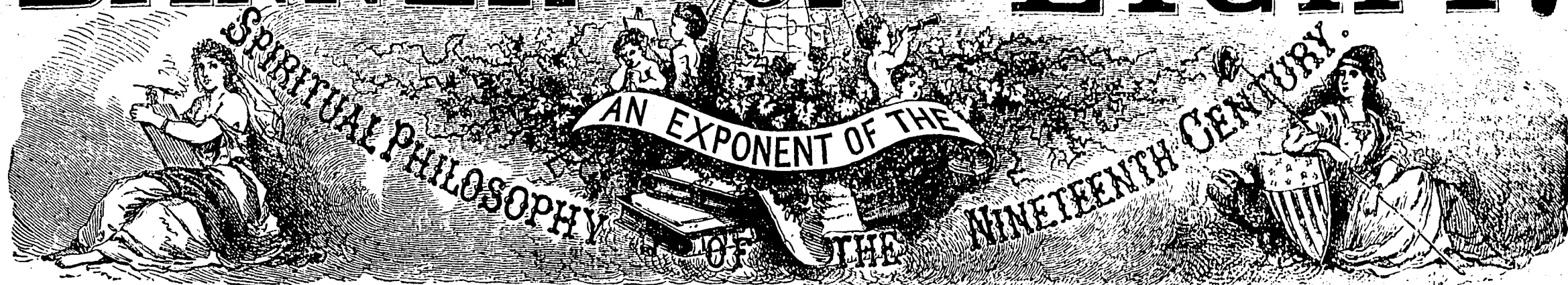


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLVI.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 15.

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The Rostrum.

THE LIGHT OF THE AGES.

A Lecture Delivered by Spirit William Ellery Channing, through the Medium Instrumentality of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
Before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, Ill., Sunday Evening, Sept. 7th, 1879.
(Specially reported for the Banner of Light.)

INVOCATION.

Oh, thou Eternal Source of Life; thou Infinite and Divine Presence; thou Life-giving Soul; thou Sublime and Perfect Being; within the temple of the universe fashioned by thy hand, before the shrine of the human spirit wherein thou dost abide, we lay our offerings of praise upon that altar consecrated to thee, the altar of aspiration, of prayer, of earnest endeavor. Oh, thou Immortal Name, by whatsoever name man has praised thee in the past, whether God, Jehovah, Lord, still we praise thee as the source of life and light ineffable, as the spirit whose all-pervading presence and power fills the universe with matchless glory. Thine the law that fashions in the starry firmament the orbs that glitter and beam in constellations bright; thine the law through which the earth, atom though it is, compared to the larger worlds, flits forever in its orbit responsive unto thy breath; thine the law whereby, through millions and millions of years, the uncreated worlds are evolved at last in space by majesty of thy supreme dominion; thine the law through which the suns and stars march forever on in their ceaseless course, yielding to life, order, harmony; thine the law that peoples every planet with living souls, each born to the inheritance of immortality and passing through stage after stage of life that the immortal nature may be made visible and the outward be vanquished by the soul within. Thou art the Supreme Conqueror; thou art the ineffable Life and Light moving in and through matter to the supreme work and word of creation, summoning souls to thy bidding, fulfilling forever the law of that harmony abiding in thee. Oh, may thy children, imaged in time and sense, still bound and fettered by earthly form, perceive the glory of that life and light; may thrillings of that divine harmony pierce the atmosphere of time; may the glory of that ineffable light shine into the prison-house of clay, illumining its darkened chambers and pouring floods of light through the deep, dark avenues of human existence. Those who are sorrowing, may they be uplifted; those who are in doubt, may they become certain; those who are despondent, may they be cheered by this immortal splendor, until all of darkness shall disappear and the radiance of thy love shall beam upon the earth even as the splendors of the heavenly firmament beam through the clear atmosphere of this night, or as the glorious orb of day lightens the darkened valleys and deep ravines of time with murmurings and tremblings of light till flower and shrub and leafy tree respond with ever-living voices of bloom and beauty. Oh, thou Divine Ardor! Oh, thou Supreme Soul! Receive our praises and thanksgivings for every good and perfect gift. May the human voice join with the choirs of spirits and of angels who sing forever thy praises in the light of perfect love.

THE LECTURE.

As early as 1845 Thomas Carlyle, the despiser of men, the critic, the cynic, in answer to a question asked by a lady friend, which was undoubtedly a question concerning future rewards and punishments, wrote in substance as follows: "The question which you ask is difficult to answer—has puzzled the philosopher and sage for ages; but this is undoubtedly the best philosophy: that evil, to say nothing of the penalty for evil, is of brief duration; that good alone is imperishable; that our actions and thoughts shape themselves in immortal conformity to the laws of the universe."
That which is good is harmonious in duration—represents the sublime and the imperishable; while that which is evil is like the discord in an anthem, and is perceived only to the limited sense, while the harmony has robes of its own that cause the anthem to soar, and at a distance all the inharmony is merged in the harmony.
The sublimest philosophy, the loftiest religion, the most exalted hope promises this: If he who can criticize men for their foibles, despise them for their meannesses, and with all possible satire visit upon them the keen rebuke of his clear and searching mind, yet turn with ineffable confidence to the sublimity and endur-

ance of all things good—if he can do this, the world certainly has great reason to hope. The enthusiast, the sage, the religionist, the poet, always are expected to do this; the critic, the misanthrope, the cynic, never.

