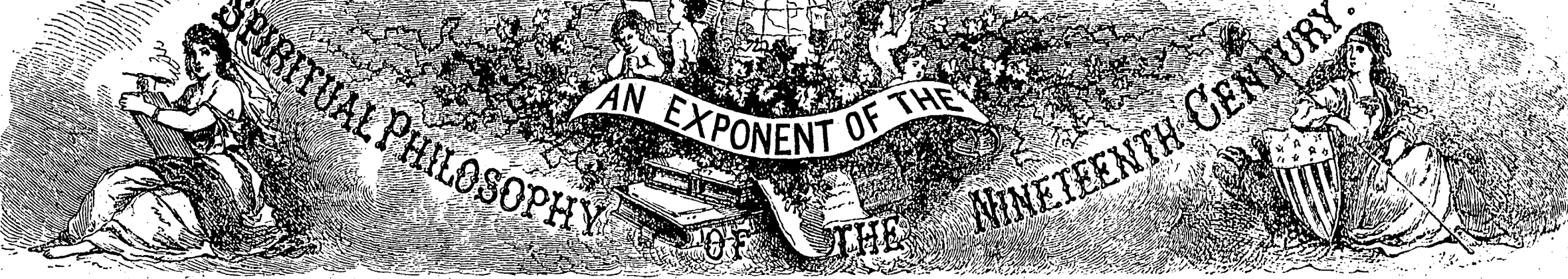


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## The Rostrum.

### WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR SPIRITUALISM?

A Lecture Delivered in Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Sunday, Dec. 1st, 1872, by Emma Hardinge-Britten.

Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.

#### INVOCATION.

Great Spirit! thou who alone canst guide us to the "Evergreen Shore"; thou who holdest the keys of Life and Death—we invoke thy sacred presence this hour. We ask thee for wisdom to consider thy counsels; we ask thee for light to understand and for strength to fulfill the purposes of life which thou hast stamped upon each one of us; we ask thee for inspiration; we ask thee that thou wilt be the world made flesh dwelling amongst us this hour; and oh, give us the renewed assurance that thou art our High Priest, our Father and our Friend; lift the curtain of mystery which conceals thy sublime perfection from our eyes; give us to behold thee as our strength, our consolation, that, as we go hence from this place, we may feel it is indeed good to be here, and that for one brief hour we have stood in thy sacred temple, and, putting off the shoes of materiality from our feet, have experienced that, in communion with thee, the place is holy ground. To thee we turn, oh Light ever shining in the Darkness! to thee, Spirit of Life and Beauty, we consecrate the services of this hour!

#### ADDRESS.

The question which is presented for your consideration at this time, and which is indeed the all-important topic of the hour, is: "What shall we do with our Spiritualism?" It has been the reiterated query of many, and yet many a year; it has been the great unspoken thought that has welled up in many a heart swelling with joy and gratitude beneath the elevating dispensation of Spiritualism; and yet, when we put it into speech, and question of one another what response we have to offer, we most generally fall back upon the excuse that the time has not yet come to answer it—that we are yet in the smoke of the battle; that we are yet standing before the partially unrolled panorama upon which has been displayed the wonderful forms of the divine drama; that that panorama is still passing before our eyes, and as yet we have found no standpoint where we can number up the jewels we have gained, the wealth that has been bestowed upon us, or take heed of the responsibilities that have grown out of them. But I call upon you to note that, whilst those who most love Spiritualism—those who are most hopeful to find in it the world's redeemer from wrong and error; those who enshrine it in their heart of hearts as the holy of holies—have been waiting for what they deemed the fitting time, there are those who have stepped in before us, absorbed the great dispensation, and planted the standards of their individual idiosyncrasies upon its battle-fields.

Would you comprehend the scope of this state of affairs? Go into your city streets and question of each one you meet: "What is Spiritualism?" and how many divergent ideas, angular opinions, strange doctrines and peculiar forms of special belief will be immediately labeled upon that word. There is no such thing as standing still; we all have to learn this lesson, and whilst the tides of heavenly reform are sweeping us on to the shore of some unknown bourn, the various barks of human opinion are passing by us, taking hold of the rudder which we have abandoned, and guiding our ship whither we would not. I arise this day from a bed of sickness, to hear the dear message of the immortals to those who have been most strong and faithful in their service: "What shall we do with our Spiritualism?" God grant me strength to be the mouthpiece for answering that question. You and I know that the old familiar parable of the ten talents—so old yet ever new in the field of human experience, appealing to almost every life amongst us—comes home with more force to the modern Spiritualist than to any other class in the community. If it be so, then awake! and help me to answer the question of the hour.

That you may the better do this, permit me to roll up the curtain of the drama, or at least that portion of it through which we have passed, and here and there take note of the various forms in which the ten talents have been bestowed upon us. First, then, let me recall what was the speciality of human opinion upon all spiritual subjects when the great modern movement was first opened before us. It is customary for us to attempt to strengthen our faith by reaffirming that Spiritualism has ever been known; that it underlies all religious belief, and that its phenomena have never ceased to intervene in human affairs. It has been customary to reiterate this to ourselves and the world, but I feel to say, as I stand gazing through the vistas of a quarter of a century in which its modern course has proceeded—through the years in which I have been privileged to proclaim the solemn dispensation of Spiritualism—that my eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, the beauty of his love, the sublimity of his power; that I live to behold that glorious era which the kings and prophets of olden days waited for, and sought, but never found, and that I scarce know of any age or period of time which has been equally gifted with the blessing of the spiritual dispensation with the one in which we are now living. In recalling the differ-

ent forms of human thought and opinion which Spiritualism has displaced, it seems that we may classify them into three distinct groups or orders:

The first may be considered to represent the leading minds of the age in the varied departments of analytical science; those who have been accustomed to observe the motions and forces of the universe, and weigh them in the balance of scientific law. And yet when we have questioned them as to what is the source of causation; what is the ultimate of the grand scheme of which these are but fragmentary parts; what is the source and power of mind, they have answered us: Search the shining heavens, gauge the depths of the ocean, analyze and disintegrate every element, animate or inanimate, throughout the universe, and you shall find no evidence of spirit as an independent existence; nothing more than the chemistry of atoms—of the atoms most highly progressed it may be—is known to us as the cause of mind. Matter and mind are all we trace—matter as the outer exponent, mind as the inner force, and nothing but the force that moves creation.

The second class are those who advance beyond this position, acknowledge an independent spiritual existence, and even the intervention in human affairs of the Supreme Being; but they always refer this intervention to the suspension of that natural law which is claimed by the first class as immutable. They plead for miracle, and denounce all attempts to represent to us any other state of spiritual existence save that which is so constantly peddled each Sabbath day by the appointed ministers of ecclesiastical faith. All other forms of spiritual life are to them as much mere negations as to the scientist.

The third class are those who perceive running through all history the silver line of supernaturalism; who recognize the voice of the various unexplained phenomena which in different periods have appeared among men; who constantly oppose to the methods and deductions of materialism the glimpses which their eyes have from time to time beheld of the mystery of the unknown realm. These may be denominated super-naturalists. Their belief was based upon tradition and their hearts' yearnings toward the unknown, and these grounds were all they had to offer in proof of their alliance with the spirit-world, or of spiritual existence beyond the gates of change.

Oh, my friends, this is the day of large ecclesiastical endowments. Our city streets are adorned with costly structures, and the hand of the religious devotee points proudly where the spires of grand cathedrals pierce the sky; and yet these are but the fruits of the beggarly elements upon which our souls have in the past been fed—the mere scientific propositions of materialism, the vague dreaming of supernaturalism, and the solemn platitudes of those who refer all spiritual interposition to the miracles they claim to have been enacted so long ago. These included all the ideas and opinions relating to spiritual subjects which the world of civilization had to feed upon a quarter of a century ago; but now I call upon you to notice some of the epochs marked during that period by the spirits themselves, and which prophesy so much of transcendent glory for the coming time. Not in accordance with our preconceived notions of what a spirit could or should do, but with a wisdom deeper, more profound and searching, and better adapting means to ends than any contrivance or imagination of man, the great drama opens. It first appeals to the sense of sound; next, to that of sight. It comes in the lowliest shapes, with apparently the most insignificant of means—such means and such purposes as scarcely promised to transcend the disturbance created in a small and humble circle of village rustics. This was the obscure commencement of that great drama which was at once to establish a proposition that all the world of philosophy has since been unable to dispel. It is conclusively proved that those appeals forcibly made to the senses of hearing and sight, through the rap and the moving table, cannot originate themselves. Whilst science coldly and scornfully looks upon the trifling means used, the very fact that she is compelled to admit that there cannot be anything produced in the universe outside of the realm of material causation is forever and forever a challenge to her disciples to prove what is the origin of those sounds and motions which are not produced within this world of causes. We thus stand upon the threshold of a profound discovery in science from which we can never be dislodged.

And now for the second stage: Philosophy rises to attempt an explanation; a world of theology is launched upon these spirit-rappers, to account for the mysterious phenomena. It is too humiliating, and would occupy too much valuable time, were I now to rehearse in your ears the fruitless efforts which the great in human science and opinion have made to explain away these obstinate innovations within the realms of sound and motion, in the attempt to prove that mankind had no souls. It is enough that they failed of their purpose—enough that the sights and sounds began to expand into other varieties of phenomena. All possible appeals to the senses that could be demanded for evidence have been made: ponderous bodies have been moved without apparent cause; feats performed which the conjurer has in vain attempted to simulate; chemical compositions and decompositions going on before our eyes have defied all the powers of the human mind to explain them away; these, and other forms of phenomena called physical, have ap-

peared in regular order, to the confounding of the doubter and the satisfaction of the investigator.

