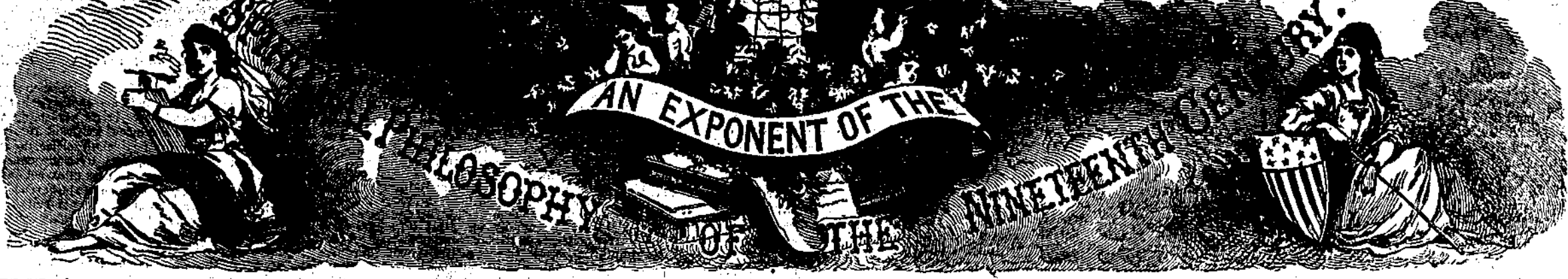


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## The Spiritual Rostrom.

### How are the Dead Raised, and with What Bodies Do They Come?

An Inspirational Discourse Delivered by  
**W. J. COLVILLE,**  
In Horticultural Hall, Boston, Easter Sunday  
Morning, March 25th, 1882.  
(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

#### INVOCATION.

Eternal Spirit of Light and Love, Essential Spirit of Nature, thou Life of all the universe above, around and within us; we would praise thee upon this glad and glorious day, while Nature is proclaiming the Gospel of the Resurrection in the voices of the birds, in the beauty and the fragrance of the flowers, in the sporting of the lambskins, in the hum of the insects, in the returning foliage of the trees, in the lengthening days and shortening nights which herald the approach of summer, now that winter's chains again are burst asunder and all Nature rejoices in new birth, for that most precious gift of all bestowed upon the sons and daughters of men—even the priceless boon of immortality. While gratefully accepting every earthly good, while rejoicing in many a creature comfort and appreciating keenly the loveliness of the outer world, thy children would rejoice in louder songs of jubilation when they remember their spiritual inheritance than when they contemplate the fairest and most enchanting of all their earthly pleasures. They would fain be reminded at all times that the spiritual alone is permanent; that the soul alone survives the shock of every dissolution; that outward appearances may change and change; that external attractiveness, no matter how radiant, may pass away, while souls abide forever as conscious units in the ocean of thy spirit, and are eternally allied with thee, their source and inspiration. We would praise thee for life as it is, with all its checkered histories, with all its alternating tears and smiles, its hopes and fears, its gladness and its sorrow. We would press to our lips lovingly and gratefully its mingled cup containing peace and plenty, strife and disappointment; and though life's road may oft be thorny, though crowns of thorn are pressed on many a bleeding brow, though wildernesses of temptation, Gethsemanes and Calvaries, crosses and tombs, may still be prepared for thy children as stepping-stones to resurrections and ascensions, as we would attain unto the latter may we be brave to bear the former, and learn each day from Nature's form of loveliness and grace, how only through strife and long-protracted effort the flowers burst forth in radiance of bloom, and fruit hangs rich and luscious upon the bending boughs.

If you here are sad and prone to-day because their loved ones' forms are buried beneath the sod, as the Marys in tradition came in days of old to the sepulchre of Christ to weep and pray because he lay there dead, and, finding not a corpse, saw but a vision of bright angels who told them he had risen, so may there come this hour into the lives of mourners whose sorrows they be and whatever the cause of their affliction, bright messengers from spheres celestial, with words of joy and consolation. And as the lifelids are told unto them, "He is not here; he hath arisen!" may they seek and find, through the blessed agency of spiritual perception, their risen loved one standing by their sides, arrayed in garments of celestial beauty, alive forevermore. And that we all may rise from pride to sweet humility, from selfishness to love of all mankind, from death of sin to life of righteousness, shall now and ever be our prayer; our aspiration to thee, the Eternal Good; the Life of All; our Parent, Friend and Guide forever and forever. Amen.

