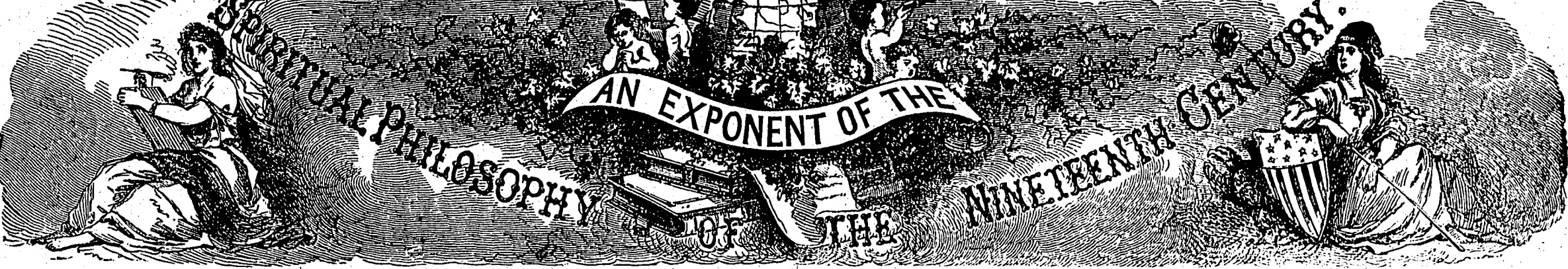


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLIX.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1881.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 14.

CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—*Spiritualism Abroad*: Review of our Foreign Spiritualistic Exchanges. The Late David C. Denmore.
SECOND PAGE.—*Poetry*: Excelsior. The Rostrum: The Law of Compensation versus the Law of Death.
THIRD PAGE.—J. Frank Baxter in Wiltshire. *Spiritual Phenomena*: The Latest Facts in Spiritual Phenomena. Camp-Meeting at Cassadaga. *Poetry*: Self-Scorching. Verifications of Spirit-Messages. *Reader Correspondence*: Letters from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Missouri, Oregon, Iowa, Nebraska, and Texas. Cleveland (O.) Notes.
FOURTH PAGE.—Remarkable Accounts from New Mexico. Our Facts Gaining Credence. Brief Paragraphs, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—Anniversary of Berkeley Spiritualist Society. Grand Opening Day at Onset Bay. New Advertisements, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—*Message Department*: Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Miss M. T. Sholman.
SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston." Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Western Localities. Spiritualist Meetings in Boston. Spiritualist Meetings in Brooklyn and New York. Reception to Mrs. Tringham, etc.

Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW-OF OUR FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

FRANCE.

Revue Spirite, Paris, for May. Though the present number is largely devoted to the "celebration of the 31st of March," to speeches made on that occasion, all and each of which are imbued with a beauty and a devout enthusiasm every Spiritualist would appreciate—Mons. Camille Chaigneau's, Mme. G. Cochet's, and Mme. Sophie Rosen's, for instance—there is considerable besides that I will briefly notice:

"On the 10th of April, in the morning, our colleague, Léon Favre, the eldest brother of Jules Favre, rendered up here his last breath. He had attained to his seventy-sixth year. His was a most worthy soul, passing a life upon earth in doing good, *transit bene faciendo*. In 1848 he was appointed French Consul at Genoa, and so highly esteemed was he here that he won the title of *Citoyen de la Ville*. He was subsequently consul in South America, Mexico, Corfu, but returned home in 1870, at the moment of the war, and placed himself at the disposition of the government."

It was not generally known that the editor of *Le Messager Franco-Américain*, of New York, M. Louis Cortembert, recently deceased, was a Spiritualist. "Though he did not vaunt of his faith, he manifested his sympathy with all that could serve in its propagation." He was the author of several works—notably "Un Précis d'Histoire" and "Religion Progressive."

At Rochefort-on-the-sea Mons. Charbonel departed this life. He was a member of the spiritual group *Larré*, and a man of great moral worth. Just previous to his death he said to his daughter: "They call me, and I am going." Rochefort has also lost one of its most estimable citizens, Mme. Courte, wife of a writing medium, who at the tomb pronounced words so full of deep feeling that the attendants were greatly affected by them. "This is the first time," says M. Paillet, "that a Spiritualistic address was ever heard here at the grave; but it was warmly received by the many assistants who had accompanied Mme. Courte to her last resting-place."

I may here notice a "Biography of Mazzini," who, it is claimed, was a "Spiritualist of the highest order and the most pure;" and who, "without speaking precisely of reincarnation here below, distinctly affirmed a succession of existences." The "Biography" is by Mme. E. A. Venturi, who writes of this great and noble "Apostle of the Unification of Italy" with a patriotism, ardor and devotion, little less marked than those which characterized her hero, Mazzini, and of whom I heard almost daily laudations while I resided in Italy. He seemed to the people generally a veritable angel of light.

Under the heading "Preexistence and Mediumship," a sketch is given of the short life and astonishing works of the painter, Camille Müller, who executed a great number of pictures while he was between fifteen and eighteen years of age. At nineteen he died. "Spiritualism," says the biographer of this youthful prodigy, "leading us from effect to cause, aids us here in raising the veil that hides the horizon of our aspirations, the secrets of our destiny. . . leading us to think that the first interest of our life is to know what we have been, what we are, and what we shall be. . . The duration of the life of an infant, the spirit there incarnated, is the complement of an interrupted existence, and death perhaps a trial, or proof, or an expiation by the parents, solving the problem of premature death in a just and rational way. . . Genius is but the development of anterior acquisitions."

The *Courier populaire*, a secular journal of Nantes, has the following: "The Nantes Spiritualists made a fête-day of last Sunday, the anniversary of the death of one of their most beloved teachers, Allan Kardec: A hundred adepts of the city and its environs filled a hall, in which we saw consuls, officers of the army, doctors, indeed a select party—people of esprit, (?) as they were Spiritualists! We noticed, especially, poets and distinguished artists, who lent a grace to the assembly." To this was added a portion of the speech of the chairman of the meeting, Mons. Verdard, "one of the most active of the Spiritualists at Nantes"; and when we consider what all this indicates, when we consider the character of this gathering, the numbers it embraced and the place, we may congratulate ourselves, feeling assured that everywhere our cause is triumphing. The members also of the *Cercle de la Morale*

had a reunion at Toulouse on the 31st of March, commemorative of the enfranchisement of the spirit of Allan Kardec. It was described to the *Revue* by the venerable former President, Mons. Pomies. An eloquent address, which was responded to, through the mediumship of Mme. Magat, by the spirit of Kardec himself, was made by Mons. Petit. I have it before me, but space forbids a reproduction.