In the first years of human history, those ages that are somewhat veiled in the night-time of misinterpretation, we still have a prevailing consciousness that the lofty hope of the world lifted it from the dark cesspool of time into the broad region of the eternal, the infinite good. But for the most part the historian and student encounter the struggle of humanity in the primal ages of the world toward one goal. Along the dark borders of the Nile, in the deep ravines and fastnesses of the mountains of the East, all through Syria and even through the Orient, tremblings of one supreme idea were uppermost; that idea, that thought, pervading the children of Israel in their bondage, leading them out of their bondage; that thought, rising upon mountain and valley where the shepherd kings kept watch by night and by day; those supreme and living tremblings of hope were the exaltation of a prophecy that even in the darkness of past ignorance kept the light and life aflame in the human heart. Another light glowed still in the ages that intervened between the glory of the Eastern religion and the dawn of Christianity, a light that pierced through Roman darkness and enshrined itself in the hearts of the Roman counselors, a light that did not slumber in Greece, a light that kept Athens aflame, and thrilled and pervaded the Hellenic nations with dreams far beyond any that seemed to have preceded them, a hope that the mighty Cæsars encountered, a hope that pierced the darkness of the reign of the Pharaohs, a hope that illumined the plain, the desert, the wilderness in the far East—I mean the hope of freedom—thrilling through the monarchies of Western Europe, kindling its sacred shrine and altar upon many a nation, receiving there also its death-wound, having there its funeral pyre, yet ever floating on before the advancing tide of civilization, until even here in this remotest country, this largest and greatest nation, this youngest and proudest of the daughters of the world, freedom has had her final resting-place.

This hope of the world was then in its infancy. Each nation has possessed it in an earlier day. It is the hope of growth that leads to manhood; it is the feeling of the child before the thought has departed that all of life is in individuality; it is the power that leads the young man out from the parent roof into the world, to encounter whatsoever may beset him, rather than to be bound and tethered by authority, or even by affection—rather than be limited in his range of growth and action. It is the feeling that has led to the reforms in every clime and age; it is the thought that has uplifted the patriot in his dungeon cell or on field of battle; it is the theme of the statesman, the philosopher and the poet; it has inspired more thought and eloquence than any other word save that alone of Religion, save that alone of Love; and yet Freedom is a term, it is a means and not an end.

Unlimited freedom is nothing, is valueless, has no possession; it is a condition, not a possession. If the nations of the earth struggle for freedom, to what end? Is this alone the light that shall set itself in the darkened places of time, redeeming, regenerating man? "After Freedom, what?" The voice of the prophet in the wilderness, the voice of the Messiah upon Olivet, the voice of religion in every land, is the crown for which freedom is the pathway. Freedom your forefathers sought, not for name and title alone, not for individual possession alone, but freedom to "worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences"; not simply freedom from taxation, not freedom from servitude to the monarch, not freedom from the galling chains and bondage of an aristocracy, not freedom from the servile toil was enjoined upon all who beneath the tyrant yoke might seek to work out release from a life-long period of misery; not freedom from unjust persecution merely, but freedom to worship.

Ah! Here is the aim, then—the supreme object. Not freedom from Jewish thralldom; not freedom from Roman empire merely, but the freedom of the spirit of Christ breathed upon Olivet, announced upon Calvary, revealed in many a sign and token in Galilee—the freedom to worship God.

The ancient kings of Judea set up the divine shekinah, the sacrament, the ark of the covenant, the glories of the inspiration of the Most High, as evidences of the pouring out of the unseen and Divine Spirit, whose name they did not know, but whose presence was manifest upon the various names and titles of Jehovah, Lord or God. By what light did they surrender the power and supremacy of their kingdoms to this invisible yet potent agency? by what supreme command could the ambitious kings of Israel be made to yield their power and fervor at the voice of prophet or inspired teacher? by what light could Solomon, the supreme ruler, with all splendor and magnificence, still be led to the divine contemplation of loftier purpose? by what power could the shepherd and peasant kings be inspired to do the bidding of an unseen yet all-controlling agency, save alone by the power of that Supreme Light, greater than Freedom, loftier than individual Liberty—the thought, the inspiration, the hope, the power of immortal possession!