#### DISCOURSE.

To-day, dear friends, we are assembled to keep high holiday upon a festival of Nature's own appointment. Some days held in high honor in this and other lands are appointed to be kept sacred to the memory of some distinguished man or woman, who was born upon earth, or who departed from it on that day of the year, in some year now gone by. Some festivals are of a purely national or patriotic character, and commemorate some great battle or other event affecting favorably the general condition of the people and their country; but Easter is not properly a festival of this kind. Though a theological significance is universally attached to it in the Christian Church, it is centuries upon centuries older than Christianity, and carries us away back to almost the furthest limits of the historic period, as it was observed by the ancients as a spring-tide festival, even before the first celebration of the Jewish Passover, an event which antedates the birth of Jesus by considerably more than one thousand years. Easter Sunday this year is March 25th. It has sometimes happened as late as toward the end of April, and is, therefore, called a movable feast, because the time of its celebration is regulated by astronomical events, which affect the earth in all ages and in all its portions.

Easter Sunday is the Sunday immediately following the first full moon in the spring quarter. Spring commences March 20th; thus is the vernal equinox. The moon this year was full March 23d; hence March 25th is Easter Sunday. These facts so common, so easily comprehended, prove conclusively to all intelligent individuals that the resurrection of Christ, as an historical

event, must have been in no sense the origin of the Easter festival; but as the early Christians, not knowing when their Christ was born, selected Dec. 25th as the most befitting occasion for the celebration of his birth, because it is really the natural new year's day, the day when night begins to shorten and day to lengthen, so they, when they wished to celebrate his resurrection, took one of the old Pagan festivals, which to them seemed naturally and deeply significant of such an event.

It may seem strange to some that, while the sturdy old Puritan forefathers would not tolerate the keeping of Christmas or of Easter because they thought of Puritanism of the severest type, Easter should be so generally observed, not only by those who profess and call themselves evangelical Christians—for some of them slight all such occasions—but to a very large degree by the most liberal, progressive and advanced assemblies of religionists. The fact is indicative of the very radical and rapid change of opinion and custom which is now sweeping like a mighty avalanche over all civilized communities. Men and women are coming nearer and nearer together in all things which tend to call out the common sympathies of our humanity. We are paying more and more heed to the cultivation of art, more and more to the development of lofty sentiment and sweet emotion in our breasts; for, while in perilous times, in days of bloody warfare, men had to be severe and denunciatory oftentimes in their onslaughts upon error and oppression, in these milder, more enlightened and pacific days we are seeking into the necessity of employing the sweeter and tenderer weapons of beauty and emotion. This is an age when, happily, the most advanced among us are struggling to bring about the union of all honest persons on a broad cosmopolitan platform, wide enough to afford ample standing-room for sincere minds of all degrees of thought and understanding. The distance between Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Hindu, European and American, is becoming lessened every day. The rigidity of the enforced New England Puritanism of two hundred years ago was no less severe than that of the Roman hierarchy of the sixteenth century. The one was just as intolerant and persecuting as the other; the one compelled the observance of fasts and festivals on other days than Sunday, the other utterly banished every special religious observance from the calendar and from custom; the one compelled the hearing of mass on Sundays and holidays, the abstinance from meat on all the Fridays in the year, and a great many other appointed seasons; the other framed Sabbatarian laws, displaying no more mercy for the people's love of liberty than the Church of Rome displayed in its most exacting enforcements. And last and worst of all, while the Church burned heretics, the Puritans burned witches. These remarks may not seem to all our hearers especially appropriate; but we are aiming at a definite point, and that is an illustration of the sometimes forgotten fact that the bigotry which would prevent the keeping of a high day is just as deep-seated and perilous to the interests of a liberty-loving community as the bigotry which would enforce such observance.

We to-day celebrate Easter, not from any superstitious attachment to the dogmatic side of Christianity; not from any sense of obligation or duty; but because the celebration is timely, natural and helpful, and gives us a good opportunity for discussing freely and pretty fully a subject of the deepest concern to the whole human family, viz., the resurrection from the dead. The Christian Church has always based its faith in immortality entirely upon the Evangelistic accounts of the resurrection of the body of Jesus after its crucifixion and entombment, and the arguments in the epistles, supporting the story of this most wonderful occurrence. We have heard it said quite frequently by Christian ministers, that should the body of Jesus be found buried somewhere in Jerusalem, all our blessed hopes of immortality would be dashed to earth, and the question of a conscious future for man after death would remain unanswerable upon earth forever. "The Church is continually bemoaning the progress of what it calls infidelity, which is often nothing more than a rational dissent from the most irrational dogmas, forced upon the minds and consciences of men and women by the most widely venerated, exponents of the Christian system. Theodore Parker, whose name can surely never be mentioned in Boston, where he worked so effectively for the elevation and enlightenment of the masses, without profoundest esteem and most affectionate regard, was wont to discard the letter of the miracles, the resurrection of the body included; he taking the exactly opposite position to that held by the illustrious William Eliot Channing, who leaned to the extremely radical and almost purely theistic side of the Unitarian Church. Parker and Channing were both deeply spiritual men; both possessed a keen insight into the real heart of mankind, both were seers; but Parker was the greater prophet. He looked ahead and saw before him, as though written by the finger of the soul on a majestic scroll, the as yet unwritten creed of the coming race. To him God was all in all; the undeviating laws of universal nature, and the intuitions of human souls, were his sufficient evidences of the existence and loving character of the Supreme Intelligence; while Channing, with all his spirituality, was something of a phenomenalist; one who could not quite afford to dispense with those "signs and wonders," which were to follow those who believed. The attitude of Parker was for himself perhaps the more blessed one, as he can surely be numbered among those on whom the benediction rests, conveyed in those memorable words so often quoted at this season, "Blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed." Surely this cannot imply that credulity is the most blessed thing imaginable; that a gullible frame of mind is a necessary prerequisite to the reception of spiritual truth.