But this is not all: a set of mental phenomena arise, equally unexplainable. Men speak with new tongues, write automatically in languages in which they have had no previous instruction, or concerning matters of which they can, from the nature of things, have no knowledge; and the great minds of ancient and more modern times appear again in the world of thought through the untaught mediums of our day. I know there are those who with scornful skepticism and mocking incredulity accept this proposition, declaring that there are few in the human form who would care to shoulder the authorship of our drawings, our music, our speeches, our literature; that, whilst the names of the mighty dead are borrowed to cover our productions, their paucity of ideas and poverty of expression are unworthy even of the poor mediums through whose organs they come. This is not the question; these exhibitions of intelligence, whatever be their grade, prove that they are entirely independent of the party through whom they are given. Spiritualism invariably endeavors to demonstrate the one fact, to every mind who will listen to its voice, that the intelligence making these appeals to the recognition of the present is connected with those whom the world calls dead; it brings us tokens of special identity that at once prove that their authors are beings of another world. It matters not how small and insignificant the sign—though it may be the falling of this fabric (alluding to a handkerchief held in her hand) or the low sound of the zephyr that stirs the summer leaves—that comes to us indubitably interpreting its connection with the buried dead; that is the very axis upon which the whole fabric of Spiritualism turns. It proves the agency of another world; it proves that that world is connected with the vanished dead. The whole question of immortality is solved, and these results ensue: we find a new country, with hills and plains, woods and rivers, as material to its residents as ours to us; a country that conserves in its immensity the millions and millions of bygone generations; a country invisible, it may be, to you and me, but which fills this place (alluding to the hall), which is pulsing in the air, which permeates our dwellings and our daily lives, and into which, from time to time, the opened eye of the seer can penetrate, beholding its radiant inhabitants, its resplendent scenes. This is one of the great discoveries that have resulted from the simple means which the spirits have made use of in their appeals to the minds of men.

The next is the proof of immortality—the fact that a new element is given to us; for which science has searched in vain. Science has explored the various forms of matter, solid, liquid, and gaseous; she has ascertained the source of the wild fire of the skies, and gaged the starry ranks of heaven; but there is a realm of force yet unmeasured by her. There are great transatlantic scientists among you who can gather up the star-beam that has been traveling toward the earth for millions of years, and show by analysis the elements, metallic and otherwise, which are there enshrouded; and there are also existing among you little children and ignorant men and women, who can show these scientists a world of which they never dreamed—a land far transcending the limits or capacities of earth; and without that humble spirit-medium the scientist knows nothing of the existence of such a world, with its powers and forces. Thus it is we find that at the very outset of each wonderful unfoldment we are entering upon the borders of a new and entertaining science. We pause at the very threshold of the great temple of Spiritualism, amazed at the mighty revelations made us by a simple rap or a dancing table.

But we must advance another step. I have said the attempt has been made to explain away these phenomena by referring them to the action of physical causes. Without entering upon the examination of this history, which has proved so humiliating to those who have enacted the farce, let me refer to the three points successively occupied and abandoned by the would-be expositors. First, we were told that electricity was the source of these remarkable occurrences; and when the awkward fact of intelligence connected with their workings defied the research of the electrician to account for them, then animal magnetism—the transfer or action of mind upon mind—was assumed to be the cause. But when it was found that the intelligence manifested was always in relation to the buried dead, to a world wholly different from, though contiguous to, our own, then came the grave proposition that it was spiritual in its origin, but it must, of necessity, be and proceed from evil spirits. Up to this point the manifestations had proceeded, varying in force and form, with an ingenious adaptation to every class of mind demanding evidence; but now the invisibles themselves entered upon the scene, and a nobler philosophy began to instruct us. They required that we should meet together in council, and, after the fashion of religionists, settle, in some sense, the leading grounds of our convictions; that we should treat the new system not as a fancy of the hour, but as a stubborn reality whose coming was for the production of vast results. And the first step of this new philosophy was the charge from the spirits to try Spiritualism by its fruits. We did try it in the heart of the mourner, and found it the source of a great and everlasting joy; we tried it before the darkened eye of the materialist, and found it to be the torch that illumined the land of eternity; we tried it before the desk of the scientist and the pulpit

of the religionist, and found the one unable to disprove the fact, and the other incapable of denying the religious significance of our proposition; we tried it by its fruits, and never did we find it wanting.

And thus it is that we close the first act of the drama. We find that we have rolled back the tide of public opinion throughout the civilized world—that we have taken captive millions of minds who have heretofore wandered pathless through the desert of materialism, doubting or denying their immortality. And now, entering upon the second act of our drama, we very briefly review its progress as entrusted in the hands of the Spiritualists themselves. Remember that when first Spiritualism came, the three classes of mind I have described absorbed all the knowledge and all the light possessed by us on spiritual things. What constituted the spirit-world—how a spirit could come or go, or might or should act under any circumstance of intervention with mortals—was a problematical mystery. It is true we have been accustomed to hear every Sabbath day the words, "Try the spirits"; "Quench not the spirit"; "Covet after spiritual gifts"; "Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant"; and others of like import; oh, yes, we have heard such expressions—the race has been listening to them for over a thousand years—and yet we have gone away from the hearing of the voice which pronounced them in such profound ignorance of what marked the individuality of the spirit-world, that from the very moment that a spirit first appeared, the only cause to which we could ascribe the occurrence was imposture. Surely, said earth's wise ones, a spirit should not, ought not, could not come in a manner so frivolous and undignified! What was the result? When the spirit-power at last compelled us to recognize the fact that spirits were in our midst, demonstrating their presence in every form and manner which was calculated to satisfy the skeptical mind, can we marvel that the world at large only received the teachings of the priest, and denominated the movement in the strongest terms, declaring in accordance with that conventional opinion which had been handed down for generations, that spirit was a finality; that a spirit must be with God—unless, perhaps, it had gravitated to the other individual—and could not, would not leave his presence to mingle with the transitory affairs of earth. Can we marvel, I say, that, in the minds of many, this spiritus *ipse dixit* was received and recognized as the word of truth? Is it marvelous that we ourselves, astonished at the wonderful glory of this great dispensation, stumbled into believing that the very heavens had been opened upon us, that we were indeed approaching the hour so long foretold by seers and sages, and that each was perhaps some great prophet appointed to lead the race forward to its redemption? Then the mocking world pointed to the wild fanaticism of these devotees of the new dispensation, proclaiming in self-satisfied tones, "Give them rope enough, and they will hang themselves," and thus, instead of gently attempting to convince them of error, left the Spiritualists to their own destruction. But these students in the school of spiritual ethics soon learned, by sad experience, by the toppling down of the fair buildings which their own pride had erected, that the world they were dealing with was a human world—a world of men and women like ourselves, a world of no more absolute authority or power to interfere in human affairs than its instruments which we see around us with one another.

Thus we find that by his own failures and blunders, the horizon of the Spiritualist became widened; he learned gradually, through the mistakes he had made in a few short months he gained, by the actuality of spiritual experience, more than our pastors and ministers and preachers and teachers have informed us of in the course of eighteen centuries. At last, then, we began to understand what the spirit-world was, and, instead of arising from our failure depressed, or, as the kind and gracious world would suppose, committing suicide beneath the weight of our own folly, we came forth better instructed and stronger than ever to do battle with error. This was the first phase in which the drama of Spiritualism was performed by the Spiritualists.

The next we are all familiar with. You know there are those in your midst who would gladly make capital out of the troubled state of a nation—capital out of the distresses of their neighbors; capital out of their own souls. The army was mustered, the battle was set in array, and then came the inevitable camp followers—those who unscrupulously sought to reap a harvest of pecuniary gain from the awakened sympathies and yearnings of stricken hearts. The manifestations were simulated by these for purposes of greed; then in the name of honesty and piety these false imitations were exposed as the works of cheats and swindlers; then it was that another great crisis in spiritual progress ensued; then it was that the voice of the spirit again warned us back from failure by demanding us once more to try the spirits. Returning to the spirit circle we did try them, and thus the Spiritualist began to find that there was a rock of truth and a kernel of fact amongst the vast mass of doubt and uncertainty by which he was surrounded. Thus also it has happened that the Spiritualists, as a body, have learned to become the most powerful analyzers of evidence to be found in the world. So we went on step by step, till we found ourselves standing on the rock of ages—the rock of truth. Our facts grew stronger, and our propositions were potent every hour as we sifted the

