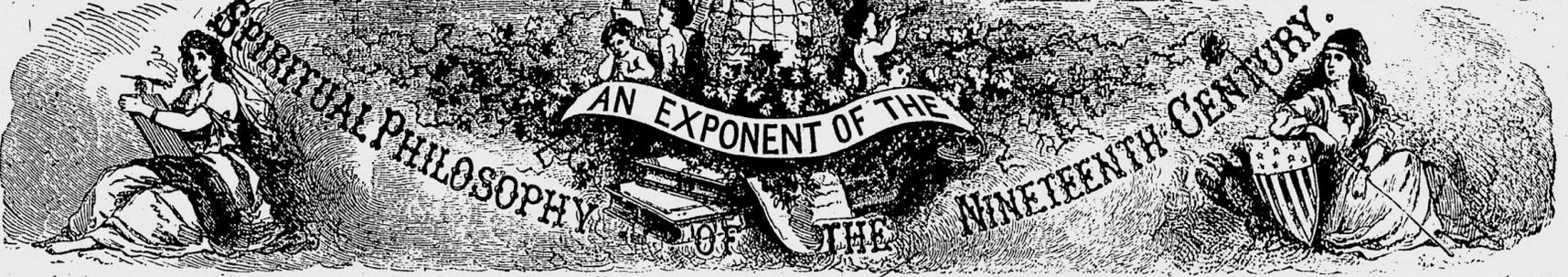


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIV.

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NO. 5.

Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC LITERATURE, ETC.

BY DR. G. I. DITSON.

While in some parts of Europe more attention is being paid to the phenomenal in Spiritualism, and less perhaps to the philosophical, in others the reverse seems to be the case.

The *Revue Spirite*, of Paris, has in the September issue an account of the Rapping Spirits of Balgny, as given (here briefly) by Madame D., a poetess of distinction: "At No. 21 Rue Nollet, marvelous things have occurred concerning which one is lost in conjecture. A piano-player had so tormented the residents at said number that he was solicited to remove. After his departure strange noises succeeded, and the apartments of D.'s family seemed to be haunted by invisible spirits, who were evidently determined upon vexing its members. The police were called, but nothing could be discovered. At various times the sofa was thrown over with a crashing noise, and the doors shut and locked by some invisible power. In the upper story the heavy tread of a man would be heard, then the gentle pattering of a child's feet; then it would appear as if furniture was being dragged along the floor, and the doors would be opened and closed. In the room where the visitors were, a cross that hung upon the wall was broken, and, while the arms remained, the lower portion of it disappeared. Search being made for the missing part, the door of the saloon, which had just been locked, flew open of itself, displaying everything in the room in the most complete disorder. At times through the house would resound the cry of a wild animal and of a child; then the mew of a cat would be heard and sudden flashes of light seen." These are well-authenticated facts, and Spiritualists know where to place them.

A former number of the *Revue* contained this from one M. D. G.: "The perispirit begins to form with the first vital cell, develops with the organism, and becomes successively *instinct*, *intelligence*; thence, under the influence of the divine fluid, a HUMAN-SOUL," etc. On this a reviewer remarks: "M. D. G. derives *essence* (afterward, or following it) the human soul from the organism, otherwise from matter, while the *Tiere des Esprits*, p. 34, judiciously tells us that the *esprit* or the soul is formed from the element of universal intelligence, (element intelligent universel), which is very satisfactory. (This universal fluid is composed of the element intelligent and the element material.) The book just quoted asks: Are the spirits created spontaneously, or do they proceed one from another? Reply: God creates them, as all other creatures, by his will; but again, their origin is a mystery; it is not given to finite man to know the beginning, the *principio* of things."

The *Revue* has also a valuable article on the influence of spirits—"that glorious cohort that has guided science, advanced truth, and torn away the thick veil that has so long enveloped us." In a paragraph on the healing power it says that "The revelations made in a barbarous age were in accordance with the understanding of the people of that time, and to deduce from that that this revelation was complete, definitive, is to suppose that man is himself a finished being, perfect, needing no further moral acquirements."

In the necrological department Baron Guldenstabelle's decease is touchingly recorded. He died in Paris; he was born in the land of Swedenborg, of Scandinavian parents. "All those who knew him can testify to the nobleness of his sentiments, to his large erudition. In youth he was remarkable for his presentiments and visions."

El Criterio Espiritista, of Madrid, opens with a "New Phase of our Propaganda," in which we read: "We desire always to advance the light of the truth; there exists in our doctrine neither obscurity nor mystery, and the doors of Spanish Spiritualism have always been wide open to all inquirers. . . . But we have exposed ourselves to the calumny of a part of the public, who, without any previous study, with neither moral nor intellectual preparation, gathered at our saloon as a pastime, as an object of curiosity, then departed, promulgating vicious, calumniating views regarding the phenomena therein witnessed. . . . Some attributed the phenomena to a concealed battery, others to legerdemain, others to ingenious previous preparations and to concealed answers arranged for every variety of questions—to everything indeed that dishonesty could contrive"; hence the officers of the Society "I have decided to withdraw from the public séances the coming winter the phenomenal part of Spiritualism."

El Criterio has also able articles on the "Plurality of Worlds," and "Animal Magnetism." In the former we read: "The Vedas, the most ancient books known of religious cosmogony; the *Zendas*, the *Codigo de Mansi*, maintain as a dogma the plurality of worlds. The Druids participated in this belief as well as the primitive Gauls, the Indians, the Chinese, the Arabs, the Egyptians, from whom it passed to the Greeks, and later to the Romans. The school of Alexandria, perpetuated in Greece by Thales and his disciples Anaximando, Anaximenes and others, sustained this idea. Anaxagoras believed in the habitableness of the moon. Pythagoras and his disciples Democrito and Heraclito defended this doctrine, and Heraclito believed that every star was a little habitable universe. The school of Eleista, its founder, Xenofanes, entertained this



PORTRAIT OF GERALD MASSEY. [SEE FOURTH PAGE.]

theory; Epicurus also; and Lucretio, a disciple of this last named, declared two thousand years ago: "There are other worlds in space, other creatures, other men. Later names in this faith are Cardinal Nicolás of Coza, the unfortunate Jordano Brub (burned at Rome for his book, *Del Infinito Universo e Mondi*), and Galileo. In the seventeenth century, Descartes, Pascal, Cyrano de Bergerac, Bayle and Haugens; in the eighteenth, Leibnitz, Bernovilli, Newton, Swedenborg, Buffon, Bally, Lavater, Laplace," etc.

La Messager of Liege has some startling announcements about Catholicism. In its article, *La Fraternelle*, it upbraids, in a few lines the pretentious character and the short-comings of the Roman Pontificate; while a "Communication" (mediumistic) is aglow with the danger that more particularly threatens Europe through the machinations of the Roman Church. "Numerous groups of spirits both at Brussels and Antwerp have for some time labored to elicit the effervescence that reigns in France, and threaten the most dangerous consequences to both France and Belgium. The Catholics, excited by the Jesuits who govern France, wish at any price to assure the despotic doctrine of the *Syllabus* and of the *Encyclical*; reestablish by arms Pius IX on his temporal throne; form a crusade called the Sacred Heart to reach another St. Bartholomew before which all past St. Bartholomew days would be only child's play," etc. "On the other side, the liberals regard the perpetuity of the Church as the highest expression of despotism, religious, political and social."

