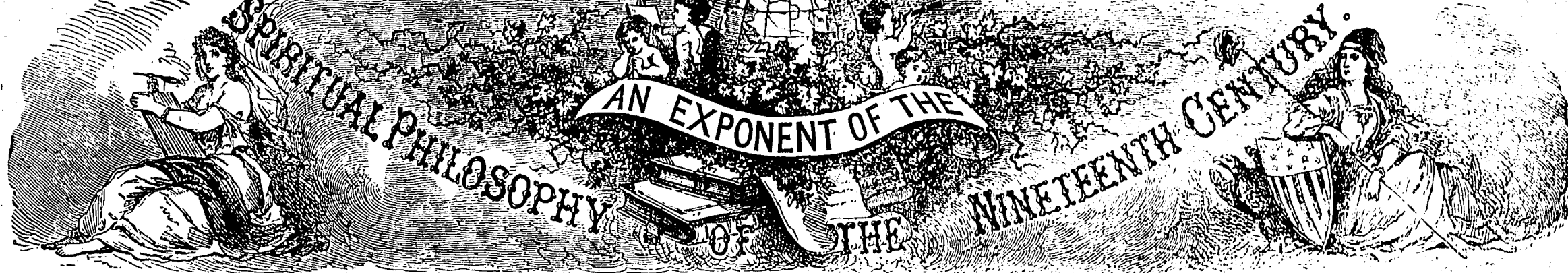


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The Rostrum.

THE SPIRIT OF MAN.

An Inspirational Address Delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists, New York, by
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BRIGHAM.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by Geo. H. Mellich.)

In the book which is called the oldest in the Bible, the Book of Job, we find these words: "But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." This, then, we will take as our subject: "But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." In an audience like this, while we perceive some to whom the subject of Spiritualism is very old, and who have made this matter of life beyond the grave a subject of study, earnest thought and close analysis, there are others—and quite a number we find—to whom this movement is comparatively quite new. All they have heard of it has not been to its advantage, has not been in its favor, and all manner of evil has been said against it by its enemies. But yet it seems to have a very natural, healthy growth and progression. For the benefit, then, most particularly of those to whom this matter of spirit is but a dim shadow, we have chosen the subject we have to-night. What is this spirit in man? What is this inspiration of the Almighty which giveth it understanding? What ever was meant in the olden days, there is a certain meaning which we find to-day, and a matter of great importance becomes revealed to us. How many terms have been applied to this life of yours! It is called life, spirit, soul, mind; and this spiritual nature has been called the breath of life, and it has been called ghost; an existence beyond the grave has been called an existence of shadows or phantoms. You are doubtless familiar with all these terms, and many others I have not mentioned. There is a reason for applying any one of these terms; there is a certain idea that lies back of the words, and it is well to see what the idea is, what the word really means. You know that man has been supposed to be an identity, one being, a unit. But when you look closely at this life of yours, you find that you are more than yourself, more than external identity; there is a body, and to that body belong certain appetites, tastes, inclinations, aspirations, ebullitions. There is within that body a life which is totally invisible to material eyes. You only see it as you see the effects, as you judge of the wind by its effect.

