learn from a friend who attended a séance at the "Berry Sisters'" about the middle of April that he materialized sufficiently to tell his name and former place of residence. E. M. H.

While on a visit, with his daughter, in New York City, on the early morning of April 7th, Father Hartson Gillette, of Rochester, Mich., aged 70 years.

Father Gillette was a stanch and uncompromising Spiritualist for more than thirty years. The funeral services were held at Dr. Eaton's (Universalist) Church, and his remains were buried in Woodlawn, on the Connecticut shore of the Sound, just outside of New York. VERITAS.

Bradford, Pa., April 30th, 1886.

From West Warren, Mass., April 22d, 1886, Mrs. Emeline Brown (wife of Jonas H. Brown), aged 54 years 10 months and 27 days.

Mrs. B. was sick only one week with congestion of the lungs. She was a noble and true woman, and highly esteemed by many friends. Her firm belief in the Spiritual Philosophy made her passage to the higher life peaceful and happy. COM.

From Kingston, Mass., April 16th, William A. Finney, aged 52 years 3 months and 14 days.

(Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under this heading.)

Grove Meeting in Oregon.

The Clackamas County Religious Society of Spiritualists of the State of Oregon will hold a Grove Meeting at its grounds at New Era, beginning Thursday, June 17th, and holding five days, or more if agreeable to campers.

Efforts will be made to secure the usual reduction in fare to those attending the meeting.

Good order will be maintained. Hotels convenient. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

WM. PHILLIPS, *President.*
THOMAS BUCKMAN, *Secretary.*

The Vermont State Spiritualist Association

Will hold its next Quarterly Convention in the Universalist Church, at West Burke, Vt., June 4th, 5th and 6th, 1886, commencing at 10:30 A.M. Friday.

The Speakers for the occasion will be Mr. A. E. Stanley, Leicester, Vt.; Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, Brandon, Vt.; Mrs. Emma L. Paul, Morrisville, Vt.; Mrs. Abbie W. Crossett, Duxbury, Vt.; Mrs. Lizzie S. Manchester, West Randolph, Vt.; Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, Rockingham, Vt.; Mrs. A. P. Brown, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.; Mr. Alonzo F. Hubbard, Tyson, Vt. Other speakers and mediums are expected to be present and take part in the Convention.

Test and Circle Mediums: Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, Manchester, N. H.; Mrs. Gertrude B. Howard, East Wallingford, Vt., and other good mediums are expected to be present.

Good music will be furnished for the occasion. The evening sessions will be short, to allow more time for rest, social visits, or for holding circles, as the friends may desire.

Good accommodations will be furnished at Truff's Hotel. M. L. Colby, proprietor, for $1.00 per day. Single meals 25 cents. Lodging 25 cents. Horse-keeping 75 cents per day; single feed 25 cents. The boarding houses and private families will also entertain people at reasonable rates.

Free Return Checks will be furnished, as usual, to those who have paid full fare over the railroads to attend the Convention. W. B. PARISH, *Secretary.*

Those who have so generously pledged themselves to pay certain sums quarterly to assist in defraying expenses, will please respond in person or *send to* Janus Crossett, Treasurer, Waterbury, Vt. *Per Order Board of Managers.*

Stowe, Vt.

Three Days' Meeting at Sturgis, Mich.

The Harmonial Society of Sturgis will hold its Twenty-Seventh Annual Meeting in the Free Church at the Village of Sturgis on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 4th, 5th and 6th days of June.

Able speakers from abroad will be in attendance to address the meeting. A general invitation is given to all.

Per Order Committee.

BANNER OF LIGHT:

THE OLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE

SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

ISSUED WEEKLY

At 9 Bosworth Street (formerly Montgomery Place) Corner Province Street, Boston, Mass.

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☞ *Specimen copies sent free.*

☞ The **List of Books** and **Engravings** given as **Premiums** to **Subscribers**, will hereafter be printed every other week, instead of weekly as heretofore.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse 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 guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article he desires specially to recommend for perusal.

Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as the BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

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☞ 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.

☞ Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of Knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

A Wail of Spiritual Despair.

The modern question—Is Life Worth Living?—which drew forth such novel and ingenious speculation, and served its purpose in fixing yet more fast in many minds the tendency to discouragement over the prospects of a future existence, is now matched by its opposite inquiry, whether Death is worth dying? by which rather unclarified phrase is meant whether the present life is pretty much or quite all that is capable of exciting a genuine interest in us. An acute and reflective writer in the *Chicago Times* seriously addresses himself to the consideration of this question, in criticism of an article previously given in the columns of the same paper on the subject of growing old. He asserts that no conclusive answer can ever be made to this question, for the reason that everything connected with its examination, even the existence of any sentient being outside the limits of this our mortal life, is simply "speculative, intangible, unknowable." He freely declares that no demonstration of an existence beyond the life of humanity is possible, and that the best we can do is to hope, desire, and try to believe. In this matter, however, the writer above referred to must consider that if it be difficult to demonstrate, it is far easier to disbelieve and deny.

It is an exceedingly broad and ill-considered statement that he makes, namely, that "what may be beyond the veil between this and another life has never, even through the tiniest aperture, been revealed to human vision." It is the statement of one who fairly revels and riots in the conceit of his disbelief. It is evident that he would rather have it so than not so, and would angrily resent the presentation of proof which would upset his preference and preconception. All that the believers in a continued existence have to stand upon, in his opinion, are assumed revelation and the universal desire of humanity for unending life. To which he kindly appends the consideration that it would be cruel to disappoint so general an instinctive desire by making it impossible of realization.

It pleases him, in considering the subject, to reflect upon what mankind expect after death, and thus to get at a somewhat definite conception of the realities, if such they should ever prove, which are to be the reward for having undergone physical dissolution; in other words, to discover whether the results are worth dying for. It is perfectly obvious that the object of this writer is to magnify, if not to exaggerate, the present life and its round of enjoyments, whether few or many, and hence his views are to be reckoned with those of materialists. He points out that in the various faiths relating to the future, Christianity occupies the most prominent place. In examining the grounds of its faith, he says that a stranger arriving from another planet would discover that the reported land of the future is enveloped in a haze, through which all things loomed in distorted proportions; no charts of the country that agreed in any essential particular; the routes leading to it unsurveyed, contradictory, and confused, its locality even unfixed, and none of its details described; its geographers and hydrographers leagues apart in their lines of survey, and their soundings agreeing in no essential particulars; and its lines of approach varying according to the guide he consulted: One would tell him that the dead sleep in unconsciousness for thousands or billions of centuries, and then are resurrected, judged, and assigned to happiness or misery; another would tell him that when one dies he goes at once into everlasting felicity or punishment; and still another would tell him that, after an appointed season, the redeemed of mankind will be gathered again on this renewed earth, in bodies suited to the new condition, and that death is simply preparation to entrance into a mansion prepared by Christ.

All these things would puzzle and perplex him. He would find that the problem of the future state has been "the despair of the ages"; that there is nothing like agreement as to location, condition, or prospects of these immortal communities. The Buddhist faith, says the writer, presents to the contemplation something much more readily comprehended by the believer. Nirvana, its heaven, is located among the mountains, valleys and plains of the material life. It is such a heaven as may be attained by health, ample food, material enjoyment and long life. Death releases from toil, suffering and pain, and is endless, dreamless, unbroken. The believers in this faith, who are mostly the poor and toiling millions, give themselves no trouble about a future which they do not believe to exist, but, weary with carrying their heavy life-burdens, they find in death a sufficient compensation in the power it gives them to lay them down forever. The wealthy Buddhists, however, who find life enjoyable, hope for its continuance after death, and therefore prefer to believe in the final absorption of their separate souls in the great sea of infinite intelligence, as the drops of water are swallowed in the vast ocean depths and lose their individual existence forever.

The Brahmins, he says, consider life an evil and a calamity. Their religion consists in a gloomy meditation on the wretchedness of human life. After death comes an indeterminate future, in respect both to its nature and its duration. The ages to come are but an endless scene of transformations, the penalty for one's crimes being visited upon him by a change into a beast of some kind that corresponds to the nature of his career. In any one of these stages a perfect life brings at death a transformation to a higher class. And after all sorts of changes, high and low, the soul will, it is so believed, pass through a vast number of forms, and in time to come will reach and be absorbed into Brahma.

The Mahometans, who are more intense in their faith than the Christians, more moral in their lives and teachings, and more zealous in the prosecution of their faith, number more than a sixth part of the human race. For more than fourteen hundred years one hundred and eighty millions of people have adopted and cherished the religion of Mahomet. They believe in a sensual paradise hereafter to all those who die in defense of their religion. The war in the Soudan showed how little men feared certain death who, as the writer describes, charged with naked breasts against the walls of English bayonets, and surged against the storms from the pitiless cannon. They expected their coveted reward in paradise.

These are the prevailing human faiths in a future life as set forth by the writer. There is one other belief cited by him, namely, "the cold materialism that recognizes death as the termination of man's existence, and affects to find in this absolute effacement a substantial consolation." Well may he exclaim against it, that of all the rewards offered for dying this is "the most contemptible and inadequate." Passing them all in review, he finds his sole consolation in regarding this present life at its very highest value and resolving to get the utmost out of it. He holds the life we are now living to be "all in all." It is a resignation which is the fruit of sheer discouragement and despair. He declares that there is no deception in the present life, no obscure revelation, no hoary tradition. It is real, tangible, visible, enjoyable. Therefore, in his sight, it does not "pay" to die: man can expect to gain nothing worth the exchange through the agency of death.

Would such an one be willing to listen to actual voices from the other world? to receive visible, audible, tangible proofs of a continuance of the present life in another state and condition? He at least ought to be willing to look and to listen. His very despair should put him in the right mood to be convinced of the truth of what he plainly desires. If it is a reality, instead of a something coming in distorted form through an exaggerating haze, that he would cognize and accept, why will he not, and all others who look at the prevailing human faiths as he does, attend seriously to the reality of the evidence which Spiritualism offers for existence outside the human form and beyond the human conditions? He will have no reason to apprehend the same vague results which flow from the beliefs of the world's accepted religions, but will at once feel strengthened and sustained by the actual knowledge of which he seems to be in earnest quest—a direct and personal recognition of the life beyond the present life, a knowledge of those who inhabit what we call the unseen world, of their occupations, progress and development, of the regular conditions of their existence subject to immutable law, and of their unending advancement under the eternal reign of this law to states of being of which this present life is but the primary school in which even the alphabet of knowledge and truth has only thus far been taught.

Mr. Conway's Notion.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway is a facile writer, whatever may be said of his thinking; and he picks his words and phrases his expression after a fashion that is always readable, if not to the same degree instructive. In the May number of *The Forum* he discourses on what he is pleased to designate as "Contemporary Supernaturalism," his central intent and aim being to drive at Modern Spiritualism, which he might be depended on never to do unless its rapid diffusion as a belief among mankind had attained such dimensions as seriously disturbed the complacency of his own cherished belief. At the conclusion of his article he quotes with an air of triumph a scientific writer in the *London Journal of Science*, who, in speaking of such phenomena as were reported to him, observes with perfect satisfaction, at least to himself: "If such things may and do happen, it seems to us that we live in Chaos rather than in Cosmos." Fortunately for the universe and the orderly administration of its affairs, the writer's conception of what is Chaos may come as far from the reality as his conception of Cosmos may be close to the limitations of his intellectual conceit.

Mr. Conway's comment on the citation is merely that the author of it may not have duly considered how many people feel his scientific Cosmos to be Chaos, and would be glad to have it broken up on the chance "of getting a more comfortable situation." He thinks the scientific writer's Cosmos may be more revolutionary than he supposes. This, as the late Artemus Ward was wont to say, "is intended to be sarkastikle," and is aimed at the spiritualistic mediums and the phenomena produced through their agency. Mr. Conway has no doubt that popular education is steadily leading the masses of men out of their fictitious universe; but he overlooks the correlated fact that is among these very same masses, who are being released from the bondage of old superstitions, that the phenomena of Spiritualism, which he flippantly declares to be "bringing Cosmos back into Chaos," are influencing popular belief and fast preparing the way for revolution in popular action. This he wholly leaves out of his thought, whereas it is only the other half of it. If it is this style of considering subjects which he esteems rational, then he must be content to be described as a one-legged illustration.

Still, Mr. Conway is far from being disinclined to believe for himself in supernaturalism, provided only it be "the supernaturalism of science, art and wealth, which," he asserts, "combined and humanized, can answer on earth the prayers which superstition points to a future world; can bend to human benefit the laws of immoral nature as the mechanic turns a tree into a table; can work miracles beyond all dreams and traditions of the past." That is rather rhetorical, but so far as it is a speech in favor of the materialization of faith, what more or better can Mr. Conway wish than precisely the phenomena which are abundantly capable of verification, and which he most illogically, not to say unintelligently, terms chaotic. If such as these are true, he virtually says, then I will have no system for the universe at all; which can only mean that Cosmos must at no point transcend the limits of his faulty conception, must not presume to be illimitable, or it forfeits his credence and respect. As the Frenchman retorted in regard to the facts which contradicted his theory, "so much the worse for the facts," so may we say in regard to Mr. Conway's conception of the universe, "so much the worse for the universe."

The Labor Question.

This is the most important of the great public questions of the day—the most vital and absorbing, because reaching the rich and poor alike—consequently it should be settled by arbitration in all cases, in a spirit of justice and moderation. In the meantime one feature in the present agitation, which should be frowned upon by every honest man and woman in the country, is that known as boycotting. This is anti-American, unjust, inexpedient and illegal, and has nothing whatever to do with the labor question *per se*. Another point connected with the labor problem—sought to be hitched on to it by a class of foreigners, who call themselves "socialists," when they are none other than anarchists, who were obliged to flee their respective countries to escape imprisonment—should be squelched out with an iron hand. License is not liberty, and the sooner this class of men are made to know the fact the better it will be for them all as well as the community at large.