La Illustracion Espiritista, of Mexico, under the heading of "The Enemies of Spiritualism," reproduces its able article of Aug. 17th, in reply to the *Voz*, which, as a "Catholic" exponent, holds up the devil as the author of all the phenomena of our faith. Eating the fruit of a certain tree, in olden times, men became as gods; but the serpent was the inspiration. Protestant clergymen, as well as the Romanists of to-day, see in science another tree of knowledge, and so dread it that they cry "Devil, devil." *La Illustracion* handles this subject in the pure light of the nineteenth century, and that which Spiritualism has imbued us with; and its readers cannot but be satisfied with the logic with which the "Voice" is brought to its knees.

The *Illustracion* produces from the *Revue* of 1868 "Revelations through the Aid of a Glass of Water, in 1706, in the House of the Duke of Orleans;" and is referred to in the memoirs of the Duke of Saint-Simon. The Duke de O. related it in the saloon of Marly, on the eve of his departure for Italy: La Sery had in his house a little girl eight or nine years of age, remarkable in the simplicity and guilelessness of her character. She could see in a glass of water what was passing at a distance. Summoned by the Duke de O., he ordered her to notice what was passing in the house of Madame de Naneré. She at once told him of the persons there, their dress, their positions, their plays, etc. Asked about Versailles, she described the King's chamber exactly as it was on the day of his death, how his Majesty appeared in his bed, and the quality of the persons about him. The same occurred when asked about the mansion of Madame de Maintenon. Finally there appeared, as if painted upon the wall, the figure of the Duke de O., himself, wearing a crown.

A little child of ten years has produced the following beautiful poem, which the editor of the *Illustracion* thinks could only have been done by the aid of some older poetic spirit:

LAUS DEO.
Elevés-vous, voix de mon être,
Avez-vous, avec la nuit,
Élançez-vous comme un flamme,
Reprenez-vous comme le bruit
Faites sur l'âme des images,
Mêlez-vous aux vents, au tonnerre, au fracas des ondes,
An tournez, un fracas des ondes,
L'homme en vain fermes ses paupières,
L'homme éternel de la prière,
Trouvera partout des êtres!

The literal translation—here given will enable any one to read the original, and find there the harmony and the grandeur of its metre.
La Luz en Mexico has its four little-pages full of good reading—principally from the spirits of A. Kæthe and Prof. Hare, the latter from "Human Nature," London. Its first article on "The Harmony of Religions," says: "Neither the faith, nor the love, nor the truth, nor abnegation, nor indulgence, nor patience, nor peace, nor equality, nor education; nor the power of missionaries, nor preaching, nor honesty, nor the sentiment of fraternity, nor the respect for woman, nor the spirit of humility, nor the martyrs, nor any other good thing can be monopolized by any one or various forms of religion: all of them recognize these *principios* more or less; all do something to realize them, as all do also to dishonor them."

Though no formidable organizations proclaim anywhere the mighty march of Spiritualism, it hangs about the heart-stone and the heart-record of almost every human being, and will sooner or later become the maelstrom of his faith.
Albany, Sept. 30th, 1873.

"OUR OWN."

If I had known in the morning,
How weary all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away
I had been more careful, darling;
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone,
We might never take back again.
For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning,
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.
We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best;
Ah! lips with the curve impatient;
Ah! brow with that look of scorn;
I were a cruel fate,
Were the night too late,
To undo the work of morn.

PIETY IN PETTICOATS.—A late Paris fashion is a prying costume, and if one of these does not make the woman of fashion look like a very angel, dressmakers must give it up and wait for Gabriel. Religion, mayhap, must suffer, but fashion can't do without her straight-laced sister. The attitude of prayer is found to throw the back breadth of the skirt into graceful prominence, and hence the necessity—which will be at once recognized by all the truly good—of increased attention to the garniture of frills and rich embroidery required by a deeply religious attitude of mind.

Literary Department.

(Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Colby & Rich, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.)

THE TWO COUSINS; OR, SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER VI. John Stott's Story.

"Yes, ma'am, I take naturally to the woods, and am always glad when the Doctor orders me to drive this way. I was born near the Catskills, in York State, where the mountains were all around me; and here I am 'out of doors,' as they say, all the time. There is something in the hills that makes a man feel sheltered, as if he was guarded by something strong and great. I can't express it as I feel it, ma'am, but I heard a sermon once that spoke my mind about it. The text was, 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round them that fear him.' Somehow or other, I feel more as if there were a God taking care of me when I can look up to the mountains."

I sympathized with John in this feeling, and resolved some day to tell him about the Alps, whose grand forms were still fresh in my memory. Just now, I led him on to talk of himself. "I was a boy when my father moved to this State, and I remember how my poor mother pined for the mountains and the woods."

"Is your mother living, John?"
"No, ma'am; she died a year ago last Sunday. She was n't so very old—only about sixty; but trouble killed her, ma'am. Ye see, ma'am, we had a neighbor who was a very quarrelsome, bad man, and he and my father were always disputing about the land. My father was set in his way, and determined to have his own; and so there was trouble all the time between us, and going to law till our little fortune was much reduced. This neighbor had one child—a daughter, ma'am—a very pretty girl; at least, I thought so in them days, and I loved her. I could n't see why we need quarrel, if our fathers chose to do so. I had not seen many girls at that time, and I thought that Betsy Simms's black eyes and red cheeks made the most beautiful picture in the world."

I smiled at John's way of putting things, and thought of Miss Love, who had blue eyes.
"It was n't strange that we liked each other, seeing that we had no one else to love. So, ma'am, I worked hard, and saved enough to buy fifty acres of land and to build a little house. I asked Betsy to be my wife, and she said, 'Yes, John, there ain't nobody I like any better.' I worked on my land and house, and she made 'sunrise' and 'sundown' bedquits of red and yellow calico, and picked geese for a feather-bed; and we two were as happy and as busy as bees gathering honey for their hive. But our fathers did n't stop quarrelling, for all that, and got themselves into another law-suit that worried my mother, and made her fear that we should have nothing left to live upon. Father was obstinate and determined, and Simms was angry and quarrelsome now all the time. My mother wanted to go away, like Abraham; but father said, No; he would have his rights, if it cost every dollar he had to get them."

"I had been over to my house, one day, putting up some shelves and cupboards; it is amazing what a quantity of them women want in a house, and I was determined Betsy should have enough. She came over to see about them, and we walked home together. I told her that I had sent for lots of flower-seeds and roots, for I wanted her to live among roses and lilies all her life; but she said, 'Oh, John! do n't forget pineys and sunflowers; I like them best. I want a whole row of sunflowers before the house, and some great red pineys in the garden.' I promised her the pineys and sunflowers, though I did n't take kindly to them myself. We had left the high road, and were going up the lane which led to Betsy's home, when I heard loud and angry voices:

"I tell you, you old rascal, if you do n't pay me that money to-day, I will send the sheriff after you. It is lawfully mine, and what is mine I will have."

"It was my father's voice. It was nothing strange to hear them disputing in this way, and I told Betsy that we would turn back and take a walk till they were through with their dispute. "She said her father was very angry at the decision of the court about a certain piece of land that our fathers each claimed, and he had threatened terrible vengeance: 'You must keep watch, John, over your house and your hayricks; you know my father's temper.'"

"We had gone a few steps, when the voices grew louder and more angry. We stopped; and, thinking I might persuade my father to go home, I turned back for that purpose, when a terrible oath from Simms fell upon my ear, and I heard him say that never, as long as the world stood, would he give up the land; at which, my father raised a club which he held in his hand, and felled Simms to the ground. My father was a strong, powerful man. I ran to snatch the club from his hand, to prevent a second blow, but I

was too late. He struck—the already prostrate man. The latter was senseless. I raised him, but the pulse had ceased to beat. He had died almost instantly from the blow, the force of which had fallen upon the head.