wheat from the chaff. Then came the next great crisis, and perhaps the only one of which I can now speak, and which brings me face to face with the question of the hour: I suppose you all know that in this age there are certain minds who believe that the world has all gone wrong, till they have been informed of some great thing which will enable them to set it right. Each varying reformer, whether dietetic, dress, social, or whatever the case may be, launches his opinion before the world as the only possible method by which poor humanity can be saved. Whilst, therefore, it is possible for the greatest of intellects to believe in modern Spiritualism, we must not wonder if we find in its heterogeneous ranks the parable of the marriage supper enacted again. The voice of the bridegroom enticed to the clergy and to those who were entrusted with the care of human souls—who were preaching a gospel for which they had no demonstration at all—that they might draw nigh and be satisfied, but they would not. Then it went out and gathered from the wayside, from alleys and gutters, as well as from the palace, every grade of mind to fill the heavenly guest-chamber. But what is the result? As we gaze upon the serried ranks that follow the call of our philosophy, and the world asks, "What is Spiritualism?" we are answered by some: "Why, Spiritualism is all dress reform;" another class declare the virtue of Spiritualism rests solely upon the Graham system of diet, and that none can be its disciples save as they live upon a course kind of bread; another class proclaim that Spiritualism exists for the breaking down of all law, social and marital, and openly declare that the old landmarks must be deserted; that the world has gone entirely astray; and that only freedom—freedom from all restraint on appetite and passion—freedom from all forms of legal enactment, can set it right. We believe that we are only echoing sentiments that have been frequently expressed in your city during the last quarter of a century. Spiritualism, like charity, is a broad mantle, and capable of covering a multitude of sins. Spiritualism, which no priest or schoolman could break down; Spiritualism, which defied all the power of the divine to annihilate it, though thousands of funeral sermons have been preached upon its demise; Spiritualism, which only rose stronger and stronger in the great game of chess which was played by the spirits against mortals—was far too convenient a chariot to escape the attention of the various ideas and forms of individual action which have in other circles been classed out of the department of thought; and now, when we ask, "What is Spiritualism?" there shall hardly be a single vice that cannot be found harnessed upon its car.

Here we stand; it is not for me in the limits of the present discourse to fully trace the criterion of judgment given us by the spirits, but I close my second proposition by asking: "What shall we do with our Spiritualism?" It would seem that the battle which has hitherto been fought by the spirits is now in our own hands. You and I have all seen the strength of the spirit-world—how mighty to conquer this silent, and invisible power has been. Again and again I call upon you to number up your jewels ere you proceed to frame an answer. How long have we searched for God—how long our hearts gone out for succor in the hour of trial, in the day of bereavement, beneath the pressure of the world's injustice and ingratitude, when all have forsaken us and fled how long have we wept in our garden of Gethsemane waiting for a Saviour, and none has answered us until we stood face to face with a spirit—a spirit man, with all the loves, the appetites, the power of imagination, the force of action, which characterize the minds of earth, and whose totality expresses and explains to us the solemn mystery of God! We search no more—we have found him in the all-embracing master mind, the grand man of the universe! We walk no more in the dark night of materialism. The problem is forever solved—God is a spirit! We have found the one standard of appeal from which all forms of thought and being can never turn away. These spirit people once mortal present to us the fact that as God the spirit lives, so they live also: "There is no more death," is the chorus that rings through the corridors of eternity, and you and I shall live forever. But they return to us ever teaching also the truth of compensation and retribution. With all the accusations of strange and peculiar idiosyncrasies which theologians have launched upon us, none can deny the fact that every returning spirit preaches compensation; or a return for the deeds done in the body. It is heard the question, Can Spiritualism throw any light upon the grand mystery of the law of life and being? Whilst the one reformer demands of us to trample all law under our feet, and the other would have us conserve and still more strongly entrench its position, where is our standard of appeal? Whilst the voices of a thousand different reformers are echoing one proposition only to be flatly contradicted by a similar number who act under differing spiritual influences, of what use is this Spiritualism to us? This is the question that must be answered ere we can be enabled understandingly to know what we are to do for Spiritualism; and I claim that question is answered. It is not answered by the authority of any spirit, but by the authority of the one Great Spirit who holds us all in the hollow of his hand—by God the Spirit, in the fundamental laws and principles that underlie all creation. Take but one illustration: it is now a question in the social world as to whether the long cherished rite of marriage shall not be abolished in our midst; whether the race shall



not be made holier and better by submitting to nothing except the authority of our prompting inclinations. This is one of the questions of the day, and you know it. You know, too, that the question is charged upon spiritualism by the popular voice. Then let us take it, and taking it here, ask where is the standard of appeal? Is it the authority of the heavens, the depraved, the narrow mind? Is it any human authority? I answer, no. God has written upon our members, upon every portion of our organism, the same immutable law of being. He has not left us pathless in the wandering realm of our affections, without restraint, without a guide. We are imperatively called upon to analyze our duty toward self and each other. We shall find that in every form of life and being, God has written his mandate, and that he himself, when he gave us our affections, and attractions, also bestowed upon us the law to regulate, only we have not been accustomed to go to the living gospel of humanity to find it; we have searched in dusty records, we have listened to the bold voice of reformers, we have questioned the wild theories and philosophies of those who have on this subject sought to reach the public mind, when here we stand living witnesses of the right and wrong, and every one of us has only to turn to that great gospel to find the eternal law of that divine monogamous union which is symbolic of the divine one of Mother and Fatherhood. And thus it is, my friends, we find that we have a standard of appeal that there is a gospel of right and wrong; that we can find it in ourselves; and that each spirit glows, with its forms of shipwrecked souls, its darkened faces of those who have yielded on earth to the wild incentives of unbridled passion, is a living illustration that there is law as well as love in the universe, and that all creation is one sublime organism, in which there are vast intellectual laws—just as binding as those of the physical.

I close for this time the history of this drama to another time. I adjourn its further consideration; but until I shall have been heard as a witness for God and the spirits, I am not prepared to let this question pass by.

I will now refer you to something that is very near to you all, an occurrence which, under the clinging influence of by-past religious teachings, is blindly attributed by some to a judgment from God; by others, in the cold and materialistic law in which they treat of such things, it is styled chance, accident, or the culmination of conditions, which must appear at stated intervals during any given period of time. Permit me now to be loyal to the love, the wisdom and the goodness of God the Spirit, and to attribute to his unerring law of good results all the trials of earth. There is in our midst a spirit artist who has from time to time produced many strange things. His works mainly represent some simple implement or utensil, but every portion of them is made up of the broken remnants of previous organic forms, crushed and hushed together in the representation of a new. Shells, fossil relics and broken images—the remnants of vast catastrophes and cataclysms—these strange and symbolic portraiture. For a time these works were in existence, a source of joy and sometimes mortification to their producers; but the eye of clairvoyance came in at last, declaring that nothing is lost; that as death breaks up and disperses the forms of the old, the spirit rises from their ashes; that, fore-shadowed in these productions, is the truth that nothing has really perished; that the gorgeous and flowery weeds which gladden the eye of to-day are but the essential fruits of the rocks and disintegrated fragments of by-past geological epochs; that the splendor of proud cities is but the compend of the ruins that have been heaped up in all ages, and which live again in the fair light of the present. The essence has never been lost. Death, the builder, has stricken down that which seemed so strong and so mighty, but he preserves the essence of every form that he has broken. The earth is full of that risen life, the brighter, the better, the more beautiful; and it needs must be that at different times the earthquake, the fire and the flood should be summoned to act as aids to Death the builder in the piling of new atomic combinations of elegance and use. This is the point to which I would lead you; oh, let us remember that out of our sorrows, our sorrows and our losses, the better shall arise; and so remembering, I call upon you, my friends, to practically prove the truth of your faith in this doctrine of progressive evolution.

One of the instruments that has most nobly aided you in the propagation of our Spiritualism, and which has full often assisted in the propounding of the query which we are now assembled to consider, has been swept away in the red waves of the recent conflagration, and ere this meeting is adjourned, I call upon every one of you to make a practical answer to that question. There are three or four men in your midst who have for years labored to circulate and give broadcast to the world the wealth of our spiritual treasure-house; they have done so often at the sacrifice of their pecuniary means; they have given, as it were, at times, their heart's blood in the service of the truth, while others slept, they have labored on in the face of opposing circumstances, with depleted purses, but with unflinching effort, they have striven to place before the world the great light which has been vouchsafed to the present hour. They are now destitute and destroyed; that is to say, their means of usefulness are taken from them. You all know I speak of the brave old Banner of Light! I ask you to come to its aid for your own sakes, and not for the sake of those who have done so much for you. If Spiritualism has conferred so great a boon upon your waiting souls; if it has blessed you in advance of the whole world with knowledge concerning the questions of God and immortality, how much do you owe to those fearless workers who have so long and with such unceasing toil been the agents in distributing its facts to the world of men?

The Banner of Light is buried down. The very fact that the Banner of Light is not waving this day in your midst is itself a call and a renewed incentive to action. I do not think that the few should always have to labor vicariously for the good of the many; I do not think it right that upon a few individuals should devolve the great burden, while the many sleepily fold their hands. I do not ask you to put the Banner of Light where it was before the conflagration; I ask you to make it stronger than ever. Let the Phoenix that rises from its ashes rise strengthened by the hand of generosity. Let the answer come first from the depths of your souls, and then from the depths of your pockets. [Applause.] Give us a chance to say the adherents of free thought are not behind the followers of the church

in works of liberality. Give us the same pecuniary answer which would follow were I pleading for some brimstone sheet devoted to the propagation among men of the direful dogma of eternal death. Give us a chance to prove that the doctrine of love is as mighty for truth as that of fear. Were we working for a sectarian publication, we might confidently ask for one hundred thousand dollars; let us, at least, have a response on the part of Spiritualists which shall reach half that sum. Then indeed can we answer more definitely and practically the query, What shall we do with our Spiritualism?