It has been said—and how beautifully said—that the eyes are the windows through which the spirit looks; and we believe that these open casements, these open windows, these spiritual eyes, are the best external expression, for the spiritual gives the physical its identity. Did you ever think what identity means? Did you ever think how you can judge of a person? Go into a man's house, and you can judge of the character of that man by the books he reads; if he loves pictures, you can judge his character by the pictures that adorn and beautify his walls; if he loves music, something of the very identity of the individual is shown in the choice of music which he has made. A person's identity expresses itself in most everything he does, and we see the entity, the individuality. There are people so delicately constituted, that when they become well acquainted with another, they can tell the approach of that person by the footfalls. Now think of the countless myriads going and coming, think of the sounds made by human feet, and then realize that a person can be so delicately constituted that he can judge concerning the individual coming, and tell when he is approaching, by these footfalls, which carry a certain identity with them. Of course all of you are familiar with this idea to a greater or less extent. Let a person write his autograph; there is a certain identity belonging to that act which no other individual in the whole world can reproduce. You may say that is not true; one can counterfeit, can forge, can sign the name of another, and do it with so certain an imitation of the original that experts would not be able to detect it. Yes, persons can imitate, but all individuals have a soul of their own—we know of no better way to express it. They may be able to imitate the works of another; they cannot practice them all the time, for they will fall back into their own selfhood, into their own identity, and then in that which they have written the character of the individual expresses itself. It is by the most delicate presence that you are able to perceive most about a person. Then how sensitive must be the identity of men and women! Think how a dog will follow the track of his master, his nose near the ground, running along through the crowded streets scenting the trail, and when he finds it how clearly he expresses his joy! What has he found? You cannot see or feel it. Yet your own sense tells you what it is. He has found something; you may say it is that most wonderful and delicate sense of smell with which nature has endowed him, that enables him to follow the trail, that he is able to determine where his master has been by that sense. There is a certain aroma surrounding every person and object; just as a certain atmosphere surrounds a rose or a lily, so there is a magnetic influence which surrounds every person that exists. Animals are sensitive to it, children are sensitive to it, men and women are sensitive to it, in a greater or less degree. It is a certain something so fine, so delicate, that it is more the expression of char-

acter—of the inner life—and through this external or dual life it veils and conceals the interior. How wonderfully individually expresses itself in an audience! Think how many faces there are; or go into a crowd and walk along the street, and think of the almost limitless diversity of countenance which is there to be found! Now one person may imitate another, and may succeed partially, but each one has his own identity which expresses itself in his eyes. You may lose a certain quality of your expression, nevertheless there is always enough remaining to identify the face from all other faces in existence. Not only do you have a certain walk which marks your life, but in other things—in everything you do—it shows itself. There is a certain halo in the coloring of the sky, in the tinted beauties of the landscape, in the heavens, in animal life, a certain something which makes its possessor distinct and individualized, and nature never repeats, never creates another one exactly like the one who has lived.

So take the grand old masters in music; it would seem to you that with but a certain number of notes at command there could not be such a wide variety, but that there must certainly be repetition. Has the world ever known more than one Beethoven or Mozart? Has nature ever reproduced them? Has more than one come to you in one shape, in one sound, thrilling the world with the magnificent harmony of sounds? There is a character which underlies their compositions, and there is a soul in it, and there will never be a reproduction of that soul. So you find in this spirit of man there is an identity; that is one point settled. Nature varies the leaves in tint and color; she varies the shape of the blades of grass; one star differs from another in glory, and there is no repetition thereof; and when you come to human lives, you who are worth so much more than the falling sparrow, the law of identity in your mind, the grand identity, is carried out more fully than in aught else in being's domain!

There is a spirit in man. What is that spirit? One says it is the breath of life; it was in the beginning. In the beginning! How many times you hear these words! When he was made and shaped in God's own likeness he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul. They say there is the creation of man; the breath of life is the living soul; that God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and that inert mass was vivified and he became a living soul. So some say when man ceases to respire he is dead; his life goes out and he lives not again forever. That is the materialistic theory. Indeed, when persons try to set aside that theory they have insurmountable barriers, unless they step across this narrow stream of doubt and touch the evergreen shore of Spiritualism; there they can seek for and find the evidence of continued life beyond the grave. Men have sought to discover this interior element with the scalpel; have they found the beating pulse of the soul? They cannot find it. Where are they seeking for it? Do you dissect the rose to find the soul of its bloom, white or red, fragrant and beautiful? Do you take the sunbeam, and with the gross appliances of this outer life seek to weigh it or measure it as a material thing? The methods by which men have sought to find spirit have been too crude, coarse, gross, and so the spirit has entirely eluded their grasp. Suppose they remember this; that, like a subtle, delicate atmosphere, finer and more delicate than the air you breathe, flows within the force of the electric magnet, the spirit dwells within you; it is an entity, it is a reality. Did you ever think what it is that keeps your body in shape, or sustains anything that is growing in the path of progressive and natural unfoldment? Physiology tells you we are constantly dying in a certain way; that you are constantly giving and receiving? A child, growing, is receiving more than it is giving out. Nature is building up this physical structure. When an individual reaches maturity he or she commences to descend the hill, physically speaking, and from time to time loses, little by little, until at last this physical body is found to be weakened, worn out, and material presence is broken up by death, while the soul goes out into its higher existence.