Under the heading of "Magnétisme et la Science Officielle," the *Revue* has from the pen of Mons. Ch. Fauvety a masterly contribution, portraying the slow march of magnetism in the ranks of those called learned, the veritable hostility in fact of the savants, and yet how clearly and ungainly have been the proofs of its existence, of its mysterious power—"mysterious in itself, and only known to us by its effects"—and upheld by such names as Puységur, Petetin, Deleuze, Du Potet, Georget, Rostan, Itard, Foissac, et al. One of its earliest and most able promulgators abandoned its study because so much persecuted, saying: "Truth is sufficient for itself. It is folly to try to convince those who do not desire to know." As early as 1820 it was shown that M. Du Potet could put a person to sleep at a distance. About that time, too, a number of patients were put so thoroughly under magnetic influence at the Salpêtrière Hospital, they could be burnt without manifesting the slightest suffering; could describe the interior of their bodies, and order proper remedies for their ills; could predict, twenty days in advance, the moment some illness would re-declare itself, etc. On one occasion one of the hospital patients, Pétronille, announced that within fifteen days a certain doctor would be seriously wounded in an affair of honor. Within the time specified, in a discussion, offensive words passed between this doctor and a confrère, a duel ensued, and when said doctor, badly wounded, was returning home in a carriage, the prediction was read to him. Still, however bizarre may seem to us the assertion, the French Academy of Medicine ignores animal magnetism: "It does not exist," says Dr. Dechambre, an academician; and is so reported by Dr. Ducaine, editor of the journal *La France*.

The *Revue* credits the *Banner of Light* with a lengthy article, copied thence, respecting a séance with Mr. Slade.

BELGIUM.

Le Messager, of Liege (1st and 15th of May), has been received. In its article on American Spiritualism (here continued) I find the following, which I do not remember ever to have seen recorded: "In February, 1850, M. C. de Laroche-Héron, a Catholic writer, visited the Fox family. 'At seven o'clock in the evening, with an intelligent friend, a foreign consul, I went,' he says, 'to Mme. Brown—née Fox—and was introduced into a salon by a domestic, where, as the family was yet at tea, I had ample opportunity to examine floor, walls, tables, &c.; but neither traps nor metallic wires could be discovered. Mme. B. soon came in with several friends, including an old gentleman who would evidently soon be insane, and almost immediately raps were heard in various parts of the room, on windows, doors, and so on. The old gentleman gave a clue to the manner of proceeding; but, in a hazardous way, I asked in French if any of my deceased relatives were present. Responses came in the affirmative respecting father and mother. Mme. B. suggested that I should verify their presence—by writing, if I wished. I then said: 'Will the spirit rap three times when I write my mother's first name?' Taking paper, I wrote (not being overlooked) five baptismal names, but silence reigned; when, however, I began the first letter of my mother's name, three raps were heard. We then asked about fifty questions about the diseases of which our friends died, their ages, &c., &c., and we invariably obtained satisfactory answers. Seeking to penetrate the veil of these wonderful phenomena, I asked: 'Are you sent of God?' Yes, was the reply. 'Will you tell me which is the true religion?' (Mme. B. seemed excited, and opposed to this.) 'Is it Methodism, Catholicism?' &c., I continued. No reply. Mme. B. said the spirits did not like to be questioned about religion. Our semi-fool of a neighbor took upon himself to reply, and said: 'Do you not know that this silence signifies that all religions are a sham?' The spirits rapped affirmatively. 'That all religions where priests are employed are bad?' Affirmative again."

M. de Laroche-Héron showed himself very hostile to American mediums in the article we quote from, . . . and it is suspected that the last spirit response above copied may have been the cause.

Dr. Wahu continues in the *Messenger* his "Spiritualism in Ancient Times," quoting largely from Mons. Jacolliot's *Les Fils de Dieu*. The age of Indian learning is particularly dwelt upon as exhibited by astronomical calculations, moving back the childhood of the world to a period that will be misty to our biblical scholars. The age of the third pyramid in Egypt is also given from studies by M. Rougé, who says that "it was constructed by Menkêrê, the Mycerinus of the Greeks, in the ninth year of his reign, a certain star having appeared in an ascertained position, which makes the date 3,007, or 3,010 B. C. As the first pyramid was built nine hundred years anterior to the third, the oldest had consequently an existence 4,000 years B. C." These statements are seemingly to be relied upon; and are hence of no little moment.

Under "Necrologie" an interesting account is given of the civil interment of Mme. Parent Lehone. "The people, shaking off the yoke of their former masters, attended in large numbers the sepulture of this excellent woman. Several discourses were pronounced over her remains. Some days before her death the curé of the locality came to her to see if she would

not receive 'the sacraments.' She politely thanked him for his services, but declared that, like her husband who had died two years previously, she did not believe in his ministrations."

The *Journal de Liege*, in noticing the "Revision of the Bible," says: "It appears that a great number of inexactitudes have been removed by the revisers in the edition adopted by the Société Biblique. It is thus (at least) that the intercalation of the three witnesses of the resurrection should be rejected; that the words of the prayer, 'deliver us from evil,' should be, 'deliver us from the spirit of evil'; and that the twelve last verses of St. Marc are completely apocryphal."

"We have read with no little astonishment," says the editor of the *Messenger*, "the following from the *Gazette de Liege*, the organ of the bishop: 'The question of the plurality of inhabited worlds. The learned German naturalist, Hahn, has discovered in several aerolites the remains of organic life; these creatures, it is true, being of an inferior order of coral, of crinoids, of crustaceans; and it is of the greatest interest that this establishes for the first time the existence of organic life outside of our own globe. But it remains to be seen if the discovery is in an actual aerolite.'"

"The Light," that has its eternity, seeking all hearts, persistently disengaged from materialism, by Swedenborg; "God and Creation," and "The New Religion," are the remaining themes that court attention in the *Messenger*, but can only be named.

The Franco-German weekly, *Licht*, mehr *Licht*, comes with its accustomed regularity, and bearing its usual amount of important and interesting matter. I have in hand four numbers (up to May 8th), freighted with correspondence from Freiburg, Serke (in Ungarn), St. Petersburg (Mlle. Louise Braun's article on spirit-seeing), Copenhagen, &c., and the following subjects treated at some length: "The Brothers Davenport"; "Christina"; "The Work of the Theosophical Society in India" (by Dr. H. C. K.); "The Question of Magnetism"; and "Where is God's House?" Its *Administration and Redaction* is at 41 Rue de Trévise, Paris, but it can be subscribed for in any of the large cities of Europe or America; and to those who read the German language I could not commend anything more inviting, either in typography or subject matter so far as I understand it.