Credulity and gullibility are anything but necessary to spiritual advancement. The relinquishment of one's reasoning faculties is the wrapping up in a napkin and the burying in the ground of a priceless talent, for the employment of which every intelligent creature is held responsible here and hereafter. But is there not such a thing as spiritual perception, which is far more valuable and far-seeing than merely rationalistic calculations based upon phenomenal tests? Is it not possible to so cultivate the spiritual senses that that all-inclusive sense of intuition, called a sixth sense by French academicians, shall supersede the laborious employment of the five senses so constantly, with such difficulty, and often, in the most important crises, so misleadingly because so imperfectly? Can we not look forward to a time when we cannot be deceived by false appearances, when we can no longer be deluded by shams? be no more the victims of false recommendations and lying references? Will not the golden age have come, only when the perceptions of the soul shall have grown so keen and become so fully developed that the inner man can instruct the outer? Should neither act nor

speech be thought and intention, the imposture could at once be seen through; the mask would be thrown aside, and the real facts in all their naked simplicity stand revealed. In such a state of society judgment, however plausibly defended, could have no weight even for a moment, as spirit would speak unto spirit in the language of the soul. Neither distance nor the garb of flesh would longer interpose a barrier in the way of a free passage of thought from mind to mind.

The subject of the recognition of friends in the future life is one upon which volume upon volume has been written, sermon upon sermon preached. It has formed the subject of discourse in all countries, and among persons of all degrees of mental capacity and spiritual unfoldment, until it almost seems as though no light could be thrown upon it by any of the teachers who have the ear of the public at present. But the highest desire of the honest teacher is not to teach novelties but truths; not to tickle the public ear with the latest sensation, but to bring to the hearts and homes of struggling and suffering humanity some sound ideas of life as it really is, which, when accepted, shall lead this world and its population to a far nearer approximation to humanity's highest ideal than any as yet even attempted. As we always need that the keeping up of primary schools and the employment of infant school teachers should form part of our provision for education, as well as the building and endowment of universities, so do we find, ever and anon, not simply a few, but multitudes whose minds are entirely at sea regarding all the great truths of spiritual philosophy, and who are like infants stretching out their hands timidly in the darkness, hoping, and yet almost dreading that they may be grasped by the warm fingers of an inhabitant of the spheres invisible. Rudimentary spiritual instruction of the most solid and practical nature is sorely needed in this age, now that creeds and catechisms, liturgies and litany are falling into disrepute, and freethought is rapidly occupying the throne whereon until quite recently sat dogmatic theology. Nothing less and nothing else than a very clear definition of the groundwork of a rational spiritual philosophy will suffice. We may say what we will of the blessedness of intuition, of the superiority of spiritual perception over sensuous appeals; but the wise man is he who takes the world as it is; meets it on its own plane; endeavors to understand society as it now exists; to sympathize with popular feeling, and compass the present needs of the world. He is the greatest and most successful instructor and reformer who, instead of shooting far over the heads of his disciples, into the thin air of incomprehensible mystery, is a marksman who with direct aim can shoot the arrow of his truth right into the breasts of the society which is his target. The simplicity of the most effective teachers is always a noteworthy attribute of themselves and of their teachings.