The thought that I would present to you this night is, that while the early nations struggled for freedom, the later humanity struggles for somewhat beyond this; while the individual in childhood seeks individual liberty, the later humanity conserves that liberty to the attainment of other purposes, and man after youth is not simply a freed man, but he is bound by ties of society, he is fettered—albeit willingly—by the larger growth of his own nature that includes

humanity; he realizes that he is something more than an individual, that he is connected with the whole by the greater and grander ties of his nature, that he must not simply burst the bonds and fetters of life, and walk forth alone into the world, but that doing this he meets face to face at every hour and every moment of his pilgrimage other bonds and other fetters, other belongings and other duties that are supreme in their command and mandate over him. He is not only an individual, but he is a member of society. He is not only bound and fettered by the loftiest thought of humanity, but he must do his part in that great human strife and struggle—not only do his part for individual effort and maintenance, but do his part for the whole, that society may not suffer by his existence, and that governments may be ennobled by the fact that he is a portion of the body politic. In larger regions of thought and endeavor, in philosophy, poetry, art or religion, he is more than the individual; he belongs to the fraternity of art, of poetry, of philosophy; he is linked by a thousand indissoluble ties to that eternal brotherhood that constitutes the idea that he represents; he is a prophet, he is a prince, perchance, among those who are all prophets, a king among those of kindred thought, and feeling, and pursuit. Thus the man enters, by the individual freedom, a larger and more comprehensive bondage. By bondage I do not mean slavery, but a more comprehensive tie that unites him to the great world of human thought, and he can no more burst asunder these thoughts and fetters than he can dismember the arteries that lead to any individual portion of his being and still survive.

The feeling of the child, when it would learn to walk, is, perhaps, to break away from the first bonds that enthrall, without knowing, or entirely unconscious of, the larger obstacles that may be encountered, of the greater bondage that may be attained. The feeling of the youth in growing to manhood is that of the desire of personal endeavor, of individual aim, of a world to vanquish, of all things to be conquered; but speedily manhood ripens into consciousness that the larger the freedom so also the more binding are the obligations—the greater the powers, so also is the sacredness of the trust—and he finally learns that the whole social fabric is made up not only of individual freedom, but of that kind of individual obligation that is linked to every other department in the universe, and makes the social scale, one mind interblending with the other, until at last it rises supreme and grand in the recognition of the entire human family.

The Saviour sought by Judea for the purpose of vanquishing mortal enemies, of gaining physical supremacy, of attaining temporal liberty, was asking, a lord, a ruler. The saviour of individuals, in the earlier history of the world, was somewhat of the same kind. Each nation pursues the same pathway, desires the same strong hand to lead it to victory, and then rejects the strong hand that would hold it in bondage. Those who wish for rulers or kings, wish for them that they may win victory over others, but never wish them to prevail over themselves. The king that Judea sought and still seeks—the Messiah, the ruler, he who shall be exalted above others—is the one that shall strike down the enemies of the House of David, shall build up Israel in its physical sense, they suppose. Ah! but what shall the true king be? The Prince of the House of David unrecognized came into Judea, unannounced took possession of the throne, and gave the world his kingdom.

The kingdom that to my mind establishes more fully than any other that which humanity seeks, is not simply and only freedom, but is the larger dispensation of light and truth. What Moses was to the children of Israel, physical power and supremacy is to man. What Christ was, such is the living truth that answers for the name of humanity.

What light is the world seeking to-day! What gleaming of intelligence! What vanquishing of armies! What storied treasures in the Orient! What vast supremacy upon the seas! What searchings after science and knowledge! What proings into the depths for whatever may be hidden there! And yet it is not satisfied. What other light is trembling through the darkness of time, is shining out above the dim labyrinth and strivings of human intellect! What other light than science pierces through the fastnesses of time and gives such glimmerings of its power and brightness that man leans forward to see, and listen whether he shall hear a voice that shall bid him come forward! What other light has led men all through periods of revolution, of scornings, of degradation, of imprisonment, of servitude, of slavery? Ask the poor negro at the South, who was led through years of bondage, by what light he was uplifted, and he would answer, by the light of the love of God. Ask the traveler on the desert, beset with many obstacles and surrounded with arid wastes, by what light he presses forward to home, to friends, to the allurement of native land, to flowery pathways and verdant fields: it is the ineffable hope that Love is best, and that life will triumph over death. By what light does the mariner far out upon the sea perceive the sail, the mast, the shipwreck, and still hope on through the dim night for succor, himself buoyed up by the strong hand and power of that life that is inevitable? It is the hope that somewhere a kindly hand will reach, an invisible power will be extended, to send one to do his bidding or release him from death: elsewise he still hopes on, that in the infinite and immortal realm an abiding place is there, and he shall not perish forever.

By what light to-day does the world, in the multitudinous and labyrinthian paths of belief, of creed, of dogma, of skepticism, of doubt, still hold its course serenely toward the one point

of final uplifting for humanity? The same light and power that prompted martyr, sage, poet, philosopher and teacher to breathe of freedom, breathes at this hour a word of another and a higher import.