SPAIN.

La Luz Del Porvenir, of Barcelona—three numbers in hand, dating to May 19th. The May 5th number opens with, "What a Pity!"—referring to the Countess Pollalio, who, possessed of great wealth, beauty, youth, has lately entered a convent; but as it is the very admirable habit of the editor of the *Banner of Light* to deal gently with the proceedings of other religious bodies not strictly spiritualistic, I hardly know how much to quote of the indignation expressed in Europe respecting the incarceration of the above-named young lady, of the means that have been used to bring about such a painful, unnatural result; nor how soon, in this country, we may have to deplore the living inhumation of our own daughters. I do not dare to read what Lady Domingo y Soler has to say about it, for her glowing pen touches as with fire the human heart, arousing it to noble progressive action, melting the icebergs of bigotry that have so long been a barrier in the highway of the barges of truth, and senting as with lightning that religious power which for so many centuries held in the mire of superstition and ignorance, as she often boldly proclaims, her own beloved land.

Under the heading, "To Women," Mme. Soler announces that her journal, dedicated exclusively to her sex, concludes with the present number the second year of its existence. She then goes on in a lengthy article, full of great truths and beauty, to portray the general infelicity of woman. "We know by our own experience," she says, "that an ignorant woman is not capable of making those around her happy, nor herself; let us learn the cause. If in our youth we had had more instruction, we should have been freed from the shedding of many tears; but 'tis said, by losing we learn; we have lost much in the game of life, but of course have learned something; . . . we are poor also in scientific knowledge, though rich in practical experience. . . . And we know that good solid instruction, an education in the grand principles *religiosos filosoficos espiritistas*, cannot give to woman happiness, for woman has not come into the world to be happy, but they will be powerful elements in her development, in her moral and intellectual advancement," etc., etc. On the next page she says, sadly: "The existence of woman is so heavy, so full of little contrarieties, that she needs great force of will to endure them; . . . and even the study of Spiritualism will not give us felicity, for woman has come upon the earth only to suffer—are, as Michelet says, *enfermas incurables*." Here, however, are only a few stray thoughts from pages of solid valuable material such as few persons could have penned.

Mlle. Candida Sans and a new writer, Antonia Amat de Forrens (whose name is almost a song), add to *La Luz* the grace of agreeable and earnest co-workers in the most gracious cause. *El Criterio Espiritista*, of Madrid, for April, though hardly taking the place of the journal it supplanted, has always something good for its readers, notably, in the present issue: "What We Owe to Allan Kardec," by Mme. Soler; and the "Discourse," by Don de Vincent Torres, before the *Sociedad Espiritista*, celebrating the 31st of March. A number of poems which were read on said occasion occupy a large portion of the magazine in hand. "The Moral Law," a mediumistic communication, has many excellent sentiments embraced



THE LATE DAVID C. DENMORE,
FOUNDER OF THE "VOICE OF ANGELS."

Mr. Denmore was born at Bowdoinham, Me., on the 10th of April, 1813. When a young child he displayed mechanical abilities of a high order, and the early bent of his mind led him to search out the reasons of things. In school, as might be supposed from a glance at the accompanying likeness, he excelled in his studies and stood at the head in whatever he undertook. Being the eldest of a large family of children, with limited means, his preparatory education ended when very young, at the Friends' School, at Providence, R. I.

His parents were Quakers, and he remained a member of that Society until his marriage with Miss Rebecca F. Chipman, in 1836, when, according to its rules, he forfeited his connection with the church by marrying out of the Society. Before he was eighteen he was engaged in teaching the winter term of the district school, and through several terms was a popular teacher and a general favorite in the town where he resided. Soon after this began his sea-faring life, as common sailor on board a whaling vessel—he rising before long to the position of captain.

Subsequently he became a farmer. Next he was interested in the grocery business; afterward was proprietor of a saw-mill, and, later, after learning the ship-builder's trade, held contracts for building ships and, on one occasion, a steamboat. Carrying on these different branches of industry, as they came along, to the satisfaction of all concerned, he won many friends. In 1852, while engaged in ship building in Rockland, Me., he became interested in Spiritualism. He entered into its investigation with the same zeal with which he undertook every pursuit, and came ere long to be identified with its most faithful supporters, and ever after devoted himself wholly to the interests of mankind by the promulgation of the truths of Spiritualism. His mediumistic powers were remarkable. Many wonderful manifestations of spirit-power have been given through him, among them the gift of healing. He was for a time, by the latter part of his life, engaged in healing the sick, and was very successful.

About six years since, in obedience to the direction of spirit-friends, he began to publish the *Voice of Angels*. At or near the same time he completed *THE HALL*, a book giving an intensely interesting account of his life from childhood up to that time. In his book he ascribes to spirit influence all his successes—he never failing of aid in his greatest straits, and being relieved from doubt and anxiety by a Voice, unmistakable in its utterance, directing how and when to act. *The Voice of Angels*, a semi-monthly journal, has held from the first a place in the front rank of spiritualistic publications. To this work Mr. Denmore gave the last years of his life with an enthusiasm characteristic of the large-hearted man.

He died of heart disease, in Boston, on Jan. 2d, 1881. The *Voice of Angels* is still published, and carries its freight of good tidings to the homes of many in all parts of the world, remaining an enduring monument to the memory of a loving heart and an unusually active and eventful life.

In thirty-nine paragraphs. The transcription of a few of them must suffice: "Absolute love is a distillation of the absolute essence, the purest emanation of the absolute and divine good." "All our actions are moral when worthy of fulfillment, and they are immoral when they infringe a moral law." "The morality of our actions justifies itself in the purity of the intention to do good; but it is not always the morality in the conscience satisfies fully the moral duty."

ITALY.

