

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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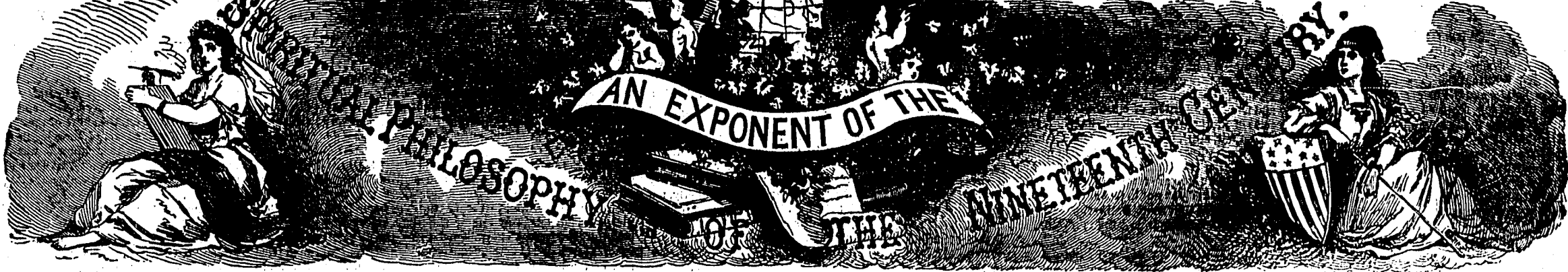
"I have heard of a *holy spirit*, which is clothed in garment required by me. *I have a spirit, clothed upon with spiritual substances.* Let us draw near to one another's souls. I will not invite you to my habitation when you enter spiritual life; I will not say, *Come and sojourn*, though a brave avenue of way to trees, and smooth lawns, and bright stretches of beautiful flowers. Such would be a lovely picture, such a speech addressed to your mortal attention, and fitted as it is to your present state. Your consciences would be looked upon as I findy web-come, but to me, in the wider and the deeper light, in the complete and utter knowledge of the spiritual realm, it would be practically meaningless. I will be there where you are if you need me; you will not find my house, or my lands, but *myself*. You will come straight to my consciousness, and we will speak and think together, and you will not ask whether I live by crystal streams, or gliding waters, or flowing fountains, or types of the earth; or whether I am the temple of the earth; or orchard, we shall meet in the light of consciousness of one another, and that will be life.

Scholars do not need any other mind to tell them that learning is important: poets do not need my returning from the unseen world to say that Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, are important in the influence which their writings have exerted among men in the past, and that they are still active and inspiring influences in the world's poetry of to-day: no one requires my voice and my message to tell that the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount, that the teachings of the Indian sages, the sacred Vedas, the wonderful books of the Orient, are important and truthful in the latest acceptance of these terms: Any one knows to-day that the sublime gospel of art as preached by Raphael, Michael Angelo, and all those children of genius who have been taught in the schools of the gods, is an important adjunct to human refinement; but there is a great daily human need that no Christ has filled, and no Buddha made manifest, that has not been met at Rome, nor yet in the Church of England, nor has it reached you through all the diverse ramifications of liberal theology—a daily human want: It is to know if your dead are alive! In answer to that daily need, as the wonderful minds of England lead to-day for the right of daily food for a suffering people, so do I now stand before you, as I have stood for thirty years while in the mortal form pleading for the right of daily food and daily freedom for the slave—as I then stood in my own body to plead for the right of others to the comforts of sustenance, and the food which was necessary to sustain that material being, so this hour I come here to speak to you through the lips of another to add word that the numberless spirits which are around and above me can bring you messages of comfort and encouragement—messages that continue to flow through chosen channels to the earthly minds that will accept them. I tell you that your individual want is of a surety replied to—that there are other summits than Sinai and Olivet from which inspiration comes to the human mind—that the voice of the Spirit is a daily human voice, reaching to your lowly need, and binding around your daily necessity its answer; I tell you that the one word you covet has been given, the one message spoken, the voice reveals itself that was hushed in death, and eternally is unlocked by that small and simple key. As the key of earthly language is found in the alphabet, as the signification of the grand system of mathematics finds expression in the numerals it employs, so in that one word from beyond the portals of the grave is found the key that opens the mystic portal of life, arrogates death, and discloses an individualized and ever-broadening future for the interior man!

By the power of this word I can stand in England at this hour, I can stand here, and say: What is freedom? and of what value is liberty? and of what great treasure is the fact of the daily life, if man lives not after death? The knowledge of the schools, the researches of the philosophers, the scientific speculations of a Tyndall or a

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CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—The Rostrum: One Year's Experience in Spirit-Life.
SECOND PAGE.—Original Essay: Human Brotherhood, and What it Implies. Spirit-Communism: Development of a Remarkable Medium.
THIRD PAGE.—Poetry: The Iron Gate. Penumbra Sketches and Thoughts. Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association. Reply to "An Old Shop." Banner Correspondence: Letters from New York, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts, etc.
FOURTH PAGE.—A New Age. "Superfluous Doctors." Calling for Help. Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond in Boston, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—Brief Paragraphs. New Advertisements, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—The Free Circle-Room: Replies to Questions given through the Mediumship of W. J. Colville. Spirit-Message Department: Messages given through the Mediumship of Miss M. Theresa Sheehan and Mrs. Sarah A. Danskin. Poetry: The Morning Light.
SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston." Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Passing Events.—Remonstrance Petition. Spiritualist Meetings in Boston. Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity. Steel Plate Engravings Free.

The Rostrum.

ONE YEAR'S EXPERIENCE IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

A Trance Discourse Delivered by Spirit George Thompson, through the Medium Instrumentality of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
Before the Parker Memorial Society of Spiritualists, Boston, Mass., Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 11th, 1880.

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

INVOCATION.

Oh thou Infinite Light; thou divine source of all being; thou ineffable soul; by whatsoever name we may address thee, under what form thy soul appears to man, whether as Buddha, Jehovah, God or Lord, thy spirit is still the same, thy purpose is divine, thy power is infinite and eternal. Whether the darkness within earth responds unto thee, oh Infinite Truth—whether the knowledge is ours—thou art the source of infinite knowledge, and of that love of which the soul of man has dim conceptions, that love which, seldom found in the human life, is attained and attendant in the life of the spirit. Thou art the Infinite God, the Ineffable, the unspeakable source; majesty and love are enthroned in thee. Throughout the universe of life and light thou art—in death, in time and life eternal, encompassing and pervading all. From the spirit of man the voice of thanksgiving would go forth for every blessing. For all that aids toward the completeness of human life and human endeavor, for whatever brings to the soul a fuller measure of experience, that we praise thee for. Alike for life and death, alike for joy or sorrow, alike for the blessing of prosperity and the stroke of adversity, alike for storm and calm, the soul praises thee: knowing that each is given for its need, knowing that through paths of human change the spirit reaches outward for thy presence, while in the paths of spiritual unfoldment our spirits turn inward to thee. Oh God, make thyself manifest in each heart at this hour—make plain thy life and thy light here in our midst, not as an outward truth, but as a voice that inspires, an abiding flame that burns in the spirit and will not be quenched! Make here and now an altar in every human heart; kindle there the glad radiance of love by thy ministering spirits and attendant angels; shed abroad trust for the future, and help for the present trial, through the wonder-workings of divine sympathy, and inspire all with grand purposes for the good of thy fellow-men. May our ministrations at this time be a truth and a light. Unto every human need make thou answer by the ministration of angels, by guardian and attendant souls, by voices that speak to them from the Infinite to the finite; and as stars that move in their appointed courses, or as suns that shine resplendent in the purer air where souls are glad and free, so shall our souls move ever unto thee, oh thou infinite, eternal God, forevermore. Amen.

ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman and Friends: A little more than one year of mortal time has passed, I am told, since I addressed you through this instrument in this place; had I not been made aware, through sympathy with earthly friends, and their labors that I have taken part in—and which have ever at intervals attracted me to earthly ways and conditions—I would not know but that a thousand had passed. On that occasion, living no longer in time but in eternity—no longer clothed upon with the flesh, or dependent on earthly sensation for expression or experience—I told you that I was free! But there comes something after freedom. Emancipation is good; the bird has wings, but therefore does not always fly; he is slave to release from bondage and toll, but he is not therefore to remain inactive, and in the mere passive enjoyment of release from enthrallment to another's will; the condition of true freedom augurs and portends a something that is yet to be attained. Liberty is first, it is true, but knowledge comes afterward. With the feeling that the new birth gave to my spirit, with the consciousness of added powers that seemed to flow in toward me from every point of the universe; with the wonderful white light of eternity beaming upon me from hundreds of dear and familiar faces—faces lit up by the spirit and aglow with infinite tenderness—I deemed my happiness complete: the victory won! I said to you then that eternity seemed to be solved!

But the solution deepens, mystery enlarges, knowledge presses upon the spirit! I was aware

of my imperfections, but whither should I fly? With the new-found freedom, the release from visible physical bondage, what ultimate knowledge had I? I was transfixed with the new comprehension of my own ignorance and unworthiness. No stars shone upon me in the eternal firmament that I had peopled with my thought; no grand and majestic spiritual structure dawned upon me, created by my work. My will was powerless. I found I had not the knowledge to go further. Fixed as had been my purpose for freedom, and wonderful as were its works within my own mind and among the peoples of this and the mother-land, I failed in the midst of the utter knowledge of the universe; I found that the worlds could move without my aid, that the stars that gleamed in space moved in their orbits without my effort, that angels passed to and fro to whom I might not even speak; and even some minds, toward whom I have ever aspired and yearned with the longing of absolute love, I found far above me and inapproachable by me. Oh, what weakness there is in human intellect! how does it fall and falter at last in the midst of those problems that it has striven to solve! I could grasp nothing with my earthly knowledge, I could attain nothing with the circumscribed powers that I found myself possessed of when leaving the earth; I was as a child endeavoring to overturn a rock; I was indeed a babe. How small seemed the questions which had vexed me before! how trifling the warfare of nations, the contentions for place and power among men! how insignificant, even was the one mighty purpose of human freedom that I had struggled for. Do not think I blaspheme, but I had discovered a mightier force than freedom; I had found that something is necessary beside liberty.

In the utter loneliness that the spirit feels when the first pulsation of the new life passes away, thrown upon my individual resources, not daring to claim allegiance even with one beloved friend, who in the far and remote past had led me through many paths of Buddha and his wonderful life; not even for a time daring to approach the life-sphere of my intimate friends and family—those whom I had known on earth—I was left to myself. What that self is, all you who have reached mature lives, and have carefully trained your thoughts within, may perhaps in some degree answer. What it is to be entirely thrown upon one's own internal self, what it is to experience a feeling that in the entire universe from that moment I must discover my way alone, I must leave you to judge. Since then I have found that I was not alone; that even in my solitude the angels were around about me, that even in my efforts to find a starting point in spiritual life there were innumerable lines and avenues of thought constantly touching me. It is the one signal and significant experience of spiritual birth that there comes a time when we must make every effort for ourselves; guardian spirit, loving friend, angel mother cannot aid us; a time when we find that the spiritual inheritance of our lives must be the result of our individual achievements; that if we are on a barren rock it is our own, if in a trackless wilderness it is the result of the tangled web of our own thoughts; if in a garden of blooming flowers, we have created them by harmonious lives. I had hence consciousness—it was no longer a consciousness of freedom, for in that though I possessed me entirely for a while I was utterly without spiritual knowledge to apply it. I had once sublime longings—now I was filled with a longing so perfectly attuned with my own interior thought that I knew it could not tremble into air without meeting with response, viz., to visit my own family on earth, and to impart to them the message of my own existence, and to discover through what subtle laws the communication between the two worlds is and has been established.

There came to me a teacher, one whom I had known in India, a scholar profoundly versed in the learning of the East, whom I had assisted in some unimportant way in earthly life. Through the remotest ages of the past the world of the Orient has held communion with spiritual beings; and my first experimental occupation, a little time after I addressed you here, was to pass with him into the Brahminical or Indian heaven—where spiritual impressions and conceptions seem to have one of their ultimate centres—and to discover its relations to mortal life. Strong is the hold of the ancient Brahminical faith in the Orient, but that which has superseded it makes more practical the wonderful transformations and idealisms of that wonderful religion; instead of the gospel through Brahma, Brahman, the original life-principle, is the thing worshipped; there no temples are erected to him, his voice is not heard, his presence is never perceived by the external mind. Vishnu, Siva, and others as the Buddhist interpreters of the spirit of Brahma speaking through man—these are worshipped as the essential and sentient spirits that communicate with earth; but the Infinite Brahman cannot be comprehended; to him no temples are necessary; the human mind can offer him no praise; there is nothing in his interior life which responds to the mind of man—that mind cannot conceive the sublime measure of ultimate truth; only the broken fragments of that truth reach the earth. The Destroyer—the beautiful Death—the Preserver of beautiful forms of perpetuating life, these are known to man, and the individual messengers that speak to the Oriental mind are those instructed in the ways of Vishnu and Siva. But Brahma, the Infinite Spirit, is never worshipped; the soul alone of man speaks to the soul of God!

Then I understood by a subtle law of analogy that dawned upon me, that every nation has in like fashion worshipped its God, and that it was necessary even among the Greeks and Romans to have intermediary deities between man and

Jove; then I understood concerning Osiris in Egypt, and the deities and living individualities there worshipped, for the reason that these came within the range of man's comprehension. When this was understood, and I found that spiritual essence appeals to spiritual essence everywhere, and that forms of life are its expressions through human states according to the human understanding, I realized that every form of theology, every method of worship, every divine symbol made sacred to the mind of peasant, priest and king, is an interpreter between man and the higher state, and that the infinite voice only speaks to the infinite—that the inmost spirit only speaks to the inmost.

Returning again to my own spiritual home or condition, I found to my surprise an added state and interest; I found that I had really accomplished something (though unaware) in this pilgrimage; that a wonderful step had been taken and an avenue had been opened through which I received instruction—through which minds whom I had ever revered and worshipped spoke to my spirit—and a new power by which I could impart to others a knowledge of communion. By the gateway of one of your public avenues of spiritual communion I am now commissioned to stand for the purpose of making familiar to my mind the individual methods of spiritual experiences in the course of return to earthly scenes; spirits who have gone out from earthly conditions without an appropriate or appreciative sense of their own individuality; spirits who have been fragmentary lives and broken thoughts; those who have in times of despondency and anguish committed crime or suicide; those who have but momentarily touched the shores of mortal existence and then have passed out again, there present themselves. At the gateway of this public avenue in your own city I am appointed to work. What is my work? How often has the human heart asked that question: "What is my work?" It is in this instance to open the way—to make a channel of expression for spirits who otherwise would have no voice! What the system of telegraphy is to earthly minds yet in the valley of change and limitation—a system whereby islands, continents and distant localities are brought into instantaneous communication: that the message-carrier of the postal system is to the commercial and social interests of the civilized globe, such is the system of communication between the two worlds. As a watch and a varder, a worker and an instructor, I now take the position assigned me. I take it from choice—from necessity you may say, but if from necessity, I only know it is a necessity whose fountain spring is my individual desire: a desire to make more audible the voice of the spiritual world to the daily life of mankind.