All classes of our countrymen are directly or indirectly affected by the strikes, which the daily press is chronicling at this time, and which clergymen of all denominations are publicly discussing. In connection with this matter we are glad to see that the guides of W. J. Colville are treating the labor problem from the spiritual standpoint in clear and cogent fashion, and in accord with the principles of equity: We were much gratified to listen to an exceedingly fine discourse by one of his inspirers at Berkeley Hall, this city, on Sunday evening, May 2d. The speaker clearly pointed out how needful it was to try every movement which concerned the body politic by the single test of justice. We must, said he, be just first, then we can go on and be liberal, charitable, etc., afterward: A virtue which does not stand on justice, stands on nothing more stable than the shifting sand. Eight hours for labor the speaker considered sufficient. The Knights of Labor were to be highly commended for the work they are doing, so long as they shall confine themselves to fair and constitutional methods; but when boycotting or any outrage is perpetrated in the name of the organization, it is only natural that the best public sentiment should rebel against a new form of tyranny. We fully agree with the speaker in his view that we are on the verge of societary reconstruction, and the present labor agitations are only the prelude to a state of society far in advance of anything we have yet been prepared for.

The March of Despotism.

We regret to learn that the medical faculty has succeeded in procuring more despotic legislation, both in Iowa and Indiana. The narrowing circle of medical liberty, our correspondents think, will soon render it necessary for *magnetic healers and clairvoyants* to acquire that medical education which will place them on an equality with their monopolizing opponents; but they cannot attend the bigoted schools in which their sentiments are denounced and their knowledge insulted—where they will have to conceal their principles to be allowed to graduate. We are in receipt of several communications bearing upon this subject, which, on account of the pressure of other topics, we have not room for at the present time, but we give below an extract from one of our correspondents, which, to say the least, is suggestive. The writer remarks:

"There is an increasing necessity for a liberal school, which will place spiritualistic scientists in possession of their legal rights, consequently some efforts are being made to realize this object, and the proposition recently published in the BANNER OF LIGHT to donate the necessary buildings if the sum of ten thousand dollars shall be pledged by others, is in my opinion worthy of the attention of philanthropists."

College of Therapeutics.

The deeply interesting course of lectures by Prof. Buchanan, beginning this week, will be given on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings at 6 James street, until the middle of July.

☞ At a meeting of the Central Labor Union in this city a few days since, it was stated that the committee on child labor reported that employers were requested to sign a paper that they would not employ children of fifteen years or under, or girls from sixteen to twenty years of age, more than nine hours, with an hour for dinner, and that they pay not less than $2 per week to the children, and not less than $4,50 to the girls mentioned. Fourteen of the leading stores where such labor is employed were visited, of whom the only firm who signed was W. S. Butler & Co., who did so unreservedly, saying that they paid $5 a week to the girls.

☞ We are in receipt of $2,00 since our last report, from Mrs. M. H. Warren, in aid of the venerable Dr. Ira Davenport—making the sum total received for his benefit to date, $78,52. This case is one which all true Spiritualists with ample means should not pass by unheeded. They should remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

☞ *The World's Advance-Thought* is the title of a new monthly paper devoted to spiritual research, which is now issued at Salem, Oregon, by the Progressive Publishing Company, H. N. Maguire, editor. Some of its prophetic propositions are novel, and its special field of work seems to be Messianic (or rather preparatory thereto) in character.

☞ Attention is called to what is said concerning Father Davenport's case under "Banner Correspondence" head.

Thought-Transference.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The publications of the English Society for Psychical Research give accounts of certain experiments in which some individual was able to tell a name, describe a card, or reproduce a simple drawing, which another person standing near had just seen, or was strongly thinking of, there being, so far as could be perceived, no communication between the two by means of the ordinary senses.

These accounts have been widely read, and have interested many who before were skeptical as to the value of such experiments. A committee of the American Society for Psychical Research has made serious efforts by issuing circulars, and by other means, to induce people in this country to try similar experiments, with the object of discovering, if possible, persons who might be able to do such things as are described in the reports of the English society.

Apparently very few, if any, such persons have been found. The committee, therefore, desires to make this statement to the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, thinking that some among them may be able and willing to undertake, in the presence of the committee, experiments like those recorded by the English Society. Communications should be addressed to

EDWIN H. HALL,
No. 5 Avon street, Cambridge, Mass.

The Psychical Research Societies that have been inaugurated of late in different localities by certain individuals who in their manifesto have heretofore ignored the spiritualistic mediums, and adopted "thought-transference," independent of the psychics, as the basis of their investigations, were, as we have before stated in this paper, endeavoring to enact the play of Hamlet with an important character left out. Probably seeing their error, they are applying to the Spiritualists for information as how best to proceed in order to arrive at some definite result. This is undoubtedly the reason Mr. Hall, the Secretary of a Committee of the American Society for Psychical Research, sent to us the above communication with a request for its publication in the BANNER. We admit it into our columns with pleasure, as evidence that the gentlemen composing the said Society are at last ready and willing to consult with the Spiritualists, who have—some more, some less—become familiar with the subject by and through an experience of many years. What is an occult philosophy to even the most intelligent thinkers of the present age, will eventually become a fully demonstrated scientific fact.

☞ THE SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT the present week will be found, on perusal, to be of marked interest as to contents. The eye first encounters a communication from Elizabeth Chamberlain, of Boston, which is severely practical in its nature, but seeks to bestow consolation and encouragement to all who may examine its statements; William Charles Crangle hopes to reach friends in San Francisco, Cal., and tells of the rapid advances being made by his son Willie in spirit-life; Eliphalet Field, of Taunton, Mass., says he is "very well pleased to find that I really have continued life; that it is no freak of the imagination; that there is honestly a future, and that there is recognition and consciousness along with it"; Hannah Brewer comes to friends in St. Paul, Minn., asking them to be faithful, patient and hopeful, doing all they can for the best, and making the prophecy that the time is coming when the world will recognize the nearness of spirit-life, and mortal eyes and ears will be so sharpened and quickened as to catch the sound and see the light that their friends on the other side bring to them; and George Hale sends a message to friends in Kenosha, Wis., that all is well—"there will be a new road set before the coming feet that can be trod"; an Invocation comes next in order—answers by the Controlling Intelligence following to questions propounded by the Chairman (as requested by correspondents and others) concerning the divinity of Jesus and certain occurrences on Prince Edward Island; taking up the line of communications again, the reader will find that Mary Haines, of Richmond, Ind., sends her best love to friends there, also in Ohio and elsewhere; Sarah Davis brings remembrance and encouragement to those who knew her in Natick, Mass., and would be glad of an opportunity for more private conversation, if any will furnish the conditions; N. Bradner Smith voices a message of love from his wife and himself to friends in Middletown, Ct.; Charlotte Codman wishes to reach relatives of hers in Rochester, N. Y.; Frank W. Hill seeks to give to friends in Boston some idea of the vast reaching activity of the excarnated spirit; and Henry Brewster desires to communicate with parties in Chicago, Ill.

☞ Our thanks are hereby returned to W. M. Grant, Esq., of Tombstone, Arizona, for two fine photographs of Geronimo, his son, and some of his braves. These pictures are from negatives taken at the camp of this Apache chieftain about the time of his conference with Gen. Crook in the Cañon de Los Embudos, in the Sierra Madre Mountains—the artist, C. S. Fly, of Tombstone, and his assistant being of the few civilians included in the otherwise strictly military party which made the difficult journey to the temporary Indian fastness. The pictures—with their clear and artistic presentation of dusky warriors, mescal plants, ocotillo bushes, ponies, etc.—are full of the wild "local coloring" of the grim region where their scene is laid.

☞ Mr. Colville's public extempore lectures, under spirit influence, are models of literary excellence. The one delivered on Easter Sunday, which we had reported expressly for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and publish in this issue—entitled "The True Spiritual Resurrection"—contains many facts as to the real significance of the religious Easter ceremonies now so prevalent all over the so-called Christian world each spring, and food for reflection on the evidences of immortality. The friends who desire to circulate this able production should send in their orders at an early date, ere the edition is exhausted.

☞ Edward Brown, writing us from Moravia, N. Y., says: "Morris Keeler, one of the oldest Spiritualists in this town, passed to the higher life on the morning of May 7th. He was in his eighty-second year. It was at his home that some of the first séances for the materializing of spirit-forms took place in this country."

☞ Mrs. Maud E. Lord's public séances in this city are giving great satisfaction. Capt. W. Wilson of Cleveland, O., whom we had the pleasure of meeting in Boston last week, attended one of Mrs. Lord's séances, and informed us that the evidence he received of the presence of several of his spirit-friends was unmistakable.

☞ Bro. Frank T. Ripley sends us his photograph (cabinet, from the studio of Heath & Smith, Portland, Me.,) for which he has our acknowledgments.

The True Soul-Cure.

The lecture of Prof. Buchanan at Horticultural Hall last Sunday was a luminous and deeply interesting exposition of the true philosophy of life and the healing art, handling without mercy the shallow pretenders whose superficial theories of mind-cure have been contrived to suit the views of materialists and to freeze out Spiritualism, and at the same time with hypocritical inconsistency to win the Orthodox element by the use of the word Christian, which is so entirely inappropriate. The grossest hypocrisy is that of a few spiritual mediums who, for the sake of Orthodox patronage, have denied or concealed their mediumship, and thus given the mind-cure theory a credit it does not deserve.

Soul-cure, or cure by spiritual powers, is both practicable and rational, and is a valuable department of therapeutics; it is practicable in proportion to the spiritual and psychometric endowments of the practitioners, some of whom may fail while others have brilliant success; but to call it mind-cure is deceptive, for it is not really mind-cure. The word mind represents only the intellect, which is the feeblest of the soul powers, and people who have nothing but mentality are cyphers in society. It is the love, the will and the buoyant health which are the curative powers. Thought has very little effect when not sustained by the stronger powers of the soul.

The mind-cure performances are based almost entirely upon the law of sympathy and contagion, by which health is transmitted to a passive, receptive, impressible person—a simple process which requires little or no instruction, and which constitutes but a small portion of the science of soul-cure.

Dr. B. proceeded to describe eight different methods or processes of soul-cure, the majority of which required scientific instruction, such as is given in his lectures, and differed widely from the very superficial views of the metaphysical theorists.

In reference to the healing art, he made an eloquent defense of medical science as an expression of Divine benevolence, but arraigned the old school medical profession for not properly cultivating the science, which was disgraced by their narrow views, their frequent errors and their resistance to improvement. The true purpose of medical science is to bring to bear all healing agencies upon the forces of life; but if we reach these forces directly and operate upon them as we touch the keys of a musical instrument, this is a far more speedy, reliable and accurate method of conquering disease.

Heretofore this has been impossible because no medical scientists ever attempted to locate the vital forces or explain the triune constitution of the soul, brain and body of man—the soul not being recognized as an object of science, and the brain being mainly a *terra incognita*. This problem, ignored by all from Hippocrates and Galen to Rall, Majendie and Virchow, has been solved by the science of SARCOGNOMY, of which mans were suspended in view of the audience. Detailing the principles and experiments of Sarcognomy, which had often been verified in medical colleges and before scientific committees, he gave various eloquent illustrations of their power to preserve health and promote longevity, by means of which he preserved his own buoyant health after nearly all of his cotemporaries had passed to the higher world.

This is not a mysterious science for the initiated few, but a matter of practical utility for all—a science which could be mastered and practiced by all in the audience before him, and which will hereafter be familiar not only to physicians and teachers, but to every father and mother, for it will become an indispensable part of our common school education, and so improve the health and longevity of society that there will be no more examples of the now prevalent early decay of women, and breaking down of business men at fifty years of age, when they should be in the prime of life.

In his course of instruction beginning on the 10th of May at 6 James street, his pupils are trained to make an exact diagnosis of disease and of human character by psychometry; and not only to cultivate the mental and moral powers, but to treat all diseases by magnetic, electric and spiritual agencies, not excluding the use of medicines—a complete system of soul-cure and body-cure, guided by Sarcognomy.

☞ A white man and a black man were hung in Washington recently; so two more fiends are let loose in the spirit-world to return to earth and, through the psychological laws, cause more murders of innocent people in revenge for being strung up themselves. When will our law-makers learn these great facts, and punish murderers by imprisonment during their natural lives instead of *liberating* them as they now do by the hangman's halter? The State kills the body, but it does not destroy the man. It is high time capital punishment was erased from our statute-books and imprisonment for life substituted, with some provision against the undue operation of the pardoning power. Make the matter clear in the public mind that life-imprisonment *means* life-imprisonment, and a marked change will be witnessed in this direction. We are led to say this through being informed recently by a gentleman who is somewhat conversant with prison statistics, that, according to the average, a man who is sentenced for life is better circumstanced than one whose sentence is for twenty years: The "two-score" man will be obliged to serve out his sentence to the letter (deducting the per centage for good behavior), while a pathetic sentiment seems to linger around the supposedly hopeless case of the "life" man which in many instances secures his pardon. This should not be.