The grandest, the sublimest poetry is that which is the most readily felt in the hearts of the multitude, to whom its appeal is made. The most majestic things in nature are those whose grandeur and complexity are most wonderfully revealed in a marvelous and yet most imposing form. And is not this simplest of all questions, this of the nature and power of the human spirit, most easily and readily answered, not by metaphysical arguments appertaining only to human reason, and intelligible only to highly cultivated minds, but rather by such simple and direct appeals to the heart, the reason and the senses all at once, as compel the submission to the truth of all classes of minds, from the simplest to the most profound? Spiritual manifestations in every period of human history have been rendered peculiarly applicable to various existing states of society, both by their grandeur and their simplicity. On the one hand spiritual marvels have been of the sublimest and most imposing character, exciting the admiration awe and often the trembling fear of a craven multitude; while on the other hand many of the evidences of spirit-presence and power have been seemingly so trivial and unimportant that the only plausible objection raised against them (and that a veritable sophistry) has been that they were not sufficiently dignified and ornate to carry with them traces of spiritual origin. All spiritual demonstrations have a definite mission to fulfill, an appointed work to do, and the thronging multitudes of spirits who are now drawing nearer to the knowledge of embodied humanity through the instrumentality of all phases of phenomena, have each and all some peculiar truth to tell, some particular fact in nature to reveal. We have here in America a common school system which makes provision for the education of children of all ages, therefore we must support primary, grammar and high schools. The teacher who fills her position faithfully in the infant school is not by any means an ignorant who can but just read and spell and count very partially; but no matter how great her knowledge or how deep her powers of reasoning, she cannot take her pupils, at once into the higher branches of scholastic study. Alphabet and primers and multiplication tables, finger exercises and scales, must, for a while at least, constitute the stock in trade of the instruction she gives to her youthful scholars. Now there are some, not very highly educated persons who are nevertheless excellent people, adapted to teach clearly and correctly what they know; pure minded and fond of children, who, though they make very excellent nursery governesses, would be entirely at sea in the professor's chair at a university, while the professor who fills the chair most worthily could not leave his loftier station to instruct the infants without leaving vacant a position which could not be filled by one of those equally praiseworthy though less cultured people whose rightful place he would then be usurping. Professor and infant-school-teacher have necessarily their parallels in spirit-life, and the phenomena of to-day, when candidly investigated and carefully studied, abundantly testify to the all-wise provision made by the higher powers for the gradual enlightenment of mankind through a diversity of operations of the same essential spirit.

Whatever differing views persons may take of the nature and person of Jesus, all must admit that his alleged advent commenced a new period in the history of the world. The persecutions of the early Christians are as much historic facts as are the persecutions of the Jews by nominal Christians of the bigoted and aggressive type all over Europe, and the torturing of heretics by the Spanish Inquisition in the sixteenth century. Persons who deny the personality of the great Galilean teacher usually incline to the opinions of Strauss, the celebrated German writer, whose development theory has excited so much controversy concerning the New Testament, the astronomical theory of Dupuis being, of course, utterly insufficient of itself to account for the Christian epistles and the willingness of the early Christian martyrs to die for their faith.

The deep spiritual significance of the gospel narrative is not really affected by the question of the veritable existence or non-existence of a personal Christ as many suppose. We can all learn very much from

parable or allegory; we can often collect more useful information from first-class novels than from many pages of dry statistical information. The popular romance is often the vehicle by means of which the true historian and biographer gives publicity to many of the most singular and important facts in the lives of industrial people, which would were it not for their undertakings, forever remain hidden from the knowledge of the general populace. The highest kind of a romance is not really a work of fiction. The grouping of characters may be artificial, names, dates and localities may be invented, but novelists always write the history of the period in which they live. Read George Sand or George Eliot, and you read French and English history and biography. Read Jules Verne and Bulwer, and you read ancient history intermingled with prospectuses of coming days and glimpses of life on other planets. Read Charlotte Yonge, Miss Braddon, or Mrs. Oliphant, and you see reflected, as in a living mirror, the real kaleidoscopic life of the Anglo-Saxon race in this present period of its history. So it you read Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, or Paul, without believing at all in the mere letter of their narratives, you find in their productions a reflection of the thought and doings of a most eventful period in human history. The dispersion of the Jews, the fall of the Roman Empire, the rising into prominence of a new and very large religious sect, partly Essenian, partly Platonic, partly Jewish, which ultimately crystallized into the European Christian churches, are facts in history which all students must give serious attention to if they would know anything of social, national and religious evolution. That there were many wonder workers in Palestine at the time when these things began to occur need not be questioned. That then, as now, there was a great outpouring of the spirit, with signs following, can be most logically inferred if not absolutely proven; and that out of the theory of prophets and mediums, some false and some true, one should have distinguished himself as the leader of a new party in politics, religion and social order, and that one should have been the original model of the Christ of Christendom, is neither a strange or far-fetched probability.