Scholars do not need any other mind to tell them that learning is important; poets do not need my returning from the unseen world to say that Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, are important in the influence which their writings have exerted among men in the past, and that they are still active and inspiring influences in the world's poetry to-day; no one requires my voice and my message to say that the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount, that the teachings of the Indian sages, the sacred Vedas, the wonderful books of the Orient, are important and truthful in the fullest acceptance of these terms: Any one knows to-day that the sublime gospel of art as preached by Raphael, Michael Angelo, and all those children of genius who have been taught in the schools of the gods, is an important adjunct to human refinement; but there is a great daily human need that no Christ has filled, and no Buddha made manifest, that has not been born at Rome, nor yet in the Church of England, nor has it reached you through all the divergent ramifications of liberal theology—a daily human want: It is to know if your dead are alive! In answer to that daily need, as the wonderful minds of England plead to-day for the right of daily food for a suffering people, so do I now stand before you, as I have stood for thirty years while in the mortal form pleading for the right of daily life and daily freedom for the slave; as I then stood in my own body to plead for the right of others to the comforts of ordinary life, and the food which was necessary to sustain the material being, so this hour I come here to speak to you through the lips of another the added word that the numberless spirits which are around and above me can bring you messages of comfort and encouragement—messages that continue to flow through chosen channels to the earthly minds that will accept them. I tell you that your individual want is of a surety replied to—that there are other summits than Sinai and Olivet from which inspiration comes to the human mind—that the voice of the Spirit is a daily human voice, reaching to your lowest need, and binding around your daily necessity its answer; I tell you that the one word you covet has been given, the one message spoken; the voice reveals itself that was hushed in death, and eternity is unlocked by that small and simple key. As the key of earthly language is found in the alphabet, as the signification of the grand system of mathematics finds expression in the numerals it employs, so in that one word from beyond the portals of the grave is found the key that opens the mystic portal of life, abrogates death, and discloses an individualized and ever-broadening future for the interior man!

By the power of this word I can stand in England at this hour, I can stand here, and say: What is freedom? and of what value is liberty? and of what great treasure is the fact of the daily life, if man lives not after death? The knowledge of the schools, the researches of the philosophers, the scientific speculations of a Tyndall or a

Huxley, these are valueless beside the one word that is whispered to you from infant lips that went out of your household, leaving lonely sorrow where erst had ruled a living joy! While the learned of earth are striving with material elements and appliances to solve the origin of life, and vain would ascribe its source to the kingdom of the dust, we have given the true answer to this modern age through the lips of a child. You ask me why I stand here, bearing witness to what I have seen, rather than devote myself to reaching out after even more of the riches of the spirit. Why, I would gladly stand before the gateway of the spirit-life, nor look beyond to the angels smiling down upon me, nor strive to reach these wonderful heights of knowledge that my soul has thirsted for, if by that means I could bring to human consciousness the one revelation that I so longed for on earth. And I would stand on the line of communication just as long as there was a man who doubted immortality, or a spirit that wist not of the power to return, or as long as one came to me, saying: "Let me give this message"; and I would not say to such: "Let me give it for you, because I can present it in better language and outward euphony," but I would tell him to speak his own word, I would make known to him the alphabet and subtle language of spirit-communication, I would say: There is the instrument, and you are to solve the problem of life for yourself by this same key whose right use reveals the meaning of all these hidden mysteries.

I know now why the negroes did not rise in insurrection in the days gone by; I have often wondered at it, and even blamed them for not doing so while I was in the mortal form; now I know that they did not because they were moved upon by a higher impulse and inspiration than that of mere personal freedom; the brooding wings of the spirit of love and human brotherhood were spread above them. Oh, how I blamed them once for not standing erect in the light of eternal manhood; oh, how I praise them now for listening to the heavenly voice that spoke to them, that moved among them as the voice of inspiration, that led them to believe the promise of the spirit-world that they should yet be free! I understand now why nations do not sweep onward toward the same acme of liberty and intellectual power when the opportunity is theirs, and all outward culminations seem to favor them—that the unerring Nemesis of an unswerving justice sees their interior weakness and want of receptivity; I realize now the reason, that only when no other avenue exists untried, do the higher intelligences direct human energies into those avenues which lead at last to bloodshed and warfare.

My friend, Mr. Garrison, smiling upon me from his new-found state, and conversing as souls converse who are allied in sympathy, says that the way of emancipation was not his way, but God's! So in the discovery of the great work that now is going on in the world, I would have wished to have lived a little longer than I did: I would have wished to have been a little longer in the earthly life, when this new light came to the world: I would have wished, after human slavery had been abrogated and abolished in this country, and after the material chains had been rent asunder, to have added my voice to those who were the advocates of this new movement for the freeing of the human mind from the chains of theological bondage. Such was my desire, my way, but it was not God's. Now I understand why: In earthly life I said to my family and dear ones, Oh, why could I not have been twenty-five years younger, to go forth with those who are the evangelists of the new light, to show with my voice and heart how I am in sympathy with the great message? I am glad now that such could not be; from the other side of existence I perceive more clearly than ever could have been possible to me in earth-life the lines of light connecting the two worlds; my voice is now a more potent voice; you may not hear it as the individual voice to which in times past you have listened, but it comes to you more powerfully. I became an instrument of this mighty truth, not so much for myself, but that through me others who so desire may be led to discover it.

This is my earthly message; what is my spiritual message? Born of a freighted desire, shrouded about with the power and force of quenchless, intensest longing, what have I to tell you of the knowledge given to me? Is my way of life like to earth-life? Do I stand in the presence of created and fashioned things? Am I in a world that is created? Pardon me, I must not speak to you after the stereotyped manner of spirits; I will not endeavor to shape my utterances to the forms of your earthly life. I do not live in a world of things; in a sphere where things are created or fashioned; I have not earthly sensations, I do not experience any of the physical impressions of earthly life. I live in a sphere of thought, instead of things; I am surrounded by atmospheres of minds, instead of atmospheres of material bodies; I hold communion with minds, and time and space form no component parts in my spiritual existence except that portion of each which is incident to my sympathetic relations with the earth. On that side of life that is touching you, I am conscious of days and hours, I measure the years; but on the other side I have no knowledge of time; years might go by unnoticed; the thought is born, but time is not noted as an agent in its production; I am in a world of spirit.

Do not misunderstand me; I am utterly conscious, and myself; nor has any portion of intelligence passed from me that the human mind possessed, but an inner-store of intelligence has been awakened in me. I was unaware of the half of what I possessed while in the physical life; there were treasures unsuspected by me on earth that now form my daily existence and experience. I am in the wonderful atmosphere of the souls that I revered; they and I make our home and heaven; I would ask you who love, or you who pray, or you who think, what need you have of material senses? In the presence of the loved one you are forgetful of all else; in the thought of and communion with the kindred mind you have no other need. Am I not filled to overflowing with the baptism of loving

souls? Is not my every need a spiritual need, bringing its adequate response? Can I long for earthly food and wine when I have the priceless wine of the spirit and the bread of everlasting truth? Can I ask for earthly things to take the place of the spiritual? Let us be plain with one another: let us understand one another if we can, but do not ask me to tell you that the spirit-world is material, organic, or that I have houses and lands, for I have none—nor would I have. Shall I dwell in a house, when I inhabit the souls of my friends? Shall I need the speed of the horse and the aid of the chariot, when I have the wings of thought? Shall I desire the cultivated garden, when I have here the blossoms of faith and hope resplendent with living images within my mind? Ask me to turn over the rose-leaf instead of my friend's life, I prefer the latter; ask me to dwell in the midst of material flowers—they are beautiful, but they speak no voice, unless it is the voice of the soul. If you have the voice of the soul do you need the flowers?