☞ *The Investor*, a weekly journal relating to financial affairs, published in New York City, holds the following language regarding ex-Judge Nelson Cross, which we fully endorse. Bro. Cross is known to the BANNER readers as a firm Spiritualist and a valued correspondent:

"The New York bar is famous throughout the country for the ability of its members, and, in this respect at least, occupies a position thoroughly unique. From time to time it has been our pleasant task to introduce to our readers a number of these gentlemen, and this week it is our pleasure to accord like attention to ex-Judge Nelson Cross, a gentleman who has commanded a distinguished position in his profession and who is noted for his sound knowledge of the law, judicial ability and keen legal acumen. Ever since he first entered the profession the gentleman's career has been a singularly successful one, his abilities being of a character to draw to him not only a large and lucrative practice, but more than an ordinary degree of public attention and to also secure for him an important judicial position, the duties of which he discharged with eminent skill and ability. At the present time, as is well known, he is the counsel of a number of our most important business houses and corporations. In fact we recognize in Judge Cross a lawyer of sound and thorough ability, who is destined, at no late day, to occupy a still more prominent position in the public eye. Personally the Judge is an affable, genial gentleman, the possessor of many valuable qualities, and a large circle of friends with whom he is exceedingly popular.

THE MOUNTAIN HOME, advertised by Dr. George H. Perine in another column, is a move in the right direction, and deserves the attention of the friends in southern New York, New Jersey and elsewhere, now that the camping season is drawing near. The course of Sunday meetings held there last summer was successful, and the project thus initiated deserves to receive permanency at the hands of the public, both Spiritualists and inquirers.

☞ Mrs. Fay will hold séances, by request, every Sunday afternoon at 2:30, commencing May 16th.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

SPIRIT HELPERS.

The unslain shadows of the martyrs slain,
Rise on their fields of old heartache and pain,
To fight their battles o'er and o'er again.
Those ashes scattered on the trackless shore,
Shall rise again in power to die no more;
Half buried hands, still thrust up through the sod,
From fields of carnage, prayerfully to God,
Will grasp the weapons of immortal war.
Freed spirits make their conquering battle-car
Of human hearts; they did but hold their breath
To smite unheard in their dark cloud of death.
They work for freedom still though out of sight:
They are torch-bearers in your mortal night.

The most responsible work of the world has generally been done by men who were half unaware of the responsibility they were incurring, who trod right by a sort of dumb instinct, and without realizing how narrow a path they had to tread "between the devil and the deep sea," as the phrase goes.

"I wonder why I can't make my kite fly!" wailed the little brother of the high school girl. "It looks to me," replied Mildred, "as though its caudal appendages were disproportionate to its superficial area." "I don't think that's it," said Jim. "I think its tail is too light."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

The latest news from Europe is to the effect that a great war in the Orient is imminent, and may come almost any day, notwithstanding the efforts of the Powers to prevent it. If Greece fights Turkey, it is feared Russia will take a hand in the collision on the side of Greece. Peace is better than war; but justice, all things considered, is preferable to peace.

The origin of hameneggs is lost in the mists of cloudy antiquity.—*New York Journal.* It can be traced, however, from the time of Hennery the First down to Lord Bacon.—*Boston Commercial.*

In Spain the cats have their tails banged. In this country the entire cat is banged whenever an opportunity presents itself.

CORNS.

As you must reap just what you sow,
Neglect your feet and corns will grow!
This is a fact the world should know,
And so I send it to—and fro. [—DIGBY.

Low fares on steam-railways bring in better receipts than high fares. As an illustration of this fact it is said that the April suburban receipts on the Lowell road were $16,000 more than the same month last year, in consequence of the reduction in rates.

Over four thousand patents for couplers have been taken out, and yet the "man killer" has not been displaced. Few people have the remotest idea of the number of men who have been crippled or killed coupling cars. I venture to say that the casualties from this cause for the past ten years far exceed in number the killed and wounded of any battle of the late rebellion.—"*Bystander*" *in Philadelphia News.*

Chatham, Mass., is to be authorized to raise $25,000 to build a branch track to connect with the Old Colony Railroad at Harwich. This corporation has just turned out from its shop in South Boston a special, elegantly-furnished car for summer travel.

Down in Lewiston they call the new anæsthetic cocaine by its scientific name. If you are in any pain you go to the druggist and ask for "Methylbenzomelthoxyethyltetrahydropyridine carboxylate," and you have no sooner pronounced the name than your troubles are all over. You never have any more pain.—*Springfield Union.*

The insurance plan of the Pennsylvania Railroad went into effect May 1st, with all its 15,000 employés perfectly satisfied.

"Ergo," remarked the Professor to his class after a long preamble, "Ergo"—then he stopped to take breath. "Well, let ergo," sung out one of the students, and the conclusion was ruined.—*Washington Critic.*

Coal miners in the Pittsburgh, Pa., district receive only 2¾ cents a bushel for their arduous work. Does any one wonder that such starvation prices cause strikes?

"Can I see the Mayor?" inquired a member of the City Council of the former's servant. "Not at present; he's at dinner." "But my business is very important." "I cannot help it, sir; His Honor is at steak."—*Salem Gazette.*

A postal clerk stated in a recent lecture that a letter to test the powers of the postal service was directed, "32 Lacteal Fluid street, the Hub of the Universe, Old Bay State." The letter arrived safely at its destination.

This is a thoroughly Friday year, says the New York *Sun.* It came in on a Friday, will go out on a Friday, and will have fifty-three Fridays. There are four months in the year that have five Fridays each; changes of the moon occur five times on a Friday, and the longest and shortest day of the year each falls on Friday.

Unless we can bring back the old-fashioned notion that a thief who steals from the public treasury is as mean a thief as the sneak who picks a pocket or breaks into a dwelling for plunder, we have distinctly lowered the quality and tone of public opinion.—*Philadelphia Record.*

During the last ten years there has been an increase of 300 per cent. in suicides in Russia. Intemperance, higher price of food and pessimism are given as the chief causes.

It is a strange thing that the man who knows exactly how to run a newspaper is always engaged in some other kind of business.—*New Haven News.*

Dr. Wendell Holmes, of Boston, is welcomed to England in a marked way before he gets near land, and all sorts of pleasant honors are yet in store for him.

Patrick Egan telegraphs that the statements of London newspapers to the effect that Irishmen were concerned in the late Chicago riots are untrue; that there was not a single Irishman among the Socialists, and that the most of those who fell defending public order belonged to his nationality.

We have become so used to the fast express that we have forgotten how to go slow. Few men rest beneath their own vine and fig tree because they die before these have had time to grow. A little of the placid old ox-team serenity of our fathers would do us all good.—*Lynn Union.*

A Pleasant Meeting.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A surprise party was given to Mrs. Annie Edwards (the well-known singer) at her residence, No. 133 West Newton street, Boston, on Monday evening, May 3d. On entering the parlor she was presented with a willow rocker, upon receiving which she feelingly responded. The evening's entertainment consisted of singing by Miss Marietta Guardenier, Mr. M. K. Sullivan, Mr. Connors, Prof. Lewis, Mrs. Hattie Carr and Mrs. Edwards, readings by Miss Minnie Nickerson and Miss Bates, and remarks by Mr. J. H. Lewis. A bountiful collation was served, preceded by a short address by Mr. M. K. Sullivan, who presented to Mrs. Edwards, in behalf of her friends, a substantial token of their esteem and regard. After the repast the company were entertained with a duet by Prof. Fisher and Marietta Guardenier, and a solo by George LeClaire, accompanied by J. Willis Milligan. Mr. Charles Littlefield then greatly amused the company with imitations of a prima donna, concluding with his wonderful whistling solo, "The Mocking Bird." The company expressed themselves as delighted with the evening's entertainment, which was in every respect a complete surprise.

WM. C. VAUGHN.

Donations

IN AID OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLIC FREE-CIRCLE MEETINGS.

Amounts received since our last acknowledgments:

From A. B. Gaston, $5,00; A. D. Thompson, $2,00; A Friend, $2,00; Mrs. A. B. Johnson, 40 cents; S. L. Armstrong, $2,00; Mrs. C. W. Whitney, $1,00; Geo. Burnham, $2,00; H. Anderman, $1,35; J. W. Segar, $2,00.

☞ Spiritualism is now a matter of inquiry and investigation by all... We advise those anxious for information on that subject to read the advertisement of the BANNER OF LIGHT on our second page.—*Weekly Tribune, Hornellsville, N. Y.*

☞ The Waste Embroidery Silk advertised by the Brainerd & Armstrong Co. is recommended to our lady readers as just the thing for all kinds of crazy-patchwork, one ounce being equivalent to one hundred skeins of regular embroidery silk.

Phenomena Under Peculiar Conditions.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Wednesday evening, May [illegible], Mrs. Williams, the well-known materializing medium, welcomed a host of friends to her last reception of the season. Her receptions have always attracted a great deal of social talent, but on this occasion it was unusually marked. Still, speeches and music and recitation would hardly call for notice in the columns of the BANNER, when the object was merely an evening of social enjoyment.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn had been speaking of phenomena possible in presence of a miscellaneous audience, and had given an interesting account of the experiments in Washington, D. C., at the recent Anniversary celebration. Mrs. Williams suggested that a similar experiment might prove equally successful then and there, as Dr. Rogers, the well-known slate-writing medium, was one of the company. So much coaxing—"Do, oh! please do try, Doctor"—from the ladies, almost compelled the unhappy Rogers to submit to the ordeal.

Our hostess produced a pair of slates, which were inspected by the company, after which a fragment of pencil was placed between them and they were fastened together by a broad elastic. A small table was then placed between the folding-doors, at which sat the medium, with Mr. John Franklin Clark guarding the slates on his right, and Mr. Dawbarn taking similar charge on the left. Dr. Rothermel gave his assistance by placing his hand upon the table.

The scratching of the pencil told the audience that something very much alive was at work between those slates. The poor medium was almost convulsed by the unusual force needed to overcome the conditions; but the result was such a proof of spirit-intelligence and power as many present had never witnessed. The inside surfaces of the slates each exhibited a communication; one written in a very bold hand, and signed by Mr. Holland, who is the spirit-friend and cabinet control of Mrs. Williams, the other of similar purport and greeting, but in a very different style of writing, declared itself to be from E. V. Wilson.

Such incidents under the usual half-privacy of a quiet room have been noted and printed by the thousand; but the public exhibition of such power is comparatively rare, and should be encouraged whenever conditions will permit.

New York, May 6th, 1886. THISTLE.

Movements of Mediums and Lecturers.

[Notices for this Department must reach our office by *Monday's mail* to insure insertion the same week.]

Hon. Warren Chase may be addressed at Cobden, Ill., during May. Parties in New England wishing to engage him for fall or winter after October, should write him as early as possible.

Miss L. Barnicoat's third Sunday at Fall River, Mass., proved equally successful with her first and second—her lectures and tests being pronounced excellent, and meeting general recognition. She should be kept busy. Address her at 175 Tremont street, Boston.

Dr. C. H. Harding lectured at Newburyport, Mass., April 25th; May 16th he will be at Berkeley Hall, Boston; May 23d, East Dennis, Mass.; May 30th at Manchester, N. H. For engagements address him at No. 3 Glenwood street, Boston Highlands.

Dr. Dean Clarke—who has recently spoken at Salem and Lynn, receiving much approbation—is open to engagements at reasonable rates. Address care this office.

Miss Jennie Rhind speaks in the Spiritual Hall, Manchester, N. H., Sunday, May 16th.

J. Madison Allen is now lecturing—giving public psychometric delineations at the close—in Cosmopolitan Hall, Vineland, N. J., with good success.

W. J. Colville lectures in Minneapolis, Minn., May 30th, and commences his work in Oakland, near San Francisco, Cal., June 6th. Letters must be addressed to Langham Hall, 4 Berkeley street, Boston, Mass., till May 25th.

Mrs. Clara A. Field will speak for the Boston Spiritual Temple Society at Horticultural Hall Sunday, May 16th, morning and evening. She lectured May 2d for the Spiritualists of Manchester, N. H. *The Union* of that city spoke highly of the lectures, also of the psychometric readings supplementing the discourses. She can be addressed for engagements at 28 West street, Boston, Mass.

Children's Lyceum at Onset.—Novelty Hall was packed last Sunday by the Lyceum and its friends. We have fairly outgrown our quarters, and next Sunday will occupy the Temple. This being our last session in this hall, it was made a very interesting one.

The subject, "Autumn," was discoursed upon by the children, after which a song was given by Etta Shea and recitations by Carrie Rothermel, Nellie Barnard, Flossie Cassell, Gertie Fairbanks, Lola and Dodo Disdebar, Bertha Blackwood, Fred Keith, Brooks Bates, Oscar Cassell, and Eva Reynolds. Charles W. Sullivan sang "When the Mists Have Cleared Away," and Mrs. Pierce, Mrs. Smalley and Mrs. Whittemore a trio.

We were favored with the presence of three of the government of Onset Bay Grove Association: Col. Crockett, and Messrs. Butterfield and Currier, each of whom addressed the school very acceptably, encouraging us by their promise of assistance to make the Lyceum still more of a success. Mr. Butterfield, in behalf of himself and wife, presented us with ten dollars.

The Conductor then announced the fact that this was the last session in Novelty Hall, and briefly spoke of the prospects of the Lyceum, closing with thanking Mr. Griffin for the interest he had shown in giving us the use of his hall, and Mr. Union for his favors in the past. Mr. Currier suggested that the thanks of all be tendered by a rising vote, when all responded, and while standing, "Auld Lang Syne" was sung with good effect, Mr. Sullivan leading.

F. L. Union led in the Calisthenics, and the exercises closed with the Target March.

Onset, May 10th, 1886. D. N. FORD, *Conductor.*

The Second Annual Memorial Service In honor of our workers and friends who have passed to spirit-life will take place at Weisgerber's Hall, Cleveland, O., Sunday, June 6th or 13th—subject to the decision of the Boston and New York friends, who have the matter under consideration of making this a national annual observance among Spiritualists. THOS. LEES.