Annali dello Spirittismo, of Turin, for May. "The transition to Christianity," heading the twenty-fifth chapter of "Catholicism Before the Time of Christ"—a continuance of Viscount Solanot's popular work—is the first communication that greets one on opening this popular journal. Dr. George Wyld, the literary London physician, contributes the next article—"The Use of Anesthetics"; then we have "The Mystery of Life," from the pen of Don D. Sangrado, in which he says: "Never in the history of science have there been so many things to astonish man as at present. We have learned that the earth is but a star (or planet), and that our actual life is to be completed in another world—*nel cielo*. By means of the analysis of light we know the elements that burn in the sun and in the stars millions of miles distant to terrestrial observation. . . . And we find that the globe we inhabit has become but an atom in the infinite profundity, and that our own proper existence is but an infinitesimal fraction of life eternal. . . . and, as a marvelous result of the studies of late years, that we live continually in the midst of an invisible world that acts unerringly within ourselves. . . . And by what right can we pronounce the word impossible without being conversant with the ultimate of causes? . . . In what consists the problem of life? . . . What the condition of life beyond the tomb? what recall, what sentiment conserve?" . . . Space forbids further extracts,

for I have yet to mention: "That Leone Favre Clavarez," deceased, as heretofore said, "on the 10th of April, was an officer of the Legion of Honor, and a *spirito nobilissimo*." . . . That the "Società Zoolica," of Turin, has published a pamphlet "In the interest of our dumb animals; and that to ridicule Spiritualism and Spiritualists the *Liberto*, of Rome, has published a garbled account of spirit-rapping in one house, connecting it with the finding in another, at a distance, in a secret place and in a filthy condition, a woman who had no possible relationship with said spirit manifestation. Such appears to be the drift of what I have hastily read; but I think the *Annali* has straightened out the matter by giving the number of the two houses, &c., and exposing the *annus* of the Roman journal. I must leave yet unnoticed other articles for

SOUTH AMERICA.

The *Constancia*, of Buenos Ayres, for March, has more than sixty columns of matter, all worth preserving. It quotes quite extensively the more important manifestations in America; and under the heading, "Premature Hostility," gives the *Banner of Light's* defense of its "Message" Department, and what the spirit of Achsa W. Sprague had to say at that time. Mme. Soler has an article on "Rafael"; and the "Secretary-General's" discourse at the "Constancia" gathering is here published, in which he replies to a frequent assertion that we are deceived by evil spirits, adding some good suggestions about what we owe to each other; in a word, reproducing what Buddha and John so emphatically preached: "Love one another." Following this, with other valuable articles from the pen of Z., is a portion of the Rev. Mr. Conway's Boston sermon in which the Dean of Westminster is quoted; notably, his late remarks about our ceremonies for the dead. A column is also given to our lately departed learned co-religionist, Epes Sargent; to his "*grand inteligencia*," etc.

Revista Espiritista, of Montevideo, opens with an appeal in behalf of the "excellent Amalia" who so adorns with her gifted pen all the Spanish periodicals advocating our religion; the editor following with a response to a question, "Is it possible to accomplish what we desire?" and with remarks on the "Formation of an International Association." "She Alone," by Mme. Amalia (y Soler), and "What is Civilization?" by J. de Esnada, can only now be named as other matter in the *Revista*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

La Chaine Magnétique, Paris (15 rue du Four St. Germain), announces a series of banquets to be given by the magnetizers of Paris, especially one on the 21st of May, to commemorate the 147th birthday of Mesmer; as also one to the Baron du Potet. "The Sojourn of Prof. Charcot at St. Petersburg"; the "Theory of the Transmission of Thought"; "*Apropos du Miraculaire*"; the establishment at Nice of an institution for healing the sick by the "medicine of natural forces"; a Bliss séance, from the *Banner of Light*; the "Electro-Medical Institute, at Toulouse"; the trial of one Bizet, at Moulins, for having bewitched some pigs, and Bizet's counter-charge that his appellant had bewitched his (B.) hens—dismissed with smiles from the court—all these, with many interesting minor items, make up a most readable magazine. I should add that a Russian lady, Mlle. Skvorzof, has received not only a diploma from the medical society of Paris, but from the President the warmest compliments for her "Thesis"; that the *Chaine* gives, on page 257, an outline engraving of "Moses—his Imposition of Hands," but from what source I do not learn.

Op de Grenzen van Twee Werelden, &c. Two more numbers of this brochure are in hand, and are devoted to Spiritualism in Russia, England and America, and to a lengthy criticism of Dante's "*Divina Commedia*."

For the benefit of tourists visiting Berlin, I should perhaps notice here a "Circular" having an engraving of a large, handsome hotel, the "Germania House," (No. 78 Friedrichstrasse) which seems to possess all the advantages a traveler would naturally seek; with a reading-room for ladies as well as one for gentlemen, and with a list of American and other periodicals exceptionally good.

A Strange Preacher.

There was once a minister of the Gospel who never built a church.
Who never preached in one.
Who never proposed a church fair to buy the church a new carpet.
Who never founded a new sect.
Who never belonged to any sect.
Who frequented public houses and drank wine with sinners.
Who never received a salary.
Who never asked for one.
Who never wore a black suit or a white necktie.
Who never used a prayer-book.
Or a hymn-book.
Or wrote a sermon.
Who never hired a cornet soloist to draw souls to hear the "Word."
Who never advertised his sermons.
Who never took a text for his sermons.
Who never went through a course of theological study.
Who never was ordained.
Who was never even "converted."
Who never went to Conference.
Who was he?
Christ.—N. Y. Graphic.

It is reported by the *New York Sun* that, disgusted evidently by the modern system of funerals, Henry Longbotham, who died recently at Fort Jefferson, N. Y., left a will containing a pronounced demand that his body should be kept above ground till signs of decomposition made their appearance. He further exhibited his independence by ordering that the order of his interment should not be of the simplest description, with "no pow-wow nor priestcraft; it will be considered an insult."

There is nothing so contagious as pure openness of heart.—Nicholas Nickleby.

EXCELSIOR.

(An Aposiop.)

BY E. S. HOLBROOK.

"EXCELSIOR!" the Word of God to Man:
"Come higher up the shining path of Thought;
Contrive more heights to gain, more depths to span;
Express yet more than all the Wise have taught;
Lift up the veil from secrets yet unthought;
Seek Right to gain from Wrong, seek Peace from War;
Inspire such wisdom as all time has wrought;
Observe such virtues as you pray Heaven for;
Raising and bearing high this sign, 'EXCELSIOR!'"

"EXCELSIOR!" the prayer of Man to God:
"Come, Thou, the Guide of my aspiring heart,
Conduct my footsteps on the higher road;
Endow my soul with each divine part,
Love, Wisdom, Joy, and Truth's most truthful chart;
Show how each virtue and wrong I should abhor;
Inspire each holier thought, each nobler art;
Oppress me not in life's eternal war;
Renew each day my strength—EXCELSIOR! EXCELSIOR!"

The Rostrum.

The Law of Compensation versus the Law of Death.