#### Andrew Jackson Davis's Appeal.

Among the many overwhelming losses of the Boston conflagration must be numbered the well-stocked and handsomely-furnished book warehouse and printing and publishing establishment of the BANNER OF LIGHT. A large variety and costly accumulation of books, pamphlets, papers, manuscripts, types, pictures, together with all the valuable instruments and conveniences so necessary to the printing and publishing business of Wm. White & Co.—all gone! utterly annihilated by the furious flames, which at one time threatened the destruction of the whole city.

Spiritualists in all parts of the world gladly acknowledge their indebtedness to the BANNER OF LIGHT. They remember it as they recall the attractive features of a common benefactor—at once a private friend and a public agent of light and joy. The cause of free thought and the vital interests of free religion; to say nothing of the evidences of immortal life which it faithfully conveys to the world week by week, are closely interwoven with the publications so well known in the catalogue of Wm. White & Co. These works turn upon the one pivot that is indispensable to the movement and prosperity of the whole enterprise, namely: "THE BANNER OF LIGHT." Receive, and restore this organ of free thought and free religion, and the book publishing department will rise from the ashes of Boston.

All this is so self-evident to every friend of Spiritualism, that to dwell further upon it would be superfluous. Spiritualists, you are now called upon to vindicate your character for great enterprise, sympathy and liberality. I need not urge upon you the importance of an immediate resuscitation of the establishment of Wm. White & Co.—books, pamphlets, and especially the good BANNER OF LIGHT. There are several methods which may be adopted:

1st. Let every subscriber renew for one year, turning away from the past, forgetting that the BANNER owes anything on past account, and so sending their dollar to pay for the year commencing with the first issue of the paper.

2d. Before sleeping tonight, draw a check on your bank, or purchase a draft on Boston, payable to the order of William White & Co. This is a handsome and manly method of doing a noble deed in behalf of the common humanity.

3d. Or, obtain at the nearest available office a post-office money order for a good round sum, made, as in the former case, payable to the BANNER OF LIGHT publishers. Send this (without taking an hour's time to think about it), accompanied with your best wishes, and a promise to do more rather than have the BANNER go down. But I need not dwell upon ways and means, for "where there's a will there's a way," and every one, however poor in worldly goods, can do something. The Children's Lyceums can take up collections; and forward the sum total without delay. Of course the very rich will give large sums, for rich Spiritualists are doubtless superior to others of fortune. But the poor can also do something; and where a little is contributed by each one of a neighborhood, a large sum in the aggregate may be sent. We shall soon know what Spiritualism has really done both for rich and poor. The hour has struck! The BANNER OF LIGHT Establishment is in the ruins of the proud but stricken city of the sea. Let Spiritualists from all parts of the world haste to its immediate and unconditional resurrection.

My companion, Mary, joins me in this appeal. We unite our voices and our efforts to accomplish the end so important to the progress of the principles we advocate. Mary F. Davis loves the BANNER not merely because of the shedding abroad of its light upon life temporal and eternal, but especially because its columns have long been open and true to the cause of woman's enfranchisement and elevation, and to the cause of labor, education and science. And I have long valued the BANNER as the best organ in America for the presentation of the real claims of Spiritualism, and for the opportunity its columns freely offer to the expression of any new idea by any person, irrespective of faith or titles.

We pray for the complete and immediate resurrection of this organ, and we pray with perfect faith that our prayer will be answered.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

Orange, N. J.

#### An Appeal from Mrs. J. M. Conant and the Spirit World.

To the millions on earth whose souls have been redeemed from the darkness of a blind religion and called into the glorious sunlight of the Spiritual Philosophy; to those who have loved ones in the spirit-land, and who believe in the power of those loved ones to return with messages of love—to them I write; and, as I write, the walls of my room fade away, and lo! I am "compassed about by a cloud of witnesses whom no man could number," and above my head is written in letters of fire: "Write! write! what the spirits say unto the people and the burden of their song is this:

Shall the BANNER OF LIGHT rise no more on earth for the want of that which is the medium of exchange among mortals?

Shall our labors of love for you in that direction cease? or will you give us by your means, that our mortal coadjutors may be enabled to again fling the banner to the spiritual breeze? It has waved on the shores of every people, and been translated into every tongue, and become a blessing to all races of men; and shall it now, in its early youth of sixteen years in mortal life?—We have faith in you that you will not allow it to, but will come nobly up, side by side with us, and victory shall crown our combined efforts.

To those who from the mortal life call often upon their friends in spirit-life for aid in struggling through the intricate meshes of business as it is conducted on earth, we ask for our interest in the half of the BANNER OF LIGHT—our paper. Though it may never have directly aided you, see here; and we now ask that you will compensate us in like manner by resurrecting our BANNER.

To those whose beloved dead have used its

columns as a messenger-bird, to bear the tidings of their continued life and love, we ask, Do your duty, and let not your beloved dead be ashamed of your record.

To those who contemplate giving of their mortal means when they shall have passed beyond the veil, we ask, Give now, and live here, in earth-life, to see the fruits of your labors. And remember, one and all, that what you give will be yours with interest in the spirit-land, where the banks never fail and always pay large interest.

The BANNER OF LIGHT has ever given of its small stores to relieve the needy; it has sent out many a call for aid for those who were suffering; and it has realized that it is indeed "more blessed to give than to receive." But to live, they who hold the flag-staff must receive; and though the calvary may be steep, and the cross exceedingly heavy, they will bear it, that they may win the crown."

Yours for the Truth against Error,

Mrs. J. H. CONANT.

76 Waltham street, Boston, Mass.

#### PENTUCKET TO SHAWMUT.

It is midnight deep,  
When, looked from the slope of northern hills  
That sweep in graceful curves against the sky,  
A wave of light the low horizon fills,  
And streams in meteors through the vaults on high.

Oh, mystic light!  
What tale of woe will mingling hours reveal?  
What hopes, in ashes, will be waste and dream?  
Till, strange forebodings o'er my spirit steal;  
I dread the message that I wait to hear.

The morning comes,  
And eager ones through round, the news to hear:  
That thrills with lightning-flash along the wire;  
Oh, words that make the stoutest quail with fear—  
"The city of our pride is burned with fire!"

Ye men of nerve,  
Hasten to rescue her you love so well!  
Oh! save her palaces, her marble walls,  
Her homes of trade; oh! haste ye, men, and swell  
The throng, ere all to shapeless ruin fall!

All vain the cry!  
Too late for distant hands to help or save!  
We come to look upon our wealth and pride,  
Heaven and melted by the fiery wave;  
And dashed to smoking atoms at our side.

Oh! ruined mart!  
I stand amazed—a stranger in my home,  
The shapeless heaps blot out the marks of trade,  
And stifling scents and sickening vapors come,  
To mock us with the desolation made.

Oh! heavily lost!  
I see the ruined column broken life,  
The faded colors and the richly colored,  
The fair canopies, born 'neath the twinkling sky,  
Torn from its setting, trampled under foot.

Dear home of art,  
Thou hast lost in charred and shapeless mass,  
And thy material splendor sinks in shroud;  
The never in the streets shall spring the grass,  
For thou shalt rise again in glorious night.

For men still live,  
Thy merchant princes, and the lettered sage,  
The active brain and the controlling mind;  
Thy glory, written on historic page,  
Thy honored name that floats on every wind.

Give God the praise!  
The soul of Boston is not burned with fire—  
The will to do, the noble strength to bear;  
She lifts up her stately beauty higher!  
We turn us still in grateful homage there.  
—Haverhill Gazette.

#### Mass Meeting of Spiritualists.

DEAR BANNER—Being induced by letters received, and by hopes of good will ensue from a Mass Meeting of the Spiritualists of America, I forward you the following, asking the signatures of such persons as may favor the same. If there exists any general desire for such a meeting, this will test it. Those who desire to sign the call will please address me at Cincinnati, O. It is too late to have the meeting this fall; either next spring or fall is the earliest period it can be arranged for. I reserve the time and place, asking opinions in reference thereto. The city most centrally located, making the best offer of hall and accommodations for boarding, will doubtless be selected as the place. The majority of signers in favor of any specified time shall rule as to when the meeting shall be held.

#### THE CALL.

We, the undersigned, believing the cause of true Spiritualism demands a meeting of the masses of its adherents, to deliberate upon the demands of organization, to endeavor to eradicate public prejudice, and to assert higher religious aims, do issue this call for a mass meeting of ALL THE SPIRITUALISTS OF AMERICA, to assemble in the city of \_\_\_\_\_, in the State of \_\_\_\_\_, on \_\_\_\_\_, 1873, at 10 o'clock A. M., and to continue in session for at least three days. All persons attending must have some written evidence from individuals or societies that they are known as Spiritualists.

Each person so attending will be allowed full voice and vote in the proceedings of this meeting. Half-fare rates of travel on all the railroads will without doubt be secured.

All persons or bodies of persons attending will please address \_\_\_\_\_, so that full arrangements for their entertainment and for the meeting can be made.

Persons attending are requested to organize, if possible, in each town, city and State, as delegations, and come in a body.

Let American Spiritualists come once together, and show their strength in numbers, wisdom and earnestness in the cause they have learned to love! The signers to the call will be expected to meet, as an executive committee, the day previous to the called meeting, to arrange for the temporary organization. Local and State societies are requested to designate one of their members to forward his or her signature in behalf of said society, thereby securing such members of the aforesaid executive committee as may be to them agreeable.