☞ "The Unveiling of Isis," by Charles Latimer, C. E. Editor "*International Standard,*" and "Alpha and Omega, or, The Mystery of Trinity in Unity, Solved by Kaleidoscopic Symbols," by James A. Bliss, are now being published in the columns of the *N. D. C. Axe and True Keystone.* Send your name and address on a postal card to James A. Bliss, Editor, South Boston, Mass., for a sample copy.

Married:

In Rockland, Me., May 5th, by Rev. W. M. Kimmell, Dr. H. P. Fairfield and Miss Gena F. Smith, all of Rockland. [The name of Dr. Fairfield is familiar to the public as that of an eloquent trance lecturer; while that of the bride will call up pleasant memories in the minds of our readers of the choice original poems she has in days past contributed to our columns. We wish the newly wedded couple success in the journey of life.—ED. B. OF L.]

Horsford's Acid Phosphate in Seasickness. Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says: "I used it for seasickness during an ocean passage. In most of the cases the violent symptoms which characterize that disease yielded, and gave way to a healthful action of the functions impaired."

☞ Very liberal cash offers will be privately made to all who will get subscribers for *Mental Science Magazine,* of Chicago, Ill. It gains rapidly. Single copy, 10 cents; but all desiring offers will receive them, also copy of Magazine and pamphlet by Editor for 8c. stamps.

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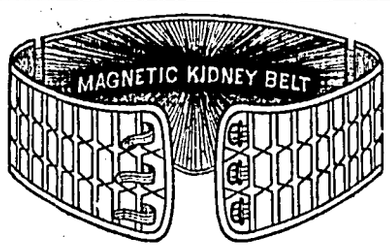

OH! MY BACK!

IT is a pity that we have a back, but, as we do have one, and can't get rid of it, it stands us in hand to take good care of it. Most men and women are suffering with their backs and hips. In most all these cases the cause lies in the CONDITION of the KIDNEYS. In many of our wives, mothers and sisters the cause is in some weak or abnormal condition of the pelvic organs, known under the general name of "FEMALE WEAKNESS." What has been done to relieve the many thousand sufferers? Men have prepared drugs of every conceivable compound. Millions of bottles and doses have been taken with little good results. Pads and plasters of all shapes and substances have been produced and used. Everything has been used that would burn and blister or produce an action, reflection or sensation. But with all this nothing in the old-time remedies and contrivances has proven itself worthy of a place in the CONFIDENCE of PUBLIC OPINION, whether the remedy was produced by a scientist, doctor or fool. That which will and can irritate and do harm is not a sensible thing to use. To-day the NEW LIGHT which is spreading broadcast over human thought has uncovered the shadows of mystery, and that substance which is the great PANACEA and REVITALIZER in universal nature has been found. IT IS MAGNETISM. The above cut is a fair representation of Dr. Thacher's WONDERFUL MAGNETIC KIDNEY BELT, which is a beauty in form and looks. It covers the back and kidneys, also has special action on the hips. It is made with a view to hold and distribute this wonderful substance, MAGNETISM. It does not lose its power. It wears from two to four years. It never fails to give support, protection, warmth, action and life to the back, kidneys, hips and abdomen.

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The Messages published under the above heading indicate that spirits carry with them 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 fact for publication.

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LEWIS B. WILSON, *Chairman.*

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Miss M. T. Shelhamer.

Report of Public Séance held Feb. 23d, 1886—Continued from our last issue

Elizabeth Chamberlain.

[To the Chairman:] I am an old woman; but I am glad to say I am an old woman only as I come here: I feel a little lame and tired, and perhaps if I looked closely I'd see the old wrinkles coming out again; but when I am my other self, in the spirit-world, I'm not so old as to get tired out and bent over.

You'd like to know my name, sir: well, it is Elizabeth Chamberlain. I left relatives, and I think I have friends in this city—if it is Boston. That's where I went around for a good long time till I got tired out; and when I went over to the other side I suppose everybody that knew anything about me said it was a good job. That's how it is when we get so old we can't help ourselves; we get to be burdensome to those who are here, and I tell you I quite agree with them—it is a very good job when we are taken away. And I think Death is the best friend man has got; for when you can't keep your powers here, and be always renewing them, feeling young and strong and full of life, the very best thing that can happen to you is to be taken out, and give place to some one who is better able to get around. So you see I don't feel hard if any one did think it was a good thing I went out. I think so myself; and I've come back to give 'em a word of friendship.

I have met as many as I could count on my two hands of those who have come over after I went; so you see that a good many who once knew me aint here now to hear what I have got to say, but there are others that are here, and they have been kind o' playing a game with life. They think it is all luck and chance, some of 'em do, and it seems to me they don't realize the serious part of it. I have been watching 'em pretty closely and I see what is going on. You see I've reached my second childhood and my eyes are sharp; I don't need glasses to look through sometimes, and I kind o' thought if I came and said a few words it might do some good.

I don't want any one to feel bad about my coming. I want 'em to know I feel very kindly toward them, and that I would help 'em all in my power. I don't like to see John feeling that it is all luck in the world, and that one man has good luck, and another one bad, and that it don't make much difference how he tries, he has got to have one or the other anyhow, and it is all a game of chance. I don't see things that way; I look a little more closely, and it seems to me that a good deal depends on a man himself. I know very well if you get set down in one place that is all rough and rocky around you, you can't expect to raise potatoes there, nor very good corn—but a man aint always obliged to just sit there among the rocks; if he has any energy and ambition in his soul he can get up and get out of it, and go where the soil is a little bit smoother. Then, if there are rocks there, or sticks or stumps that need burning out, or plowing out, why, he's got a pair of arms and legs given to him to make use of, he can go to work and haul out things that don't belong there, and which he'd better put out. That's my opinion. Sort o' rough, I know, but that's what it means to me. A human being, man, woman or child, that is placed here, with a fair share of health and common sense, can get along if they only think so. Just go right in, and make the best of what is around you; and if it is all rocks and stones, then go ahead, and try to make a way out of it, to where there is something a little better. Don't you think, Mr. Chairman, that's the way?

This may not amount to much to you folks, because you don't understand what I am trying to get at. I see one or two right here, not far off, who need just that kind of talk. They are disposed to sit down, and let things take their own way without ever making an effort to overcome 'em. I don't like to see that, because the less a man tries to do, the more sluggish he gets, and by-and-bye, when he rusts out of the body, he'll find himself set down in a bog-hole, and not able to get out of it. Oh! there's lots of 'em just that way, and it takes a good bit of hauling on the part of those who might be doing something better, in my opinion, to help 'em out. I am ready to help any one out of a bad fix, but I have n't much patience, if they get into it themselves, so what I want to do, you see, is to keep some of those who sort o' have a claim upon me, out of these bad ways, and then they will not have trouble trying to get out, or asking somebody else who has got better work to do to help 'em up.

I've an idea that what I say will be understood very well in the quarter where it belongs, and as I've said afore, I don't want 'em to think hard of me, or that I think hard of them; it is nothing of the sort. I think very kindly. I have sent a good deal of love, and will do what I can to brighten their lives, only I want 'em to feel, if circumstances are not just as good as they would like 'em, why, they must try to go to work and control circumstances, to the very best of their power. That is all I have got to say. Those who are with me send love, and are doing very well according to their light.

William Charles Crangle.

It seems almost wrong to come in here, Mr. Chairman, where everybody is a stranger, and where one do n't belong exactly, but when I think it opens a way for me to reach my friends on earth, why, I am inclined to trespass on your good nature, and then ask pardon for it afterwards. I find the years are going by pretty quickly. I do n't realize that except when I come to such a place as this. Sometimes I get down where some of my earthly friends are, and sometimes I have a curiosity to know what is going on in the world, and try to travel about and see mortals—what they are doing, and so on; then I hear how the time has been passing, and I begin to count the years that have gone since I went out of the body. Well, I do n't understand it quite, but I am willing to learn, and I have been learning for some time; I think I never will get through, there's so much to find out, but it is very interesting, and I rather like it.

I have friends in San Francisco, and I have spirit-friends who want to send their love to those who live in the body at that place, and I send my own along with theirs. My boy, Willie, is with me in the spirit-world. I cannot say but what he has helped me along. He is a bright, smart lad, and learns quick. When he came over it cheered me up a bit to see him; then when I found how he took hold of things and went right ahead, getting before me, I thought, "Now, if his mother, his brother, or any of his friends could only know it and see it as I do, they would be glad enough that he had the chance which has come to him." The lad sends love, and wants it known that he is satisfied with his new life and training, and he has no desire to come back here and take on his body again. I feel the same way, and it seems to me all those I meet are about in the same boat. Some of them have found some things a little unpleasant, but when you ask them, fair and square, if they want to come back and go over the old life again, they say no, as I say to-day.

I have a hope of reaching friends in San Francisco, through some medium that I think I will be able to control after a while, and I am working for that end.

My wife's name is Mary; my name is William Charles Crangle. I think I will be recognized; I hope I will. I want it known that I come back to report from a country that is a good one.

Eliphalet Field.

I have just come to give an account of myself. Not a very full one. I have not had the time to take in all my surroundings and understand them; I have been a little dazed and surprised at what I have seen and heard. Gulliver's travels are nothing to some of the stories I have been told since I went out of the body, and when I meet persons who seem to be intelligent, well-balanced and truthful, who tell me of the places they have seen and the beings they have met, I begin to think that fairy tales are mere child's play compared to the realities of the spirit-world.

So you see I am not in exactly the frame of mind for giving a very lengthy report of what is taking place around me; but I am prepared to say that I have entered a real world, one that is tangible, one that is plain, and seems to meet a man's wants very well, and one that is to me as substantial as the one I left. I can also say I have been welcomed by friends who have shown me kind attentions, whom I have been happy to see, so I think I have started on a pretty good road, though I cannot tell where it will end.

I died suddenly. I felt a pain and a faintness that I cannot describe; it seemed to take the very life from me—as it really did, so far as the body is concerned—and I was sent out. Only a few months have gone by since then, and though I soon found out where I was, I did not fall asleep as some seem to do when they pass from the body; yet, as I tell you, I have been all this time getting my senses together and trying to understand who and what I am. I am very well pleased to find that I really have continued life; that it is no freak of the imagination; that there is honestly a future, and that there is recognition and consciousness along with it.

I would like my friends to know I have returned. I send them my regards and kind remembrances. I am sure I am as well in feeling and thought as they are, and I think perhaps better; I have no pain. If I had been consulted, I would have asked to stay here a little longer; I would have attended to certain matters that I did not; but I am not fretting over anything of the kind, for I suppose it is all right. I am from Taunton, Mass. My name is Eliphalet Field.

Hannah Brewer.

I am a mother, whose children are here on earth, and who do not know that their mother watches over them with her tender love. I am a mother, anxious to communicate with those dear ones, and bring them words of cheer and encouragement. Not that I see life is too hard for them, although they have their trials, as I had mine; yet I think it is given to each one to share something of the world's burdens, as well as to enjoy its blessings; and I would not have one of my dear ones murmur at such a fate. I feel that if they try to do the best they can, and exert the powers within them for good, all will be well for them, and I come here advising them, and sending my love, asking them to be faithful, patient and hopeful, doing all they can for the best.

Their father sends his love also. He is at rest now in the spirit-world. He felt worn and aged when here, but all those burdens have rolled away, and although he can work and take part in the activities of the real life, the spiritual, yet he is at rest, for sometimes on earth he thought there was no such thing as rest. Many times, together, we have spoken of the dear ones of our family, and of other families whom we have left on this side, and wondered what they would say if they could see us in our pleasant little home. Sometimes we have been so close to them that we could touch them with our hands, and whisper in their ears, yet they did not know that we were there. Oh! the spiritual life is very close to the mortal, and I think the time will come when its dimness will pass away, when mortal eyes and ears will be so sharpened and quickened as to catch the sound and see the light that their friends on the other side bring to them. I am waiting for that, hopefully and trustingly. In the meantime I send my love to my dear ones, asking them to be of good cheer, to do their duty, not to shrink from toil and trial. We had our trials when here, our work on earth was sometimes severe, it taxed our energies and our patience, but as we look back upon the past, we can see that for every trial that we surmounted we gained a great victory that has been of untold usefulness to us in our spiritual work, for now over there we do not mind difficulties, we are not ready to sit down when we come to an obstacle, but we either try to get over it or around it, and we do not rest until we accomplish that result.

Sometime I hope I shall be able to come to my dear ones personally and talk, but if I do not, they may know I shall still love and watch over them, and be ready to meet and welcome them when they pass to the spirit-world. Those dear ones of whom I speak are at St. Paul, Minn. I am Hannah Brewer.

George Hale.

I am allowed the privilege of saying a few words, Mr. Chairman, for which I return my thanks. Were I in the body I would be an old, old man, bent with age, worn out with the cares of time; but I feel straight and strong in spirit, and it seems to me now that every difficulty that I have had has only helped to straighten me on the other side, so I feel very well pleased with the results of my past experience.

I come to send greetings to any one who cares to receive them; but the one to whom I especially send out my thought and influence will, I think—it looks so to me now—soon pass from the body; soon take flight to a more spiritual kingdom. That is well. I am happy to believe it; happy to know I shall greet that dear spirit with love and rejoicing; happy to know that the years which have settled down upon that life will all roll away, leaving it stronger and fresher, leaving their memory, their record, though nothing of their material weight.