An Inspirational Discourse delivered through the organism of
W. J. COLVILLE,
In Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday Morning,
March 20th, 1881.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The subject before us to-day is one of great interest and vast importance. Living as we do in an age of skepticism and unrest, when the foundations of all faiths are searched out and called in question; when all beliefs and customs are severely and not seldom harshly and ignorantly criticised; Standing on the outskirts of a new and as yet unexplored territory, on the very verge of a New Dispensation, at the beginning of a new and very important era in the history of the human race, it behooves us to be ready at all times to answer our opponents, reply to our critics, and give a reason to all who play demand it for the faith that is in us. The old sandy foundations on which many have long established themselves and their edifices, are now being severely shaken; but men of judgment are ever looking for the rock below the sand that they may safely plant their weary feet upon a firmer foundation, where they shall continue safely anchored, no matter how fierce may be the tide of fiery criticism. In this stirring age it behooves us all to dismiss gladly whatever savors of superstition, and cramps the human mind, thus blocking up the road before the ever advancing car of progress; but while it is an imperative duty to dismiss boldly all that retards the progress of the race, we should also be careful that our iconoclasm does not lead us to the destruction of that which is good. While rooting up the tares, let us be cautious lest we pluck up the wheat also. Now is a harvest hour; during bygone centuries tares and wheat have grown up together in religion, politics, homes and in individual hearts, and as the reaping angels are now proclaiming that a day of judgment is already here, it is for us to cooperate with them in their work of regeneration and reconstruction.

In our three lectures on "The Reasonable Worship of God," recently delivered in this place, we endeavored to rescue faith in a Supreme Intelligence from the quagmire of superstition into which it has fallen, and in which it still remains in many places. A capricious, changeable Deity we can neither love, worship, nor recognize; but our inability to adore the erratic creation of unformed minds does not forbid us to use our reason and conscience, and, aided by all the knowledge we possess on physical as well as spiritual matters, acknowledge the existence of a Supreme Spirit of Love and Wisdom, whose laws the laws of Nature undoubtedly are. Science furnishes us with arguments which we consider incontrovertible in support of the assumption that there is skill, design, benevolence, intelligent purpose in the scheme of the universe. The geological argument is stronger than the theological. The student of the origin of man, even though he be a Darwinian, need not on that account refuse to recognize the incessant workings of spirit, which is intelligence, in the evolution of a planet, a man, or a universe; if man has really proceeded up from lower types of being to what he now is, what omnipotent skill is displayed in the rise and progress of all the varied forms of life, appearing and disappearing by turns, and at length culminating in the wonderful creature in whose single individuality are epitomized and manifested collectively all the numberless attributes of other and inferior beings.

A new set of evidences are now making their appearance, and demanding the attention of the civilized world; the old propositions, belonging to a former age, are fast being ignored, but while theologians and philosophers are destined to be born, progress to maturity, and then perish, the rock of truth, upon which many an unsightly and incongruous edifice has been erected, and afterwards demolished, is strong enough to breast every storm, weather every gale, and support on its ample base institution after institution, theory after theory—each one somewhat in advance of its predecessor, until perchance, at length, profiting by ages of experience, the human family may be empowered to erect a substantial temple dedicated to unsullied truth, in which the heart and hand, the affection and the intellect, may be unitedly engaged in offering reasonable service by cultivating human nature symmetrically and fully; and understanding and obeying the laws of nature, may reconcile, in the eyes of all, true religion with true science.

It is neither our province nor our desire to detain you this morning with any lengthened continuation of former lectures, but we feel it needful to call your attention very particularly to one important fact which is well nigh, if not quite, self-evident to all thinkers: Man is a part of things; the nature of man is a more perfect manifestation of the nature of things than is the nature of any inferior creature. In man we find certain peculiarities which he outgrows with the growth of the world he inhabits; certain other attributes are more and more strikingly manifested as the race, and the earth it inhabits, advance.

Now it is evident to all students of history that vice of every shape is on the decline, while virtue is ever rising higher and higher into the ascendant. We confess to being thorough-going, outspoken Optimists, and in spite of every Pessimistic argument to which we have ever listened, our belief in the triumph of good grows stronger daily. We know there is a great deal of discord yet in the world, a vast share of immorality and cruelty, and yet, comparing the record of to-day with that of three thousand years ago, or even of three hundred, are we not sorely struck with the higher appreciation of goodness everywhere to be found?

Imagine Solomon, with hundreds of wives and

concubines, as President of the United States—a pattern of wisdom! Would you tolerate the bare suggestion that he was fit to be your representative? and yet he seems to have been the best sample of humanity forthcoming in the Jewish community in Old Testament days. Fancy David, "a man after God's own heart," a murderer and adulterer; who would sooner sentence him to execution (though capital punishment is a vice to be abolished), than elect him for your ruler! What was passed over in silence, excused and even admired in ancient times, is now hated and suppressed, because men and women have finer tastes, sounder judgment, and are more educated to attend to the voice of the soul, than they formerly were. There is indeed ample room for amendment in our modern society, but, to say the least, it is a great deal better than ancient society; and because it is so much better, it ferrets out and declaims against the evils which are now rampant, instead of letting those evils, like hidden canker-worms, devour the society-tree when men are sleeping soundly and comfortably in a polluted atmosphere. Nothing speaks better for our common humanity than to witness its vigorous protest against the iniquities which yet prevail. Your increased population, your telegraphic wires, your telephones and audiphones, all the thousand and one modern contrivances for speeding news on its flight to the uttermost parts of the earth, bring up glaring iniquities before your notice, and cause many to bemoan the unsoundness of the national character; but is it not the first work which light performs to reveal impurity? When you sweep your carpets you raise dust and throw things into immediate confusion; but this temporary revelation of dust does not either create or introduce it; it only shows it up in the effort to do away with it; and thus the hue and cry raised so vociferously at present against human iniquity is the voice of man's awakening reason and conscience, clamoring that wrongs may be redressed and rights vindicated, and causing temporary alarm and disturbance in the revelation of the evil and the subsequent clearing process.

As man progresses, while his hatred of wickedness ever becomes stronger, his sense of justice becomes clearer and clearer; doctrines long held sacred are now being discarded because they antagonize man's sense of justice; a love of equity is increasing in power; the atonement has to be given up because justice revolts against the thought of the innocent suffering instead of the guilty. We feel the divine justice in ourselves prompting us to give unto every one according to his deserts, and, as Whittier beautifully says when voicing his inspired thought of God in one of his charming lays:

"Nothing can be good in Him
Which evil seems in me."