Yours sincerely, in behalf of progress in the work that Spiritualism demands of us,  
Cincinnati, O. G. W. KATES.

REASONS WHY AMERICAN WOMEN ARE DELICATE.—Another reason of the delicacy of our women is the far greater style affected by all classes in dress, and the wearing of corsets during early youth. Naturally, if one has attained a full and fine physical development, tight corsets, heavy skirts, close-fitting boots and weighty chignons cannot injure to the same extent as when these appliances of fashion are put upon the soft and yielding muscles of a young and growing girl.

The noble ladies of England exercise many hours daily in the open air. They do not disdain to don heavy calf-skin shoes and colored petticoats, in which to perform this duty. This, of course, would not alone make them as healthy as they are, were not their constitutions strengthened by a proper physical education before they are eighteen years of age; but it suffices to retain them in a good degree of health. Our fair Americans, early in the day, attire themselves in charming morning costumes, with white skirts, and then they are averse to soiling these by exercise, and the least dampness detracts from a praiseworthy American ladies think far more of dress and fashion, and spend more money and time on their toilets, than any women in Europe, not even excepting the French, from whom all our fashions come.—Galaxy.

(Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by A. J. Davis, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.)

#### THE HARMONIAL CYCLOPEDIA:

A Repository of Useful Knowledge Concerning Things and Ideas.

PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light,  
BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

#### ARTICLE IX.

Apollon.—For scores of centuries, preceding the era of Copernicus, the hyper-metaphysical Orientals believed unquestioningly in the holiness and stationariness of our globe. (It seems that, in our own bright day and enlightened generation, the "hollow" dogma of the very ancient cosmogony has been revived for the entertainment of our fellow-citizens worshipping west of the Alleghenies. But, happily, the dogma of old earth's flatness and immovableness has been kindly omitted. The proposition that spirits or gods construct the worlds of space, and not the reverse—that the worlds manufacture and evolve the gods—is of very ancient root, and holds some fragments of truth, like alchemy, astrology, and the other marvelous developments of mankind's intellectual childhood. With this digression, we return to our first sentence.) The bottomless pit, wherein Apollon reigned supreme, was known as "Hades"—an immense world of darkness, a dread after-death region, believed to be fixed deep under the immovable earth. The author of "Arabian Nights" gives full, picturesque, and tragic expression to this fearful dream of mankind's religious childhood. All fallen genii, according to this writer, had dwelling-places in the bowels of great mountains. They ascended from their dread abodes beneath the world. But, long prior to the Arabian stories, the doctrine of a bottomless pit and of fallen genii prevailed in many portions of the East. The Babylonians and the Chaldeans made heavy contribution to this theory. The word *Sabaoth* was of Chaldean origin. Lucifer is the Latin for a Hebrew term—*Helel*—employed first by Isaiah in describing the fall of Babylon: "How hast thou fallen from heaven, oh Helel, star of the morning?" Lucifer, who was originally the morning light, stands now for the Destroyer, and as the Devil who tempted Eve, circumvented the beneficent plans of the Almighty, damned the human race, and made the theological scheme of salvation a spiritual as well as a military necessity.

Mankind, like individuals, conceive badly when badly diseased. Evil dreams mean either a physical or a mental disorder. Ancestors live in the coils of your brain. Their imperfections and passions may come to action and to speech only in your dreams at night, or your own personal defects may of themselves act and speak in your night-time entertainments. Apollon is the creation of a spiritual nightmare in religion. A fallen Lucifer, "Star of the Morning," is a childish explanation of evil and its punishment. Evil angels, infernal spirits, devils, come to the imaginations of discordant and superstitious persons. Filtered imperfections of either mind or body twist and blister the glass in the windows of the soul, so that seeing accurately is well-nigh impossible; the consequences are a number of corresponding imperfections in your feelings, perceptions, and religion.

Authorities.—When there is too much familiarity and fraternal equality between officers and soldiers, there is a proportional amount of laxity in the discipline, and a very general disobedience of orders. "An authority inspiring respect and insisting upon prompt obedience to the word of command, is absolutely indispensable. The individuality of the men—their personal pride, their private tastes, their great individual respectability in social life, their superior education, their dignity and weight of character—all is totally immersed in the supreme authority. Without such authority, and without such total self-abnegation of the persons voluntarily associated for a purpose, there could exist no effective cooperation. Without it, no ship could ever be sailed, no factory run, no government founded, no church organized.

But the philosopher detects the evils which accompany this necessary obedience to centralized chieftainship. The integral rights of individuals are more and more trampled down. The supremacy and success of the organization are exalted and proclaimed as of paramount importance. Individuals exist and die for the institution; not the institution for individuals. Outraged and enslaved individuals, with their private sensibilities disregarded every hour, and their most sacred desires and aspirations systematically offended and crushed, at last discover that "corporations have no souls." Revolt and revolution, resulting in a new organization, and regulated by new forms of authority, are natural historical developments. And so, for a period, the constituents are satisfied, and the new departure is victorious.

In religion, men call these changes "a new dispensation." Think of the progress of mankind before the era of Moses! Arts, agriculture, science, society, morals, governments—all wonderfully flourishing under the sun in Egypt, in Persia, in Babylon, in Chaldea. And yet, with the authority of a heavenly sovereign, Moses, with the exception of the book of Genesis, rejected all the religious authorities and all the sacred Scriptures which existed anywhere in the world at his time. He seemed to perceive enough cosmological and historical truth in Genesis to entitle it to a place in the new collection of Scriptures which would in time be written.

This was a radical revolt. It resulted in revolution, in wars, in horrible conflicts between the Pagan nations and the Jewish followers of Moses and the prophets. Who authorized the great lawgiver to reject and accept? Who gave him power to invalidate one popular authority, and to enhance and augment the authority of that which was unpopular? Was Moses a finality? Did that one dispensation under him comprehend and embody for all future ages the intentions and ways of God to mankind?

Let us see. The Jews had among them many very learned doctors of divinity. Their sacerdotal scholars, their divinely-appointed prophets, their chief scribes and God-ordained rulers had written many sacred scriptures. Things were getting into shape to stay forever. The whole body of doctrine had been declared. All laws, all ceremonies, all things good and acceptable in the sight of Jehovah, had been with infinite labor written down in books, and were possessed of transcendent authority.

But just at this comfortable hour a man called "Jesus" was announced. He entered at once

into the wholesale business of a new dispensation. He treated the Jews according to the principle which they had applied to the Pagan authorities. He authoritatively accepted (i. e., he did not peremptorily reject) the few books he relearned to Moses and to the foremost prophets; but he repudiated without compromise all the Jewish sectarianisms and all the religious writings of their highest sacerdotal authorities!

This was repudiation on a grand scale. It was revolt in the religious world; it brought not peace, but a sword; it was radical revolution; another new dispensation. Conflicts countless have resulted; and sects swarm throughout Christendom. But there is a Bible! Here (in the Scriptures) you think you find the whole body of doctrine. Here you think you read all the heavenly laws, all the essential commitments, all that is necessary for mankind to know of God, of immortality, and of the way of salvation. Indeed! Are you quite certain that nothing more is needed? Has an unchangeable God, who has from the first been manifested successively in new and still newer dispensations—has He changed? Has he reversed the order and method of His irreversible mind? Has He altered in the very heart of immutability?

We shall see. Spiritualism was suddenly announced. It entered, and at once began business. With unquestioning authority it repudiates all sects and all systems; Pagan, Jewish, Christian, together with the authorities they claim for their sacred books—all equally rejected and invalidated! This is exceedingly hard upon the Christians; even as Jesus was hard upon the Jews; even as Moses was hard upon the great authorities of Paganism. It means revolution—a revolt in the camp of sects; it means another new dispensation. But the war will continue. Spiritualism cannot be the final statement; not the complete authority. Phases of religious truth are lights set upon the hills of human progress; beacons of light to humanity, embodying great accumulations of inspiration and experience; but these beacons cannot always burn; new lamps will be lighted in newly-constructed towers upon the walls of Zion.

Education Universal.—In 1853, in the city of Hartford, State of Connecticut, the writer (under a spiritualization fully explained in the *Present Age and Inner Life*, page 142, new edition, 12mo., Wm. White & Co.) recorded these words: "Japan, . . . Western nations think these abandoned to the night of ignorance—buried in the depths of idolatry. Nay, Japan! We [their attorneys and guardians residing in the Summer-Land] we behold thee as thou art—the Admiration of the Beauties of Mind, the Patron of elegant manners; the Friend of Education. Let the Western nations enter thy gates. Unite, oh Japan, in the cry of the world, 'Lora Universal and Justice!' Let this be proclaimed, oh Emperor, from thy lofty places!"

Some remarkable data and certain recent events are now in order. The above was written twenty years ago. The present Emperor, the Mikado of Japan, was then a mere babe about one year old, having been born in 1852. This Japanese infant, whose royal blood had flowed through one hundred and twenty-two generations, and consequently whose imperial dynasty dated far anterior to any European family of kings, was destined to carry into effect the will of the celestial delegates. He ascended the throne of Japan before his twentieth year, in 1868, having received the title of Prince eight years previously, in 1860.