Let us understand each other, but do not ask me to tell you that I experience the same appetites, tastes, sufferings and joys that I had on earth, I do not. I have the same spiritual longings; my mind is the same; this is the me utterly, but whereas I was once chained to the dust, I am not now. I do not hunger for bread, I have no need of water; there is no physical element required by me. I am a spirit, clothed upon with spiritual substances. Let us draw near to one another's souls. I will not invite you to my habitation when you enter spiritual life; I will not say, Come and see me, through a long avenue of waving trees, and smooth lawns, and bright stretches of beautiful flowers. Such would be a lovely picture, such a speech addressed to your mortal attention, and fitted as it is to your present state of consciousness, would be looked upon as a kindly welcome; but to us, in the wider and the deeper sight, in the complete and utter knowledge of the spiritual realm that we mind which we are entering, it is for there where you are if you need me; you will not find my house, or my lands, but my soul! You will come straight to my consciousness, and we will speak and think together, and you will not ask whether I live by crystal streams, or flowing waters, or living fountains, or trees laden with fruit akin to the tempting store of the earthly orchard; we shall meet in the higher consciousness of one another, and that will be life.

Let us draw near to one another's souls; when you meet your mother and your child, you will not say, "What is the manner of your dwelling?" but "What is your thought?" you will not say, "Where is your garden and where your furniture?" but "Do you love me, am I enfolded within your soul?" Can I explain to you that the furniture of the immortal state is love? Can I explain to you that thought is adequate to its own need? and if we do not have a demand for physical form we do not therefore possess it? I grant that the mind which enters the spirit-world, distinct only with the one idea of its early past sessions, will still have them in simulation; These form his heaven, however circumscribed it may be. However narrow the heaven that greets you may be, it will be yours. Even those who so heartily desire them may find their heaven amid the streets of gold, the walls of precious stones, the gates swinging to and fro, concerning which the Apocalyptic seer has left such vivid picturing. And I will warrant it to be a prison. You will have the heaven of your desires, but you will desire to leave it, if you seek the state of mind and spirit you will have this: anything less comes between us and our loved. Any form, any symbol, any expression is used to reach a lower and inferior order of mind. You teach the child in symbols; your friend, your companion, your equal, understands you in your own language. Spirit to spirit, if you please; dust to dust, organized life and form to organized life and form, but for my life there is no temple, there is no shrine, there are no laws, there are no trees; I am living in a world of minds; my thought flows toward them, and theirs toward me continually; if I hunger, it is for their thought; if I am thirsting, it is for greater truth, for some grand thought that has swept over me a little out of my reach—that I grasp for and am not equal to attaining. But my soul is not filled with images of physical life shaped to the fancy like the pictured clouds of sunset, where people go up to great cities earning their daily bread, and where are reproduced the various cares, labors and industries that characterize the mundane state. Pray God that you plant no cities in the world of souls, no places where man plays on in the general routine of daily life, for that small hope of gain which eats out the heart of humanity; let us rather toll for the fruitage of truth, born in the spiritual kingdom. God knows I was material enough in the senses while on earth, but I will not tell you that I have not experienced; and I have not experienced any one of the desires, longings, appetites of the physical body; but I have continually experienced the unsatiable longing for knowledge, the insatiable thirst for the truth, the desire for more and more of heaven in the consciousness of my friends as I desire to greet you by my consciousness.

Does it matter where you are at this time? You are neither at St. Peter's nor St. Paul's, nor do you worship in any of the chosen temples reared to God at this hour; but if I mistake not, without any stated symbol or ordered ritual or creedal form you are drawing near the Holy of Holies. The inspiration of prayer is upon your spirits, and the voice of answering ministration is near your souls; there is an altar-fire built up by your aspirations and desires, and you yearn toward heaven with the longing to be possessed with the consciousness of communion with the loved who have gone before. From the homes where they dwell they now speak out to you with my voice; they give through my words their thought in the desire to teach you.

Whatever sphere is yours, to that you will attain. I ask not for the land flowing with milk and honey, for the pearly doors that swing to and fro, when I have the wonderful message of thought, and the sweet fruitage of love, and the unsatiable thrill of freedom and the souls that are like yourselves chanting hymns of praise, not with external sounds of harmony but with a voice that like a pulsation reaches your own soul as world answers world, and light answers light, till it vibrates to the innermost of that heaven, and you with them!

Oh God, by whatever path we tread
Until we reach that one supreme state,
Remember us, and let our thoughts be free
Flow out to thee, the Wise and Uncreate—
Feeling each soul, each spirit is our own,
And breathing into thine with one accord,
Until within Truth's mild and radiant zone
We find the matchless splendor of thy word!

BENEDICTION.

May the oneness of The Spirit, whose infinite pulsations evermore reach mankind, abide with you and bless you—God the Father being near each heart in every hour. Amen.

Original Essay.

HUMAN BROTHERHOOD, AND WHAT IT IMPLIES.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

PART ONE.

The doctrine of Universal Brotherhood is not a new conception of modern times, much less is it peculiar to Modern Spiritualism. Yet it has, through the teachings of spiritualists and the incalculable of a Spiritual Philosophy in our day, received such new illustrations and reinforcements that probably all who call themselves Spiritualists profess to accept it.

The practice of this doctrine, however, on any extended scale—its actual incorporation in the customs and business of daily life, its full incorporation into the institutions of Church or State, society or domestic life, in this country or in any other—would be something quite new.

Believing it to be the obvious tendency of human progress, the goal of human evolution, as well as the real aim of true Spiritualism, to bring about this novel result, the writer proposes to inquire what this doctrine of Brotherhood really means, and what will be some of the consequences of its practical adoption by us as individuals, and by a community, State, nation, or the world at large.

WHAT DOES BROTHERHOOD MEAN?

First, it includes Sisterhood. At least the term will be so used in this essay. There is no single English word of the common gender that expresses the full idea. The word *Fraternity*, often used, (from the Latin, through the French) is masculine in form, like our English word. The French word *solidarité*, sometimes employed in its English form (*solidarity*), does not express the whole meaning. It signifies unity or consolidation of interests, but does not hint at *kinship*, which is the prominent idea in our warm old Saxon word *Brotherhood*. The same may be said of the term *Altruism*, lately coined by that progressive thinker, Herbert Spencer. This word (from the Latin *alter*, other) means love or regard for others, being the opposite of *egotism*, which is supreme regard for ego, self. But "Altruism" has not yet found a place in our common dictionaries, and though it may be understood by the learned, it fails to come home to the minds and hearts of the masses like the familiar words of our mother-tongue. For the want, therefore, of a more suitable term, the word *Brotherhood* has come to be used in a broad sense, like the word *kindred*, to include both sexes. In other words, if a *man-kind*, *woman-kind* may be pardoned, it will be assumed in this treatise that the sisters are embraced in *Brotherhood*.

Secondly, then, Human Brotherhood means the existence of a near kinship, a brotherly or sisterly relationship, between all beings of human kind—a relationship which places all on an equality as to natural rights and privileges and immunities in this world, and out of which grows the duty of a kindly regard for and interest in the welfare and happiness of every son and daughter of humanity—the same kindly regard that is universally recognized as due between the offspring of the same parents. It means that, as children of one great family, all are so interlinked by subtle spiritual ties that the true interests of one are the interests of all, and hence no one can suffer without all, in some degree, suffering with that one—no one can enjoy without all in a measure adding to the joy of all.

If this be a truth, then it follows that no one can inflict an injury on any kind upon another, or cause suffering by another, without thereby injuring himself and decreasing his own happiness. Hence a true and enlightened regard for one's own interests leads to a careful respect for those of all others. On this high ground, and here alone, can be harmonized all the otherwise apparently conflicting interests of human beings. The masses of mankind, in their spiritual blindness and hardness, do not yet see or feel this truth—not even all who profess to believe in *Brotherhood*. Hence so many are perpetually striving to secure what they think to be their individual interests and happiness regardless of others—only to find, sooner or later, that happiness does not lie on that road, is not to be reached in that direction. This is because, as we shall see, the grand truth of *Brotherhood* has its foundation in the nature of man and the laws of the universe; hence it cannot be contravened with success.