I think these are good tidings I bring, and not those which should call for sorrow or grief, because I come in love, and wish to say that all the sympathy of my spirit, and that of other dear ones who are with me, go out in that way to help release the spirit from the cumbersome body and help it upward to the higher life. There will be glad reünions, the renewal of friendships, of broken ties, of past associations; there will be a new road set before the coming feet that can be trod, and I see only something to hope for, something to reach out to, something to look forward to; so I think my words are good, and I send them with love and blessing to one who will perhaps see them, and feel the message within the soul, as well as the surrounding ones, who may, perhaps, shrink from the change, but who will realize that all is for the best.

Put me down, Mr. Chairman, as sending my message to Kenosha, Wisconsin. George Hale was the name by which I was known on earth.

Report of Public Séance held Feb. 26th, 1886.

Invocation.

Dear, ministering spirits, we invoke your presence; we invite your coöperation with us in our tasks and in our mission; help us to be worthy of your companionship; lead us in pathways of purity and peace, where our souls may feed upon that verdure which shall cause them to expand in loveliness of being. Oh! ye bright ones, in every conflict of life that presses upon us we would feel your presence, we would know that you are laboring with us and for us each day; but not selfishly would we ask your presence alone, we would coöperate with you in your grand and important labors; we would give them some influence from our own lives, exert some cheerful spirit abroad that will be beneficial and uplifting to some other poor heart in human life. We would join with you in doing God's will by assisting the needy, uplifting the lowly and weak, and bringing comfort to those that mourn. We ask that you will give to our feet the lamp of truth that will make our own eyes see clearly, that we may set the light before those who are yet in darkness. To-day we welcome all returning spirits from the land of souls; we would join with them in sending forth what messages they have to give, and endeavor to draw from angelic heights those divine influences which will inspire and bless each life. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

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

QUES.—[By an Investigator.] In the book of Prof. Henry Kiddle, of New York, all the communicating spirits express faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God; but the spirits communicating at the Banner Circle, even former church-members, have changed their minds, and discard that which they formerly believed in. How is this?

ANS.—Each spirit, in returning to communicate with mundane life, seeks to express its own convictions, not those of any other mind. Those intelligences who have communicated to the world through Prof. Kiddle's book have undoubtedly expressed their own opinions and not those of any other intelligence. If they accepted the idea of the divinity of Christ when on earth, and have seen no reason to change that idea since passing from the body, they must still retain it. There are many intelligences on the other side of life who continue to hold the same opinions concerning religion, even in connection with theology, that they held when on earth; there are many spirits maintaining their belief in the divinity of Christ, in his divine paternity, and in many other questions concerning his life and labors on earth, which they entertained while in the body; but there are also many spirits who believed in the divinity of Christ and all that is claimed for the Nazarene by theologians who from their spiritual standpoint, from the height of knowledge they have attained in the higher life, disclaim their past opinions and give expression to those which are further advanced. Such spirits, in returning to you, will declare that they now have no belief in the divinity of the Nazarene, that they look upon him as merely a man like themselves, one born of human parents, subjected to the temptations and limitations of earthly life, yet one who was divinely inspired by high and exalted spiritual intelligences for the outworking of a grand and glorious mission for mankind; one who was placed here as an apostle for truth; who died because of his fidelity to his convictions, and who forever sets up before the world a high standard of moral rectitude and grandeur. Other spirits may come to you declaring that, as they have not seen the man Jesus, they have lost all faith in his existence—they do not believe that he ever lived on earth, or that he has a place, with individuality, in the spirit-life. They merely give their own opinions; therefore you are to receive what each returning spirit gives as the expression of that mind alone, and weigh it in the balance of your own reason and judgment. Certainly those spirits who declare that they have seen and entered into communication with a spirit once known on earth as the Nazarene—who is a spiritual teacher of moral philosophy—should have the credit of belief in their assertions, rather than those spirits who declare there is no such individuality in the spirit-life because they have never seen him; positive evidence from an eye-witness being more tangible and worthy of acceptance than the negations of those who know nothing concerning what they affirm.

QUES.—[By a Subscriber.] A Mr. Henry, of New London, Prince Edward Island, some ten or eleven years ago, lost his wife by death, leaving several children. After a few years Mr. Henry married again, and there are two children to the second wife. The problem of life has been a hard one to all of them. A short time ago the windows and doors of the old house after dark would be shaken, and then raps were made on the door, as if for admittance. The house is quite alone, and shelterless, and a sharp lookout has been kept to find out the cause of the trouble, but all that has been noticed is "the shadow of a vanishing female form." The family are now so moved by fear that they burn lights all night, and every night. Can you throw any light on the subject?

ANS.—We have not investigated this particular case, and so cannot speak positively upon it, but the probability is that some spirit, or rather perhaps a band of spirits have united together to make these demonstrations, in order to call the attention of the family to Spiritualism, or to the idea of a spiritual power existing in the universe. We should advise the family to form a private home circle, to sit at least twice a week, in the early evening, for the purpose of ascertaining, if possible, if any one of its members possesses mediumistic powers, and if so, to further their development. After sitting patiently a few evenings, it would be as well for some one in the circle to inquire, either mentally or aloud, if there are not spirits present who wish to manifest, and possibly these movements and disturbances which arise from the outside of the dwelling may be transferred to the interior, and may be so given as to convey intelligent messages to those assembled; therefore if the parties will establish a code of signals, *i. e.*, that one rap, or one movement of an object, may mean *no*; two, *uncertain*; three, *yes*; and also call out the alphabet—according to the old established rules so well known to Spiritualists—undoubtedly something intelligent will be received, and we have no doubt mediumistic qualities will be unfolded in the family that will be of great benefit after a time. Patience and perseverance, as well as an attitude of courtesy toward the invisible presences, will be necessary on the part of those who seek to investigate the cause of these phenomena.

Mary Haines.

[To the Chairman:] I understand that thee opens the way free to all comers, but I crave thy pardon if I intrude. [You are welcome.] I thank thee, friend, for I am happy to come at even this late day, to speak to the dear friends of earth, and assure them of my happiness in the spirit world. I did not cling to the body. I did not crave for length of days, for I saw many seasons roll over my head, and I knew that life on earth, as it advances and recedes away into the dim past, brings only weariness of body, and painful reflections to the spirits of those who cling to the external alone, and do not aspire to spiritual things; so death came to me as a great deliverer and friend, whom I could welcome and trust, knowing that it would bear my spirit to loftier heights of being, and grander purposes and employments.

As I return into contact with earth-life to-day I feel this thought surging over me, that as death has lost its sting for me, so may it lose its terror and grief for all friends, for all earth's children; and I trust to the Great Father of all Life to send out his blessing and his messengers with good cheer unto every home and every heart, and take away the fear and sting of death, and leave in their place hope, and the joy of looking forward to the coming of a friend, the advance of a great deliverer.

I come to bring greetings to all who are dear to me; to my children, whom I watch with a mother's tender love. I know their feet will be guided aright, that they will see the clear light in God's good time, and recognize its glory, reaching out for the truth, and comprehending it, as their souls open to the light of immortal knowledge. And to many who are dear, I bring only a blessing of cheer and of hope.

All the friends who passed on before me have come to give me greeting, have whispered their words of welcome to my soul, have taken me by the hand, and led me onward through God's most beautiful places, and showed me the splendors of the spirit-world.

Here, I sought to unfold my mind, to gain knowledge, to grow in thought, because I felt it the duty of every life to inform itself concerning the universe, and all that pertains to being in every kingdom, and now that I am a freed spirit, untrammeled by the mortal, I rejoice to know that my soul can still explore the vast wonders of the universe, can gain lessons from the stars, and from the soil beneath my feet, and read the history of life in all that opens before me. I trust my dear ones will strive to attain knowledge, to grow in spirit, to cultivate their mental powers, that they may blossom out grand and free, for I assure them solemnly that life and experience are not confined to this little material span alone, and that intellect will not shrivel away into nothingness when the body decays. Ah, no! All the intelligence that has been gained will only prepare the soul for the attainment of yet higher knowledge, and for a grander comprehension of life.

I have come to bring my influence to console Joshua, to give him cheer, hoping to do more good by trusting to guide his thought and aspirations to a diviner life, and at the same time striving to give him contentment with the present, that he might be patient, hoping and looking forward to what is to come.

I have seen friend Frances. All things are well with her; she is happy now in the society and love of her dear spirit-children. She has no desire to return to earth and its turmoils, its perplexities and unhappy associations; for these came to her even amid the beauty and culture, as well as the advantages of social and material life that were hers. She has ascended above them all, and takes her place in a higher position in the spirit-home prepared for her by those who have waited long. No soul here need mourn and grieve for that dear one. She has arisen and found the better and the purer life. To-day her love is more enlarged than it has ever been before; her spirit sees more clearly and understands more fully the beauty of life; all coldness has melted away beneath the light of pure spirituality, and only love, affection, sympathy and all things that are bright and uplifting remain in her heart, flowing out to the loved ones of earth and encircling her own being with a halo of light.

Friend, thee may simply call me Mary Haines. My home on earth was in Richmond, Ind. I have many friends there. I have friends in Ohio and in many places, to all of whom I send my best love.

Sarah Davis.

If you please, Mr. Chairman, I would like to have you say that Sarah Davis returns with cheering words to her friends at Natick, Mass. I bring my love, and ask my friends to receive it, because I do not like to feel shut out from them as I have for the past few years. I have tried to come before. I have knocked many times at the door, hoping to be taken in. Not but what I have a pleasant home in the spirit-world; I am not friendless nor homeless there, but yet I love to come to the homes of my friends and feel that I am one of them.

Oliver, too, feels as I do; he joins with me in this greeting, and in friendship to all friends here on earth. He has taken up a new work in spirit-life and thoroughly enjoys it; he enters into it with all the ardor of his soul. He was so surprised and pleased to find a continuance of life on the other side, as he had hoped for and looked forward to. He does not have the cares and perplexities that met him in earth-life. We are not hampered over there with material considerations; we can go forward, performing our labors, content to patiently do each day's task, knowing that eternity is before us to accomplish some valuable and good results.

If any of my friends learn of my return to this place, and are anxious to know more of me, and desire a personal message for themselves, if they will seek some open way through which I can come, I will be most happy to respond to them. I have been ready for a long time to whisper in their ears and tell them of my continued life, of my hopes, of what I have done and am doing in the spirit-world. If they are ready to receive this, I shall be very happy, because then I know they will begin to learn of the spirit-world, and of the life to which they are going by-and bye.

N. Bradner Smith.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman. [Happy to meet you.] I thank you. Such a time has gone by since I went from the body, I did not know as anybody would be ready to greet me. Although I do not recognize you, for I am a stranger here, yet your greeting makes me feel at home. I come especially, sir, to send a message of love from my wife and myself to friends in Middletown, Conn. I am not sure they will be ready to accept it; it may seem very strange—to some of them at least—to get a letter from beyond the grave, bearing names of those they have known. But I do not object to startling them in this way, because it seems to me now, as I look back over the past, that the kindest favor one could have done to me would have been to give just such a message from the spirit-world. It is an attention that ought to be accepted by every heart, and will, I doubt not, when mortals really understand that it proves there is a continued life, that there has been no suspension of the life-forces, and that the activities of the soul, the mind, the intellect, remain and are even quickened in the new life.

Well, I come, trusting to be received. My wife, Alice, commissioned me with many pretty and pleasant words for her friends, for our dear ones generally, but I declare I have lost their shape and can only say she meant to express her great love for those who remain and her desire to guard and bless them in some way, and of her contentment with the spirit-world as she has found it, and how happy she was to greet those dear ones who had passed on before her, and that I was one of the first to meet her and impart some of the realities of the spirit-world to her mind. Now, our friends can shape these words into any pretty form they choose, and believe that they are not any more beautiful than those which Alice gave me, only I cannot recollect just what she said.

We have not confined ourselves to one place, although we have a home and pleasant surroundings on the other side of life, but we have been traveling a little. We have been down in Louisiana, looking around there, and trying to manifest our presence; but somehow spirits do not have an opportunity to express themselves tangibly in the southern portion of this country. I hope the time is coming when returning spirits will be able to make themselves known in every household, for I think it is an important work.

I will not take up more of your time, Mr. Chairman. I merely came to express a few thoughts to friends, and in that way to announce that I have not fallen asleep nor have I died out. N. B. Smith. Perhaps some one will know me better as Bradner Smith.

Charlotte Codman.

I have been anxious for quite a while to reach relatives of mine in Rochester, N. Y. I have visited mediums there, thinking I could make use of their powers to send a private note to those dear friends of mine, but have not succeeded in doing as I wish; that is why I come here. I hesitated about doing it, because I knew there were certain spirits who could not find any other way to come, and were obliged to make use of your kind offices; but at last I concluded to just say a few words, first, to send my love to my friends, and tell them I am really happy and contented with my present condition.

I did not know of Spiritualism; it had not brought comfort and consolation to me. I rather feared when thinking of what might take place after death, because everything was so vague and uncertain to my mind. I felt like a child who fears in stepping out into the dark, putting one foot forward timidly, not knowing what it will step upon or where land; but after making two or three movements in the spirit-world, I found I could let go of the body and yet remain on *terra firma*. So far as I knew, everything was substantial and real and beautiful. My friends would have been pleased could I have told them this, and given them evidence of my power to return, for they felt sad when I passed away; yet there is no need for grief, there is no occasion for sadness, I do not think, for any one who passes from the body—at least, all those I have seen seem to better their condition in some way. Even if they are restless and dissatisfied with having left the earth, I find they seem to occupy a little higher condition or plane than they did here.

I do not think one can help that, because the spirit-life is in advance of this world, just as the first grade of the grammar school is in advance of the last class in the primary department; and although the new scholar feels restless, thinks its task difficult to learn and does not like to take it up, but rather looks back longingly to that with which it has been familiar, yet it must in a little while find that it has risen to a higher condition of growth and of knowledge; then if it begins to take advantage of the studies it will not have any trouble in rising steadily all the time.