But they tell you you are constantly giving and receiving in this physical life; physiology tells you that in the course of numbers of years the change is complete; that change goes on gradually with every breath you draw, every pulsation of the heart, for this life is like a clock which the hand of God has wound; it runs so long, there are so many pulsations of the heart, so many respirations, and then there is a limit beyond which no human being can go. It is the law of life, it is the law of progression, that you should go on and on, until at last you reach the limit, and then the spirit goes out into its higher life. This physical change takes place once in seven years, physiology tells you. Then you have a new body, do you? But there is the same identity. Every particle that is lost is not thrown out, leaving a great space for nature to fill; it is crowded out, just as in the spring-time trees send out their leaves and tender twigs; they have their summer leaves, but when winter comes they shed them, and the leaves die and pass away, but with the returning spring come the returning leaves. So we see that even the trees are constantly giving and receiving. When the spring comes with soft breeze and warm sunlight, then the little bud begins to swell, and breaks the bark, and it swells, and grows, and pushes its way, until by-and-by the leaf that did not fall in the autumn frosts drops off because it was pushed off by a new life. So in this life; these particles in this physical body which take the place of the old ones may grow old, and part company again with it, as something for which you physically have no further need, but it is the spirit within which keeps the shape, it is the spirit within which retains that form, that outer semblance which you look upon; and when you say, I behold the man or the woman, you are beholding the mask, or the veil of the spirit. The spirit is the true entity, the real individual; it has a certain life expressed through all parts of this physical form, and like water that fills the interstices of a sponge, or like life which starts out in the form of sap in twigs, and leaves, and blossoms, and fruit, so this spirit permeates through the different portions of the physical body.

When the physical body is deformed the spirit is deformed—that is, in this sense: it is held down and imprisoned, just as your hand would be held imprisoned by a glove that did not fit it; just as your body would seem to be deformed by a garment that did not fit you; so spirits are in their bodies. Emerson says, in regard to this, that these bodies are mis-fits often at best, and it is true. When death comes at last to young and old, or to any one in this physical life, how do you think it is? Is it some terrible change? You know people have been taught to fear death—that is, by the priesthood—and that fear has been one of the whips constituted to drive men into heaven. But those days of superstition have gone by in a measure. We do not mean that all priestcraft was full of the cruellest and most evil elements, but the system inclined toward that which held the people in bondage, and one of the strongest of all its offices was in this: the fear which it gave the people of death, because of whose mystery they could hold the minds of men all the more strongly, since who could refute what they

said concerning an hereafter? Filled with the power of this gloomy teaching, the poet said that those who died went to

"No undiscovered country, from whose bosom
No traveler returns."

And when he brought back a ghost, as it were in Hamlet, he forgot to be consistent. In those olden days the people thought that every one was journeying to "the bourne" from whence no traveler returns. Consequently anything could be said of that unknown country—and who would or could contradict it?

Do you not remember the olden stories of which history speaks? You know in the long-ago time, when this continent existed but as a dream, that in the midst of intelligent people in the old country, far across the waters, it was said again and again, "There is no new country!" that no voyager had either crossed the ocean or returned from its shores. But the mariners had only coasted out a little way; they did not go out far, for the ocean was to them a sea of darkness. When at last it entered the brave spirit of Columbus—truly the spirit of inspiration, as we believe, by the power of God, by the power of truth—to go across that ocean and find that unknown country, oh, think what he had to contend with, think of the perils, real and imaginary, that rose in his way! Who knew how far he would have to sail to find that other shore? Who knew the trials he and his companions would have to undergo? When at last they were set off and floated about, driven by wind and wave, all these fancies were pictured to them; for nowhere in the wide earth had they a place for the soles of their feet!