The central fact in the Christian system is the resurrection of a human being from the dead and his subsequent ascension into heaven. According to evangelical theology, the resurrection of Jesus was a fact unique in history. As Jesus, according to the same theology, was distinct from all other sons of God and men, it seems to us as though the faith built upon the resurrection of Jesus would repose on a far surer foundation if Jesus was only human instead of divine. That a divine personage can burst the bonds of the grave is no proof to us that we are only human are immortal. The Spiritualist can make a great deal more out of the tradition of Christ's resurrection than the Orthodox Christian can, because the Spiritualist, whether he be a believer or disbeliever in the authority of the biblical narrative, can surely see in the gospel stories of the reappearance of Jesus after death, traditions of marvelous spiritual phenomena closely according with much that is constantly witnessed in modern séance-rooms. The past vouchers for the present, and the present verifies the past. As the laws of nature do not change from age to age, that which has been may be again, and that which now is may have already been. History repeats itself with new scenery and a new cast, but the same plays are produced upon the stage of earth over and over again for the education of the planet's ever-changing population.

The resurrection of Jesus as recorded by the evangelists we will consider, first, in its phenomenal aspects, and then, ere we close, address to you a few words on the resurrection of Christ as taught in the Epistles. The common idea in Christendom is that Jesus rose from the tomb of Arimathea on the first Easter morn, in the identical body of flesh and blood in which he died upon the cross. The advocates of the doctrine of a physical resurrection of all mankind on the day of judgment maintain that the scriptures teach that Jesus rose and ascended in the selfsame body in which he expired on Calvary; but the question at once arises, why the identical body in which he died? Are we all to have given back to us the forms out of which we pass at the moment of earthly dissolution? If so, it is a catastrophe to become aged and infirm, or to pass out of earthly life ere we have attained to physical maturity. Surely no sensible man or woman, knowing anything of physiology, can suppose for an instant that the earthly particles forming a human body at the hour of death shall ever, at the sound of an archangel's trumpet, be again endowed with life and come together from all parts of land and sea, after the manner depicted by Young in his ghastly poem, where he pictures arms and legs and all the various members of the human frame coming together again at the last great day, to form the perpetual environment of the immortal soul who once wore them as its earthly vesture. So atrocious are many of the theories maintained by the strict advocates of the corporeal resurrection idea, that we wonder not at its being utterly discarded as a disgusting superstition by some of our ripest modern scholars. To imagine for an instant that a portion of the very dust we tread is some day to form part of a sentient organism that must agonize in eternal torment, and then to conceive that if Jesus had not risen man would not have been immortal as to his body, is to cast such a shadow over all the rejoicings of Easter-tide as must render Easter praises detestable to all but Pharisees of the most monstrously inhuman type. Only the Universalist can regard with complacent joy the consequences of the resurrection of the Saviour, as he sees in Jesus not a saviour who dies and rises and ascends to bring life and immortality to a portion only, but to the whole of the human race. But even the Universalist, if he is of a contemplative and analytical turn of mind, can see little cause for rejoicing over the prospect of being forever clothed in an immortalized fleshly tabernacle. Human bodies are well enough in their way; some of them are truly beautiful in the fearful and wonderful manner of their construction; but the Grecian philosophers were not far wrong when they numbered the fairest of them among the prison-houses of the soul. We prefer to speak of human bodies as school-houses than as prisons. They are to us seminaries in which the soul gains a part of its education, and as such they deserve respectful and considerate treatment. We are not called upon by the highest wisdom to persecute or annihilate our bodies, but we are told, from the highest sources whence information is obtainable, that the only sure way of making ourselves ready for celestial blessedness is to control every appetite by reason, and make the flesh, with all its affections and lusts, always the obedient servant, never the domineering master of the spirit.

During earthly life Jesus is said to have performed many wonderful works, which his disciples desired to do likewise. When on one occasion they tried to cure an insane man, who was possessed by an unclean spirit (according to the belief of the Jews at that time, who were wont to attribute insanity to diabolical possession), and found themselves unable to effect the

cure, they asked the great teacher why they had failed in so laudable an undertaking. He answered them: "This ability will never be yours until you have prayed and fasted; this prayer and fasting meaning naught else but constant fixing of the mind upon higher things than those which gratify the senses, and constant abstinence from all pursuits and pleasures, however enticing, which tend to weaken will, and distract the soul from its attention to the goal of all being, the attainment of perfect union with all that is pure, unselfish and divine. We are told that Jesus while on the cross gave up the ghost. This phrase has been usually interpreted to mean that the breath left his body; but there is a far deeper meaning in these words than any superficial interpretation attaches to them. When he gave up the ghost, he exclaimed, "It is finished"; and the giving up of the ghost in this connection means certainly, whatever else it may mean also, the resurrection of the spirit over all earthly bondage. The unreal, the transitory, the phantasmagoric, the carnal all this is overcome; the unreality of matter is disposed of; the supreme reality of spirit is triumphantly revealed.