"I ran home and sprang upon my horse to call a doctor, while Mrs. Simms and Betsy were using restoratives. The doctor was there in a few minutes, but there was no hope. Simms had died almost without a struggle. My father went home in stupid, dumb despair, making no effort to escape."

"When I returned to my own home, after doing what I could to aid Mrs. Simms in laying out the body of her husband—there was no one else in that lonely spot—I found my mother fallen upon the floor in a dead faint, and my father sitting with his eyes fixed upon the ground, unconscious of her situation."

"My efforts to restore my mother succeeded, but I was almost sorry afterwards that she had not died;—that for her life afterwards was only one long time of suffering. My father was imprisoned. There was a long trial, and the expense of it took all our property. But poverty was nothing to the pain of seeing my mother sick, and hearing her start from her troubled sleep, and cry out, 'Oh, John—John! has your father come to this? Let me go and die for him.'"

"I think that for a time her reason forsook her—it was the week that my father's trial ended, and he was condemned to death; but a merciful Providence ordered that she should be spared the agony of knowing that he was subjectly executed. He had for many years been subjected to heart complaint, and he died almost immediately after being carried out of the courtroom—in ten minutes after the judge had pronounced the sentence."

"We brought him home. Strange to say, the sight of him lying so peacefully at rest, seemed to calm my poor mother."

"God, who knows our hearts, will be merciful," she said; "I believe there is rest for the troubled spirit;—I leave him with our Father in heaven."

"From that time she grew weaker, and ended not to live; but she was happier than she had been for years. 'Nearer home, nearer home!' she would say every morning. I never left the house and watched closely, but notwithstanding that, I was not by her side when she died. 'Lie down and rest,' she said to me; 'I am feeling so much better that I do not need you.'"

"I threw myself on a lounge, thinking that perhaps she would be spared to live many years. When I awoke she seemed to be sleeping, and I walked lightly not to disturb her, but there was no need, for it was death. I think she must have had some pleasant thoughts, for she looked just as if she were asleep, and breathing of something very pleasant. She died the very week the daisies began to blossom. I thought how much she loved them, and perhaps I don't know, ma'am, but do n't you think maybe they have flowers in heaven?"

"Yes, John, I do."

"Well, ma'am, I hoped so, and that perhaps it was daisy time there as well as here."

"I think it was with her, John."

"Well, ma'am, it is a comfort to have you think so. Betsy had been gone away to New York for months, but she came home a few days before my mother's death. I went over and asked her if she would come to the funeral and walk with me to the grave. There was something in Betsy's face that looked changed to me; I couldn't tell what it was. Perhaps it was her dress, or the new way of putting up her hair; but at any rate she seemed far off from me. When I asked her 'Would she go with me?' she looked at me so strangely with her great black eyes that I couldn't believe it was Betsy—'No, John Stott,' said she, 'it is all over between us; do you think I would marry the son of my father's murderer?'"

"It came upon me as sudden as if I had been struck with a thunderbolt, and the thought that maybe she was right, and that I ought not to blame her, only added to my trouble. I did not answer a word, but staggered out of the house and went home to my dead mother. The funeral was like a dream to me. Some two or three friends who had known my mother came to the funeral, but I walked alone to the grave, saw the coffin lowered, heard the earth as it fell upon it, and went back to my home to live a solitary man. That is all that I can tell you of those days. What followed is a great blank to me. I suppose the fever took me. They tell me that I was sick for a long time, and that at last some friends brought me here. I am very glad they did so. They have been very kind to me, and the Doctor has taught me so much about mind and body that I do not fear a relapse; besides, I have a good situation as coachman, and I do n't know, ma'am, as you will think any better of me, but I

Banner Contents.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1873.

Office, 9 Montgomery Place.

AGENTS FOR THE BANNER IN NEW YORK: THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 10 NASSAU ST.

COLBY & RICH, PROPRIETORS.

LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS...

Special Notice—Removal.

Having leased and moved into the spacious Building No. 9 Montgomery Place, leading from Tienont Street, we are prepared to meet the demands of the public...

We take this occasion to inform our friends and the public generally, who are seeking more than ever to-day for facts embodying the permanent truths of immortality as demonstrated through the most cultivated minds of the world...

The Catholic World on Spiritualism.

The Catholic leaders have been far more liberal and consistent than the Protestant in reference to Modern Spiritualism. The history and traditions of the Catholic Church being full of phenomena precisely similar to those developed in the presence of the mediums of the present day...

The November number of the Catholic World, the leading organ of the Church in America, contains the first two chapters of what promises to be a very able and, in many respects, a just article on the subject of Spiritualism.

Referring to the Report of the Dialectical Society, this writer declares that, in the asserted phenomena, "there is absolutely no room for a suspicion of trickery, neither is it more rational to suppose that the phenomena had no objective existence, but were the mere phantasms of the excited imagination of the company."

Three hypotheses exist in regard to these phenomena: 1st, unconscious cerebration expressing itself in unconscious muscular action; 2d, psychic force; 3d, spirits.

Dr. Carpenter's doctrine of "unconscious cerebration" is then weighed in the balance and found wanting. But the Catholic writer says: "I must do Dr. Carpenter the justice to admit that he nowhere, so far as I have seen, attempts to apply his doctrine in detail to the higher phenomena of Spiritualism."

The Catholic writer says: "I am ready to admit that the influence of unconscious cerebration upon some of the phenomena of Spiritualism is probable enough. But I maintain that it is distinctly inadequate as an explanation."

On the subject of "psychic force," which is the "explanation" (C) proposed by Serjant Cox and some other half-way explorers, this writer says: "My complaint is that the modern attempt to reduce Spiritualism to psychic force involves an inadequate analysis of the facts presented; and Spiritualists have surely some ground to complain of the prima facie disingenuousness of a manœuvre which, in regard to the same phenomena, began with, 'This is not natural, therefore it is certainly not true,' and ends with, 'This is true, therefore it is certainly natural.'"

pendent agents; feats which they were themselves performing. 3d, The stress laid by the theory of psychic force on the action of the imagination, is wholly unwarranted by the facts. The third hypothesis remains for consideration. What the views of the writer are, we may readily guess, but we will not anticipate his conclusions. In this November number of the Catholic World, prominently placed, the way for the hypothesis of spirits...

It is something, in this age of "materialism," to prove that there are such agents as "bad spirits," but we think that Spiritualists generally will console themselves with the thought that if there are bad spirits in God's universe, the goal cannot be far off to warn and protect against them. We shall look with interest for the next number of the Catholic World.

The Evangelical Alliance.

In view of the bickering which, in spite of the efforts of the broader-minded elders of the rival schools of doctrine, were precipitated by their more narrow-brained and bigoted followers in the course of this famous Council of Manhattan—the sixth since the Reformation—the Irish Catholic World of October 15th is moved to offer on its first page an illustrative picture of the hopelessness of the reconciliatory work undertaken by the learned lights of Protestantism there assembled. A shrine is pictured upon which is inscribed, "To the genius of Protestantism, which has divided its votaries into a thousand sects, this altar of contradiction is dedicated by the Evangelical Alliance."

Upon the altar is seated, cross-legged, in East-Indian style, a phreatic idol, wearing a crown, upon which is written "Protestantism," while, on each side of the central figure, and in a semi-circle reaching behind it, on the altar, are a number of figures, each holding in its hand a banner on which is depicted the designation of some sect. The names, from left to right, are as follows: "Hutchinsonianism alone is true;" "Congregationalism alone is true;" "Lutheranism alone is true;" "Calvinism alone is true;" "Presbyterianism alone is true;" "Methodism alone is true;" "Moravianism alone is true;" "Puseyism alone is true;" "Episcopalianism alone is true;" "Brownism alone is true." Around this altar gather the different clerical representatives of these evangelical faiths.