So when this undiscovered country, the spirit-land, was thought of, it was looked at as beyond the sea of death, and preterit painted the passage through the grave in the gloomiest colors. Is it any wonder that men looked upon physical decay as the greatest evil that could befall them? Is it any wonder they dreaded that more than anything else? It was pictured as the pale horse with a phantom rider; it was pictured in the frost that cuts down the flowers; it was pictured with the skull, and in their ideal it was terrible because it was mysterious! But now what is death? The wide world of philosophy has investigated it, and it finds that the terrible pain which some have supposed comes at the moment of death, exists in nearly all cases not in a reality, but that the spirit or mind of the person is not conscious of suffering; and that which seems to be so terrible is merely the expressed result of muscular contraction. That pain comes before death in nearly all cases is true; but it does not come at the last, and it dies at last. When the last partings had, the person then and there passes calmly into the other life. Earthly philosophy has reasoned upon these things until it has taken away much that was terrible in the passing; and there is now another system, the spiritual philosophy, which takes up the subject where the other relinquishes it, and says, "Death is merely the breaking of the chain! It comes to liberate you; death takes nothing from you but the physical shell which veiled you. It takes away nothing from you but that material prison which held you under its influence confined so long. What does it give you? Wider opportunities, freedom from the chains which have bound you since your birth, and liberty to tread the fields of an endless and transcendent expansion."

In Spiritualism, and not Spiritualism only, but what is known as liberal religion, the growth of human thought has grasped and given to the world the idea that God's love is not so narrow that it will not reach beyond the grave, and will not last beyond the man's death; humanity is becoming convinced at last that the Lord is really good, "and his mercy endureth forever." When this eternal verity is fully comprehended the old theories die away, but not all the feeling of deep anguish itself; but when you learn that all is continued in the other life which belongs to you here, save the material body, the prospect grows palmy, and full of peace. An external personality in spirit form! Why, then, your memory is alive, your love is alive; and if your love is alive, and your memory is deathless, do you not see what this element will do! It will draw you back into you are near those who are dear to you; until you can look upon them, perhaps be to them their guardian spirits. How beautiful it is to think that the chain of love is unbroken; to think the river of life flows on at the end of the narrow gloom of death, into the bright sunlight of eternal glory.

What we tell you is no dream, no fancy; it is the literal truth! We have no motives in deceiving you. We are only holding that up to view which your own minds cannot fail to receive if you only stop to reason upon this very important subject of human life. The spirit, when the body is laid aside, appears to another spirit, as a body appears to another person in this earthly life. That is, people meet in spirit beyond the grave, and are just as real to each other, just as tangible to each other as when they meet on this earth. As your world is an objective world to you, so the spirit-world is an objective world to those who live there; its objects are just as tangible and real as anything in the existence of your life. And yet this spirit-world may be around you—parts of it, not all of it—it may be so near to you in some of its manifestations, that all it is needful for you to understand is to have your spiritual eyes opened to see it.

"It is as around as like a cloud,
A world we may not see,
Yet the sweet clasp of an eye
May bring us there to be."