We instinctively feel that the powers above must have in infinitely extended degree all our virtues, because as we rise, justice, generosity, and every grace shows itself more and more plainly; and thus reasoning from analogy, we cannot fail to arrive at the conclusion that the very nature of the Universal Spirit must be just, because the more the inner nature is expressed in us the further glimpse do we catch of this divinest attribute of justice, without which love itself is degraded into mere earthly passion, born of an inordinate desire to please one's self, regardless of consequences to others. Justice is the grand circle embracing all perfections; the infinite unity; the pure, white, spiritual light of the entire universe. The triangle, or triangle, of Love, Wisdom and Power, may be lost in the sum total of all perfections—simple Justice, pure and undivided! When one is just, he is loving, wise, generous, merciful, compassionate, and everything else that is good. Mercy without justice is weakness and partiality. It is not merciful in the highest sense to palliate crime, and allow the offender to go unpunished; because thereby the safety of society is endangered, the innocent are imperiled, and the culprit is himself deprived of the best means for the accomplishment of his reformation. All just punitive measures are truly merciful, because they have only two objects in view, and these are both benevolent: one being the protection of society, the other the reformation of the offender. Vengeance is antipodal to justice, though the tendency of Calvinism has been to render the terms synonymous. Dr. Watts, when singing of the sacrifice of Jesus on Calvary, and graphically describing the scene of the crucifixion, in one of his once popular hymns, gives utterance to the following sentiment, which expresses perfectly the entire Orthodox conception of the means whereby a sinner may be justified in the sight of God:

"Here I behold God's Inmost heart,
Where grace and vengeance strangely join;
Piercing His son with keenest smart,
To make the purchased pleasures mine."

In this hymn justice is entirely left out; vengeance has usurped its throne. And what of the grace which may appear so attractive at first sight? It is simply favoritism—partiality for one and hatred for another. Vengeance and grace—we want neither of them! Unless grace means goodness and beauty of form and expression. What is vengeance? Simply the ill-will which one person feels toward another, on account of some offence having been taken by some one by reason of some one's conduct not meeting with the vindictive one's approval. Vengeance is very large in the savage breast, but it becomes smaller and smaller, until it dwindles away altogether in the heart of the progressed spirit. Can we associate vindictiveness with Gautama Buddha, whose life of perfect self-renunciation has earned for him the admiring love of hundreds of millions of the human family? with Jesus, who amid the sufferings attendant upon an excruciating form of martyrdom could exclaim in behalf of his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"? with John Howard and Florence Nightingale, in our own age, whose disinterested and arduous labors among the fallen and the wounded have called forth universal praise and recognition? with your own sainted mothers, who were grieved to the very core of their tender hearts when they were obliged to chasten you for your own good—not to vent their spleen or satisfy their own sense of wounded vanity, but sorrowfully for your highest benefit? And can we gaze upon these best examples of the human race and drink of the spirit of their nobility without feeling assured that justice, wisdom, love are in the nature of things, and that Nature's God must be infinitely just as the revelation of this inherent justice in nature is ever being so prominently brought forward in the immutable workings of evolutionary law? Could you as an occupant of an older planet have looked at this earth during the carboniferous age, you would probably have imagined it was under the direct control of some powerful malevolent spirit; could you have seen the huge ferns with their fronds like branches of forest

trees growing with amazing rapidity to enormous size, and then decaying as fast as they had arrived to maturity; could you have analyzed the noxious exhalations rising incessantly from this decaying vegetation, poisoning the air to the extent of rendering it impossible for any one of you to breathe it for a moment and live—had you not been gifted with wonderful prophetic insight you would doubtless have imagined that nothing but pure malevolence and folly was at work in this unhealthy and awful state of things; but has not science shown how this preliminary work in world-building has been a sheer necessity to open up the way for the advent and sustenance of man? how the coal mines from whence you derive your supplies of fuel were all formed by decaying vegetable substances which through long ages have lain buried, hardening in the earth, until to-day they are discovered and utilized in all your domestic and manufacturing activities?

The chaos of a forming world has proved itself to have been of the highest utility; and in the intellectual and moral world we do not stand face to face with similar great mysteries of birth-pangs and delivered children of civilization? The wars which have deluged the soil of this earth with human gore, have they not been as needful in the moral realm as volcanic eruptions, tornadoes, and earthquakes in the physical domain? The summer lightning, as it flashes across the evening sky, may strike terror to many a timid heart, destroy many a habitation, blight many a stalwart tree, and even occasion many a loss of physical life; but is not that lightning needful as a purifying agent to kill the blight in the air and rid the atmosphere of much that would otherwise cause an immeasurably greater amount of distress? Was not the great fire in London one of the greatest calamities, and yet one of the richest blessings, veiled in dread disguise, which ever visited the British metropolis? The Plague was burnt out by the fire which burnt out many families, depriving them of a place of shelter and all the necessities of life; new buildings, erected on sanitary principles, took the place of the old ill-ventilated and disease-spreading tenements, and from that day to this London has never been a plague-stricken city as it was so frequently and terribly before the devastation accompanying and caused by the awful conflagration.

In your own beloved land do you not all see how needful was the struggle for independence, and the war between the Northern and Southern States resulting in the removal of the terrible blot of slavery from the nation's otherwise glorious escutcheon? In the days of strife, and especially directly the war ended, we were confronted by numberless broken-hearted mothers, widows, sisters, daughters, and friends of the departed, from whom all earthly comfort had for the time been taken, and whose gaping wounds time can never fully heal; but we consoled ourselves by repining to our hearts the glorious assurance that their bravery and death were God's means for redeeming the nation. As William Lloyd Garrison felt, so many other tender-hearted though invincible patriots felt—we would gladly have seen the land purged in a milder way, but if the moral cancer must be cut out with the sharp knife of civil war or remain to pollute the whole nation—as ancient Rome was polluted and fell through its own debauchery and the antagonism between labor and capital, manifested in the hatred existing between patrician and plebeian—we submitted, though reluctantly at first, to the painful operation, and are glad that we suffered so that our land might be free.

As far as this the Materialist will go when discussing national affairs, but another fact stares us in the face; another great question presses in upon us, and confronts our moral perceptions, refusing to be silenced or ignored: What is the great question which every lover and recognizer of justice must ask here? What became of those savages who labored so hard as they struggled with the earth in its infantile period to prepare it for us? Why are we deserving of a better heritage than they? What right have we to come into their possessions, and benefit by their unrequited labors? If, however, the veil is drawn aside, and we can see them behind the scenes rejoicing to-day in their work with us; exulting in our successes, glorying in our triumphs, then we may feel contented; if they assure us that they are sharing in our bliss, and that they, having paved the way for our majesty, are participants in all that we enjoy, then our sense of justice is not outraged; But if they are dead and gone, and we are benefiting by their unrewarded efforts; if they were born without their own consent, and used by an invisible power to build up the earth for us, we feel as though we had not the slightest right to enjoy what they have earned.