God and the Devil.

The English poet, Gerald Massey, delivered a lecture in New York last week, on the natural theological inquiry—"Why God does not kill the Devil?" If the former is the truly superior being, and is indeed supreme, why, it may be asked by common sense, does he permit the Evil One to battle him in this way in all his plans, carry off his children in Satanic triumph, upset the divine arrangements, and practically change the order of things as originally instituted. Gerald Massey took for the text of his discourse the artless and unsophisticated question of Robinson Crusoe's man Friday—"If that God so strong, why he not kill that devil?" So far back as De foe's day, infidelity on this point of theology had thus manifested itself. Mr. Massey said that in this single passage of De foe's there is more food for thought than in any definition he had ever written. The lecturer searched through the ancient mythologies to ferret out the authorship of this same Devil, which theology insists on keeping alive as a main part of its machinery. And he demonstrated conclusively that much of what is accepted by mankind in general as "revelation," is nothing more than invented mythology. He further showed by actual comparison and derivation that many of the words which we now use to frighten people with, were originally words of peace and solace to man. The New York journals concede Mr. Massey's learning, but they forget that he is a confirmed Spiritualist.

W. P. Anderson.

This well-known artist is in Sacramento, Cal. We have just received from him an elegant set of photographs from his large pictures of the twelve apostles; and although we do not know that they resemble the original faces, they do resemble the original characters in expression, according to the written description of early Christian writers. We also received a beautiful picture of the woman of Endor, who called Samuel back from his spirit-home to communicate with Saul. It is a sweet and beautiful face, and like what we should suppose such a medium must be to bring the good old man back to earth in those early days. These pictures are sent by Col. I. A. Fuller & Co., of Sacramento, single for fifty cents, or five dollars a pair of twelve. We had not heard from our old friend directly for a long time, but rejoice to learn that he is still in conjunction with the spirit-world, and has a foot on earth and a vision in heaven.

The Mystery of Edwin Drood.

Completed by the spirit of Charles Dickens through an earthly medium, is now ready, and may be had at the Bookstore of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. There are forty-three chapters in the tale as now completed, and the fragment left by the great novelist when removed by death is in its former place in the story. It makes a volume of six hundred pages, and will be universally sought after and read. Those who have examined the added portion of the tale pronounce it to be in the true spirit and vein of Dickens himself.

Spiritualists should remember that "The Dawning Light," or the Home of the Fox Family, is a very appropriate Christmas gift, and that now is the time to secure it. Send two dollars to R. H. Curran & Co., publishers, 28 School street, Boston, and it will be sent by mail, pre-paid. Read in another column its poetic description. See the advertisement in another column, of rooms to let in the Banner of Light Building.

Gerald Massey.

On the first page of the present issue will be found a fine likeness of this poet of the English people. The line of his face reads like a romance—but truth is ever stranger than fiction. The Medium and Daybreak, of London, under date of Oct. 10th, bears lengthy testimony to his usefulness in the field of reform, and to the debt we are largely indebted for the points concerning Mr. Massey's career.

The poet was born in May, 1828, in a little stone hut near Tring, where his father (who was a canal boatman), his mother and the children then lived—if it could be called living. His bringing up was of stark necessity—hard indeed. At eight years of age he began to work for his living in a silk mill, the wages paid him in exchange for his all-day and every-day imprisonment ranging from 9d. to 1s., and from that to 1s. 3d. per week.

From the silk mill (which was burned down) he went to straw-plaiting—a poor exchange—which was accompanied by frequent attacks of ague. He says, "I never knew what childhood meant—I had no childhood." His mother managed to save from their sorry means a few precious pence—he learnt to read at a school where the teacher and the taught were about on a par, and the desire to read was awakened. The Bible, Bunyan, "Robinson Crusoe," a few old Wesleyan magazines, comprised his library, until he came up to London at the age of fifteen as an errand boy, and then it was "Read—read—read! I used to read at all possible times and in all possible places." His hunger for knowledge was so insatiable that he often suffered hunger of a more material kind to provide himself with books.

The tyranny and oppression which, in his struggle for unbuttoned bread, he had to suffer at the hands of inflated shop-keepers, intensified his growing sense of the abstract wrongs of his class. He studied the works of the more daring political writers, and at length the pent-up steam burst forth. In the Leader, the Christian Socialist, the Red Republican and the Spirit of Freedom, there appeared, in quick succession, a number of lyrics that proclaimed to the world the existence of a bard-poet of unique power. They bit their way into the memories of chance readers. Mr. Hopworth Dixon happened to meet with one in a paper which he had bought in Gray's Inn Lane. He stood in the rain until he had read it through; and when, some short time afterwards, an unpretentious book of verse, in paper covers—entitled "Babe Christabel"—fell into his hands at the Athenæum office, Mr. Dixon remembered "The Song of the Red Republican," recognized the name of the author, and wrote the enthusiastic review which revealed to the larger domain of letters the existence of the poet. The work met the approval of such men as Douglas Jerrold, Walter Savage Landor and Thomas Aldrich (then the Rev. Charles) Kingsley. "It was, I believe," says Mr. Burns, "through the instrumentality of the latter (who, it may be mentioned parenthetically, no doubt had the poet in view when he delineated the character of the hero of that touching story of the English workingman's life, 'Alton Locke'), that Mr. Massey was appointed Secretary of the Tailors' Association, a society established on co-operative principles to aid the amelioration of a class to whose abominable treatment public attention had at that time been drawn by Mr. Kingsley and others."

His warm heart found no pleasure in the ideas of blank materialism; but he ever gave vent both with pen and by example to lessons which taught the oppressed—whether morally or politically—"For thy poor heart! thou dost not beat in vain, For thou art loved, and heaven above thee reigns. Hope on, hope ever."

Concerning his maturer life the Medium's editor says: "I do not know what age Mr. Massey was when he married, but should guess him to have been twenty-two or twenty-three, while Mrs. Massey was probably a year or so younger. As he stated in the first of his St. George's Hall lectures on Spiritualism, his wife was a clairvoyant. He did not, of course, deem it necessary to state also that she was a lady of great beauty. After their marriage, Mr. Massey, who had already lectured to the John-street circle on literary and political themes, added mesmerism and clairvoyance to his then somewhat limited repertoire, and with the aid of Mrs. Massey, afforded doubting audiences extraordinary glimpses of 'the abnormal.'"

It is possible that there may be readers who have no remembrance of Mrs. Massey, who yet can recall the clairvoyante Jane—one and the same person. When Mr. Massey was first introduced to the lady who afterwards became his wife, it was, as he has stated, to see her read without the use of her eyes. He found that this reading by abnormal vision was a fact. He had never properly understood it before. Since then, however, he had seen her read so hundreds of times, he had seen hundreds of people. It would require every column of this paper to set forth, even in a bald narrative, the extraordinary mesmeric experiences of Mrs. Massey. Suffice it to say that she did more, by the unconscious revelation of surprising phenomena, to start thinking men and women on excursions of hitherto unthought-of inquiry—did more, in fact, toward preparing the way for a reception of Spiritualism in this country—than any "subject" that was ever placed under the influence of mesmerism. The lecturer and his wife were so purely above and beyond the sphere in which mere exhibitors—wizards and the like—moved, that the spectator was obliged to listen and look with an attitude of respect, and hence the seed was laid in many minds that is bringing forth fruit to-day.