You do not realize that which lies about you, because you live in these material bodies, and your spirits are imprisoned. You probably remember Theodore Parker's illustration in speaking of this, when he compared the human body to a citadel, a fort wherein the spirit is. When you come to leave this material structure and die, it is as natural a change as to be born; a person does not commence to exist as a person when first the infant lungs expand to receive the air, and so when you pass into another life, this essence of existence is only in a different sphere, in a different state, or different condition—disembodied, as you call it; we mean that the material structure, the gross body, is laid aside—the inner life coming into the spirit-land. The interior of the material body is the spiritual body. You know Paul said, and he had the best reason for the world to say it, "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." He spoke of it as a fact; he was a clairvoyant, and knew whereof he spoke. He saw those who came to him and conversed with him; he heard the voice of one speaking to him. Paul taught that some had the power of discerning spirits; he taught that man had a spiritual body, as well as a material body. The breath of God is in every one; if it were not for that you could seek and lose your hope of heaven; were it not for that your natures in time would be blotted out as being worthless. But that little germ, that pearl of life that gives light, is in every one; it will be sought for by angels, it will be sought for by your own impulse. Pearl-divers regard not the deep sea, think little of the dangers that lie hidden down at the bottom in the dark waters, if they can find certain shells to bring up. And what are these shells? They

are very rough, they are wholly unlovely, and yet men risk their lives to bring them to the surface; it is not for the shell, but it is for that which is within; it is not for the shell, it is for the pearl that is in the shell. That is what the mortal pearl-diver thinks of. There is also a pearl of divine beauty in every human being, and shall not the agents of the higher life complete the parallel?

Now when you speak of this spirit which is in man, you know it has been called a phantom, it has been called a shadow, a dim thing of the past. Why have they spoken of the spirit as a shadow? We will tell you. The ancient clairvoyants saw spirits as sometimes they are seen to-day, i.e., when compared to a material object there is something about them that is vague—that is not definitely defined; consequently when they saw it, and found it had the appearance of a man, that it could move, that it could walk, they called it a shade, a shadow, and so they spoke of the spirit-world as a land of shades, a land of shadows. When we learn that men even of old believed in a land of shades, it stands as a certain proof to us of ancient clairvoyance, which enabled persons at times to see and converse with those who had gone before.

When in so-called sacred history we meet with the recorded words: "As the waters fall from the sea, and the flood decayed and drieth up, so man lieth down and riseth not; till the heavens be no more they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep," what is to be considered as their true meaning? We answer that mankind believed in those ancient days that man's spirit was a breath, and when he ceased to breathe that was the end of him; that he lay down and gave up this breath of life, and when this was given up he rose no more until the heavens were no more. With reference to the material body, it is that which lies in the shadow of the grave; but the spirit that was his "ghost," the spirit that was within it, the breath of life—this has left its old partner and is no longer imprisoned; it has been taken out of it, as the pearl is out of the shell, and it will return to that prison-house no more forever!

When this spirit has broken from its prison and passed out into the other world, how is it situated? The question has been answered many times; theologians have answered it; liberal thought has answered it; and much of what has been said has been true. If you ask us we answer you this: The spirit-world is limitless; wherever in space a spirit desires to travel it is able to travel. In this space, where there is no height nor depth, no breadth nor thickness, where there are no points of compass—in this limitless condition of ether—is the soul's shining habitation; as stars are grouped, as spheres are constellated, so are these groups, so to speak, of the spirit condition; spheres they may be called if you choose so to term them, although we refer to them as the condition in which the spirit dwells which has passed out of this life-dream. Some are very near to the earth and some are very far away. The dwellers in some come to you as personal presences; others, who have passed away ages ago from this little earth on which they had their birth, send their messages as the star sends its light through the clear heavens. When you look at a star you know you do not see it, you only see the light which comes from that star, and that light left it ages ago, and has been coming down, down, down, until at last it reaches apprehension by your powers of vision. The star itself you do not see, only its manifestation. So there are those in the spirit-land who long ago lived on earth, who have passed away, and for a time were near to the earth; but as time went on they rose, drifting farther and farther away, until they reached the real heaven of their true spiritual condition. While they still live and still remember, there is no personal attraction, nothing that draws them individually or personally down to the earth again; but through intermediaries they send their messages and their influence. But there are those still near the earth who are chained, as it were, by a chain all invisible to human eyes. Are not these things reasonable? You must see that they are if you look at human life—the changes and growth of that life; you will understand how the chains will be broken which were held around the spirit, and that at last by this growth it is able to attain its freedom.