My friends will not look for my return in the light of a preacher, or one who has anything to teach, because I was rather silent when here, and ready to listen and ponder over whatever I heard, but slow to advance an opinion.

I have been trying to learn since I went over, and though I am still ready to take up all that may be of benefit to my mind, and prefer to listen rather than talk, yet in coming back here to those who think I am dead, and have no idea that I can visit them and try to enfold their lives with comfort and love and assistance, I must speak to them as I feel, because I want to lift their thoughts to a consideration of those things that belong to the spirit-life.

I have dear friends with me who have been ever kind, and they, too, send love to those who remain on earth, and are ready to come to them as soon as they can find an open door. Charlotte Codman.

Frank W. Hill.

Mr. Chairman, we are in Boston, I believe. I am fond of Boston; it is a good old place to me; I lived here once, in Leland Place. How long ago that does seem! And yet I know that spirits return and say that time passes rapidly with them, and they take no account of it unless they come in contact with their friends. Well, I have been gone from the body eleven years—I think I am right in this. It was the last of the year when I died—that is, they said I died. I went out of the body, of course I did, and I suppose my comrades and friends thought that with the laying away of the old year and the laying away of my body, that was the last of the life they had known and associated with.

Well, I look back to that time and forward to the present and on to the future. Why, it seems to me as though I had lived almost a century since then, so many events, experiences and circumstances have taken place over and around me. I have been traveling from one point to another, exploring the spirit-world, and trying to visit different spots on earth, and when I sum them all up it seems as though I had lived a long time since I left my earthly friends. And yet it does not seem lengthy, it has slipped away so beautifully and quickly. I feel that I am rounded out, you understand, in thought, and perhaps in knowledge, at least in experience.

Although I have met with so much that has been strange, and found so many acquaintances, and entered upon such delightful studies, and works, too, I have not forgotten the incidents connected with my earthly career, nor have I for a moment forgotten the friends whom I knew and loved on earth. I should like to meet them. Changes have taken place in their ranks since I was here. I know that very well; experiences have come; some have passed out from the old conditions and others have made changes. There are those here whom I could and would like to reach and give them a shake of the hand and talk with them as I used to, and perhaps better than I could have done then.

I only lived twenty five years on earth. That seems a little while, and when I sum up my experience in the body, it don't seem as though I knew very much, after all. Of course we all think we know a good deal when we come to man's estate, especially if our comrades and friends give us a little notice, and promote us to office, then we think we are somebody. I don't object to a man feeling that way, because I can see that unless one respects himself, has a good opinion of his own abilities, he cannot expect to count for much with others; but yet, in looking back over my earthly life, my experience seems to have been but that of a child compared to what I have met and entertained since that time.

I belonged to the Washington Light Guards, Company B, Battalion of Infantry, M. V. M.

I think I was at home in that company, and if any of them should hear of my return I hope they will receive my greetings and affectionate remembrance, and if at any time they would like to have a good, long, old fashioned talk with a brother comrade and friend from another life, I will be very glad to answer a call if they will only give me the opportunity.

With my greetings to those associates, I also bring love and remembrances to all dear friends, and I trust they will be glad to welcome me back, not as from the dead, but as from the great land of the living, where all will meet in time to come.

My name is Frank W. Hill.

Henry Brewster.

Will you be kind enough to place my name on your list as Henry Brewster, and say that I direct my thoughts to Chicago, for there the interests I have in earthly affairs are to be found. I am interested in parties and in matters connected with material life in that city of the West, but I have had no opportunity of reaching them in any external way. I wish my friends to know I am interested in those things, and that I have been trying to shape events as I would like to have them were I here. I have had difficulties to encounter, and have not succeeded very well in doing as I wished, but there is a certain pleasure in working in that line, which keeps me at it, of course. If those who are trying to do their part, and are working bravely for certain results that we know will be good, could only realize they have even the attempted assistance of a spirit-friend, I think it would inspire them, or at least give them a little encouragement; at the same time it would please me and help me along.

I was a man whose energies and thoughts were directed more especially to outward life and business matters than to anything connected with the spiritual, and as a spirit, though some time has gone by since I went from the body, I feel those inclinations drawing me here. I have had time to look around on the other side and take notes. I see there a very good-appearing world, with very good-looking people, who seem to be attending to their own business, but further than that I have little knowledge of what the outside or the inside life is.

I am in no especial haste to have those material affairs settled, because I think if they are held off for a while it will result more advantageously to those in the body, who ought to have all they can get out of them, and so I advise, if my friends see my message, a little delay, and I shall certainly do my best to influence it.

I send regards. I have kindly thoughts of those with whom I moved when here. I shal be glad to meet them when they come out of the body, and I will be very happy to meet them while they remain in it, if I can.

There is much connected with my past life that might be talked over, but not in public; some things about it my friends do not fully understand; they thought that I was hurried, that I felt in haste to accomplish things, and they wondered at it. Well, there was a something, I hardly know what, pressing upon me all the time, to work while the day lasted, and I sometimes felt as though I could not tell how soon the night would come. I am not sorry for this, because it enabled me to accomplish things that might not have been performed otherwise.

Much obliged to you, Mr. Chairman, for allowing a stranger to come in this way.

SPIRIT MESSAGES

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

March 2.—Dr. Robert Capen; Dr. Elijah N. Cooper; Lettie White; Thomas Wells; John Dyer; Elizabeth Brown.

March 5.—Samuel Montgomery; Isaac Gifford; Lucy Miner; Capt. Samuel Hutchinson; Thomas Mallett; Alice Graham; William King; Sarah Adams.

THE MESSAGES GIVEN

As per dates will appear in due course.

April 30.—William Wells Brown; Controlling Spirit, for Paul William Zeuner, Rudolf Holmquist, Frank Reinder, Mrs. Julia Cassidy, M. Godin, Kathrina Zeigler, George Brockmeyer, Antoine Declos, Christina Dauvray, Angela.

May 4.—Ovid Butler; Julia M. Saunders; Abigail T. Otis; Hannah W. Greene; Samuel Walker; Charles Coburn.

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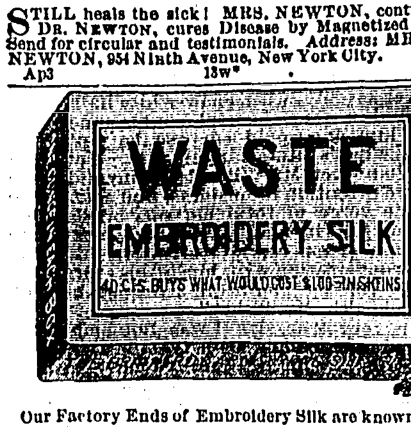

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self far more than in the Western world, for the same reason that earnest efforts are always rewarded, and every power is brought out by the endeavor to exercise it. If people were only less material, less gross, less bound up in the trivialities of material routine—if they would but devote some portion of their time and energy to acknowledging the spiritual side of their nature, such an outburst of heavenly music, such a revelation of spiritual truth would be the result that there would be no more work for Psychic Research Societies to do; men would individually fathom the problem which these blundering, would-be scientists are vainly endeavoring to solve.

Many of the more advanced among liberal religious teachers of the present are taking the ground that the important side of the doctrine of the resurrection of Jesus is that side which leaves controversy of a historical nature altogether, and declares the satisfactoriness of a spiritual conviction borne in upon the minds of the disciples, that their master was truly alive and could make his presence felt among them. No matter whether he did or did not appear to them physically, he most certainly revealed himself to them spiritually; they were then convinced of human immortality, and no longer indulged the hope of a material kingdom, but transferred their anticipations to realms beyond the skies and to the spiritual triumphs of truth on earth among men.

Now let us see how this interpretation will work with reference to the daily difficulties and sorrows of this present world? Here is a bereaved mother wringing her hands in uncontrollable sorrow; she has lost her only darling child; she cannot lay hold upon the truth of immortality; she fears her darling may have perished. Night after night she sighs and moans, making the midnight air groan with her lamentations; neither science nor religion can give her any comfort; she cannot obtain any relief from the sympathy of friends; neither the Bible nor any other book can help her; she is on the verge of insanity through despair: One night she dreams a delightful dream; she sees her child bending over her; she hears his voice, she is convinced he is with her, and although it is only a dream, it is an angel's visit. When she awakes her load has gone; she is a new woman; henceforth she looks to her hours of rest with the pleasing expectation of another such experience; even if another never comes, one has been enough to convince her of the continued life of her beloved, and if she is not to see him again on earth she knows that death will restore him to her arms: There is the balm of Gilead, there is the true physician for the mind; it is enough for her to feel she *knows;* other people may dispute her, even pronounce her demented; what matters that to her? She can but pity them. She has had evidence of her darling's resurrection. But in using the word resurrection, let us be careful that we do not misapply it. Thomas Lake Harris in one of his poems says: "Death is the wondrous second birth, th' unveiling of the soul." Such a statement cannot be accepted unqualifiedly. Swedenborg speaks of man's resurrection in a spiritual body immediately after the *material form is left behind. Clairvoyants have often* watched the spiritual (or as Theosophists would term it, the astral) body emerge from the physical at the time of earthly decease.

The Apostle Paul and Swedenborg both speak of man as having two bodies, one material, the other spiritual. Swedenborg says the spiritual body is enclosed in the material during man's earthly lifetime, but is liberated at the moment of death. We are not prepared to contest these views; we simply claim that there is a deeper and higher truth in the doctrine of resurrection than can be compressed within the limits of these doctrines, accurate though they may be; and no set of persons would be more willing to acknowledge this higher truth than consistent disciples both of Paul and Swedenborg, for these great teachers, separated in time by a gulf of seventeen hundred years, were alike eager to impress upon the minds of their hearers the necessity of rising to a spiritual state of absolute superiority to the allurements and limitations of sense.

Paul says: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above." These words were not addressed to spirits divested of their material forms, but to men and women living yet in the flesh. This passage and many others prove conclusively to the impartial Bible student that the Christianity of the first century did not hang upon the dogma of the physical resurrection of Jesus, but hinged on something infinitely higher—even the resurrection of humanity to nobler heights of spiritual attainment than it had yet reached; this must be the kind of Christianity so highly eulogized by Rev. James Freeman Clarke in his most interesting and instructive work, "Ten Great Religions," and styled by him a pleroma or fullness of life containing elements of excellence foreign to all other religions known upon earth.

No intelligent student of the gospels can possibly fail to note how persistent Jesus was in urging his followers not to set their hopes and affections on transitory things, but to transfer them to the realities of spiritual being. Moses and Elijah, symbols of law and prophecy, were transfigured before the three most intimate followers of Jesus when he took them on to a high mountain and revealed to them the spiritual nature of his kingdom; their earthly ambitions were crushed even before his crucifixion, but that event robbed them of the last vestige of hope concerning material prosperity; he, their leader and teacher, rose from the dead and appeared to them in spirit, when they at once realized the truth of what he had so constantly pressed home to them during his sojourn with them as one of themselves. Their spiritual eyes were opened; a great sorrow, a bitter disappointment, a sore bereavement had made them amenable to spiritual truths they could never understand before.

Are there no parallel instances in your own experiences? *Have none of you ever been spiritually* profited to an amazing extent by the frustration of every earthly hope and plan? Are there not many whom we meet every day who never turned their thoughts in spiritual directions till some crushing weight of sorrow fell upon them, snatching from them every earthly prop? It is indeed expedient for us to suffer if without suffering we remain callous and indifferent to the things pertaining to our immortal being. We must not be selfish, worldly, or ambitious for personal and temporal distinction, and as long as we are so, we may be sure the day is not far distant when some heavy blow will force the worldliness and conceit out of us; if the blow does not fall in this life it must inevitably in another. Now what were the words addressed by Jesus to Mary Magdalene immediately he had satisfied her of his identity? "Touch me not, but go tell my brethren I have risen," is about the ordinary version. But many of the ablest commentators have very wisely translated touch, detain or hold; detain or delay me not, and do not endeavor to stay with me yourself enjoying my company, while the brethren are so anxious. Go and tell them that I am alive, seems to be the spirit of the sentence. Be not selfish in your joy, but as you have individually discovered a truth, one which has dried your tears and removed the sorrow from your heart, go and impart the joyful news to others.

A beautiful little book with a beautiful title has recently been advertised in the papers. It is called: "The Message of the Bluebird, Told to Me to Tell Others." This title is deeply expressive of a great and universal law or principle of spiritual being. Nothing is told to us which we should not pass on to others. If we get a revelation of truth we get it from some one else; and as others have been instrumental, yea, indispensable to our receiving a truth, it is a duty we owe to humanity to hand that truth to some other needy, hungry spirit. Selfishness is so utterly opposed to spirituality, so essentially antagonistic to the genius of true religion, that it never surprises us to mark how fossilized those people soon become who, having got hold of some spiritual truth, have been hugging it to their bosoms for five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, even thirty or more years, never thinking of those who are pining for the bread and water of life, of which they stood so sorely in need when first the light broke in upon their minds. Selfishness is at the root of all tyranny and monopoly; it is the primal cause of anarchy, nihilism, strikes, outrages of every description; it brings about riots and rebellions everywhere; it antagonizes the welfare of humanity at every point, and is, in fact, the very devil in society. The grasping hand which is stretched out forcibly to demand even rights will not redeem and save society. Unselfishness, justice, the foundation of the city which lieth four square, of which the length and height and breadth are equal; that justice upon which an edifice of perfect love, of true philanthropy, can stand secure forever, is the only antidote to existing evils, the only panacea for all the many and grievous woes which still afflict society.