During his literary life Mr. Massey has accomplished a large amount of work, and in addition to his poetic volumes and detached lyrics, has made his presence felt in the world of English thought, editorially and otherwise, through the columns of the Daily Telegraph, Athenæum, Quarterly Review, North British Review and other standard publications. His latter works—"Sonnets of Shakspeare," and "Tale of Eternity," based avowedly upon spirit communion, received the cold shoulder from the English critics; but they, like the Spiritualism they embody, can afford to wait their time. Mr. Massey is at present in America, and we trust the friends of free thought and labor reform all over the land may extend to him the brotherly welcome he so richly deserves.

The Clergy.

It is said that three-fourths of the clergy of our country are not paid as well as the professional base ball players. It is not always the case that pay is as nearly in proportion of value in services as in this instance. Three-fourths of the clergy are useless, and the other profession is ditto. Both serve to keep the ball in motion, and keep up competition in religion and sports; and both may be necessary, but neither prove anything of value to the world, and hence their pay might be remitted on the ground of no consideration of value.

Woman.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION held a very successful Anniversary and Annual Meeting in New York and Brooklyn, Oct. 13 and 14. The Convention was large. The proceedings were spirited and eloquent. Great enthusiasm prevailed. Col. T. Wentworth Higginson presided and made the opening address. Letters endorsing the movement were read from Hon. George William Curtis, William Lloyd Garrison, Lydia Maria Child, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louisa M. Alcott and others. Eighty-six delegates were present, representing organized societies in fourteen States and Territories. The Annual Report shows that Woman Suffrage is established and works well in Wyoming and Utah, that it was under discussion last winter in twenty-one State Legislatures, and received a majority vote in those of Maine, Iowa and Michigan. Written reports were read from seventeen States. Julia Ward Howe was elected President for the ensuing year; Lucy Stone, Chairman Executive Committee. Among the Vice Presidents at large are Vice President Henry Wilson, Hon. George William Curtis, Senator Sargent, William Lloyd Garrison and Col. Higginson. The resolutions adopted are as follows:

Resolved, That the primary aim of the American Woman Suffrage Association is to secure the ballot for woman, which it includes, in its general aim, the establishment of her equality of rights in all directions. Resolved, That one-half of the adult population of the United States who are legally entitled to hold property, who are assessed for taxes and liable for crime, and whose interest in the Commonwealth is in no respect less than that of the other half, should not be deprived of an equal voice in the government. Resolved, That a government of the people must be a government composed equally of men and women, based upon the equal cooperation of the sexes as essential alike to a happy home, a refined society, a Christian Church and a Republic. Resolved, That our present political system is not fairly representative, even of men, being largely controlled by the money interests of the country, and that the people have no voice in the management of public business, and that this would be greatly promoted by combining the social sympathy and cooperation of women in the primary meetings, at the polls, and in the halls of legislation. Resolved, That we advise the friends of Woman Suffrage to organize local societies, for circulating tracts and newspapers, for holding public meetings, and especially for holding to elect the friends of suffrage and to defeat their enemies. Resolved, That the Woman Suffrage Movement, like every other reform of the Movement morally and politically, should be sustained by the memory of its most powerful advocate, John Stuart Mill.

SUFFRAGE CLUB IN LAWRENCE, MASS.—At a meeting of the friends of Impartial Suffrage held at Saunders Hall, Oct. 26th, for the purpose of forming a "Woman's Suffrage Political Club," and a discussion of the principles and general interests of the movement, the following list of officers was elected to preside over the destinies of the new organization: President—Hon. William H. P. Wright, of Lawrence. Vice President—Mrs. J. C. Bowker, Rev. C. A. Hayden, Hon. A. J. French, Rev. Garrett Beckman, Mrs. M. B. Kenny, Mrs. W. W. Hayward, of Methuen, William R. Spaulding, Rev. J. Clifford, of North Andover, Mrs. E. D. Kendall, Rev. Dr. Barrows. Recording Secretary—Mrs. William McAllister. Corresponding Secretary—John Stowe. Treasurer—Mrs. A. J. French. Executive Committee—J. C. Bowker, Chairman, and a long list of worthy and influential ladies and gentlemen of Lawrence, Methuen and North Andover, many of whom were present.

Charles H. Foster.

The well known test medium, whose labors are about to be transferred to a wide field extending around the world, has put forth a closely printed pamphlet of some seventy pages, wherein he presents to the public a brief retrospect of what he has accomplished as an avenue of communion for the spirits of earth's physically departed ones. In this brochure the testimony of the newspaper fraternity from Maine to Texas is quoted, many of the articles being prepared by writers whose sympathies were far from being with the spiritualist movement, but who felt called upon to record the truly wonderful and (to them) inexplicable manifestations, and to bear witness to the honesty of the medium. Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, have the book for sale.

Music Hall Spiritualist Free Meetings.

Lynan C. Howe closed his present engagement at this place on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 26. His lecture was listened to with profound attention by a good audience. The subject treated was "The Practical in the Spiritual." This eminent trance speaker has in a short space of time earned a high reputation among those Boston Spiritualists who have formed his audiences, and goes hence accompanied by their best wishes.

Mrs. Jennie Keys.

Will occupy the platform on Sunday next. The widespread popularity of this lady argues a large attendance and an enthusiastic welcome.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan in England.

This fine American woman is doing a good work among the transatlantic Spiritualists. On Sunday evening, Oct. 6th, she delivered her third inspirational discourse in the Royal Music Hall, Holborn. The room was densely crowded, the audience manifesting the usual appreciative attention. Her remarks were founded for a subject, on "The Realm of Spirit," and ended with a poem, "The Beautiful Land." The interest in her lectures seems unabated.

We learn from the Boston Investigator that the discussion between Prof. Wetherell and Mr. Moses Hull, on the subject of Spiritualism, will take place in this city, in the first part of December. The debate will turn mainly on the following question: "Are the miracles of the New Testament identical with the so-called spiritual phenomena?" Mr. Hull in the affirmative, and Prof. Wetherell in the negative. Further particulars as to time, place, &c., will be given soon. Both of the debaters are gentlemen of decided ability, and their discussion will therefore be one of unusual interest.

Gen. Cook calls for more soldiers to "keep the Indians off the war-path." Of course he must be helped to keep possession of the war-path, or the Indians will get it. What a strange highway that Indian war-path must be—and whose land is it on?—Waterville (Me.) Mail.

The same old story. It is no sin to slaughter Indians; but when a white man is killed by an Indian, the fact is telegraphed all over the country that "Indians are on the war-path!" How long is this great farce to last?

We publish elsewhere excerpts from our late foreign spiritualistic exchanges, which the reader will find quite entertaining. Dr. Ditson, the translator, exercises a good deal of wisdom in his selections.

"THE LIFE," just issued by us, is having a ready sale. Spiritualists should place this book on their parlor tables. It is high-toned, and contains matter that all should read and heed.

The Beecher Scandal.

The investigation into the charges preferred in Henry Ward Beecher's church against Henry C. Bowen and Theodore Tilton, for circulating slanders against the pastor of that church, has commenced, but is carried on in private. One of the members of the committee states that he considers the whole thing as a tempest in a teapot, while another thinks that Spiritualism is at the bottom of the affair. It will be remembered that early last summer, when the scandal was at its height, formal charges were preferred by Deacon West, and were referred to the examining committee of the church for investigation. This committee held several sessions to consider the subject, and finally accepted the charges, which action brought the matter regularly before them. But there the matter has rested since, and much curiosity has been manifested to know why the investigation was not proceeded with. It now transpires that one reason for the delay was an intimation from Mr. Bowen that if the matter should be disposed of with as little further delay as possible, and it was also decided that but one case should be taken up at a time. It was then decided to take up the charges against Theodore Tilton first, and the clerk was instructed to issue the proper citation to that gentleman to appear before the committee and make his answer to the charges. This will bring the case against him directly to issue, when the investigation can proceed without the waste of more time. The tribunal selected for the trial of these charges, the examining committee, is one of the standing committees of the church, whose duty it is to act upon questions of church members. It is composed of the deacons and deaconesses, with some of the more prominent members of the church, and numbers about twenty. Its authority is merely advisory. The committee's duty will end when it shall have heard all the evidence in the case, and submitted it, with its recommendation, to the assembled church for final action.