We may, however, anticipate an answer to this objection by the reminder that these barbarians had not the same intense feelings that we have; and that while they enjoyed less, they suffered less than ourselves; that their perceptions being blunter, their joys and sorrows came to them quite as justly as ours come to us. There is much of plausibility and even of truth in this reply, and with regard to savages alone it seemingly may be made to cover the ground and satisfy the demands of justice; for it is a fact which none can deny that the law of compensation does work in this world and in the present life a great deal more than most people appear to realize. For the child born in squalor and wretchedness, of coarse parents, inheriting no great refinement or appreciation of the beautiful, can really enjoy life in the gutter as well as many a young prince enjoys playing with gilded toys in a palace nursery. It is true that those who are born blind have frequently a very acute sense of hearing, and seem to receive more through the ear than those can enjoy through that organ who have the use of their eyes as well; it is, moreover, true that the blind man, while he loses the pleasure he would gain from looking upon beauty, does not experience the pain the sight of loathsome objects would cause him; it is true that while the deaf man is not charmed by harmony, he is not distressed by discord; and while the over-cultivated critic can experience exquisite pleasure in contemplating some superb production of art, he is also pained beyond measure by the vision of crudities which delight the average spectator; and while the extremely sensitive person may enjoy the delicacies of life intensely, he is equally wounded by the vulgarities a less refined mind would pass by unnoticed. Still, there is an immense margin which all these facts do not touch; for though fame, riches and splendor often go hand in hand with utter wretchedness; while the honest poor have a great deal of happiness in spite of their poverty; yet what can we say of those poor cripples, those destitute orphans, those forlorn waifs, those miserable unfortunates whose lives have been one long-continued cry of hopeless pain? If there be no future

life these have been treated with shameful injustice by the power which brought them into existence! It is all in vain for infidels to tell us that such unfortunates are doing some good in the world, and that this good will appear in the bettered conditions of unborn generations. If they suffer unrequited, and other people benefit through their sufferings after they have passed into oblivion, we have to accept a far more repulsive doctrine than that put forward by Orthodox advocates of the atonement—a doctrine which has been and still is vehemently opposed by those who believe in annihilation of individual consciousness at death.

Let us think this matter over for a moment; we are very truly and wisely reminded by liberal thinkers generally, that there are moral grounds for discarding the theory of atonement. Jesus is an innocent victim offered up to God to appease his wrath and admit us to heaven on the merit of his righteousness; we object to go to heaven on the merits of another; we refuse to cover ourselves up, if we are wolves, in the garments of an immaculate lamb, and, thus disguised, enter the sheepfold; we are also fully conscious that did we arrive at any local heaven where other spirits were happy in the enjoyment of angelic society, unless our own lives and thoughts were on a celestial plane, we should find nothing congenial in the society of the virtuous, and, above all, we should feel heartily ashamed at occupying a place in heaven we did not deserve and had only taken because an innocent victim bled and died to win it for us. Furthermore, we could neither love nor respect the God who accepted the woes of another as payment for our sins regarded in the light of insults to his majesty. What should we think of the school-teacher who was mortally offended with one of his scholars and had justly condemned the offending pupil to undergo a severe though lawful punishment, were he to accept the offer of an innocent schoolmate of the wrong-doer, who came forward to bear the punishment, instead of allowing it to light on his guilty companion? Could we respect the teacher who would chastise the innocent and spare the guilty? We could only despise and pity him for his atrocious meanness. Punishing the innocent could do no good; it would set an unworthy example; it would insult justice and outrage morality, while it would only gratify morbid passion, egotistical vanity and dastardly pride; it would be a revolting exhibition of the tyranny of spite, a horrid farce in which justice was caricatured, and in which it could never play the smallest part.

We can understand and sympathize with so-called radical writers and speakers when they vigorously protest against the doctrine of substitutionary offering, as they say, for moral reasons; when they believe in a conscious hereafter, and proclaim that every soul shall receive its own deserts, and that cause and effect are inseparable in every part of the universe: We can go with them the whole way, and heartily endorse their protest against theological errors; but when they hold out before us the irrational prospect of annihilation of consciousness at the dissolution of the physical frame, we find that if they protest against a note in the churches' eyes they have a large beam in that of their own system. Now according to theology, Jesus volunteered to come to earth and die on man's behalf, and is now enjoying the victor's crown, and will wear it to all eternity. Orthodoxy tells us that Jesus came gladly, and endured of his own free will the outpouring on his innocent head of the vials of his indignant father's wrath; while Materialism teaches us that thousands are born every year into earthly life without being in any sense allowed to choose their destiny, and that these innocent sufferers are obliged to undergo unheard of tortures, both physical and mental, in order that some one a century or more ahead should be better off, this some one being a favorite of his imperial majesty, Unconscious, Unintelligent Law! The law of compensation does not indeed proceed the sufferers of to-day from suffering unconsciously to themselves for the good of others yet unborn, but while it does not forbid them thus to suffer, it does most certainly overrule those sufferings for good to the one who endures the seemingly unmerited pain, and provides that in a future life the sufferer shall himself be conscious of the good which his labors have accomplished, and shall at some time or other in his everlasting career see clearly how every pain which he has borne has been a necessary part of his own experience, without which neither himself, nor others could have reached the height of moral perfection attained by every spirit through severe struggle and painful discipline.

The soul born out of eternity into time while imprisoned in the earthly tenement may not clearly perceive its relationship to the eternal world; life neither begins with birth into matter, nor ends with the decay of material organisms. This all the great minds of the Orient have distinctly realized, and upon the truth of the spirit's indestructibility and its resurrection to a higher life, have built the weird edifice of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls through the lower kingdoms of life as a means of purification and elevation, while the philosophers of classic Greece—notably, Pythagoras and Plato—have also taught the theory of metempsychosis. These theories are built on a rock of unassailable truth, but some portions of the building are unsound, as they tend to reverse the order of nature. Nature never takes one backward step. She has never been known to make one retrograde movement, while transmigration implies of necessity retrogression, as every animal is an inferior of man; the animal form is an inferior form, and form is produced by spirit according to its ability to control matter. The human form is vastly more complex than that of any other earthly creature, and exhibits an amount of ingenuity and skill not displayed in any lower structure. The spirit having organized and animated so lofty a body, has registered in the book of life its attainment of such a degree of wisdom as is there manifested. If ever again on earth it needs to be embodied, its form will be certainly nothing less than human, and as a human form it will be composed of elements of matter in a superior degree of refinement to those worn during a previous life.