In this spirit-world, this object-life, there are occupations; there is work for every one to do—not laborious work, not work that jars as in the material life, but work which is pleasant to your spirit, an enjoyment moving as calmly as a river flows, as naturally as the bird sings, singing its full heart in the sunshine, as though it could not sing it would die. So in the spirit-land your spirits work, doing that which they are fitted to do, helping one another, and like the flowers that bloom, in giving off their fragrance they lose nothing; like the stars that give their light, they lose nothing; but are still brighter for having given it; so your souls are lifted up because you help to elevate others.

One says, "I do not believe in Spiritualism, for it does not seem reasonable to me; if a spirit would come to me first, come to me directly—would not go to a person called a medium—then I would believe it." Such a person does not stop to think that there are those who are called mediums who are merely sensitive, and that when a spirit wants to come to him or her, but cannot make a sufficiently strong impression that it is coming, it is necessitated to seek for some intermediate trance instrument to tell the person that a message may come to him or her personally. So it is that soul speaks to your soul, but the messages are oftentimes cast away.

Did you never feel an emotion which you could not put into words? Has not a piece of music come to you in whose divine breath you could sing your thought and through the music express it? Well, friends, just in like manner, if you understand these things, you may discern how a spirit comes to you and speaks to you. Your eyes may be too dull to see, but here comes to you a medium, and the office of the medium is to stand between you and the spirit. It is a beautiful thing to stand between spirits in that manner; to stand between, receiving impressions and giving them to the souls of those who are able to receive them. This is the office of mediumship. Your spirit friends desire to come to you, but you cannot perceive them or feel they are coming, and are you not glad that they can come to some other, and so through the intermediate send the messages to you? We do not say, "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth shall be damned"; but you must be fully convinced, you must accept the testimony offered as being in accordance with the demands of your individual reason.

Never do we try to open a gate of fire and drive this belief into any person. Spiritualism never seeks to make proselytes in that way. Let those who are willing to come, come, and they shall be filled. The day is dawning, the shadows of the night are flying swiftly away; tears are being wiped from all eyes: Oh, humanity! how blessed is the coming of this light. Death—what is it to you now? No more does it terrify you, it is recognizable as one of God's messages, which takes you out of your narrow life, and inducts you into a purer one where you will reap your true reward. If you have sown the tares you will reap them; but afterwards the ground out of which they

grew is sown to wheat, which redefining harvest thens and multiplies in the outflowing eternities!

AT NIGHT.

The day is full of harsh and clamorous voices,
O'erhaught its hours with busy, bustling cares,
But hush! night comes when the land is sleeping,
And spirits wake to breathe their potent prayers.

Then memory comes and breathes through all our pray-
ing.

The past beneath its spell awakes again;
And souls that are in those dim pathways straying,
Seem to recall their former peace or pain.

At night, all lonely in the starry darkness,
Your souls may even white, death angel hands,
And, as a picture in a perfect mirror,

You may receive strange visions from those lands.

Voices where hope speaks joy and love's completeness
Tell you the morning breaks beyond the blight;
So does your soul drink in new strength and sweet-
ness.

In visions coming to you in the night.

At night the angels draw near to your spirit
Do not abate them with your mortal cares;
Above you from the land you all inhabit

They listen as your spirit breathes its prayers.

They see the tears that your spirit can see not
They touch you with a soft and tender hand.
They know strange secrets that none else are know-
ing.

And, bending near you, they best understand.

Then lift your hearts! Let hope come down from
heaven.

Let it fall softly from the lands of light;
Let all the clouds of grief and care be given
By these dear visions coming in the night.

Memorial Services in Everett Hall,
Brooklyn, N. Y., in Commemoration
of the Life and Character of Mrs.
Mary E. Warren.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

On the occasion of the sudden passage to spirit-life of Mrs. Mary E. Warren, of Brooklyn, N. Y., in September last, public memorial services were held in Everett Hall.