The carping critic, who in his unfairness to the gospel, takes it for granted that Jesus, during his three hours' agony, uttered the heart-rending cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" ought, in common honesty, to be willing to admit that the same authority to which he appeals for this piece of information, declares, also, that the final words of Jesus were not these, but the beautiful, confident commission of his spirit into a Heavenly Father's hands: "Father, into thy hands I commend (or commit) my spirit." Do let us be fair and rational in our treatment of the Scriptures. Do not let blind and ignorant prejudice warp our judgment and put a film over our mental eyes. The character of Jesus, as a purely human personage, need not be sullied because we are not trinitarians, and therefore do not recognize his deity. It can do no one any good to believe that a sincere and disinterested man, who devoted his whole life to the spreading of unpopular truth, died in despair. Even should any of us incline to the opinion that he was sometimes mistaken and fanatical, his evident sincerity is marked in all his acts and words. Not as an infallible leader of men, but as an honest friend and brother do we heartily commend to you the central figure in the evangelistic tale. The words, "It is finished," signify to us the realization on the part of Jesus that he had done the work that he came into the world to perform; that his mission was fulfilled, and that, with no allotted task unfinished, he might now seek other and more spiritual abodes of life.

During the interim between his expiration on Calvary and his appearance to the Marys and to the disciples, Peter says that he preached to imprisoned spirits, and to those particular spirits who were disobedient in the days of Noah. Though most emphatically denouncing the idea of endless punishment as infamous in the extreme, we are not among those who teach that one has only to quit the mortal frame to be a bright and shining angel. The naked Universalism of Ballou, Murray and others of the early Universalist preachers, was simply a violent and very necessary reaction from Calvinism. Calvinism teaching that only God's elect were heirs of salvation, Universalism proceeded to show that God is no respecter of persons, and that if one man or woman is his child all are his children. To-day we hear many discussions about probation after death. Old medieval theories of purgatory, always cherished by the Church of Rome, though banished utterly from Protestant theology by Luther and the other reformers on account of the terrible abuses associated with belief in the remission of sins after the death of the body by means of prayers and masses, are now being discussed in an entirely new light. While belief in indulgences is rapidly becoming obsolete; while the civilized world is in little danger of giving up its hard-earned freedom of thought to be caught in the meshes of arrogant ecclesiasticism, the underlying truth upon which the doctrine of purgatory is based is to-day standing conspicuously revealed, thanks to the modern spiritual revelation. We are now taking a spiritual as well as a literal view of the deluge; we are to-day computing the development of the earth through definite cycles of time, and while the original of the deluge is no doubt the submergence of Atlantis, while we may also credit the statement that about four thousand years since floods in Asia Minor and North Eastern Africa rose to a terrific height and led to the exaggerated accounts of their prevalence in all sacred books still extant, the deluge signifies an overturning of a state of society, both upon this planet and in its adjacent spheres. Once about every two thousand years a great tidal wave of enlightenment sweeps over the planet and its invisible environment. Those spirits who employ the added light then given, are promoted to higher stations in the universe, while those who are disobedient to the heavenly call and themselves incarcerated in the dark and dreary prison-houses they have by their folly woven around themselves. The elevation and liberation of unhappy spirits is a work in which true philanthropists on life's higher side constantly and delightfully engage. Now, as in days of old, unhappy earth-bound spirits are being resurrected in countless numbers, not alone by the disembodied, but through the coöperation of the embodied also.

On the first Easter morning, very early in the dim twilight which precedes the dawn, the faithful woman who had not deserted their friend in his last bitter hours, when his masculine disciples, with the single exception of John, had all forsaken him and fled, came to the sepulchre, bringing sweet spices that they might show their reverence and love for the departed by embalming his body—it being in the East usual to embalm the bodies of illustrious personages: what was their astonishment when they found the tomb empty and the body gone! An earthquake might have broken the seal, stupefied the Roman guard and disposed of the body in the bosom of the earth, but the tomb presented an appearance an earthquake could never have given to it. The burial clothes were neatly folded, and two young men with shining countenances, in white apparel, greeted the mourners with the blessed assurance that their friend so much beloved had arisen and was going before them into Galilee. Mark how simple is the description given of angels, how unlike are young men to the beings with wings which disfigure many of the world's best paintings, as the unnatural horns disfigure Angelo's Moses. Angels without wings are only spiritual messengers distinctly human, who are best prepared to console and instruct us because they are just such as we.