This conviction, sentiment, or intuition (whichever it be) of Universal Brotherhood, will be found, as I believe, to be the true basis of morality. Many persons, including many Spiritualists, who have cast aside the claims of authority and tradition as to what constitutes true morality are at sea on the question; and some have come to think it has no basis other than the shifting sands of individual opinion or current belief. But the recognition in the soul of the truth of Human Brotherhood is attended by the intuitive feeling or perception that not only is every human brother and sister entitled to equal rights and advantages with one's self, and every deprivation of right and infliction of injury is wrong, but, further, that every one is also entitled to kindly feeling and to friendly aid in time of need, and to a brotherly or sisterly interest in their welfare at all times. This instinct or intuition of kinship, I repeat, and not any sacred book, or law of church or state, furnishes the true basis of morality, and on it may be erected a standard of morals that is safe, comprehensive and authoritative—the only one that is so. It is the real "higher law," written on the inmost tablets of the soul, higher than all man-made statutes or constitutions, higher than all priestly dogmas or parchment revelations. This statement is commended to the consideration of all thinkers—all who are searching for a solid foundation on which to build a system of morals.

To state the idea in another form: If all mankind are akin, or brothers and sisters of one family, then it is the duty of each to live for the good of all. This is true morality. And therefore that it is unbrotherly, uncharitable, and anything immoral.

Thus it is plain that *Brotherhood* means more than the mere negative virtue of innocence or harmlessness—that is, refraining from doing injury to any other, while living solely for one's self. It means the positive virtue of active good-doing to others, and that without partiality.

This makes plain, too, the superiority of the "Golden Rule," as enunciated by Jesus, over the precept laid down by some other moral teachers who preceded him in the world's history. Confucius, for example, is said to have taught, in China, two thousand years before Jesus, as the one maxim proper for the conduct of a whole life: "Never do to others what you do not wish them to do to you." This is a very excellent rule, and one which I fear very few of us live up to even in this nineteenth century of Christendom, much as we may despise the "heathen Chinese." Yet the reader will notice that this rule is merely negative in its terms. It only requires the abstaining from doing harm to others. But Jesus is reported as saying: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them." "Do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again." "Go ye into all the world and preach the good news to every creature." This is positive, requiring the doing of all desired good things to others, or, in other words, active beneficence. The precept of Confucius, which may in comparison be termed the silver rule, is the dictate of simple harmlessness, and may consist with an utterly selfish and useless life; while the Golden Rule of Jesus is the prompting of a generous good-will to all, an outgushing impulse to bless others, which is the true spirit of *Brotherhood*, and indicates a higher, diviner inspiration. It is this impulse which prompts the self-sacrifice of the hero, the martyr, the reformer, the philanthropist, the aggressive teacher of new and saving truths, and which is the great motor of human progress in all times. In its absence human society sinks into stagnation, selfishness and corruption, as in all the older civilizations of the East, and notably that of China.

The above comparison is made on the supposition that the words of Confucius are correctly given as ordinarily quoted. (See "Progress of Religious Ideas," by J. M. Child, vol. I, p. 228.) But since the above was written, I have noticed that a Chinese scholar lately in this country has affirmed that Confucius taught the precept in the positive form, precisely as did Jesus. If this be so, let him have the honor of it. It matters little who first announced the rule. My object is to call attention to what many have overlooked—the essential difference between the negative and positive forms of the precept, and the vastly different grades of morality they indicate. I must say, however, that the stagnated condition of China, and its selfish exclusiveness for the last two or three thousand years, hardly comport with any general reception of this precept in the positive form.

SOURCE OF THIS DOCTRINE.

The doctrine of Universal Brotherhood has been spoken of as a conviction, a sentiment, or an intuition. To the writer it seems to be truly an intuition of the inner spiritual nature of man. That is to say, it is a conviction or feeling that springs up spontaneously in the depths of the human spirit, the inmost being of man, whenever and wherever this inmost is developed to any good degree of expression in him. It thus rests upon the highest possible authority, namely, that of spiritual intuition, which is the real voice of God in the human soul.

Hence it is that savages, and all uncultivated, sensual, unspiritual men and women have at best but a dim and feeble realization of either the fact or the obligations of *Brotherhood*. Such can be indifferent, neglectful, unjust, cruel, revengeful and utterly brutal toward their kind. But probably most human beings have occasional flashes of this intuition, in their better moments; and there are few so debased—outside of savagism—at least—as not to feel some admiration of the grand idea of Universal Brotherhood when presented to them, however far from their prevailing tendencies may be.

On the other hand, poets have sung of it, sages have taught it, and prophets in all ages have foretold the coming of its reign on earth. That is to say, the most spiritual of our race—by whom are meant those whose interior natures have been most fully developed—have ever had, and now have, the fullest sense of this universal kinship, and the keenest appreciation of and regard for both the rights and the welfare of humanity. This class always feels an irresistible impulse to be, not merely harmless, but active benefactors of their kind: Jesus taught the Golden Rule, doubtless because it was the necessary expression of his inner life. And the degree of true spiritual growth in any people, or in any individual, may, no doubt, be accurately gauged by the degree of interest they spontaneously and habitually evince in the welfare of their race universally. If any of us are anxious to know whether or not we are progressing in true "spiritual development," here is doubtless the test.

The reason of this seems plain. The inner spirit of man feels and knows its kinship with the inner spirit of every other man; for all are of one origin and one essence; and when so developed as to be the controlling power in the individual, the spirit yearns to bless its kindred, in whatever garb of nationality, color, sex, or mental and moral peculiarities they may have been ushered upon the stage of mortal existence.

If any do not feel this yearning, it would seem to be because their inner spirits, the godlike germs of their being, have not yet awakened to conscious activity.

WHAT NOT BROTHERHOOD REQUIRES.

To be a little more specific, it is plain that *Brotherhood* requires—

First, negatively, the refraining from all unkind, injurious or harmful acts of any nature toward others. This must include not only the acts usually classed as crimes and forbidden in our statute books, but all such unbrotherly proceedings as taking advantage of the ignorance or necessities of others in trade, or in dealing of any kind—the acquisition of wealth by speculating on the needs of others, as in demanding the highest price we can obtain for articles of necessity—or by ministering to depraved appetites, as in the manufacture and sale of injurious drinks or foods, providing houses or other facilities for gaming, prostitution, and the like—obtaining the products of others' labor of any kind without rendering a full equivalent therefor—claiming the ownership and service of another person, body or soul, as in personal slavery, or in the marriage relation, or any other relationship—the prostituting and debauching of another in any way for one's selfish pleasure, regardless of the best interests of that other.

All such acts are self-evidently incompatible with *Brotherhood*, and any who practice them, or any of them, while professing to hold that great truth, are either hypocrites or grossly inconsistent with their profession.

It is thus evident that this principle, if accepted and applied in human relations, would work a revolution alike in the commercial, financial, industrial and social departments of life. It would put an end to all cheating, extortion, oppression, cruelty, debauchery, seduction, prostitution—to all unwelcome child-bearing, marital desertion, and every other form of wrong. Where a kindly regard for the best good of others takes the place of selfish desire for gratification at the expense of others, none of these evils can exist.

But this is not all.