Christ was not a herald of freedom: he was not a teacher of liberty; but beyond Liberty and above Freedom he taught Truth, the ineffable, spiritual and sublime mandate that, greater than freedom, crowns the world after freedom shall have been attained.

We seek a lofty temple; we desire to pass to some serene height; we ask of king or government the right of way, but the temple is ours if we attain it. Freedom is the pathway by which the world hopes to attain the highest truth. The man of science expects to win it through the labyrinth and mazes of human investigation and pursuit; the philosopher hopes to win it by both speculation and sublime contemplation; the poet wins it with his art; the artist with his forms and colors; the religionist with his belief; but humanity expects to win it with the sublime thought and opportunity that knows truth itself is there, if there is only a pathway open by which to attain it.

The great value of our measurement of human thought is in this: that we must not attach too much importance to the means, forgetting the end. Many persons suppose that when liberty is attained for a nation that it is the supreme, the entire, the utter achievement. Has it not been too much so with our own country? Did we not pause on the threshold of that freedom won by our forefathers, thinking this was everything? believing that all things would follow had we only freedom? The bird may have freedom to fly in the air, but if there is no eyrie yonder, or if there be no resting-place and no object to attain, shall the bird's wings last forever? We may seek freedom in its fullest and largest capacity and strength, for every endeavor, for every purpose, for every longing of the mind; but if we have not an ultimate aim, something that is beyond this mere space, to what do we attain? We may have freedom to walk forever, but shall we never arrive anywhere?

The mistake with many is that they account this small avenue, this pathway by which humanity must mount, to be the finality, the goal, sung of poets, taught of statesmen, wreathed round with eloquence of orator, fought for by warriors, believed in by humanity. The hope of the world has led mankind astray and led them, I say, to where, having nothing beyond this, their feet must needs falter; they must needs lose the ground and the stronghold they have attained. Unless the next step beyond freedom is truth, we have no endeavor; unless the next goal to be won is truth, we have nothing upon which to fasten our freedom or our liberty. We might as well unfurl our flag in the whirlwind, or spread our sail upon the seething whirlpool, as to seek freedom without truth; for each must belong to the other, and one is the stepping-stone to the higher attainment.

The Saviour of the Jews was the king to lead them to freedom from the bondage of their foes; the Messiah of Christendom is the truth that comes after freedom. By what subtle lines and links of following, through what dreamy pathways of philosophy and metaphysics, by what unspoken words of dreamer and poet, through what announcement of prophecy and prediction, by what revelation and pathways of warfare the world shall win this truth, I leave for you to judge. But glimmerings of it are perceived in every land; tremblings all along the corridors of time, that espousing freedom there is something more, and that the highest effort of humanity is after freedom is attained—which is the pathway to point to the ultimate of the journey—that which shall be gathered and won by the wayside, that which shall constitute the real achievement of life. We begin to study when we have the privilege to do so; we begin the attainment of knowledge when the pathway is open to us by preliminary education, and with those achievements that shall afterwards be counted to be our immortal possessions, we pave this pathway of freedom to our divine abode, the serene temple of which is the supreme thought, the uplifting power, the divine mandate of the world.

The vanquishing, therefore, of the physical foes of men, of poverty, crime, disease, social disorder and even death itself, is not the ultimate. It is not enough that you shall be uplifted from the thralldom of fear, of bondage, of servitude and tyranny, of supremacy of human passion—from the bondage of time, of sense or of the fear of death—this is not enough. Then you begin to live; then your freedom becomes valuable; then you have somewhat to do, and time to do it. The world is working now for the means to attain that end; for the pathway that leads to the good; for the freedom of the high seas beyond which the harbor must be found. The world is working now for opportunity, not for truth; working now for circumstances, not for the highest height. The world is wishing now to be released from the fetters and obligations of time and sense to the degree that the mind, with its surpassing powers, and the spirit, with its immortal destinies, may have better opportunity for expression. Every day and hour leads you more nearly to this conclusion. If there shall be fewer wars in the future; if by-and-by bloodshed shall be the exception, not the rule; if finally the world will have no time to make battles, no time to have physical contest, no time for commercial degradation, no time for brutal and enslaving labor, no time for that form of human existence that wastes its best energies in futile effort to be supreme in some physical direction of life; if the world shall ultimately conclude that it cannot afford to spend its entire time

and energies in the pathways of servile toil and endeavor to no aim, then it will be because, having accomplished a higher freedom and won a loftier power, the spirit itself and the mind discover that there is too much in the supreme wish of the soul for the body to have the entire ascendancy; too much in what the spirit desires to attain for mere physical existence to have such supreme privileges.

Your fathers fought for freedom—the right to pursue happiness in their own way—but chiefly, I say, the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience. This means that the supreme attainment of the human spirit is other than the physical; it means that the highest requirement of the mind is toward that which leans to the Infinite and recognizes the infinite possibility; it means that not only the dust, the clay beneath your feet, may be yours; not only the air above your head, the sunlight and the wintry storm, but also that that other and higher atmosphere, that loftier and purer possession of spiritual quality of the mind, the enduring nature of the soul, the possession of the infinite, may flow freely and continuously toward you.