Thomas Huskell.

An old and well-known citizen of Gloucester, Mass., passed on, at his residence at West Gloucester, on the afternoon of Sunday, Oct. 12th, after having attained the mature age, in the physical, of eighty-two. The Cape Ann Advertiser, of Oct. 17th, in the course of a report of nearly two columns, says of him: "He was a man very firm in his convictions, a clear thinker, who kept himself thoroughly acquainted with all the progressive movements of the age, and numbered among his earnest friends many who are known as the reformers of the day." His upright life, his strict integrity of character, his devotion as a friend, his kindness and the esteem in which he was held among his townsmen, were noteworthy witnesses that his heart was right, no matter what his opinions were in theology or politics. In religious belief he was a Spiritualist, honestly believing in the tenets which this doctrine inculcates, and boldly defending them. The belief that the departed can and do hold communion with their earthly friends, was to him a reality, and it gave him the most blissful assurances concerning the hereafter, smoothing his pathway to the grave, giving him courage to bear the infirmities of age, and greatly aiding him in converting the troubles of life into blessings.

His funeral exercises took place on the afternoon of Wednesday, Oct. 15th, and were largely attended—L. P. Greenleaf, of Boston, officiating in an eloquent manner as speaker—and a fine letter and poem, the first by Rev. Adin Ballou, of Hopdale, Mass., the second by Horace M. Richards, of Philadelphia, Pa., being read by Julia M. [Friend] Carpenter, of Boston.

Bible Marvel-Workers.

Doubtless the idea of the human origin of the Jewish Deity has occurred hitherto to many minds. But we do not remember to have seen elsewhere the argument for it so clearly stated as it appears in Mr. Giles's article in another column. His comparison of the Jewish ark of the covenant with the cabinets used by the Daventrys and the Eddys will repay perusal. It is not impossible that the excess he offers of certain scriptural texts may yet be accepted by Bible commentators.

Return of J. M. Peebles and Dr. E. C. Dunn.

After about a year and a half's absence these workers in the cause of Spiritualism have returned to America, having sailed around the world. Mr. Peebles has distributed books, pamphlets and papers in every country through which he traveled. He lectures in New York during November. Dr. Dunn ere this has reached his home in the West.

We have in our possession a book on Drakkuism, or a Dairyoquent's Visit to Hades. We have an idea of transferring it to our columns, and printing it in pamphlet form. The original was published in England several years ago. Its descriptive scenes in the first sphere of the Diakka kingdom go to show the reality, and corroborate the legendary tales of mariners in regard to "phantom ships," etc. The contents of this book, whether true or false, are highly interesting. And now we put it to the vote of our patrons whether we shall print such a book or not. If a majority of ballots within a month are forwarded in favor of issuing it, we will do so—otherwise, not. What say ye? yea, or nay?

H. B. Phillbrook, Attorney-at-Law, from Washington, D. C., has opened an office at Room 10, Barrister's Hall, Boston. He comes to our city recommended as a gentleman of high legal attainments, and as he is a firm Spiritualist, we hope he may receive the full patronage of the liberal public.

Read Allen Putnam's telling work "Bible Marvel-Workers," referred to by A. E. Giles, Esq., in the present issue. The volume may be obtained at the bookstore of Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Immortality is fully demonstrated in the "Biography of Mrs. J. H. Conant," which volume is for sale at our Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place. Everybody should read this readable book.

Several highly interesting "Letters of Travel," by James M. Peebles, were, through some unexplained cause, delayed at the London post-office, and have just been received by us.

Read the advertisement of the Beck with \$20 Sewing Machine Co. Warren Sumner Barlow, the liberal poet, is President of the Company which manufactures it, and it is meeting with an extensive sale.

Advertisements.

Mediums in Boston.

Miscellaneous.

New Books.

New York Advertisements.

MAGNETIC AND ELECTRIC POWDERS! REMOVAL! SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW. GREAT NERVE AND REGULATORY. A Complete and Reliable Family Medicine, PURELY VEGETABLE.

Chairvoyant Medical Practice! DR. STORER'S OFFICE (Formerly at 137 Harrison Avenue) Is now in the beautiful and commodious Banner of Light Building, Rooms Nos. 6 and 7. NO. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE.

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THE SECOND AND THIRD VOLUMES OF THE SOUL OF THINGS, Or, Psychometric Researches and Discoveries in Geography, Archeology, Geology and Astronomy.

HOME AGAIN. I HAVE just returned from the Old World and resumed my former abode. The treatment of all diseases, having their origin in a disordered state of the system, is the same.

CONSUMPTION And its Cure. VICTIMS of this awful disease are found in every neighborhood. In almost every house.

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Morning Lectures. TWENTY DISCOURSES DELIVERED BEFORE THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS IN NEW YORK.

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WILLSON'S Carbolated Cod Liver Oil. It is not a secret, unguished nostrum. It is a happy combination of two remedies known to physicians as the best means of combating a consumption.

Mrs. Carlisle Ireland, Mrs. S. F. Nickerson, Miss S. F. Nickerson.

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THE DIABKA, AND THEIR EARTHLY VICTIMS; BEING AN EXPLANATION OF MUCH THAT IS FALSE AND REPULSIVE IN SPIRITUALISM.

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Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A WELCOME HOME TO "THE PILGRIM,"

Our Brave Friend and Worker, J. M. Peckham.

BY WILLIAM BRINTON.

Hail, Pilgrim, hail! a thousand welcomes ring
Like choral music in thine ear,
And all around bright spirits garlands fling,
To show how loved thou art and dear.
Thy travels now a little time are stayed,
" Well done " thou surely needest rest;
To come from Monday heat to soothing shade,
Return to home and there be blest.

The Rostrum.

THE PHILOSOPHY AND SAVING MISSION OF LOVE.

A Lecture Delivered at Music Hall, Boston, Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 19th, 1873, by Lyman C. Howe.