Brotherhood requires also the refraining from all unkind and injurious words, such as detraction, gossip, scandal-bearing, unfriendly criticisms, the wanton reporting of damaging reports or suspicions about others, when no pains are taken to ascertain the truth of such reports, or to reclaim the one who may have committed a fault. So common, indeed, so almost universal are these practices among neighbors and acquaintances—so entertaining a theme of conversation do the peculiarities, the peccadilloes and failings of our neighbors furnish—that almost every one is apt thoughtlessly to fall into this unbrotherly, uncharitable habit. Spiritualists, I fear, are no more an exception than are other people. Yet a moment's reflection must show us that it is a wrong—a great and crying evil in our social life. It wounds the finer sensibilities of our own moral nature every time we indulge in it. It destroys the tender regard we should ever feel for the reputations of others. It withers like a blasting frost the budding impulses of fraternity in any neighborhood, and it tends to enkindle animosities, jealousies, and bitterness throughout the community where it prevails. As some one has truthfully said: "A puff of idle wind can take up a million of the seeds of the thistle, and do a work of mischief which the husbandman must labor long and hard to undo, the floating particles being too trifling to be seen and too light to be stopped. Such are the seeds of slander, so easily sown, so difficult to be gathered up, and yet so pernicious in their fruits."

Even the negative law of *Brotherhood* requires us to do nothing to others that we would not have them do to us. Do we like to have others, when they hear a damaging report about ourselves, or think they see a fault in us, or suspect that we have done something which they regard as wrong—do we like to have them go and blazon this to all they meet? or even whisper it to their confidants? Would we not much prefer they should come directly to us and first ascertain whether the report or suspicion be true, or the fault a real one? And if so, like true friends, help us to rectify our mistake and overcome our fault? Is not this the brotherly or sisterly course to pursue, in case we think it proper to take any notice of the faults of others, or of damaging reports about them?

This rule of duty, however, will not prevent our warning the unwary against such as have proved incorrigible in ways that are harmful to others—such as swindlers, confidence-men, impostors, seducers and the like. First, endeavor to reclaim such, and, failing in this, warn those who are liable to be victimized. A brotherly or sisterly interest in others will require this warning. Nor will this rule prevent friendly criticism, in a good spirit, intended to correct the mistakes and remove the faults of others. This kind of criticism is in fact one of the duties of *brotherhood*. As we wish well to our brothers and sisters, we desire to see them attain the most faultless and symmetrical characters we can conceive, for their own sakes, even though we may not have yet attained such characters ourselves. We are so constituted—many of us, at least—that we are apt to be unconscious of even our gravest faults, especially of those which are hereditary and therefore hardest to eradicate. Others may be able to see these more clearly than ourselves. Blotches on the face can be seen only by looking in a mirror. Hence we often need to use the eyes of our friends as mirrors in which to see our own imperfections. Mutual friendly criticism is therefore often indispensable to the best improvement, and even unkindly criticism may be made very useful, if taken in a good spirit. But if the friendly is courted and made good use of, the unkindly is less liable to be provoked. And when we have grown to that spiritual condition, that humility and friendliness of criticism, in which we can not only accept friendly criticism in a good spirit when given, but can seek for and invite it, there is great hope for improvement. Much ill then.

Nor will this requirement of *Brotherhood* prohibit us from fair and just criticisms upon the opinions of others. Opinions, beliefs, theories, are always proper subjects for examination and critical judgment by those to whom they are presented. But we should always distinguish between an opinion or theory and its hold-

er. We may be unparrying in showing up the error or folly of a belief, especially when we deem it injurious and dangerous to the welfare of our kind, and yet have none but kind feelings toward those who hold it. But if such feelings prevail, we shall be courteous, considerate, and careful to avoid harsh words and offensive personalities.

But, beyond all this, *Brotherhood*, in its negative application, requires—

Thirdly, a refraining from, not only all unkind acts and words, but all unfriendly feelings toward others. This, in fact, includes all the preceding. For if we keep all unkind feelings out of our hearts, cherishing only and ever good will toward all, then no intentionally harmful act will ever stain our hands, or unfriendly word pass our lips.

From the heart—that is, from the centre of the affections—let us proceed both our words and our deeds. So long as that centre is a fountain for the impure streams of selfishness or the bitter waters of the impurity toward any human being, so long will unbrotherly, uncharitable words and acts be likely to proceed from it. Hence the desirableness of such a purification of this fountain, or such a "change of heart." If you please, no matter what absurdities unphilosophical religionists may have attached to that phrase, as shall actually transform the fount of bitter waters into a well-spring of blessings instead. But leaving for the present the inquiry whether that is possible, and if so, by what means? we shall, in Part Second of this essay, glance at some of the positive requirements of *Brotherhood*. [Concluded in next issue.]

Spirit-Communion.

DEVELOPMENT OF A REMARKABLE MEDIUM.

BY MISS A. M. STONE, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Before commencing the story of my daughter's spiritual development and acceptance of the new philosophy that is now enlightening the world, I will state that until that time I had no belief in a future life. During my childhood I was compelled to read the Bible, but to me it was all a myth. My belief was in accordance with the dictates of my conscience. I taught my children that a pure and good life, a love for humanity, and a reverence for the Creator or Great First Cause, was all-sufficient for this or any other state of existence; that no one ever did or could know what followed death. In the year 1862 I heard much talk about Spiritualism, which I then believed was based on ignorance and superstition. About that time a lady friend, who visited me, would occasionally bring with her the *Banner of Light*, and request me to read certain articles in its pages. As soon as I learned the content of the paper I repudiated it with all my powers of vituperation, and remarked that it was strange to me that a lady of her good sense and culture could read such a paper. We often held discussions on the subject, but I always resolved to hold to my own opinion.

It was not long after this that a friend came to me and said she had had an interview with one whom she called a medium, but who was a stranger to her, by the name of Kelzer—Miss Lizzie Kelzer (*God bless her*)—D. who in her vision seen a man who called himself I. S. (my husband), who requested her to say to his wife that his daughter, *Arrie*, would be developed as a true clairvoyant, if *Arrie* would sit with her at a table, with paper and pencil, for a few moments, half-an-hour at each sitting. At first I scoffed at the idea with indignation. But somehow the word *clairvoyant* did not seem to arouse in me the same antagonism as *medium*. My attention was further drawn to the subject by the lady's mentioning an occurrence in my past life which no one was cognizant of but myself and husband, which she said the medium had told her. This influenced me to make the trial proposed, as given through the medium.

Although my daughter was as much opposed to these things as myself, still to gratify me she yielded to my wishes. Each morning at a stated hour we would sit as directed. At such times my daughter's hand would seem to be seized by some invisible power and a telegram would be written, without volition on her part, and a signature attached of some one who had departed this life. Like this, for instance: "I am here to greet you; brought by your friend, N. G., and signed 'Marcus Smith.'" My daughter, having no knowledge of the person, would reply, "Mother, do you know him?" I would reply, "Yes, in years gone by." Then another message would be written, and then another in quick succession. My surprise was great, for I knew my daughter's ignorance of such people.

After indulging in one week's sitting of this kind, there came a long telegram, written through the hand of my daughter, without her will, describing a man as sitting in a cabin (on a soap-box, biting his nails and swinging one foot (knives being crossed) and thinking of home. I said, "Give your name." "H. S. Stone" was written in a rapid manner. We exchanged glances, as that was the name of my son, then supposed to be living. We queried whether he could be dead, presuming none could be present but those out of the form. We were both silent for a moment, with astonishment, when my daughter exclaimed, "Mother, I see it! I am looking in at a square window of a cabin, and I see my brother sitting on an empty soap-box turned upside down." I then asked, "How do you know it is empty?" She replied, "I cannot say how I know it, but I do know it; he is biting his finger-nails and swinging his foot." (a habit he had when in deep thought). This was her clairvoyant sight opened, of the possession of which we were previously in profound ignorance.

Shortly after that time, at another sitting, she saw her father, her two little spirit-children, relatives, friends and strangers. Clairaudience seemed to have been developed in her at the same time, for she would not only speak to the spirits, but would distinctly hear their reply.