Christians have a delightful consolatory theory that they are the "chosen people"—the favorites of God, being the only branch of the human family from which the kingdom of heaven is populated. But the existence of such a delegation, whose tender and eloquent address to Japan begins this section, refutes the gracious theory of the modest followers of the meek and lowly one. Now it seems that from the Summer-Land, over twenty years ago, we received the first reliable intelligence concerning the actual condition and disposition of the people of Japan. This fact reflects severely upon the historical information spread through the world by Christian writers and travelers in the East. By these we are told of the idolatrous ignorance, of the universal degradation, of the heathenish viciousness, and of the unbridled rascality of the Japanese population. But, pouring down from the bright skies overhead, there comes the truth—that those same heathen are constitutionally great worshippers of things spiritual—"admirers of the beauties of the Mind"; that they are naturally a civil and polite people, "the patrons of elegant manners"; that they are lovers of true knowledge, and opposed to ignorance—naturally "the friends of Education."

All these attractive communications from the celestial envoys and attorneys of Japan would continue to be rejected by Christians, and the misstatements of their own missionaries would still pass for truth in Christendom, were it not for the developments of the past few years, during which the Mikado has "opened his mystic gates" to the Western nations not only, but, what is of paramount importance, he has freely joined his voice "in the cry of the world for universal love and justice," which cry was not long since officially "proclaimed from his lofty places!"

In order that all this may be demonstrated to the common understanding, I will here give in full the youthful Mikado's own address to his ambassadors, at a dinner given to them in his palace, on the eve of their departure to America. The inspired Emperor, taking the lead of all the daimios, and of all the ex-governors who had controlled the provinces, assembled the members of his embassy around a table in his palace at Tokyo, and thus addressed them:

"After careful study and observation, I am deeply impressed with the belief that the most powerful and enlightened nations of the world are those who have made diligent effort to cultivate their minds, and sought to develop their country in the fullest and most perfect manner. Thus convinced, it becomes my responsible duty, as a sovereign, to lead our people wisely in a way to attain for them results equally beneficial; and their duty is to assist diligently and unitedly in all efforts to attain these ends. Now, otherwise, can Japan advance and sustain herself upon an independent footing among the nations of the world? From you, nobles of this realm, whose dignified position is honored and conspicuous in the eyes of the people at large, I ask and expect conduct well becoming your exalted position—ever cultivated to endeavor by your personal example, and those goodly prospects to be employed hereafter in elevating the masses of our people. I have to-day assembled your honorable body in our presence-chamber, that I might first express to you my intentions, and, in foreshadowing my policy, also impress you all with the fact that both this Government and people will expect from you diligence and wisdom while leading and encouraging those















## Message Department.

Every Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was dictated by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

MRS. J. H. CONANT.

while in an abnormal condition called the *Trance*. These Messages indicate that spirit-eyes will then the characteristics of their earthly life, that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-plane in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirit, in these columns, that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

### Invocation.

To thee, oh Father and Mother God, we lift our souls in prayer; and bringing our praises with our prayers, we would send them forth, hoping they may reach thy highest heaven—that they may be caught up by thine angels there, and exalted and re-echoed throughout all thy spheres of intelligence, until they shall join us in labors of love and wisdom and truth, until from thy kingdom of peace beyond this, we shall receive that baptism of peace and love and strength of which we have need. We praise thee, oh our Father and our Mother God, that thou hast spared our beloved charges, our mediums, that we have been able by thy strength, by thy love and thy wisdom, to bring her safely through many trials, and again to speak through her human lips. We praise thee that thine angels are abroad everywhere in the land, speaking peace to human souls, lifting up the down-trodden, opening the eyes of the blind, strengthening those who are weak, and opening thy Book of Divine Life to every living soul, teaching them to read therein. We praise thee, oh God, that this nation, our earthly home, is beginning to see the necessity of truth, of reform in all its various branches—that everywhere thy sons and thy daughters are being baptized with the newness of life, and are calling upon thine angels for strength and wisdom to go forward in all good works. We praise thee for the gifts of life with which thou hast blessed us; for the gift of flowers, for they teach us a lesson of trust—a lesson which, if we learn it well, shall turn our feet heavenward. We praise thee for the gift of sorrow—that divine witness which gives us the essence of life in their divinest state—that which gives us all those bright and beautiful thoughts—that are like gems in the crown of human righteousness and effort. And we ask, oh Infinite Spirit of Love and Wisdom, that we may justly and truly appreciate all thy gifts; that we may bestow as freely upon others as thou hast bestowed upon us; and joining our prayers and our praises with the aspirations of these human hearts, we shall leave the issue, Great God, with thee. Amen.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—And now, Mr. Chairman, if you have questions, I am ready, at least, to hear them.

QUEST.—(From C. P. Perot, Philadelphia.) To what extent is the spiritual world of this planet dependent upon the continued existence of the earth as one body? Suppose, by some unusual convulsion of Nature, such as the collision with a comet, which was talked so much of during August, or from any other cause, this earth should be broken into fragments and scattered through-out space in the form of asteroids, in what way, if any, would it probably affect the spiritual world, that is said to be contiguous to the earth?

ANS.—This visible world occupies the same position toward the spirit-world that this body occupies toward the individual spirit. The destruction of the body does not involve the destruction of the spirit; but the spirit, either of worlds or of human bodies, advances more rapidly and more harmoniously if the separation between them and their external bodies takes place quietly, in law and order, than if it took place by any violent sundering of them apart. There is no such thing as destroying anything that is spirit; it cannot be done. And again, all those who speculate with reference to the destruction of this planet, or any other, are merely wild speculations—nothing else. The destruction of this planet would involve the destruction of all others belonging to this solar system. I know there are those who claim to be scientists; who reason otherwise. They tell us that the asteroids are but fragments of some planet that has been burst into fragments. That cannot be so; it is not so; we know it is not. Future scientists here, in this life, will prove to the contrary. So you who fear that the coming comet may strike this earth and destroy it, fear no longer. Such a catastrophe is not written in the history of this earth.

Q.—(From the audience.) As our spirits leave our bodies, may we not infer that the spirit of our earth will one day leave its body?

A.—Yes, certainly.

Q.—What then becomes of the body?

A.—This earth is constantly dying as your bodies are. At begins to die from the moment it begins to exist. Earths live naturally. They die; they obey no natural law, and so, when the spirit has extracted all that there is to be extracted from this earth, to form a spiritual globe, then there will be no more life in the shell or outer crust, and it will disappear as your spirit-bodies that are temporarily built up at Moravia disappear under your gaze, under your touch. They go out naturally, not by any convulsion of Nature, but through the action of natural law, quietly.

Q.—Then I should suppose the earth had not come anywhere near its maturity.

A.—It is very far from its maturity, millions of years. So you who believe in the doctrine of Second Adventism must change your tenor of thought, and apply the idea to spiritual things, not to material things. The earth cannot be destroyed, I say, by any convulsion of Nature, without involving the destruction of all other worlds connected with the solar system. Science, even the science of this life through the open door of the spectrum analysis, will soon prove this to be an undisputed fact.

Q.—Do earthquakes occur in spirit-land?

A.—No, they do not.

Q.—Is the book entitled "Jesus and the Apostolic Age," as given by Jesus and the apostles, through the mediumship of Olive G. Pettis, considered correct by the controlling intelligence?

A.—It contains very many truths concerning the human life of Jesus. It contains also many errors.

Q.—(From the audience.) Do spirits bring certain mediums from one place to another, in order to extract from them certain substances or atoms

for healing, or to accomplish any purpose they may have in view, unconsciously to the medium?

A.—They certainly do.

Q.—Without being in contact with them?

A.—Yes, as many of you are brought here to-day. Sept. 2.

### Dr. Moriarty.

I have been requested to come to this place by one of my brother physicians, who is in mortal life, and make some statements with reference to the need of better accommodations for small patients. It would seem that the experience of the past year and a half or more, would have taught the people of Boston, or its City Fathers, what these needs were, and would, long ere this, have supplied them; but it seems to the contrary, and the scourge is still amongst you, giving you a larger draught of misery in that direction, the coming winter, than you have already had, and all because your lesson has not been well learned, or not well proved by experience.

The members of this Commonwealth deem it to be the business of its officers—those appointed to certain places of trust—to look after these matters. So it is; but when they don't do it, it is the business of the members of the Commonwealth to look after it. If they don't do it, what will be the result? Why, they will be the sufferers; and when they pass to the spirit-world they will learn, to their regret—I say regret, for such will be the case—that they have not done their duty, that they have made a mistake, that they have gone into trouble themselves and involved others. Now, if the human family would only seek to understand the lessons which Nature everywhere gives them, there would be less of misery in that family, very much less. We should see less small pox, less consumption, less dyspepsia, less of all those evils that make this earth a hell.