Monopoly of land, monopoly of gold may be the cause of strikes among laborers. Depression of business and panics in the money market, monopoly of education, monopoly of truth have been and still are the fruitful parent of a thousand ills in the reputed religious world. We do not attempt to censure individuals or single out any for condemnation; we leave each to his own conscience; but do you not agree with us, when you let your better selves be heard, that when you hug a blessing to yourself and share it with no one, it dwindles instead of grows? You become no richer by your exclusiveness, but you do thereby defraud and impoverish others. It is to-day as in the time of Elijah: the poor widow who shares her handful of meal and cruse of oil with one poorer than herself enriches him and finds her own store replenished. The more she gives the more she has to give, while those who give nothing never get anything in advance of their present acquirement. To give is to receive; to give nothing is to foster a habit, effectually blowing out the light which would otherwise shine in upon us.

The great cause of dissatisfaction with the so-called upper classes of society all over the world is the prevalent feeling on the part of those in humbler circumstances that those who are in possession of a large amount of this world's goods do not care whether those who are dependent upon them live or starve, except in so far as their welfare is indispensable to the rich man's comfort. There are natural distinctions between *man and man which no socialistic or communistic theories* can obliterate. Some have more talents than others, some are more industrious than others, some have superior tact, a knack of getting on in the world which others lack; and though the Declaration of Independence declares all men in this country are born free and equal, it is an undeniable fact that given equal opportunities, some will progress faster than others. Now if those who reach the summit of learning and prosperity soonest were invariably bent on disseminating their superior knowledge, and sharing their happiness and prosperity with those less favored; if a spirit of kindly forbearance and lovely charity, in addition to the strict integrity or impartial *justice so sorely* needed in this world, were the ruling principles of their thought and conduct, there would be no room for strikes and boycotts, no occasion for revolt, as the reputed rich man would be a friend beloved by all.

We are only truly wealthy when we can only really enjoy whatever the laws of our country allow us to call our own, by sharing all we have with others. If those splendid grounds attached to many a gentleman's estate were opened to the poor and sickly who pine for fresh air and the sights and sounds of nature; if those magnificent collections of paintings and statuary and that enchanting music so common to the *salons* of the affluent could be divided with those who have an eye to the beautiful but cannot afford to revel in its influence, the first step would be taken to break down the growing feeling of hostility now threatening a revolution against the representatives of capital *versus* labor. We do not for a moment say that palliative measures will ever finally settle a question; but we do maintain that the hatred felt by one section of society for another arises out of the ineradicable conviction on the part of the poorer that the wealthy are a grasping, greedy set, totally indifferent to everybody's welfare but their own. No arbitration is practically possible so long as such a state of feeling continues, and it will remain until some practical results are forthcoming to prove that if not always erroneous, it is now being fast outgrown.

If so much depends upon the use to which we put material things, if monopoly of land, money and all the comforts and conveniences of external life occasions so much misery and anarchy, and is so detestable a crime, what shall we say of that spiritual selfishness, that monopoly of truth, which allows a few to boast of themselves as sole possessors of the highest revelation ever given to earth, a revelation which they carefully lock away from others and seem only to appreciate because it is their exclusive property? The resurrection we must experience, if we would find the golden key which unlocks the door of the true kingdom of heaven, is a resurrection from selfishness even to the glorious heights of altruism, which says do all for others. The true altruistic feeling does not overlook the importance of self-culture; on the contrary, it impresses on every one the necessity of culturing self for the good of humanity. Can we teach what we do not know? Can we impart what we do not possess? Self-culture is indeed a duty, but when the truth we receive becomes to us a million times more precious because we can impart it to others, we grow in grace and in the knowledge of truth daily; and instead of drinking from a little tank all our own, from which we allow no one else to take a draught of living water, we become pipes connected with an eternal reservoir, we become windows, always open, through which sunlight and air are constantly pouring in; we grow to see our souls in the light of ever-burning lamps, fed by the universal atmosphere, from which any quantity of lights may be kindled, while our flame never grows less.

If any one shall say, But what do you think of the literal resurrection? What became of the body not found in the tomb? What means the appearance of Jesus to Thomas in a solid, bodily form? we answer in two ways, and in so doing we speak of universal spiritual laws, and do not confine ourselves to any particular place, time or person. The triumphant spirit who can exclaim with reference to his earthly work, "It is finished," has gained sovereign sway over all material things. To him the limitations of time and sense are *forever annihilated. He* can improvise a body and disintegrate one as easily as you can put on and take off your clothing; he can render himself visible and again invisible to material sense. This wonderful power of spirit over matter is taught philosophically by many spiritual teachers in their dissertations on what is termed spirit-materialization. Of course spirit never becomes material, but it can so use material as its servant as to produce any desired phenomenon. These manifestations are as necessary for doubting Didymus to-day as they were eighteen hundred years ago. But the higher view of the subject is the spiritualization of mankind. When you are not dependent upon cabinets and séance-rooms and physical *media for your evidences of immortality,* you have graduated higher; you have learned what these phenomena can teach; and while they are needful for those in primary schools of spiritual education, they, being but accommodations of spiritual truth to mortal sense, must of necessity be superseded by other proofs and demonstrations more entirely spiritual. More blessed are they who have not seen with the outward but with the inward eye, than those who depend on sensuous evidences which may be at any time withdrawn.

Let us accept with thankfulness whatever portion of truth falls to our share, and do our best to enlighten others by sharing our knowledge with those in need. Let us never descend to quibble as to the language the spirit of truth shall employ when addressing us or any one else, remembering that at Pentecost of old the convincing nature of the phenomena consisted in the fact of every man hearing in his own language the wonderful truths the spirit had to impart. God uses all means and all messengers; we must employ those most fitted to our needs individually, but never forget that our wants and those of others may be widely different. Thus the unity of the spirit is made manifest in a diversity of gifts.

Cleveland, O.—George E. Tracey passed to spirit-life from Cleveland, Friday, April 30th, aged 46 years, through disease engendered while fighting the battles of the late civil war. The arisen brother was a Spiritualist, and a member of the Fourteenth Ohio Battery, which participated in twenty-eight battles. In the language of his commander, H. U. Johnson of Ashtabula, who officiated as the representative of the G. A. R.: "Cleveland furnished no braver soldier, and Ohio sent no more sacrificing son to the front." The funeral services were held Sunday, May 2d, in Weisgerber's Hall, conducted by Thomas Lees, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer delivering the address.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston:

Banner of Light Circle-Room, No. 9 Bosworth Street.—Every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Admission free. For further particulars, see notice on sixth page. L. B. Wilson, Chairman.

Boston Spiritual Temple, Horticultural Hall. Lectures every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. R. Holmes, President; W. A. Dunklee, Treasurer.

The Ladies' Industrial Society *meets every other* Wednesday afternoon and evening at 176 Tremont street, Room A.

Berkeley Congregation.—Permanent lecturer, W. J. Colville. Public service in Berkeley Hall, Odd Fellows Building, Tremont street, every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.; also Friday, 7½ P. M. Weekly meetings in Langham Hall (adjoining): Monday, 8 P. M., Questions and Answer Conference; Wednesday, 2½ P. M., Ladies' Union; 8 P. M., Musical and Literary Soirée; Saturday, 3 P. M., Lecture and Conversation. Everybody welcome.

Union Park Hall.—The Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum meets in this hall, corner Union Park and Washington streets, every Sunday at 10½ A. M. All friends of the young are invited to visit us. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

Paine Memorial Hall, Appleton Street, near Tremont.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1. Sessions Sundays, at 10½ o'clock. Seats free, and all are cordially invited. Benj. P. Weaver, Conductor. Francis B. Woodbury, Cor. Sec., 45 Indiana Place.

First Spiritual Temple, corner of Newbury and Exeter Streets.—Services every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock and every Wednesday evening at 7½. All are cordially invited. Seats free.

1031 Washington Street.—First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society. Meetings every Friday at 2½ and 7½ P. M. Mrs. Henry O. Torrey, Secretary.

College Hall, 34 Essex Street.—Sundays, at 10½ A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M., and Wednesday at 2½ P. M. Eben Cobb, Conductor.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street, corner of Essex.—Sundays, at 2½ and 7½ P. M.; also Thursdays at 3 P. M. Able speakers and test mediums. Excellent music. Prescott Robinson, Chairman.

Spiritualistic Phenomena Association holds meetings every Sunday afternoon in Berkeley Hall, 4 Berkeley street, at 2½ o'clock. D. J. Ricker, President.

Facts Meetings, Langham Hall, every Thursday at 8 P. M. L. L. Whitlock, editor of *Facts* magazine, Chairman.

1031 Washington Street, Ladies' Aid Parlors.—National Developing Circle meets every Sunday at 3 P. M. James A. Bliss, Conductor, assisted by other good developing mediums. Good speaking and music.

Fraternity of the White Cross, 12 Pemberton Square, Room 9.—Meetings second and fourth Thursdays of each month. Service of Silence on Saturday evening. The Messenger will be at the rooms daily from 9 A. M. till 2 P. M., to give information respecting the Order.

Chelsea.—Spiritualist meetings at Pilgrim Hall, Odd Fellows Building; Sunday, at 3 and 7½ P. M.

The Boston Spiritual Temple at Horticultural Hall.—Last Sunday Mrs. Adaline M. Glading's morning subject was "Inside and Outside, or the Mockeries of Human Life." Passing through the streets of the city and seeing its busy throngs of people, the query arose: Where did they all come from, and where go to? As we pass one and another, and, looking in each face, observe their different conditions, we feel the truth that the outward smile may cover bleeding hearts. The anxiety, trouble and unhappiness under an apparently prosperous condition are not easily read by the passer-by. A light, joyful spirit frequently dwells with the plainly-dressed, whose wants are few but well supplied. It is not the outward appearance that measures the condition of the inward state. We have much to do with our surroundings. It is for each to determine whether he affinitizes himself with the good that is around, or its reverse. Nature's laws are written on everything around us, and need no revision. May we prove by our lives that in Spiritualism are all the elements of progress and purity in this life; that, whatever may be said, the soul that feels the presence of a mother, sister or child near them cannot step aside to any act which they do not feel has their approval.

At the close of her remarks a few questions were answered. One was: "If Swedenborg is accepted as a true seer or medium, how are we to understand his teachings that none can be saved except by regeneration, which must take place while here in the physical or not at all?"

ANS.—Swedenborg was a man gifted with clairvoyance and clairaudience. He had a religious training, and all his observations were tinctured with such training. He saw the hells, or, rather, imperfect conditions appeared to him as "hells"; he also saw in spirit-life more perfect conditions which he called "heavens." His early teachings gave direction to his thought. He gave as he understood it. He saw no progression. Swedenborg made the same mistake that some do in our time, when he gave himself up to only one control. Swedenborg made a mistake in declaring this life as the only place of reform. His revelation as a finality is not correct.

In the evening Mrs. Glading considered the question, "Can the Doctrine of Spiritualism Adapt itself of the Conditions of Human Life?" She said: "When I open my Bible, the book of nature, I see in every plant a struggle for life. I see in bird-life different formations for different conditions. The water-bird is supplied with web-feet, with long beak and legs; others with short beak, talons and legs, with large wings for support in the air. I see the wild beasts that live on flesh supplied with sharp claws and teeth adapted to their mode of living. The grazing herds of the field are adapted to their condition. Man adapts himself to climate and conditions of life. 'Compensation' is a law that works with the law of adaptation. The young mother of the affluent class and the one in the lower walks of life equally love their children; the one giving all her time, with attendants, to their needs; the other, dependent on her earnings for a living, allows her children more freedom and self-dependence, which has a tendency to strengthen them, while the former, through over-care, does not give them development, and they sicken and die. The rich cannot buy happiness, the poor have it free. Spiritualism comes freely to both without money. It comes to woman as a teacher, and as such is above all price." Several questions from the audience were answered, and readings given of persons satisfactorily. Mrs. Clara A. Field will speak at this place morning and evening. W. A. D.

The Boston Spiritual Temple will hold its annual meeting at 176 Tremont street, Room A, Wednesday evening, May 19th, at 7 o'clock, for the choice of officers for the ensuring year, and the transaction of other business. Members, and those wishing to become such, are requested to be present.

O. L. ROCKWOOD, *Sec.*

Berkeley Hall Meetings.—On Sunday last, May 9th, W. J. Colville lectured in Berkeley Hall on "Fragments of Forgotten History" in the morning, and on "Metaphysics" in the evening. The audiences were large and appreciative.

On Sunday next, May 16th, Mr. Colville's subjects will be: 10:30 A. M., "The Book of Job as a Spiritual Allegory of the Development of the Earth, and of the Human Spirit"; 7:30 P. M., "The New Heavens and the New Earth."

On Friday, May 14th, Mr. Colville will speak at 8 P. M. on "The Moral Influence of the Apostle Paul."

Public receptions for answering questions Monday at 8 P. M., Saturday at 3 P. M.

The public is respectfully informed that Mr. Colville's farewell to Boston will take place in Berkeley Hall Monday, May 24th, when a grand concert and address, followed by a supper, will be given in this hall, commencing at 7:30 P. M. Tickets 25 cents, supper included.

Mr. Colville lectures Sunday next, May 16th, in Odd Fellows Hall, Main street, Cambridgeport, at 3 P. M. Subject, "Spiritual Truths in Ancient History."