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

Some suppose there is no philosophy of or in love, but only a blind impulse. It is distasteful to those who understand the warm inspiration of love to turn out into the cold and calculating fields of intellectual reasoning, and yet the principle of love is rich in the powers of thought, and, when we comprehend its law, we shall the better know how to use it in all the appliances of life. Love is a hidden power; all motion is the language of power, and all motions referable in its last analysis, to one unitary centre; by virtue of this law of things, all Nature is connected, and, for this reason, there is no possibility of an infinite division. It is the safeguard of all happiness, and the promise of all you hope to attain. Unity is on the basis of diversity, but is referable, in its last analysis, to the one simple, central mentality we are prone to call God, and this unseparated unity in all things baptizes all in the spirit of unity. How is it, then, that discord and wars arise? how is it that Nature reveals in antagonisms? Only that the variations of that unity may be more completely expressed, and its largest revelations ultimately displayed. The speaker said love was a power whose expression was motion. All motion referred to a central power moving in waves. Even the bright blossoms in the bouquet on the desk before him demonstrated this law of undulatory pulsations, coming forth, as they did, in tiny vibrations, laden with the spirit of the blossom, to the perception of the olfactory nerves; from the time when the germ of each flower was first started, and no one could go back to the beginning of germinating life—this process had been going on, and as one note of music mingled with all the other notes in the production of grand harmonies so these undulatory colors, the individual notes of the flowery kingdom, continued to wave outward like the ripples in the quiet pool where, in a pebble had been dropped, and, though diverse in manifestation, never failed to reach the further shore of a brilliant harmony of color, outline and odor. Every faculty of the human mind is referable to the one common centre, and that is the magnet that holds our mentality and self-consciousness. These varied possibilities that surround us are all, in their ultimates, brought into uniformity, and the very fact of discord and variety is the promise of the greater power to be reached through this system of temporal antagonisms. Every musical instrument, according to the lecturer, must be tuned at some certain key as a basic point—it must have some starting-place around which its various notes of melody cluster, or from which they diverged; and upon this law rested all the harmonious tones of the music of the universe. Now, your faculties are fixed alike upon the same great musical scale, each one having a fixed point from which its waves go out to reach kindred waves, thus making up the compound centre of life. Now, if any of these points are movable, the immovable have the power to harmonize them with those which seem provocative of discord. Not only in all the keys of music—its tones and semi-tones—but in the tones and semi-tones of immortal thought, this rule applies. That which is fixed upon a movable point always yields and falls into harmony with that which is so fixed, then mediæstic notes are needed between them to bring them into harmony. Now, the human mind is built upon the fact of individuality; but each faculty around this centre is so extended, immovable, and revolves its fixed individuality for himself. If it were not so, where were the progress in spirit-planes, where the higher exertions upon the lower in development an influence to draw it up toward its level? The various faculties which represented the differing functions of love were then treated of by the speaker—such as the point upon which the family was built, which led men and women to unite themselves in life companionship, and devote their labors to the good of their offspring;

the tendency which indicated to sympathetic souls the claims of the great family of humanity; the power that lifted the spirit tenderly upward toward God; and in all these varied departments of love, there was, he said, a common union. Now, it is generally supposed that the merely intellectual powers of the human brain are opposed to these varied expressions of love, and that without reason and reason without any touch of the pulses of love, but this is a great mistake. The intellect loves, as well as the lower brain; but it loves its kind; in other words, its vibrations reach out to the same echo of the intellectual octave; as the notes on the key-board of the piano tend to harmony, in obedience to their natural laws, so do the tones and semi-tones of humanity mingle and combine, till the whole grand anthem of life is made complete. The lecturer said it was not correct order of reasoning to set the all thought and feeling to the physical brain, for said temporal brain was only the battery through which the various points of the mind—each capable of giving forth manifestations peculiar to itself—found the power of expression. The intellect loves—but what does it love? One mind is attracted to the subject of mathematics, it is attuned to mathematical harmony; another to the variations of color as shown in the bright faces of those flowers [pointing to the bouquet before him]; another recognizes the sweet harmony of music; another vibrates to the poetic key that gathers in the highest and wisest of beings, from the realm of sublimity. And through all the department of intellect, this vibration goes on, and each point has its love—each interchanges with the kindred note, wherever it may be; but it is that kindred note alone with which it can harmonize, for the faculty known as fraternal love, for instance, cannot find a corresponding response from the love which goes out to arbitrary and abstract mathematics; it requires persons, not problems, to love, and the same rule holds good in the other forms of love's expression. Now let us look to our mission, and first let us take some extent of reference to this aspect of the subject that will show you its bearing. If in a family there are two minds whose aspirations differ so widely that there seems to be no common action—if they vibrate only to repel each other, and in these points are fixed immovably upon their pivots, then there is no harmony except something can come in between to act in a mediatorial capacity; but if either party is fixed upon a movable point, the immovable one will gradually draw the other into harmony with itself. Let us apply this not only to the family, but to the world; for it is applicable to the whole world; no distinction as to the nature of the subject; no man ever lived his life purpose without using the powers, faculties, elements with which Nature endowed him; so in this world of time we are laboring to lift mankind to the sweet shores of love and peace, and in this labor we must bring to our assistance the mission and power of love. For God is love, and if God is love, then there can be no antagonisms in Nature; no antagonisms between Nature and Nature's God. But humanity, said the speaker, seems to grow forth to the observer the manifestations of direct disharmony rather than of the opposite, the unity of all within the French harmony in the ultimate. The first lesson then, for mankind to learn, he thought, in its struggle to conquer a peace and elevate the cause of divinity virtue was that just in proportion as the individual was fixed firm and immovable upon the pulsating point of love and its corresponding harmony—not that love which sprang from the blind insensate fires of fleshly lust; but that which soared above the baser emotions—would he or she conquer all temptation, and attain to the ultimate of purity and concord. That love, then, which reveals its product of all things, the spiritual and mental nature—that power which lifted the forces of the lower brain into harmony with the great chorus of Nature, and attracted to itself all the nobly-based faculties of the human mind, possessed within itself the elements of infinitude. As in the growth of Nature, man was the last ultimate of forms, and not only the last but the best—though it might be supposed by some that the animal kingdom being first in order of time, ought to be so in supremacy—as he was the end of all things that went before, rather than the product of all that went before him; he would naturally be subjected to his more refined and sublimated powers. And so the law of evolution builds higher and higher till it reaches the elimination of diviner possibilities, and those possibilities become naturally the rulers of all that lie beneath them. Thus we see the stream of effects often rising above its visible fountain because in antiquity rests all the possibilities that time evolves; progress never adds anything to matter or mind, but only expresses the latent possibilities that are in matter and mind. So man is brought out as the last result, rather than the product of all that has preceded him; he therefore represents in his nature—the history of that through which he has come. The speaker said man under the circumstances represented physical Nature and animal life, all in one great concentration; he was born, lived, attained maturity, died physically even as that which had preceded him; he had the circulatory system, the muscular system, the cranial system upon the apex of the spinal cord, (though all of them developed in a finer degree) in common with the animal kingdom beneath him, but he had something more; he revealed in him the natural ruler of all that had preceded him; he therefore represents in his nature—the history of that through which he has come. 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not, perhaps, of the kind whose results you can analyze by the unyielding stubbornness of earthly inquiry—it is rather reserved for its solution for the chemistry of higher spheres than the cold crucibles of earth can reach. Because it was observed that experience taught, and that the cradle development presented the spectacle, that the mind of man was possessed of faculties, powers or functions, whose action apparently was all that marked the individuality of said man among his fellows, it would not do to assume that the brain was the mind of man. It might be objected that, if the brain was, taken away, there was no mind in the man—that if any particular organ, as mapped out in the cranial system, were uncapped by the surgeon, a pulsation would be detected whenever that organ or faculty was brought into active play; upon this hypothesis, indeed, the materialists based their argument that it was the brain which thought, therefore it was the brain which was the man; but this was not the case, as could be demonstrated by applying the same reasoning to many things; for instance, there was the mighty organ before them [pointing to the Music Hall great organ]. Suppose one were to say the musical vibrations were all in that organ, therefore the organ, and not the musician, was to be credited with those grand conceptions of instinctive or inspired melody which the old masters had created for the admiration of all coming time, and which the skillful manipulator of the instrument was able to bring forth from the instrument. In this case, as was apparent to all—the instrument, though the possibility of outer representation for the grand expressions of a higher power. If it were insisted that the brain was thinking when any particular part of it was uncovered, and pulsations were seen as going on, the lecturer could not accept the proposition unless it was carried to its conclusion, and the objector proved himself able to state what the brain was thinking about; if he could not, then he could not be justified in assuming that it was the brain which thought, any more than he could in declaring that it was the organ, which thought, in answer to the question, "What is the music that came from his pipes and keys in answer to the touch of the organist." The departments or organs of the brain, had each and all their peculiar physical power, but were subject to the spirit within the brain—to the mind and its forces—and gave forth its expressions in a mediatorial capacity. The speaker would not ignore this medium of the brain, for it was the outer magnet through which the elements of material surroundings were brought to take up their deathless abode in the human mind; but there was no absolute consciousness in it—only the power to receive, and to convey in answer to the call of its instrument. For if this fact were not acknowledged, and the individual kept fast hold of the spiritual affections and the immortal principle of his nature, the lower would gradually be drawn upward to the higher; and this once accomplished, then every avenue of his nature would go out with a sweet and tender expression—with a confidence and power that had in them salvation. The angel world had been laboring to bring this rule of thought and conduct to bear upon man's life-labors for many centuries, and especially in the last twenty-five years; to teach him to cultivate the moral and spiritual centres of thought and feeling, and hold the lower nature subject thereto. There was not a function of mind but what was legitimate, but it was only of good when it was in harmony with the great centre of the moral nature; every thought, every faculty of the mind, the very passions that have come down to us, hallowed by its spiritual power—became beautiful, and entered the sublime portal of ethereal life. But says some one, this ethereal life is well enough to talk about, but we hear too much concerning it, and we are something more tangible—we want something that we know is a reality. But in the words of one of our sages: "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." It may be asked, "How is it that some things are seen, and others not?" For instance, here are these beautiful flowers; you see them, and when you come nearer to them you receive additional pleasure to that of sight by the sweet odors that reach the cognizance of the sense of smell through the channels of the olfactory nerves. But are these senses less in efficacy because you cannot see them? No. What do you see, and what do you feel, taste, feel, touch, only a conscious recognition of outer contact. The action of each sense of feeling through one department, that which through another we cannot feel. The olfactory nerves feel the contact of the odor of the flowers, though the eye may not detect it, neither the sense of touch, though the fingers may industriously manipulate them. You may even apply them to the lips, and can detect in each a peculiar sensation so that you may say you taste them, and yet that odor is perceivable only through its one peculiar channel. You may not be able to see them now, but when the nature is being their further power of motion, now locked from the grasp of your physical perceptions, will become apparent to you—when you will reach out your spiritual ear to hear their beautiful vibrations in the glorious gardens of heaven! Now all these different senses are referable to one—viz., the sense of feeling; you feel the odor, the forms, the taste, the beautiful tints, though each is known to you through the action of a separate department of your being; and when you are developed enough you will hear them, and rejoice in their songs of the flowers than you ever did in their outward forms, their resplendent colors, their beautiful forms. Now, the sense of feeling is central, but has different avenues. There are more than five senses, but all of these are referable to the one; you feel tastes, colors, forms, and you feel moral principles, mathematic deductions, spiritual influences as well, but through different channels; and through each division of your nature do you feel as your soul is capable of receiving and awakening an answer there. You cannot see musical sounds, but through a certain organ of the brain you can rejoice in their harmonies; you cannot see the emotions of affection and friendship, but you can feel them all through the divine channels of love. Each one of these avenues of being was open to the surrounding universe; and through observation of the same, and the awakening power of spiritual thought that waded in from the great spiritual world, the faculties and senses of each individual became multiplied. As the skin presented to the air of heaven millions of absorbing pores, so the mental and spiritual nature of man (endowed with millions of pointers, which, baptized in the light of heavenly truth, would one day bring forth the fact that man was possessed of the faculties of perception and feeling, which would give him not five, or sixty-two, but millions of senses—one of these millions being directly referable to the unitary sense of feeling. Hence we felt the divine. Some denied the existence of a God because they could not see him, or were so blinded that creation's page revealed him not to their perceptions; but the soul that was in humanity, vibrating in unison with the chords that sounded from the key-board of the Infinite—the soul that answered to the cadences of the love of God, as they reached through the vastitudes of Nature—was led to reflect that there was an Infinite God, whose existence his own intuitions mainly revealed, though no materialist could measure or comprehend him in matter. You could feel the sensation of pain, but if every man around you did not know by experience (gained at some time in life) the suffering you had undergone, though you strove to explain it by the most violent contortions, it would not be understood—and the same is true of the existence and influence of kindness. When, then, you comprehend the fact by experience, by the radiation of corresponding love, you are prepared to feel your way out of the painful condition in conjunction with all humanity; and because the great mass of humanity is not in tune with all the higher, but rather with the lower faculties and tendencies, do not despair of the multitude; for I assure you there is in existence the key that will be able to let you out. It remains unknown and unrecognized now, perhaps, because it is small, but it will come forth in due time. Stand forth and keep that key in your own right hand, and if you feel to aspire to unlock the secret chamber of diviner emotions, then call upon the