The common practice has been, in the past, with reference to small pox patients, to put them away as far as possible from contact with their fellows. It has been thought well to send them across the water, to take them to some one of the islands in the harbor. It has been thought better for the patient and better for the public. Now this is not a fact in either case. It is not a fact with reference to the patients, for this cause they are removed from those conveniences that they have in city life; they have fresh air, to be sure, but no fresher than you get right here, if you will open your windows. Do they have as good water? No; and that is, of all things, the one most necessary. Do they have the comforts of a city hospital? No; they are deprived of all that, and necessarily deprived. And I might go on enumerating a great many reasons why the patients are not so well off at these institutions as they would be in those erected nearer home. There are plenty of places within the limits of Boston, where all the conveniences of city life are attainable, where a hospital, or two or three of them, if necessary, might be erected upon the most approved modern plans. This should be done. The people of this Commonwealth should demand it as their right, and those appliances should be made use of, freely, which are known to the medical faculty as preventives against other people's taking the disease. Small pox need not spread its deadly miasma through the length and breadth of the land, as it does, if proper precaution was taken to prevent it. There are simple preventives known. Certainly, if they are not known, they ought to be, and I am quite sure they are, to the medical faculty, and could be used to prevent any one from taking the disease. I would guarantee, with the use of these simple preventives, that you might bring a dozen small pox patients in the very highest stage of contagion, into this room, and not one of you should be the sufferers in consequence. But the tragedy is, my brothers of the medical faculty are too negligent, too careless, altogether too careless. They know what ought to be done, but they don't do it. They know that seven cases out of ten, of small pox patients, removed from where they are taken sick, die, and yet they order them removed, because it is a customary law—nothing more than a customary law. Nowhere upon the statutes of Massachusetts can you find it is anything more, and yet it is done. And what is the result? Why, the contagion is spread far and wide. Your little ones are cut off; those in old age are cut off; and it is a positive evil to the spirit to be taken out of the body by and through small pox—an evil in this way: the patients are excluded from all their friends; they can give no parting word; they can issue no dying request. And what is the result? They go into our life unsettled, unsatisfied, and they seek by all possible means to return and ventilate their wrongs. They are unhappy; they are in Hades, in every sense of the term; and who has sent them there? The medical faculty and your City Fathers. They ought to be hung higher than Haman—every one of them. I say this calmly, in possession of all my spiritual senses. I was one of these when here, culpable as any. If I had my just deserts I would not be here speaking to you to-day. I speak from experience. Experience is knowledge; therefore I have a right to speak. I urge it upon those who have charge of these matters to do their duty; begin it at once, for you have no time to lose. You do not know how soon the scourge may enter your own dwellings and sweep you to the land of souls. You do not know how soon you may suffer there, in consequence of your wrong-doing here. So do your duty now, and in lieu of their not doing their duty, I beseech this Commonwealth, the members of it, to take it up—every one of them, men and women, to come to the rescue; see to it that those whose duty it is to attend to these things, do attend to them. I was when here called Dr. Moriarty. Sept. 2.

### Dennis Flynn.

How do you do? Well, sir, I am as well, maybe, as I can be, seeing I am not entirely satisfied with where I am. My name, sir, was Dennis Flynn. I died of the small pox, and I was in one of those cursed places where they carry those that are sick with that disease. And the worst of it is—here I am in the spirit-world, and I have a wife and four children in this life, with not a thing to depend upon except what the wife can do. It calls me back here. I think the old doctor has put it on to 'em about right. Faith! if I had the shooting of 'em, and I was here, I'd string 'em all in a row, and make one shot go through the whole. Yes, I would. If I was obliged to put the string all around the city, and hadn't but one shot, I'd make out to go through 'em. Faith, again, I don't know as their place would be filled with any better. I think, if they were served that way a few times, they'd do a little better. Yes, I do. They don't want to spend their money and take the trouble, but they like very well to spend the money in a big supper, with plenty to drink—oh, yes! Well, I am out of the body, but if all I had here was out, the same as I am, I wouldn't be coming back to make a fuss; but as they ain't, I want to do what I can to make 'em better. In the first place, I want the priest to say to my wife, Mary, that she'd better accept the help that she will get from her brother. She'd better put the two youngest children in the Catholic Charitable School. Faith, they will be better off than with what she can do for 'em. That's the best advice I can give to-day. And God bless you for opening the way for us to come back. Sept. 2.

### Ninnie Adams.

I am Ninnie Adams. I got drowned. Tell mother I am pretty well now, and that I want her to come here, too, as soon as she can. I was five years old. We were coming to Boston, and we got drowned, and mother wants to hear from me. I am pretty well now, and I want her to come as soon as she can—come to me. Good-by, sir. Sept. 2.

### Christopher Lothrop.

It is forty-one years and about one month since my death, or my resurrection from the body. I lived in Providence, R. I., on John street. I have one brother that I am anxious to reach. According to the course of human laws, he must soon come to me. I am anxious to unbind him from the shackles of earthly prejudice. I am anxious to give him a glimpse of the better land, but I do not know as I shall be successful. I know there is much of falsehood intermingled with the great truth of spirit-return; but if falsehood were in the majority, it does not argue against the truth at all. It only proves that this modern Spiritualism is a natural thing, after all, and therefore the counterfeit and the genuine are growing side by side; and it is the business of such as my brother to analyze it and find out what is really true and what is really false—to embrace the truth, and bless God for it.

I lived but eighteen years here in this life, and my remembrance of it is pleasant; but I know from experience that the spirit-world is superior to this, and that the more enlightened one is with reference to that world, the better condition they are in upon their entrance to this life. So I want my brother to seek if perchance he may find a pearl of great price in this much-despised modern Spiritualism. I am Christopher Lothrop. I shall esteem it a favor if you will send my message to Henry Lothrop, of Providence, R. I. Sept. 2.

### Annie Albro.

Didn't we get you a lot of flowers? [the table was covered.] [Yes, and we thank you very much. You must have worked hard.] Well, we did. We've got a big company, you see, and we send out our scouts foraging, and we forage everywhere we can. [Now, what can we do for you?] I want you to send a paper to my father. My father's name is Robert Albro. In the war, he was a major. He belongs down South. Send it to Charleston, S. C.—one number, with my message in it. I want him to know that Uncle Joe died in the Lincoln Hospital. He says he was just as well cared for as any of the soldiers, and that all the stories that father has heard about him were false. My name is Annie Albro. I was most eleven years old. My mother is with me, and she sends a heap of love to father, and says she sees now that he followed the dictates of his conscience in doing as he did during the war. She forgives him. She was Union; and when he joined the guerrillas she got sick and died. She sees now he was as near right as he could be, and she's sorry she did not forgive him here.

Uncle Joe sends the pass-word "Corisca"—the pass-word of the guerrilla band. You see, he forgot it one time. Uncle Joe, he forgot it, and he came pretty near being shot. [By his own hand?] Yes, the pass-word was changed. He was taken prisoner by the Yanks; the pass-word was changed after that. The pickets, when they reported to my father that they knew him, but they wouldn't let him pass the lines without the pass-word, my father said they did right; if he could not give the pass-word, not to let him pass, if he was his brother. He sent word to Uncle Joe that he could not pass the lines without the pass-word, and if he forgot it, he might as well stay away.

Now Uncle Joe wants to pass the lines, and come into communication with father, and he sends the pass-word "Corisca." He hopes he will respect it, and let him in. Sept. 2.

### Ann Maria Hedges.

My name, sir, was Ann Maria Hedges. I was twenty-two years old. I have been thirteen years from this life. I died in Concord, N. H. My last words were, "Mother, is it almost morning?" Her answer to me was: "Yes, dear, it will soon be light." And so it was; for, ere the morning dawned, light broke in upon my spirit, and I ascended from the body. Darkness—the darkness of sorrow—overshadowed my mother, and she mourns to this day because I died, as she supposed, without a hope in Christ.

I died as I lived, trusting in God, and fearing nothing; and I want her to know that I have not been mistaken in that trust. If I had made a profession of religion, and died in the church, I should have been no happier, and perhaps not as happy as I have been since entering the spirit-world. I want her to cease to mourn for me, and to know that I am happy—to know that I have found peace, rest, happiness, heaven, in the spirit-land, and she has nothing to mourn for me for. I want her to know that I can come to her; I want her to feel that there is no great distance separating the two worlds—that they are ever conjoined, and that this Spiritualism, which she rejects, is a truth as grand and beautiful as God himself; and if she rejects it, she will sorrow because of it when she enters the spirit-land. Sept. 2.

### John Edson.

Say for me, through your glorious Banner, that I, John Edson, of Bridgewater, Mass., am desirous of communicating with my brother, Rev. Theodore Edson, of Lowell. If he will sit alone, at some hour of the day when he is most quiet and most at leisure, I will endeavor to do so, and think I can, through himself. Sept. 2.

Scance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by Anna Cora Wilson.

### Invocation.

Breathe thou upon us, oh Soul of all Wisdom, Love and Truth, that we may live anew in thee; that by thy love we shall fulfill the law of love; that by thy wisdom we shall know how to fulfill that law; that by thy truth we shall enlighten the world. And unto thee, oh Infinite Spirit pervading all things, and living in us most truly, be all our praises, this hour and forevermore. Amen. Sept. 3.

### Questions and Answers.

QUEST.—(From a correspondent.) It has lately been reported that the Moravia manifestations have almost entirely ceased. Will the spirits inform us whether it is temporary only, or whether they will disappear altogether?

ANS.—All such manifestations suffer, if I may use the term, in consequence of changes of place or mediumistic conditions, both of which have taken place at Moravia; but I believe it is not proposed that these changes shall make any permanent difference with these manifestations; that they will continue to increase in power from time to time, being dependent, of course, upon daily conditions, and those who may offer themselves as investigators, on the condition of the atmosphere and of the medium. All these things must be taken into consideration, and a very large margin left for them; but it is proposed by the band of spirits controlling that medium to carry the thing forward to success; and, therefore, those contemplating going there to investigate in that direction need not delay their visit.