What became of the body of Jesus is a question of secondary importance; one into which we would gladly enter did time permit; but as it does not on this occasion, we must content ourselves with calling your attention to the very plain fact of the Gospels, most clearly inferring, if not most clearly explaining, that the reappearance of Jesus were spirit-materializations, pure and simple. We are told that Jesus arose from the grave on the third day after his cruel



axion, the legend has always been that only forty hours elapsed between his demise and resurrection. Now it is conceivable that in so short a time as forty hours, or even three days, his most intimate friends could have mistaken him for some one else, had he risen in his literal, physical body? and yet Mary mistook him for the gardener, and had no idea that it was he until he pronounced her name in the old familiar way. There must have been something characteristic in that one word as uttered by Jesus, which led her instantly to exclaim: "Rabboni!" When two disciples were walking early toward Emmaus on the evening of the same day, and Jesus appeared to them, they mistook him for a stranger and were only known unto them in breaking of bread, when he had consented to join them in their evening meal; and then, having made known unto them his identity, we are told that he mysteriously vanished out of their sight. His later appearances all look so unmistakably like our modern materializations, in a somewhat higher degree of power than is usually manifested to-day, that the inevitable deduction from the narrative seems to us that Jesus appeared in any physical form he chose to assume, appealed to the minds and hearts of his followers, making their hearts burn within them as he instructed their understandings; and then, when one was found in the person of Thomas, an honest but incredulous skeptic, he made himself so tangible to the senses, that the evidence furnished was enough to scatter even the doubts of Didymus to the four winds of heaven. What lesson can be learned from this romantic and yet by no means unnatural or improbable tale? Surely this: that there is a natural (correctly physical) and that there is also a spiritual body.

Swedenborg revealed a stupendous truth of paramount importance when he declared that the spiritual body is enclosed during earthly life in the physical form, and that when dissolution ensues it goes out into the spirit-world perfectly human, but beautiful, or the reverse, by measure as the dwelling spirit is exalted or debased. When you meet your loved ones in the higher life, do not expect to identify them because they look outwardly exactly as they looked on earth. Recognition in spirit springs from memory and affection, and not from anything external. The boy of fourteen may leave his native soil for lands remote. His mother, with prayers and tears, parts from him expecting never more to gaze on his beloved features. He is absent from her twenty-six years; at forty he returns, bronzed, bearded, weather-beaten, almost as unlike as it is possible for any one to be, the delicate stripling out of which he has developed. But his mother's instinct finds out her son. She clasps him immediately to her loving breast; she recalls to his mind the scenes of his childhood. He remembers every incident, and, despite all changes in outward aspect he is her son and no one else. At a masked ball your friends may be so disguised as to be completely beyond recognition, but if a secret exists between you and only one other party in the world, and some one comes up to you and whispers that secret in your ear, using the identical language in which you imparted it to your friend, have you not an unmistakable means of identifying him? Bodies may change as often as they will; souls are unchanging. Memory, though treacherous for a while amid the bustling cares of earthly life, always awakens from its lethargy in the clearer light of the spirit-world.

How surprised we shall be to see our friends so much more beautiful in spirit than we have ever even imagined them on earth. Death is a wondrous revealer. It strips from the spirit its every cloak and mask, and leaves it attired in such vesture only as emblemizes its interior state; while the pure, the noble and the true glaze immeasurably by the change, the hypocrite has everything to lose, and he only needs to fear death. But the resurrection in its highest sense, what is it but the final and complete deliverance of the soul from every earthly bond? The bursting of the soul itself, the indwelling logos, word, or Christ, from everything that fetters or conceals it; and whensoever a human spirit shall have fully overcome life's every temptation, absolutely submitted every material impulse to conscience—when the soul, in a word, is fully triumphant over the senses—the spirit can assume any form it pleases, but is independent of all forms. Bodies are but changing modes of spiritual expression; organisms are but transient vehicles for the display of intelligence, the gaining of wisdom, but the soul itself ultimately becomes all powerful as the controller and sovereign of all material things. In this victory consists the true resurrection.

#### Well-Merited Tribute to Dr. Storor.

HON. WARREN CHASE puts us in possession of the following additional information concerning what the friends at the Onset Bay Camp-Meeting—in session at East Wareham, Mass.—have been doing of late to express their appreciation of the present and past labors of Dr. H. B. Storor of Boston, the present occupant of the Presidential chair of that thriving Association:

During the day on Wednesday, July 25th, L. L. Whitlock of the fact *Meetings and Camp-Meetings*, quietly and privately, a large number of the speakers, mediums and prominent Spiritualists, to put in an appearance at the Hunkins House, but persistently refused to announce the object of the meeting. Dr. Storor was not invited till the hour of assembling, and then let his office the same as others, ignorant of the object. At an early hour the grove and cottages were splendidly illuminated, as this was the Illumination night, and the streets were alive with spectators. At 10 o'clock the large parlors of the Hunkins House were filled with a pleasant company of friends, and some grand event as the object of the meeting. When Dr. Storor came in direct from the office, where he had been as usual engaged since the meeting closed, to his surprise, as well as that of all the rest, Mr. Whitlock announced him, with the addition of information that the present meeting was intended as a reception for the President of the Association. One spontaneous expression of approbation and satisfaction greeted him and the announcement, and the talent of the man of facts and his ability as a speaker, even his friends, were fully practically acknowledged.