Man covets freedom not simply to build railways and palaces, not simply to delve in the earth for gold and to plow land and sow it for the harvest-time of the earth, but for those other and grander privileges—that the seed-time and the harvest of the mind may be of his own seeking, that he shall have the privilege, as he has also the capacity, to seek God in his own way, and find him in whatsoever voice ministers to his spirit, and what power uplifts humanity.

I proclaim it here at this day and this hour, that America, so far as the freedom of her social or political institutions is concerned, would be valueless to the world but for another and a higher progression hinted at in her very existence. I proclaim it here that neither Italy, France, Germany, Russia, England nor the Orient could afford to look to the Occident for the sublime ideal of the nations of the earth, unless in the spiritual atmosphere were the tremblings and the possibilities of a higher word than freedom. I mean *Humanity*.

If the God of Israel was a king, the Saviour of Christendom was a man—the *Christom* born to plead not only with prophets and kings but with governments and peoples for the sake of man himself. If the saviours of the Orient were clad in armor and girded round with physical strength, if Egypt wore the conquering armor of the world, and Rome subjected nations for a thousand years, Christ, the man of truth, foretold a dynasty greater than these, whose heritage is not of earth but of the spirit, and came as the conquering hero of what? Not of kings, emperors, principalities and powers, but as the leader of humanity. That eschaton which, paraded before the world, gives evidence of the physical need of man in the liberty to toil, labor and delve as he pleases, shall sink into insignificance compared to the loftier standard raised above it, pictured high in the heavens, revealed in a thousand armies, not with swords but with banners of rejoicing and love. I mean thrilling within every heart, that somewhere and at some time in life's weary pilgrimage there will be room for love, time for faith and prayer, opportunity for earnest endeavor of mind, and sufficient leisure in life to consider eternity. I mean that hope of humanity which says: "By-and-by we shall have time for these things;" that through the turmoil, the strife, the contention, the daily routine of mortal life uplifts the world by the supreme hope that somewhere is ineffable peace and rest and truth in the attainment of the spirit.

This, then, is the light that gleams upon you, the immortality; and this, then, is the hope that illumines beyond freedom, the possession of truth. This, then, is the garden toward which all paths are tending, the supreme manhood, the divine conqueror, the uplifting power, the evidence of that which is within man.

If Christ were only an ideal character he would still be the saviour of the world; if he only represented the possibility of man, if he was only the work of the poet, the priest, fabricated in the choice cloister of his brain as the only supreme hope of the world, he would still represent an ideal that in itself would constitute human salvation. A humanity to be uplifted beyond the trammels of the dust, to be released from the bondage of time and sense, unfettered from the supremacy of the body, is a humanity for which poet and prophet have alike predicted the highest treasures; and as Christ represents the ideal man so illumined, the reality, the conquest becomes double, the victory greater, and mankind is illumined by that promise to the contemplation of the individual freedom that is yours.

The light of this present century is the dawning glow of this superior and more supreme promise—not a promise that is meted out to you and doled out in parcels, not a promise that is given grudgingly at the hand of priest or king, not a promise that comes by authority or mandate, and is limited to the narrow groove of individual philosophy or thought, not a promise that reaches only to this or the other line of human life, leaving all others untouched and neglected, but a promise that enters now into your own estate, uplifts you by its encircling pinions, breathes out upon you its immortal opportunities, vanquishes the very bond by which you are enthralled, and makes you free in the midst of your duties, exalts and elevates by its continued presence, and rends the divine, the immortal, practicable, even while you are denizens of this house of clay.

The religionist removes your heaven too far, fixes it remotely far away; makes it something to be won or attained by narrowest thread of faith or belief; while humanity, Christ,

New York, Dec. 21st, 1879. JAMES REDPATH.

Resolved. That the members of the Keystone Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia, thankfully receive the copy of the Holy Bible, presented by Mr. Geo. W. Childs, and in that acceptance they desire to express the earnest wish that the donor may realize the blessings of a sweet communion with the good of the life beyond, as well as the good here, with the assurance that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

universal and also, exactly in principle, individual. But, in the end, we are not to be cold, severe understanding, which is but weak in the multitude, and which shows to many philosophers in the analysis of man's moral nature nothing but latencies, where there should have been love, friendship, and those unchangeable impulses of human nature which, in the eyes of society, are constituted on principles of divine order, exalt a man, elevate him to his pristine similitude with his Maker.