Mr. Charles J. Warren, the husband of the deceased lady, is a gentleman prominent in business and social circles in Brooklyn, and both husband and wife have been active and efficient workers in the spiritual cause. Some four years ago a beautiful daughter, Miss Jennie, was developed in mediumship, and herself the Warren family enjoyed loving companionship with their angel kindred and friends. Not only did the Warrens welcome their angel visitors, as they found themselves able to do through Jennie's mediumship, but they, Mrs. Warren especially, took a deep interest in the welfare of other mediums, and in their elegant and hospitable home, they were entertained and always made welcome.

Being prostrated by a sudden sickness, which from the outset baffled the best medical skill, the announcement of Mrs. Warren's death was an event as unexpected as it was unlooked for. Immediately after the funeral of the deceased a special conference meeting was held, and expression was given to the regard and love which the community held for the departed. The loving regard and affection in which the departed was held by the public community. Remarks were made by Mr. S. R. Nichols, Mrs. Dr. Cooley, Mrs. R. Shepard, Judge Good, Dr. M. Cole and C. E. Miller. Mr. Miller's remarks having been given from manuscript, I am able to furnish you a copy of the same:

MRS. E. MILLER'S REMARKS ON THE OCCASION OF PUBLIC SERVICES IN MEMORY OF MRS. MARY E. WARREN.

We are not gathered here to-night to mourn over our dead. There are no dead:

There is no such thing as death.
That which is, thus called
Is but escaping from the chain.
That have so long embowered;
It is a long hidden star,
Piercing through the night,
To shine in golden radiance forth
And bid its kindred light.
'Tis but the land displaced,
As once the flower flower;
'Tis but exchanged for light,
And won'ters for power.

And yet these are memorial services in memory of a departed friend. Whenever a brother or sister falls by the wayside in life's journey, that event ought to be a subject of consultation and a period of serious reflection among surviving companions and friends. Especially should these commemorative or memorial services be common and universal with Spiritualists. Standing beside the new-made graves of our fellow-mortals, our relatives and friends, we know how to interpret the significance of such events.

Some eight years ago I attended the funeral of Father Taylor of New York City, one of the vanguard of the early spiritual movement. Judge Edmunds—his friend and coworker—delivered the funeral discourse. Standing beside the basket of clay, Judge Edmunds—himself unable to stand except as he was supported by crutches—said: "Oh, how joyfully would I lay this worn-out body of mine along side of my Brother Taylor's! How joyfully will I welcome the summons to go hence when that summons comes by lawful authority!" When we have filled our life-mission, when the angel of Death—as bright a seraph as the angel of Life—comes to us, then indeed the summons has come by "lawful authority." And whether it comes as it came to Mary E. Warren in the brightness and beauty of her ripe womanhood, or as it came to John W. Edmunds in the decrepitude of old age, Spiritualists know that it is all right; that the law must have fulfillment, and that the Father "doeth all things well."

I cannot tell why it is, but so it is. Life has always been joyous with me; I suppose it is the result of temperament—a constitutional inheritance from my parents. My motto has always been—before, as well as since I became a Spiritualist—"God over all, blessed forevermore!" It is my nature to trust, and I have always said to myself, "If I give the confidence and trust that I do to friends in mortal life, what should be the nature of my trust in the Infinite and Eternal One?"

"Oh, source of All Being, whose name every where
I sing in bosoms and unnumbered in prayer,
We trust ourselves to you, our souls to your care."

I do not see how any one can escape the logic of this position; of the right and duty of trusting in God, "who ordereth all things well." At all events my mind, whenever death and the after-life obtrude themselves upon me, as they do now from the objects and incidents of this meeting, I drift in a line of thought which is expressed in these sublime and sententious words:

"Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven."
And yet I know that the mass of mankind—Christian

New Jersey.

100

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BY J. P. R.

Free Thought.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

however much we may enjoy the inspired utterances that fall from the lips of those who occupy our rostrums, we consider the evidence given through the avenues of genuine medium-

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