listening angels to aid you in gaining its hidden mysteries. You will then have a philosophy that is in accord with love; a reason that moves hand-in-hand with true emotion; a science that sweeps the key-board of intellect, and broadens out into the spiritual and the immortal—and when you have these, you have the power to reach the power to save. By this force of aspiration for aid from the sources above, and a determination to direct all the energies of life to higher purposes and ends, every faculty of the body and brain would be brought tenderly near, and into harmonious subjection into the moral and spiritual in the individual. It might be asked: Are we to reach a condition of harmony where eternal rest is to be attained. This, the speaker thought, might be attained, in the ultimate, as regarded each plane of development, but each division of the eternal way would disclose to the view a higher degree to be reached, and the soul to essay, and the ascendant had fitted the call of universal love. But says one: If we are all the time drawing nearer to the Divine, shall we not by-and-by lose our individuality? Will not our identity be lost, and we ourselves be only particles in the ocean of mentality? Answer, No! because you are finite and God is infinite, and you cannot reach infinity. The tendency is not to divine absorption, but to the contrary. Progress consists in individuality, and man is the chosen type of individuality, why? because he is the last in the order of creation, and the further you go toward God the more removed you are from the possibility of ever losing that identity. The mind being, in fact, and crown of all, is the individual centre which is, at every step upward, adding to its individuality, instead of losing it. God himself holds in himself an infinite individuality, and man in himself maintains, through all stages of development, a finite individuality. Resting upon this centre, then, the mission of love is to save and heal; but it is not only the benevolent love that reaches out to the poor, the domestic love that gathers the family group about the fireside, not only these, but it is the love that exerts its influence through this crown of being, and holds all the functions ever in its sway. Reason, judgment, fraternal sympathy, mathematic relations—all the interests in life held by it in one grand symphonic harmony, revolve around the centre of your individuality. Then no longer say that love is blind. It is only a limited expression of love that is blind; but when your sexual love, filial love, divine love act in concert with the great key-note of your spiritual being, then you will find in it the power of vision, and that that all-seeing eye, unveiled by the blindness of harmonious conceptions, shall never more be blind. Men go blindly now, because they often cannot see their eyes to see, but it is the mission of love and the commissioned trust of Modern Spiritualism to lead all the latent powers to the evolution of the larger mentality of human selfhood. There is a beauty in selfishness, and we ask you not to abuse it—it is upon that that your immortality is predicated—but let it mold each to proper efforts to labor for expansion into higher fields of moral and spiritual excellence; let it teach you to touch the vision of the everliving with the finger of immortal love—to strive to awaken the slumbering powers of the inebriate, and to take away his individuality, but to bring into play the finer qualities which he possesses to combat the excesses to which he has become subjected—to do good to all, that the harmony thus created may be refracted as light rays upon your own pathway. In conclusion let us say: Spirits are working with humanity in every department of life—working in the wide world of thought and feeling; psychologizing your intellect, appealing to the sensibilities of your emotions, showing you never more be blind. 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