So commenced her *mediumship*, which word I no longer condemn, but am proud of it, and am desirous to protect those who possess it, for they are the "chosen vessels of the Lord through whom he speaketh." And I write with pleasure this synopsis of the development of my daughter, as a medium, for communion with the spirit-world. She received such instructions from spirits as to make her proficient in chemistry, medicine, surgery and music, during her short life. I say *short*, for in her infancy she was afflicted with a weak and slowly weakening her frail constitution, and her spirit-friends upheld her by their spiritual magnetism. They said to her once: "You live and breathe in us; the moment we withdraw our hands, you fall." They sustained her until the spirit could no longer be retained in her diseased body. Following this development the *Banner of Light* became to me a beautiful *Gospel of Truth*, and convinced me of the immortality of the soul, a life beyond, and the return and communion of spirits. God bless all mediums and the dear old *Banner*, for which I at once subscribed and have enjoyed reading ever since.

But four persons were cognizant of the facts during the early stages of the development of my daughter, namely, her mother and sister, aunt and cousin. We held our sittings in private every day, listening and doubting, watching and questioning, for it seemed a miracle to us, and we questioned whether it was not insanity; indeed, it became so wonderful to me that I at length said, "Daughter, shut down on that, or your life will end in a lunatic asylum." She replied, "Mother, I cannot avoid seeing and hearing, but I will keep it in my own breast! No; my curiosity was too much roused; I must know all! From that time our beloved spirit-friends came to us every day and gave us valuable lessons concerning the future life. They declared they had never died—only changed a material for a spiritual body—and possessed the same individuality they had when here; had the same love for us, and desired to teach us the truths taught by our older brother, Jesus.

They appointed a day and hour when we four "disciples" (as they termed us) should assemble together and receive their teachings through the medium. We followed their directions in holding a seance, when some progressed spirit would take possession of my daughter and make a prayer, at which time she would become so inspired that she would appear perfectly holy.

Three spirits, very near and dear to us, seemed to have control of the medium, and called themselves the "trio." Our lessons opened with "Divine Love," the love of God for his children, the love we should bear toward one another, the love for all humanity, even to the fallen; kindness and tenderness toward the brute creation; that the true worship of God consisted in charitable deeds, kind acts, the elevation of the human race, not by forms and ceremonies, creeds and dogmas, building churches and bleeding the poor to sustain them.

The lessons following taught us the way to walk in the divine path of Jesus, and to follow his examples of goodness and purity, forgiveness and self-sacrifice, even to self-abnegation. They explained to us the states of different spirits after their entrance into spirit-life. The good and pure were made happy according to their earth-lives; the evil spirits were unhappy to the extent of their wickedness. Pride, arrogance, self-superiority, hatred and selfishness were attributes difficult to overcome over there, and they desired us to look well to them here. They confessed their own misdoings and their sufferings before they made any progress. They opened to us the different spheres through which they had passed, and the glories of the beyond for those who earned them, with a continuous progression on and on to all eternity.

These lessons were given until they had communicated all they had learned, and by these teachings to us would have the power to rise and gain more knowledge.

When we alluded to our friends who had departed bearing titles, and leaving wealth which they had accumulated for selfish purposes, they said their titles had fallen, and they were in extreme poverty, remorseful for their pride and pomp, and were endeavoring to work out their errors and become as little children, to inherit the Kingdom of Heaven.

My daughter *Arrie* was a person who would be called negative. She was a delicate, retiring child, and at the age of fifteen years showed consumptive tendencies. She possessed a mild and gentle disposition, was unsophisticated in worldly lore, received a plain education, was a lover of the beautiful, and naturally of a poetic temperament.

The evil and good spirits were brought to my daughter, and she was taught to distinguish between them, and know the pulse from the impure.

A French chemist, who had passed to the spirit-world one hundred years before, became her teacher. She was entirely ignorant of any branch of science. He taught her the technical terms relating to his profession, and she could compound medicines for certain diseases, equal to some of our druggists, as they confessed. During this term of professional study, an old Scotch physician, who is well known in history, who passed over more than two hundred years previous to that time, was placed by her side. He had been an "F. R. S." was intellectual and noble, possessing a generous and tender heart, though brusque and rough in his natural manner. He had returned to aid earth's people. He was one of the most scientific physicians of his age, and practised through her mediumship with most wonderful skill: would make her write prescriptions, using the Latin terms, giving quantities in grains, scruples, drachms, etc., with perfect precision, with his own signature. Each day she became more wonderful, and we felt that such a light "hidden under a bushel" was like denying the Master; but family feelings were to be respected.

At this time only a few friends had any knowledge of her remarkable gift. Her clairvoyance was not to be doubted; she could penetrate the human system with her spiritual eyes and diagnose all diseases, locating them and giving the medical term or name. She discovered tumors, cancers, abscesses and tape-worms in human bodies that had been pronounced by physicians to be in a healthy state. She removed many of the latter, and performed several cures with remedies prescribed by her spirit physician. Many, many thanks for the aid she gave me.

Her spirit protectors at length told her that, as clairvoyance had now become a science in the world, they wished to do away with the knife in surgery, and had selected one of their best surgeons to operate through her, who would, with powerful chemicals and electricity, cut internally and remove all foreign substances of greater or less growth, and restore any decayed or affected part, made so by a loss of nutriment which those parts required but did not receive through the system.

They wrote through her hand scientific articles, using language and expressions far beyond her learning or ability to compose; also articles on diseases, the laws that govern the body, and the effects of remedies, poisons, &c., in the system, which I hope some day to give to the world.

Many other things were given us by her hand of spirits, which are so much in advance of what has been heretofore given in our philosophy that I shall reserve them until we grow in knowledge up to that point.

During these periods of both day and night sittings, there were brought to her tuition and night spirits of every class, from the highest to the lowest. She spoke to them all. Many would send messages to their parents, giving their names, residences, street and number. Some who were wealthy and proud when on earth, and dressed in the richest apparel, would hold out small pieces of money and candles to my daughter, requesting and pleading with her to give them to the poor in their names, as they never gave anything in earth-life, and were now suffering for their delinquencies; others were boastful and defiant, but would leave her presence softened, gentle and humble. She seemed to lift them, by her influence, to a higher plane. They would thank and bless her for the light they had received. Sometimes at night they would come and arouse her from a sweet sleep to ask her for prayers or a knowledge of how to progress. They were always accompanied by her trio, who protected her against all harm. They gave her many proofs and tests of their earth-lives and errors, which would afterwards be proven true by inquiry.

The spirit of a celebrated musician, a pianist, perfect in his art, admired by all who heard him, and a pet in fashionable society in his day, but who lived a life of selfish luxury, soon acquired low and dissipated habits. Taking advantage of his gift, he would insinuate himself into private families, and thus destroy their happiness. This spirit was brought into the presence of my daughter by her guides, who desired to lift him from his darkness and suffering, and proposed that he should communicate his musical talent to her, she having the germ of music in her soul, though never cultivated. Being desirous of release from his wretched state, he consented; but she could only bear his presence for a very short time, at stated periods. When first brought into her room, she saw that his condition was terrible, having the appearance of a filthy and loathsome brute. He was not yet cognizant of his repulsive person, so was proud and haughty, as when on earth; but after several introductions to her vision, his spiritual eyes were opened, and he saw himself as others saw him, and became so humiliated that he shrank from all spirits who gazed upon him. He would be held near her, and while sitting at the piano she would improvise most beautiful tunes and compose sweet ballads. By this means the spirit found the road to progression. Just before my daughter passed to spirit-life she saw this musician-teacher in all his manhood, a reformed spirit, who blessed her for his safety.