And how does Christ try to rekindle the true bond of society? Does he not choose the only adequate means in this chaos of conflicting interests? Could that bond not be any other than the bond of sacrificing love? Does he not do this? Does he not say to his disciples, "If ye love them that hate you, and they that persecute and slander you, and ye shall be patient, and shall forgive them, ye shall be children of your Father in heaven"? And was not he the great teacher, the living, unchangeable incarnation of his doctrine? Was not every breath of his active life devoted to the source of humanity? And was not his last prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The seal of his sacrifice is the seal of his love, as Christ said, "If ye wish to be happy in a world where sensuality and violence are the ruling despots, be humble, be patient, be kind, be gentle, be meek, be lowly."

S. B. NICHOLS,
467 Waverly Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

7. The Executive Committee shall determine the place of holding each meeting, and shall have power to change the time of regular meetings if deemed best, and also to call special meetings when thought necessary.

President—S. M. Pickler.

Vice Presidents—Adair County, Wm. Hart, John Thomas, Theobald Miller; Sullivan County, C. D. Hemy, H. T.

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ED Read what "C. R. M.," has to say (on the eighth page) concerning the work of the Hugen in Brooklyn.

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W. J. COLVILLE.

Questions and Answers.

they may have done during their sleep. In reply to the second portion of the question, I would say that oftentimes a spirit when he controls a medium labors under very great advantages, and thinks when he first commences to control he will be able to give his thoughts fully through the instrument. What does he find? That his own ideas are becoming mixed with the ideas of the medium, and that he very imperfectly expresses himself. So the spirit after the first time, is more careful, and w

would entirely conflict with the idea of the
solute impeccability of the nature of Jesus. Y
are told he was made perfect through suffer
If he had been made perfect before he suffered,
it would have been an impossibility. Jesus m
have been infallible at the termination of
earthly career—that is, he may have been in
fallible in the sense in which a limited intelligen
can be infallible, doing always right because
loved right, being always true and since
though infinite knowledge would not necessa
ly be possessed.

and the materials may be provided in a clean and artistically arranged way they will develop the moral sense and increase the purity of the household in such surroundings. It is very important that material things should always be kept in subordination to the mind and spirit; that they should suggest the beautiful rather than the precious; that they would urge you to bestow the utmost care and attention upon surroundings of your homes, so that your children, when at home, will be always led onward and upward by what is around them instead of help-

SPRINT-MESSAGE DEPARTMENT

Public Free-Circle Meetings

Messages given through the Mediumship of
Miss M. Theresa Shelhamer.

Invocation.

Our Father who art in heaven, whose presence permeates all space, whose heavenly fillet the universe with life and power, to thee we bring the offering of our souls, this day, and thanking thee for all that is past in life, for all the experiences of existence, we bring to thee the thanksgiving and praise and gratitude of the spirit, knowing that thy tender care is bestowed upon every child of humanity. For the springtime, with its blossoming buds, we praise thee; for the summer-time, with its promises of good, we bless thee; for the autumn of cheer, when the fruitage is gathered in, we adore thee; and to-day we bring the thanksgiving of our souls for the harvest time of peace and promise and plenty which is spreading abroad over this mighty land. We bring to thee the aspirations and the blessing of humble spirits, asking for more light, more knowledge, more strength to be given to each one, that we may all go forward, fulfilling our mission of love, performing the duties which thou hast laid out for us. Dearest Parent of God! Beloved Father and Mother! in the duality of the spirit we behold the blessed relationship which creates life and makes of all beings a grand and harmonious sight to human eyes. For the beautiful blossoms of life we bless thee; for the sorrows and sadness of human hopes we praise thee; for the joys and gladness of existence we adore thee more and more as the days pass by.

Celeste.

[To the Chairman.] Some time since, sir, I was thought best by a large spirit-band to send one of their number to the *Banner of Light* Circle, to speak out in behalf of some mediums, whom others have striven to cast under the ban of reproach; and as one best fitted to assimilate her spirit with the spirit of the medium, I was selected to come and speak as best I could the sentiments of that grand and mighty band of spirits who are working to give a true knowledge to the spirit-world, and to the whole world, to give this knowledge through material means, through the power of the spirit over matter, and so, striving to do the best I can, I return this afternoon to speak in defence of the Terran Haute mediums. I have good cause to speak in their defence, sir. I have manifested there in material form, and I know that always where, whether my friends were present or not, the manifestations that took place in my presence and under the most favorable conditions, convincing the mediums have been in rational

geniality. The mediums have often been smitten with the spirit of this, Mr. Chapman states, because I feel it a duty and because it is the desire of the spirit hand. I would say that the distrust and suspicion of mortals erect such obstacles in the way of spirit-power as can hardly be surmounted. They are indeed greater than any material obstacle that can be raised. Those spirits who have investigated, examined and explored the realms of chemical law know and understand how to work upon matter, and, sir, the comparison is not far from the mark, if you provided the necessary conditions. And I want to say that those who visit mediums should never go until they understand something of the law of spirit control, and appreciate the delicate conditions necessary for the spirit to take possession of a foreign organism or to work through material things. I would like also to send my love and blessing to my dear father, and to say we are all with him, a happy family, frequently, and

I could say that the hand desires me to give the hand to Mr. LaRochelle for his noble defence of mediums. We do not know but that he is considered aggressive at times, but when we take the importance of the noble stand he has taken in the face of persecution in defence of mediums, and to keep the byways and pathways from the spirit-world open for the angels to descend and manifest to mortals, we feel that we can afford to bless him abundantly; so we send out a blessing to him. I want to say that Carrie Miller, who is with me, sends out love to her friends, sisters and parents. She is also engaged in the work that we are engaged in. She will perform a great work, and fulfill a beautiful mission here on earth, which will exceed anything now expected. I thank you, sir, for your indulgence. Please say it is from Celestine to Henry LaRochelle.