Q.—(From another.) I have learned, through the Banner of Light, that the greater part of those who return at the Circle Room approve of the doctrine of re-incarnation. Now, I am a Spiritualist, and my *all* is based on that belief; but there is something in re-incarnation that seems to me to be a happiness. I have many beloved friends that have passed on long ago, and in the anticipation of meeting with whom, I am daily living; but if they have been re-incarnated, shall I ever meet them, or know of their whereabouts?

A.—The fact of spirit-return, and spirit being able to possess itself of a body not its own, proves the doctrine of re-incarnation beyond the possibility of a doubt. The doctrine is true. It is an old doctrine brought into the present; and, like old wine when it is put into new bottles, it is very apt to crack them. Now, the ideas that this generation have imbibed with reference to the here and hereafter, concerning the soul, are adverse to the doctrine of re-incarnation. It is a something which seems to enmesh upon future spiritual happiness, but really it does not. It is only one of the natural features of natural law, such as you have not understood. It is the right hand of your modern Spiritualism. You cannot get away from it. There are millions of spirits waiting to prove this theory a fact, but they can only do so positively through the revelations of modern science, which they will do as Spiritualism marches on, through the intellect of this age. Our friend need not fear that he shall not know and meet his loved ones in the hereafter. It is only a question of time. What if they are here on the earth again when he is called hence? He has only to wait a little longer. Because they have entered into and control another body, it does not argue they will not be the same loved ones they ever were to him. You might as well argue that when your child has grown up, it would cease to love you, because it had grown up away from you—because it had dwelt for years in a foreign country, while you remained by the fireside of home. When you meet it, you might not recognize it. Perhaps for the moment you would not; but there are those conditions belonging to the soul, as a soul, which it ever retains. It matters not whether it wanders in Hades or rejoices in Heaven.

Q.—(From the audience.) The spirit now speaking through this medium is re-incarnated for the time being, is it not?

A.—Yes.

Q.—If the same spirit was to enter that body at birth, it would only be a re-incarnation for a longer time, I suppose?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Have the spirits any choice in the matter?

A.—No; they have no choice. It is the action of natural law upon them. They must be obedient to it. You had no choice as to coming into this world. Are you sure you have not been re-incarnated a dozen times? No, you are not.

Q.—Then you wish it understood that mediumship is one of the phases of re-incarnation?

A.—Yes, this is one of the phases of re-incarnation. I am in the full possession of the faculties and functions of this body that I speak through. It is but a phase of re-incarnation. It can be nothing else. It is temporary, to be sure, yet it is a fact.

Q.—What proportion of spirits who have once inhabited a material body have to be re-incarnated by natural law after they pass into the spirit-life?

A.—The soul, in order to enjoy immortality eternally, or in other words, in order to go through all the spheres of the kingdom of life, must aggregate to itself certain elements or powers belonging to life. Now, if a soul in one incarnation gathers all these elements, there is no necessity for a re-incarnation; therefore it does not take place. But if that soul does not gather what is necessary to take it the full round of life, and give it a crown of eternal life, then it must return again, take up the broken threads of matter until it weaves for itself a perfect wedding garment.

Q.—Is it a fact that, when a spirit wishes to photograph itself, it can appear old or young, as it pleases?

A.—Yes, it is a fact; and it is done in this way: in order to produce spirit photographs, such as may appeal to your physical sense of sight, it becomes necessary for that spirit to materialize itself to a certain extent—perhaps not so that you could see it, and recognize it as your friend, but so that the sensitive plate used by the artist can retain it—can gather it up and hold it as a fact, a material thing. Now, then, the spirit clothes itself from memory. Returning spirits generally desire to present themselves to their friends as they appeared when last their friends saw them here. Now, they are not like that in the spirit-life. You must not expect to meet your friend an emaciated body, with the stamp of death on it; oh, no! What then? Why, they present themselves, they materialize themselves as they were when comparatively in health; and in order to do that, they must call upon memory, and then gather to themselves those elements that will produce precisely that condition of likeness.

Now, the little child, that was a little child here, has grown up there. Some dear friend who knew that child desires to array it as a spirit, in presenting itself to the mother here. Well, then, they go back in memory as to how that little child looked while it was here. You ask to see it as it was; and so, by the action of memory, they gather up those elements from mediumistic and atmospheric life, and aggregate them to the spirit, and lo! the spirit is clothed as a little child.

Q.—Would my wishing to have a spirit present itself either as a child or grown person, make any difference?

A.—Yes; a very great difference.

Q.—Do spirits ever remain dormant for years, being unconscious that they have passed to spirit-life?

A.—They do. It is sometimes necessary to use what would be called extraordinary means to rouse them to consciousness; sometimes necessary—indeed, very often—to bring them back here and put them in contact with stern physical conditions to rouse them to life, to a remembrance of what they are.

Q.—Do not those spirits who materialize themselves need to have recourse to something else besides memory? Must they not understand chemistry, and know how to extract such elements as they require? Consequently, might they not often wish to come, and could not for want of such knowledge?

A.—If they have that knowledge themselves, they can exercise it for themselves, without troubling others; but there are many chemists in the spirit-world who devote their time to this branch of science. Sept. 3.

### Thomas Hamilton.

My name was Thomas Hamilton. My brother William, in Toronto, Canada, wishes me to come here and tell him whether or no I will show myself to him if he goes to New York to see one Mr. Stude. I think I can satisfy him, but I am not sure. At all events, I think he had better come and let me make the trial. It won't hurt him, and it will do me a great deal of good. Good-day, sir. Sept. 3.

### White Wing.

Me White Wing. Me come here to learn, so I can speak through my mind, like I speak here. [Then you have a medium?] Yes; she the squaw of one of the great fathers—my medi, Nellie. You have great chief—big father—and you have another chief, next to him. [You mean the Vice President?] That be he. She be his squaw—the Vice President's squaw. Me want to learn how to speak, so me come here. White Wing will do good. White Wing will carry messages, and never tell no lies. Good moon. Sept. 3.

### Richard Barnes.

I died this morning in Hong Kong. My name, Richard Barnes. I went sooner than I expected. I thought I should get well. I had ship fever, and was put ashore, at Hong Kong, from the ship John Montgomery. I believed in these things. I have a wife. I suppose she is now in Eastport, Maine. She told me, if anything happened to take me on the other side, to come here as quick as I could, and let her know it, for, she says, you know it will be sure proof to your folks and mine, that I am right in my faith.

I died this morning, of ship fever, in Hong Kong, and I am here to announce my death. And tell her to do just as she pleases with all our affairs, and I shall be suited, and as soon as I can I will communicate directly with her. And to old Uncle Jake, who turned the cold shoulder upon me because he believed in these things and I upheld her in it: Uncle Jake, who is it that gives this information? me, or somebody else? When you learn I am dead, just as I say I am, here, at this place—who comes here to-day? Answer this question, or else hold your tongue forever after. Good-day. Sept. 3.

### Phebe Fales.

I am Phebe Fales, from Kennebunkport, Maine. I have a son in Boston, I want to reach if I can. I was sixty-three years old when I died, and I have been dead sixteen years. I want my son to give me an opportunity of communicating with him directly. He will not regret it. I believed in the Baptist religion when I was here; but, like a good many others, I found that the religions of earth were pretty much like your plays in your play-houses—did not amount to anything more, I mean it. I know it's so, because I thought I ought to be entitled to a good deal more in the other life than I got, and according to my religion I had; but they told me that the religions of this world were not in the market—could not find any sale for 'em at all, and that, in obeying my religious belief, I had stifled my conscience, I had cramped my soul, and I'd come there in a pretty bad condition. I had not earned very much, so I could not have very much, though, you see, I knew I'd tried to live right; but my religion—it shut me out of heaven. Yes, it did. If I had followed my conscience, I should have done a good deal different—a good deal different.

Now I'll tell you—according to my religion, I didn't believe it was right to help people that was not acknowledged Christians. I believed that they, and they only, that were of the household of our faith, were worthy of our charity, so I shut my door upon a good many that I could and that I ought to have helped. I was pretty hard on people that did not believe as I did. I done it all because my religion taught me to do it. My conscience was all the time pricking me for it. I found I had not earned much. I did not get much. I'm all right now. I've seen the error of things, and I've redeemed the past. I've repented again and again. I've tried to aid others who were in the same way, and so have got along pretty well myself. [That's the true salvation.] All the salvation there is for everybody to do the best they can.

[To the chairman.] I hope you don't belong to any church. If you do, you had better get out of it as soon as you can. It ties you to ties you do not let you do as well as you know how to. If you'd take the good there is in the churches and leave the bad—sift 'em out—then they'd be good for something. [That's pretty difficult.] Pretty difficult? yes, it's pretty difficult. Then you'd better leave 'em. Good-day, sir. Sept. 3.

Scance conducted by Rev. Thurston Crowell; letters answered by "Vanshi."

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Sept. 5.—Dr. John Gardner, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Philip Achison, of New York City; Willie Parson, of Pittsburgh, Pa., to his mother.

Monday, Sept. 10.—John A. Adams, of Augusta, Me., to his mother; Lucy Beck, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Jim Pitt; Frances Evelyn Mason, of Andover, Mass., to her mother; Hugh McClosky, to James Burke.