While we were sitting together, chatting on indifferent subjects, often she would have visions of scenes of magnificent beauty that were taking place in the spirit-world. Sometimes she would see many of the higher spirits, arrayed in gorgeous apparel, conferring together, holding bright colors of every hue and shade, arranging them, and discussing their purposes, so that she might hear and understand their meaning. On one occasion they explained these colors to her as representing musical notes, adding that the people of earth would yet be taught music by colors. (She was influenced to write an article on that subject, which was published in the *Banner of Light* several years ago.) The spirits told her that every invention on earth was given to mortals by them. They produced a photograph in her presence of a wreath of flowers; then a second, but at the third they failed, saying, "We can fall as well as you; we are not infallible." They seemed to use a prism to produce the colors. In showing these things they would enact every part as real as in this life.

At one time she beheld in vision another country, a picturesque city, bordered on an expansive blue sea,

where fishermen in boats were drawing in their nets. The inhabitants were singularly dressed, in a style foreign to anything she had ever seen. The women and children flocked down to the water's edge to take hold of the ropes and assist in drawing the seine to the shore. The people from the city came down with baskets and vessels to receive a portion of the contents of the seine. When it was opened the gold, silver, white and spotted fish came out and floundered about on the sandy beach, and among the rocks on the shore, and each person received his part. As they walked away each particularly observed their costumes, and the peculiarity of the huts bordering a portion of the sea. She was kept in ignorance of the place. Several years after, when on a tour to Europe for her health, she visited the same city, and stood on the shore of the same sea, and saw the very identical act of drawing in the seine transpire in reality; she then knew it was the city of Nice, and the Mediterranean Sea. Thus she recognized the fulfillment in every particular of her vision of years before.

While travelling among strangers she would often be impelled to speak of their sufferings, or else she would take on the pains they felt. In one instance a gentleman from St. John, N. B., got into the same coach with her, and was no sooner seated than she received a pain in her foot, and was obliged to remark to the gentleman that he had a bad foot, and she would like to help it. He looked at her in amazement, and asked, "Which foot, madam?" She told him, then described the disease as a cancerous affection near the large toe joint, describing the color and sufferings of those parts. "Well, madam," he said, "though a stranger to me, you have so well described it, that I must show you that you are correct." He then drew off his boot and stocking. The moment she beheld it with her natural eyes a remedy was given her by her spirit guides to apply; and when they separated his foot was improving. (Should this meet the eyes of the gentleman he will recollect the circumstance.)

I must give one more instance of the proof of her clairvoyance. I will here remark, however, that the method of sending a lock of hair to mediums in order to discover the diseases of those to whom it belonged, was deemed by me and my daughter the height of folly and superstition; we had ridiculed it beyond expression. A gentleman from the West called upon my daughter, and in his conversation respecting her "singular powers," as he called them, carelessly handed her a piece of paper, folded with the remark, "He don't open it." She at once grasped it tightly in her hand, and said, "This is the hair of a man-servant; I see him; he lives a great distance from here. Oh! he has fits—not cataplexy or epilepsy, but similar to both; he is very poor; these fits are brought on by hard labor and the want of nutritious food; those near him believe that it is caused by liquor, as he occasionally drinks whiskey, but it is not so." The gentleman replied, "All you have said is true, madam; this man lives in California."

The reader can better imagine than I can describe our utter astonishment at this revelation, which proved to us that all our preconceived notions about clairvoyant examinations by lock of hair, etc., were at fault. We felt deep mortification for the unjust condemnation we had given that method of diagnosing disease. To me it was a lesson ever to be remembered, never to condemn what I do not understand!

In the first year of my daughter's development, we desired to have a corroboration of her experiences through another medium; therefore invited our friend, Miss Lizzie Kelzer, to sit in a circle with her. Miss Lizzie and her friend, and the four "disciples" previously mentioned, constituted the circle. The first thing presented to the mediums' crystal was a scene in the spirit-world: A fountain of crystal water was seen sending forth jets d'eau, the fine spray glittering like diamonds and exhibiting rainbow hues. Near by a female spirit was sitting; her lap was filled with brilliant-colored flowers; many little children surrounding her, some of whom were decorating themselves with the rich and variegated emblems; others were climbing a May-pole and twining its slender spire with evergreens, interspersed with the rarest roses. While the mediums were observing this scene minutely and silently, the spirit arose, and as she adjusted her garment, the clairvoyants perceived that it was of the most lovely texture of sparkling silver. The exclamation of one was that "she has a gauzy silver dress"; the other said, "a dress of silver sheen"; and each one alternately described what she saw, and accepted the vision as proof to each other that the same scene was beheld by both mediums at the same time.

My daughter felt great pleasure in the presence of her little spirit-children, who left her when very young—the eldest, four months old, passed over some two or three years before her development, and in her spiritual darkness she wondered where the child had gone, and queried if it existed at all. The youngest, one year old, came to earth some two years after its mother became a medium. The eldest, who in spirit-life had attained the age of five years, she had beheld in vision only, since her spiritual eyes were opened; and the two little angels visited her every day, and indeed at all times when her thoughts dwelt upon them. She would also see them playing with her remaining children, and then follow them as they went to school. She held converse with them the same as with the others, and when she asked a question they could not answer, an adult spirit was over near, ready to respond. The youngest spoke in her baby language for some time. Apple had no regrets that they had left her, knowing they were still near her. All fear of death was now withdrawn from her. She had always felt that that change was terrible in the extreme. She now looked upon death as one of the brightest and most beautiful vicissitudes given to humanity by our Heavenly Father. Oh! that every mother could feel that blessed consolation! They have the assurance, however, that no medium will ever withhold a response from their loved ones if called upon and desired in true faith. Spiritualism is the open door between the two worlds for all who seek communion with their loved ones.

The little children with their spirit-mates would assemble at eve around their parents, when the former would request their mother to show their little books and toys to their spirit-sisters; these children became so familiar with the invisibles that they had no fear of spirits or ghosts, and as they grew up with them, still hold the truths their blessed mother taught them. Their father would listen to and enjoy their prattle, and learn the antecedents of his family from spirits through his wife, of which she had no knowledge, which proved to him the truth of her mediumistic powers—which he still holds to sacredly.

If in the routine of daily life any little incident occurred of contention among the children, when truth was hidden, she would call upon her little angel children for correct information, and invariably the culprit was named and confession made. She would appeal to them to designate the method of correction, when they would say: "Mamma, do not punish the body for the soul's sake; place them alone where they may reflect on the wrong they have done."

My daughter also possessed the gift of prophecy. She told us of circumstances that would take place in the future, then so far beyond a possibility of ever coming true that her statements were received with perfect indifference. But, since her departure, we have realized many, to our utter amazement. One instance in particular, which made us doubt the correctness of her prophecies at the time given, was her naming one of the family—a person of industrious habits, and who had led a strictly abstemious life, and was strong, buoyant and healthy—as one who would become paralyzed. The prophecy was given several years before its fulfillment, and one year previous to her change. We were thrown into sorrow by the sudden and unexpected blow. At the announcement of which I prophesied another was given; the fulfillment of which is still in the future; it was that said person would not pass away by paralysis, but by an affection of the larynx. We shall see.

Her spirit-trio explained to her one day that it required the magnetism of many bands of spirits to sustain her frail body and hold it in the atmosphere of earth, and as they wished to use her powers they strove to keep her yet awhile upon this planet. At her requesting to see those bands, they presented themselves to her vision, one band at a time, until seven were produced. Each band was arrayed in different colors, and the highest or most progressed appeared in gold and silver. They seemed innumerable to her, extending as far as her vision could reach, head above

The Third Annual Report of the Treasurer of the Onset Bay Grove Association, for 1879, has just been published in pamphlet form. Copies can be obtained on application to W. W. Currier, of Haverhill, Mass. The report of the exercises at the annual meeting of this organization, just received from Dr. H. B. Storer, Clerk, will appear in our next issue.

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