Spiritualistic Phenomena Association, Berkeley Hall.—Three hundred persons attended the meeting Sunday, May 9th. Mrs. H. C. Mason and daughter, Mr. LeClaire, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Milligan participated in the musical exercises. Dr. Fred. Crockett, a gifted medium and psychometric reader, gave a séance truthful in every particular; his character readings were excellent. Mrs. Nellie Whitney was introduced, and occupied the concluding hour of the afternoon with a physical séance. This medium has been before this Association on three different occasions. Everything in connection with her séances has been fair, honorable, and above suspicion. Every opportunity has been given for honest investigators to witness the phenomena, examine the medium, etc. At the conclusion of this séance Bro. Paine presented the following resolution, which was almost unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the manifestations produced through the mediumship of Mrs. Nellie Whitney before this Association are believed by us to be genuine, entirely free from fraud, and can only be accounted for upon the theory that they are what they claim to be.

Mrs. Whitney certainly deserves the above hearty endorsement.

Next Sunday Dr. Charles H. Harding and Mrs. M. C. Bagley will occupy our platform

F. B. WOODBURY, *Cor. Sec.*

45 Indiana Place.

Sunday Evening, May 16th, at Ladies' Aid Parlor, 1031 Washington street, a complimentary reception will be tendered Francis B. Woodbury. Lucette Webster, Miss Maria Childs, Miss Minnie Nickerson, Miss Mae Dinsmore, Lulu Morse, Miss Maria Falls, Prof. Fisher, Miss Gardiner, Master H. Baxter, Miss Wakefield, Mrs. H. C. Mason, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Gertie Hanson, Master Hanson, Miss Emma Ireland, and many others have kindly volunteered their services.

Paine Hall.—Boston Spiritual Lyceum.—The exercises of the Lyceum at its last session consisted of readings by Ruth Parkhurst, Bertha Engler, Alice Russell, Alice Hancock, Louise Plumb, Mrs. Francis, Maria Falls and Mrs. Smith. Mr. A. J. Davis addressed the school interestingly, suggesting what all must do to put the Lyceum on a solid financial basis, urging the great necessity of harmonious action in all things. Messrs. Weaver and Woodbury also briefly addressed the school, the Secretary stating that it was pleasant for him to return to his work in the Lyceum, feeling that there was interest enough in its welfare among Spiritualists to meet with general expression, "*The Lyceum must be sustained!*" He extended his thanks to the friends who cordially welcomed him, and to the many outside the Lyceum who have expressed a wish for him to again work in its behalf, and, in closing, said: We ask for and need a little financial aid. Will you help us?

Memorial service Sunday, May 30th. Session Sunday, May 16th, opens promptly at 11 A. M.

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, *Sec.*

45 Indiana Place, Boston.

The Facts Social.—On Thursday evening, May 6th, Langham Hall was, as usual, filled with an appreciative audience. Mrs. Glading of Philadelphia related her recent experience in obtaining answers to sealed letters through the mediumship of Dr. J. V. Mansfield. She was followed by similar statements of phenomena by Dr. Street, Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Clapp and others.

The previous Thursday evening the guides of Mr. Roscoe of England promised, if possible, to give a fire test. Mr. Whitlock had prepared for this purpose an extra large kerosene lamp, which was burning at full heat until the glass shade serving as chimney was very hot. The medium handled this and burning alcohol without apparent injury. His hands were thoroughly examined by and washed in the presence of a committee before the experiment, and examined by all who chose afterward.

Mrs. Glading gave psychometric readings and descriptions, and Mrs. Wheeler described spirits and conditions seen about persons in the audience, all of which seemed to be recognized. Several other mediums were present, but owing to the lateness of the hour were not called upon to speak. ***.

The Ladies' Industrial Society met at 176 Tremont street, Wednesday, May 5th. At the evening session Richard Holmes presided, and a large delegation from the Chelsea Society was present. Mrs. M. F. Lovering opened with an original song. Mr. Eben Cobb spoke of the maternal influence he felt from his sainted mother. Mrs. Adeline M. Glading gave her experience when coming to the knowledge of the truth through her own mediumship, and then under control of "Hoolah" read psychometrically several persons, her delineations being acknowledged by them to be correct. She filled a half-hour profitably and pleasantly to the audience. Dean Clarke gave some of his experiences in his travels over thirty States of the Union. Mrs. Pratt of Chelsea (Dr. Morgan) gave some of the solid talk that always comes from that source. Mr. H. P. Trask gave his reasons for what he believes, and was followed by Mrs. Glading, who, again controlled by "Hoolah," gave further readings. The next meeting, May 19th, will be the last of the season. ARNOLD.

For the Banner of Light.

SPIRIT ROSIE TO MISS M. T. SHELHAMER,

THROUGH HER MEDIUM, HELEN STUART RICHINGS.

If Rosie might bring from the spirit-world
A blossom her thought to express,
Its color would be a more lovely blue
Than fancy of artist can guess;
And deep in its cup, in its very heart—
Made gold by the kiss of the sun—
A crystal dew-drop would sparkle and shine
Like a star when the day is done.

Great soul, in casket so dainty, this bloom
Is thine in the bright Summer-Land:
Blue is the union of thought with a life
That is pure and noble and grand;
And motive, by fire strengthened and tried,
The heart kissed to gold by the sun;
The dew-drop, a gem from the bosom of Love,
By your womanly sympathy won.

Hopkinsville, Ky., May 2d, 1886.

Transition of Mrs. J. H. Mott.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mrs. Mary V. Mott, wife of J. Harvey Mott, the noted medium, passed to the higher life Wednesday, April 28th, at 5:30 P. M.

She had recently come to California, hoping its genial clime would enable her to continue her earth-work longer. But consumption had already begun its fatal work, and the spirit has now been set free. She passed on in the triumphant knowledge of immortality.

As her physical powers relaxed her spirit-vision opened, and with outstretched arms and smiling features, murmuring the strains of "Sweet By-and-Bye," which she had so often sung in circles, she eagerly welcomed the angel messengers. Mr. Mott feels his great loss deeply. Mrs. Mott has stood by him so efficiently and so long that it seemed as if he could not give her up. But he sorrows not as those who have no *knowledge*. Her last act was to smilingly stretch forth her hands to her husband, whom she recognized to the last, and with the fond assurance that she would ever be near him, she intelligently and joyously passed to the spirit-world. She made a thoughtful disposition of her effects, leaving words of wisdom and love and tokens of kindness for friends who stay, and fondly and joyously anticipated her reunion with loved ones gone before.

A few friends with songs and flowers will quietly return the mortal body to Mother Earth on Friday afternoon. Miss Susie M. Johnson is expected to be present, and also on Sunday afternoon address the people of Santa Ana, in the Opera House, on the glorious truths of our religion.

D. EDSON SMITH.

Santa Ana, Cal., April 29th, 1886.

◆

Hanson, Mass.—G. F. Simpson, Sec., informs us that on Sunday, May 9th, morning and afternoon, the opening meetings in the summer course of the Hanson Spiritualist Society were held—singing by the choir, introductory remarks by the President, Mrs. W. W. Hood, and eloquent addresses by George A. Fuller of Dover, Mass., on "Man, Thou Shalt Not Die," and "Children, Flowers and Music," comprised the exercises. The next meeting will be held May 23d, and will be addressed by Allen Putnam.

◆

Lynn, Mass.—Mary H. Mosher writes: "The Spiritualists here are still doing good work for the cause. Easter Sunday we had Mrs. Maud E. Lord with us, who drew a crowded house as usual. Her descriptive séance given, as it generally is, to the skeptics present, was as an Easter to many unbelieving hearts, who for the first time had brought home to them the fact of spirit-communion. We trust to have her with us again soon."

◆

New Bedford, Mass.—The largest audience of the season greeted Mr. Frank T. Ripley's farewell appearance in this city May 9th. Music Hall was engaged and was crowded to the doors. Mr. R.'s lecture was well received, and his tests were pronounced wonderful. We recommend him to other societies, as he is right worthy of employment. C.

◆

Haverhill—Brittan Hall.—A tribute to the efficiency of Dr. H. F. Merrill, platform test medium, of Montague, Mass.—who addressed the friends at this place last Sunday—comes to hand too late for use in this issue, but will be published next week. On Sunday, May 16th, Joseph D. Stiles of Weymouth will be at Brittan Hall.

◆

Newburyport, Mass.—Mrs. A. M. Glading of Philadelphia will be our speaker next Sunday. It will be the closing meeting of the season, and in securing Mrs. Glading we can but feel, with one of old, that we have preserved the best to serve at the close of the feast. H.

☞ President Mental Science University, and Editor *Mental Science Magazine*, 161 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill., will open large class in Mental Cure May 18th; tuition, $50. Indigent students favored. Apply soon.

Spiritualist Meetings in New York.

Grand Opera House Hall, 8th Avenue and 23d Street.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings at this hall every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M.

Metropolitan Church for Humanity, 251 West 23d Street, Rev. Mrs. T. B. Stryker.—Services every Sunday, at 11 o'clock A. M.

Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th Street.—The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M.; also Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. No vacation for warm weather. Frank W. Jones, Conductor.

Beacon Light Parlors, 232 West 46th Street.—The Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 3 P. M.

Parker Spiritual Society.—Public services every Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock, in the new hall (Lower Hall), No. 53 Union Square.

Spiritualist Meetings in Brooklyn.

The First Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Conservatory Hall, Bedford Avenue, corner of Fulton street. Speakers engaged: May and June, Mr. J. William Fletcher and others. Morning service at 11 o'clock, evening at 7½. All are cordially invited. Spiritual literature on sale in hall.

Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation meets during the month of May at residence of Judge Dailey, 451 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sunday services 7½ P. M. John Jeffrey, President; W. J. Cushing, Secretary; A. G. Kipp, Treasurer.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Union holds its meetings every Sunday in Fraternity Rooms, corner Fourth and South Second streets, as follows: Members' Developing Circle, 10½ A. M.; Children's Lyceum, 2½ P. M.; Conference, 7½ P. M. Seats free.

Another Household Necessity.

Mr. Wild, the Inventor of Linoleum, notes a Discovery as Valuable as His Own.

Fifteen or twenty years ago it was found that a floor-covering could be made, looking like oil-cloth and lasting as long or longer, and yet without that coldness to the tread which is one of the peculiar characteristics of oil-cloth. The new article was made of very finely-ground particles of cork, mixed with linseed oil and other substances in mysterious ways which need not here and now be described. "Linoleum" was the name selected for it. At first it was put before the public on a very small scale. But its merits created a great demand for it, and it is now a household institution, both in this country and in England. At the head of the Linoleum business, in this country, is the well-known house of Joseph Wild & Co., of 84 Worth street, New York.

The senior partner of this firm is Joseph Wild, Esq., a resident of South Brooklyn and one of the most hearty-looking gentlemen of his age anywhere to be seen. He is considerably over seventy, with snow-white hair, erect form, and a very cheerful countenance. To look at him one would suppose he never had suffered a day's illness in his life. Yet there was a time when Mr. Wild was an invalid, worn by active attention to business, and seeming to be on the verge of total nervous prostration. Concerning his invalidity and his restoration to health one of our correspondents recently had a little conversation with him at his store.

"They tell me you were considerably run down in health, Mr. Wild?"

"It is very true, sir. I was not bed-ridden nor was I entirely laid aside from business, but I had given myself very closely to my business affairs, and my duties in connection with the church and some of the Baptist benevolent societies had weighed heavily upon me. A younger man than I might not have felt these burdens as I did, but at my time of life they began to make their mark on my constitution. I felt a lack of vitality and realized that my nerve power was about to fail me. My appetite was not as it formerly had been and my digestion was somewhat disordered. I needed, in fact, revitalization. About this time I heard of Compound Oxygen, and I made inquiry of Dr. Turner, in charge of the New York office of this remedy, to see if it could be applicable to me. Learning from him that others who had been run down as I was had been benefited by the *Compound Oxygen*, I procured a 'Home Treatment' with considerable doubt as to whether or not it would do me any good. This was about two years ago. Since that time I have been taking Compound Oxygen, not all the time, but frequently at intervals, when I have felt the need of it.

"Then you received decided benefit from it at the outset?"

"Very soon after I began to inhale I found that I was receiving new strength. And I was glad to note that it was real strength, and not a mere stimulus. I noted also the steadiness of my improvement. There was no falling back, but a constant and reliable advance. Daily I could feel an increase of vitality. My spirits were better, and my power of action was greater. I was able to attend to my business and to all my other duties with far less strain on me than I had for some time previously experienced."

"And so you now find yourself as well as ever, and beyond the necessity of medicine?"

"For a man of my years I am as hearty and vigorous as I can expect. I am free from disease and pain, and am attending to as much detail of business as if I were only fifty years old. As to medicine, I have no use for it, drug-medicine, I mean. I do not call this Oxygen exactly a medicine; certainly not in the sense that drugs are medicinal. I regard it as a wonderful vitalizer and invigorator. And it is as such that I even now occasionally resort to it when I feel the need. I keep it in the house, and intend to continue doing so."

To the many gentlemen of advancing years who are over-worked and weary, and who feel themselves in need of revitalization, Compound Oxygen is, as in Mr. Wild's case, a valuable helper. The late T. S. Arthur, of Philadelphia, was brought almost from the grave by this means when he was quite an old man, and by it his life was prolonged for a number of years. The Hon. William D. Kelley, of Philadelphia, who is beyond seventy, attributes to Compound Oxygen his recovery from what had been pronounced a fatal disease. He still uses the Oxygen as a vitalizer, and is in vigorous condition, attending to his legal and congressional duties as actively as of old.

For a valuable treatise on what Compound Oxygen is, and what it does, write to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia. The treatment will be mailed free of charge.

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ALLEN PUTNAM, ESQ., will answer calls to lecture or to attend funerals. Address him No. 46 Clarendon street, Boston, Mass.

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