Nov. 25,

Joseph Bradford.

I have friends in Providence and Newport whom I would like to reach, also very dear ones in Fall River who I hope will see my message, and believe I have returned. It is something of a rough pathway to my feet, but, such as it is, I mean to pass over it, and to pass and repeat wherever I can find an avenue that will give me opportunities by-and-by of returning as I would like to do, that in this way I may convince my friends that I live, and because I live they will live also. Many months have passed since we went out of the body, and I do not know that now my friends and associates think of me as often as they would were I here before them. I am, of slight, out of mind," is the old saying. I don't need it at all, only I just return to remind them that they were with me, being myself, and to tell them that life is very beautiful over here, provided we live a beautiful life in the body; but if we are selfish and cold and careless in the body, life is very rough and uneven, indeed cruel in the spiritual, as I understand it. I am satisfied with what I have got, only I hope to be able to make it more bright and beautiful still. I didn't really want to die and go to another life. I was satisfied with this world, such as it is—satisfied to remain as long as possible; but I had no will in the matter—had to pass out. I was extensively engaged, as a business man, was known among our dealers pretty well. I like to want to say to those with whom I was associated in business, if they want to be happy in the other life, they must deal squarely in this. That is all the religion they need. I am Joseph Bradford.

Nov. 25.

Fanny Burbank Felton.

As one interested in the power and in the welfare of mediums, I return this afternoon to make my plea to the readers of our beautiful and valuable paper. I want to ask them to look well to those in need this coming winter, for there is great want and need of friends throughout this land. Many little ones are suffering, and will suffer for the necessities of life, many wild ones are in despair because they know not which way to turn. We see that the influence, which speak, of suicide abroad; and, sir, I feel that unless every one on earth does what he or she can, to provide for the necessities of those in need, every mortal responsible for every suicide that takes place from conditions caused by poverty and suffering. So I return to make this plea, asking that each one throughout the land will do a

that he or she can. If it be but a penny, if it be but a crust of bread, give it with willing hearts, and in the future life you will be thankful you have done as much. But to those who are opulent, who have means, let me say to them, Scatter it abroad as the winds scatter the leaves in autumn—scatter it abroad as you see the snowflakes scattered by the storm. Of course it is the first thing to provide for yourself, but do not do it at the expense of another and do not let me see you see another suffering more than you can help. Provide for yourselves certainly, so far as bread, clothing and shelter go, but beware of extravagance, of following the fashionable path while one soul remains in the mortal who is in need of a garment or of a meal of bread, because you will all be held responsible. In the future, your gold will disappear from your sight, and yourselves poor indeed. Do not find your garments torn, do not find you neglect your duty in any matter, but if you will give with a lavish hand you need not fear. There will then be no need to erect monuments to your name, no need to build memorials in your honor; you will live in the hearts and souls of those whom you have benefited, and in the future life you will receive a great ovation from those grateful spirits whom you have blessed, you will reign triumphant, and every spirit will expand in sympathy.

Among the various means of giving we would call attention to the "Ladies' Aid Society," of Boston, composed of a band of noble ladies who work in the spiritual ranks. If you have anything to spare we ask that you will send it to them, and they will see that it is given forth to those in need: that it will go where it will do

I would also call attention to the "Helping Hand Society," of the City of New York. They too are performing a noble work: they are going abroad here and there, gathering in the poor and needy, and caring for them. It is the grandest and noblest of works. They benefit mediums, but they do not mean to provide for themselves, mediums who need assistance, and who, because they are crowded and kept down under painful influences, are denied the higher light that would draw them upward. So the members of this society are going forth, helping these mediums, bringing about them beautiful influences to develop their powers, and doing good wherever they can. Remember the "Helping Hand Society," of New York, when you are going to make donations, and the angel-world will bless you. By this I do not mean to say, do not look after any others you may meet. However you can give a penny, or a word, or a loaf of bread, and thus fail to do what you will indeed find to be heaven of rest in the future life. I am happy to meet you at this time, and to speak as it is given me to speak. Fanny Burbank Felton.

Nov. 25.