God is no respecter of persons; he treats all his children with equal kindness; and certain it is that if one spirit is to win glory and happiness through struggle, all must attain to bliss by the same road. Whether you do or do not accept the theory of reëmbodiment as true, you must, if you have any sense of justice, perceive that it would be manifestly unfair that some souls should have to make herculean efforts to attain to righteousness, while others reached the goal of spiritual perfection by a short, smooth and very easy road. If one spirit needs to endure all temptations, then every other spirit must of necessity pass through the same fiery crucible.

Justice, inexorable and yet merciful for your own individual good, for the express purpose of developing within you your latent possibilities of happiness and nobility, insists that you shall be tried and tempted at every point, and then at length, like the pure gold purified seven times in the fire, you shall shine forth in the kingdom of God—perfect in purity, always happy because always at peace with yourselves and all around you, always active and yet never fatigued, because having learned the use of all your powers and attained to the degree of symmetrical unfoldment you will in the blessed world of harmony come to see how you and all others have been and are being developed through conflict incessantly going on between the higher and lower nature: a conflict which ceases immediately the spirit has gained control over every animal impulse and entertains no feeling of dislike to any creature, but finds its perpetual happiness in an unceasing work on behalf of others.

In that glorious state you will all be able to explain the riddle of life, and solve the problem of destiny. There you will discern clearly, by the aid of your enlightened spiritual vision, how you came forth as a pilgrim spirit from the great eternity of the past; were attracted to this earth as to a school where you might, from a spiritual acorn, become a majestic oak; how your first attempts on the earth to which you were drawn were like all first attempts at everything, comparatively failures; and yet, every failure so-called is a step on the road to future success. The inventor may construct several machines and break each one respectively because it is unfit for the market, and yet he wastes neither time nor experience, because these attempts render him more and more able to construct at length the perfect shrine of his idea in the machine which shall become the pride of his progeny if not of himself; but are these to share unmerited glory? Certainly not: the individual spirit who was the first designer has been busily engaged in spirit-life perfecting these instruments by working through one brain and another, until at length he rejoices in the ultimatum of his plan. Chatterbox, the boy-poet, putting an end to his own earthly career ere he had attained majority, was a notable example of genius on earth nipped in the bud; so ambitious and sensitive was he that he could not battle against the stream of coldness and indifference which threatened to engulf his genius; in a moment of weakness and sore distress he cut loose from the body, and hurried himself into the unseen world. But did his genius die with him? Certainly not: ever since he has been on the earth as a poetic influence, working through divers instrumentalities. Suicide—to strive to lighten your burdens by casting off the form—is never desirable, as it retards progress: If you are not recognized and lauded on earth, it is because you need a bitter discipline before you can bear fame; and in spirit-life you cannot shirk this struggle; it is inevitable, and without it you would forever be incomplete.

We do not believe in fate or chance, by any means, but we most decidedly recognize an overruling power of Wisdom and Love, which leads us into those scenes of trials where we can alone obtain the education our spirits need. You, for instance, are by nature a great painter or author, but all your earthly days you have worked in a mine, or driven a horse-car; you could not help having the gift of authorship or poetic genius, and circumstances forbade you the use of your talents, while nature gave them to you, and caused you to wish to exercise them. You die suddenly; you have never written a book, or published a poem. If death ends your conscious existence you have been mocked and shamefully ill used, and every being in the universe with a spark of justice in his composition will unsparringly condemn the power of iniquity which has thus foolishly and spitefully given you talents, and then forced you to let them lie idle, as you were obliged to perform menial labor to support yourself and an aged invalid relative—as is often the case in the experience of people of real talent and great nobility of character; but what blessed light breaks in upon us as we are allowed to look into the life beyond the grave—there we see you at once at home among men and women of genius, finding around you the effects of your spiritual workings when in the body, realizing that when ideas course through your brain while at your daily labor and in your hours of slumber (when your body was enjoying repose at night) your spirit was giving out its wealth to a countless host of unseen ones gathering round. Immediately earthly life is over you will discover two blessed soul-satisfying truths calculated to remove all repining at destiny: the one, that you have actually done in the spirit-world what you wished you could do in the outer life; and the other, that you needed the discipline of a hard earthly life in order to develop within you that sterling worth and power of endurance which hope deferred and many a disappointment oftentimes alone can bring.

Nature is wise enough to ordain it so that you shall benefit yourselves and others at the same time. The innocent never really suffer for the guilty, as all unknowingly to themselves and their persecutors they are in want of the very discipline they receive. The unjust one alone suffers in reality, for while the innocent victim will wake after death to find his reward, and see how that trial has educated him, the vindictive destroyer of his peace will be stung to the quick with shame and remorse, and find that the poisoned arrow he maliciously aimed at his fellow has returned into his own bosom, and produced a rankling wound curable alone through the agency of his own exertions on behalf of the race he has once desired to injure.

It appears to those on earth, who can only see the surface of affairs, that a great deal of misery falls upon some which they do not deserve, and that others who are far less virtuous suffer far less. The avaricious speculator takes advantage of the ignorance of the comparatively poor, and ruins them to fill his own coffers; he builds a splendid mansion with his ill-gotten gains, he rides in the park in a gilded equipage, he is received in the most fashionable society, enjoys good health, and appears very little disturbed by his sleeping conscience: So far as this world goes he is a happy man; no wonder he is envied and fêted, and called smart; but one night the Angel Death will require his soul; he leaves his body reluctantly; his spirit cannot get away from the earth; he is on it still, wandering amid the scenes of his earthly pleasures, haunting his dwelling—but blind in a world of color, deaf in a realm of sound, alone in the midst of thronging multitudes, because his spiritual body is all unformed, or malformed. He has what he loves—gold, but it cannot satisfy him any longer; he cannot have spiritual things—he does not attract them. What is his condition? Goaded almost to madness at the results of his fatal mistake, he hovers on the earth as a wretched ghost, seeking

A. B. French, of Clyde, O., will speak on the Fair Grounds
In Fulton Co., O., June 29th, at 10:30 o'clock A. M. and 2 P. M.
All are invited. ALLEN SHADLE

unday, June 12th; on the 19th she lectured
hester, N. H. She will address the Spiritual
akefield, Mass., on Sunday next. Parties de-
er services can address her at her residence,
sex street, Boston.

BY M. B. CRAVEN.
Paper. Price 10 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