Lotelia

[To the Chairman:] Me am come, talking chief. Put me down Lotela. Does you know what me here for, chief? Me bring blankets to take care of the graves, to have shins to put in the poor-box. Me come to do it myself, because, don't you know, the popooses be wanting blankets. Me freeze down on the plains, me did, heaps of moons ago. Don't you know the Indians did have to go up to what you call the Black Hills, two years ago this winter, then me did freeze? Me don't want no more popooses to freeze; wants 'em to have blankets. Me come to the braves and squaws, to say, do n't forget the poor-box. Me wants to put the shins in myself, and me wants 'em to popooses to have blankets. Me like flowers, me likes the flowers [taking a pink from the vase on the table, pointing down in the audience the spirit said:] There be a big medicine-man down there, and spirits want him to go out and help the peoples who be sick, squaws and braves. They be bringing greater power very soon. Don't you know who me means? [A gentleman in the audience responds.] Does you know a great big chief near you? [I recognize one.] He works through you. [I tell me his name.] Me can't, because me don't know him, but he might be a mighty man. For the weak ones, the bad ones, the poor conditions be sweeping away from the earth pretty soon, and there be better ones for spirits to work.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Doe's, E. H. Blake; Henry Brees; Mary E. Gordon;
Annie Poole; Rosal P. Collins; Leander G. Russell; Abbie
Mayson; William Skinner; Mattie Haven; John Lamb,
Dec. 9.—Dr. K. Mann; Dr. H. C. Smith; George
Hobbs; Thomas Jones; Mrs. J. A. Brown; Rufus E. Paton;
William Smith; Sebastian Streeger; Osakinski.
Dec. 12.—Dr. Daniel Kolledge; Elizabeth Jarvis; Mabel
Woodbury; Francis Smith; Albert F. Wilcomb; William
Baker; Kate E. Smith.
Dec. 16.—Mrs. Eva Fitz James; Thomas Good; Sarah M.
Thompson; Etta Buzzell; Mary Kelly; Carrie E. Priest;
Dr. J. C. Wright; Aggie Davis; Hall; Charlie Morton.
Dec. 20.—Nancy H. Russell; Charles L. Smith; Emily
Mason; William Smith; George Hobbs; Rufus E. Paton;
to friends in Cheltenham; William Grant; Susie Epes.

Messages given through the Mediumship of
Mrs. Sarah A. Danskin, in Baltimore, Md.

Emma Friedbrine

My name was Emma Friedbrine. I was thirteen years old. I died in June. My father's name was Hober; my mother's, Elizabeth. They lived on Saratoga street, Baltimore. It is nice to die and go to heaven and be with all the bright angels and sit among of wise folk in heaven. We know our Redeemer lives. Until an angel came and told me I did not know that I could come here and give a message for my father and mother, to let them know that I was still living and without any pains or aches or distress of any kind.

Everything looks to me just as it did before: left, only brighter and more beautiful; and then the angels talk so nice and soft to each other. We have great enjoyment over here in learning lessons of wisdom. Wisdom, they say, will take us beyond the confines of earth and place us nearer and nearer to our God.

...in far happier in heaven
...could ever have been on

He is than I could ever have been on earth. Dying
 is not hard, for we close our eyes but for a short
 time, and then when we open them we know
 nothing about the grave or death, for the angels
 of wisdom caress and console us. Thus you see
 I am on the stage, and soon I will pass to one of
 still greater beauty, and then I shall learn how
 to speak more like the large angels. I am told
 now to speak just as I feel and as I know. Oh
 I am so happy, for everything is so beautiful in
 heaven!

Quintan Knowles

Quintan Knowles. I was fifty-six years old and I died in Brooklyn. I lived on Schermerhorn street. The brevity of time since my "death," and the anxiety to make known my continued life, prevents, in a great degree, the spiritual faculties from working as consistently as I would like. The whole earthly material or the materiality of my composition has not yet faded away. It takes time and culture to make one spiritually strong.

I have passed over the river, and have found everything beautiful and satisfactory to my imagination. Back again only to say that man does live beyond the grave, with attributes bright, beautiful and useful.

Adeline Ludd Gideo

Dear Husband, do not grieve for me, for I am safely housed from all mortal strife, enjoying that blessedness which comes from a clear consciousness of having done my duty. Not airksome duty, but duty that ever involved love and affection. Mine eyes see now the beauties of the interior life, mine ears catch the melodious sounds not sung but breathed by the angels. I do not tell you to have confidence in the Father Supreme, for I know that is registered in your mind along with yourself, and oh! what a sweet balm it is to me to breathe your love and affection for you. Though the body has taken on the form of death, still the spirit lives with all the buoyancy of an eternal life, watching and guarding your sacred footsteps in going or coming. A beautiful day will come when I can see your spirit take its flight to its home where now I dwell. The gladsome word will be, "Welcome home, welcome home!" Farewell till the next time, when I will come to part no more. Adeline Ludd, wife of Stephen Gideon, Unity, N. H. I was sixty-seven years old.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED

William Rawles; Ellen Springer.