Then commenced a series of congratulations, approbations, recognitions of valuable services and appreciation of the labors of Dr. Storor, not only in conducting this Camp-Meeting, but regarding his many years of valuable service in the cause. The exercises began with a few words from the writer, as the oldest lecturer on Spiritualism proper now in the field; he was followed by short and eloquent addresses from Mrs. Wood, Prof. Clayton, Joseph D. Siles and his eloquent controlling spirit, Dr. J. H. Severance, Prof. Worthen of Illinois, Mrs. Siles of Worcester, Dr. Brown of Wisconsin, and quite a number of others—the services closing with Bro. Whitlock as a fact.

Dr. Storor was so taken by surprise, and so overwhelmed with compliments and so unexpected, that his utterance was almost choked, for his heart was full. He pledged himself anew to try his best to deserve all he could of such glory. At a late hour the meeting adjourned. Rarely indeed have I, in my long experience, seen such cordial sincere appreciation and the conduct of a present connected with our cause, as all know how difficult it is to please all parties.

On the afternoon of Aug. 6th, just before A. B. French began his highly appreciated lecture, Dr. Storor, who was utterly ignorant of being the person selected for a present, announced that a little ceremony would take place before the regular discourse, and introduced Mrs. Wildes, the well-known medium of Boston, who, after some very appropriate remarks, called up Dr. Storor, and, on behalf of his many friends and the faithful services he had performed, presented him a gold badge inscribed with his name, his office, and the place and date of presentation. The Doctor was surprised, deeply affected, and almost overcome by the marked tokens of esteem and appreciation for what he had done, and he said, "I am deeply pleased in the fulfillment of the trusts conferred upon him from both worlds. Mr. L. L. Whitlock, who had, as in the former instance, carried out the project with profound secrecy among the people, then made a few appropriate remarks, and the ceremony was closed by Spirit Henry C. Wright, at the Hunkins House reception, through Mrs. Wildes, who is acknowledged to be one of our most reliable mediums, and through whom I received, while sitting on the platform beside her, an eloquent and very intimate acquaintance to the last year of his earth-life, and, indeed, from the time of his conversion."

Mrs. Partington says that very few people nowadays suffer from suggestions of the brain.

#### Had Case of St. Vitus Dance.

Minister is the singular name of a town situated in Anguilla Co., Ohio. It is the residence of Mr. J. Brandewine, who writes: "Samaritan Nervine permanently cured my son of a bad case of St. Vitus Dance." \$1.50.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### EXPERIENCES WITH MARY M. HARDY.

BY JOHN WETTERBERG.

#### CHAPTER IV.

"The end of life comes nearer,  
Every year;  
The friends remaining dearer,  
Every year;  
And the goal of all that's mortal  
Opens wider still its portal  
To the land of the Immortal,  
Every year."

I do not know what this pensively-expressed poetic thought has particularly to do with what I have to say in this chapter, but it so well expresses the state of my mind I will let it stand as a whisper, as I take my pen to write, presuming it has expressed itself for a purpose; at any rate we will call it introductory, and run for luck for its adaptation.

The phases of Mrs. Hardy's mediumship were various, and more or less of all kinds. To me her feature as a test-medium was the most interesting of all; and I thought that interesting feature was not helped and, later in life, was weakened by her too great extension into the physical manifestations, or, as we would say, being run by a different band of spirits. Mrs. Hardy has said to me, since she passed on, that this extension was a mistake, and shortened her mortal life. Speaking of phases, she or "they" essayed the whole lot, hoping or aiming to be number one in all—rapping, table-tipping, and other physical manifestations, slate-writing, materialization of hands, (many will remember the circles with the hooded aperture in the table, where spirit-hands were seen and touched or manipulated by the friends, and rings taken and put on the spirit-fingers,) and, at one period, form-materializations. The latter to me was not an interesting feature; not that I doubted their genuineness, but there were those who did, and there was some reason for the doubt, at least to those who had not had evidence of her mediumship; but she was so celebrated and so excellent in the line of tests that after the rhythm of the poet I feel like saying:

To me that phase grows brighter  
Every year;  
And all the rest grow lighter  
Every year.

It was my intention to devote the remainder of these experiences to my recollections of her test phase. I will, however, for a good reason, speak of her séances, where we used to sit around the table, in which was the aperture, protected from the light (as these circles were in a light room) on all its sides and top with what might be called a hood, except one, the front side, the friends around the table more or less vis-a-vis to the open or uncovered side, and when thus looking at or into the dark enclosure, saw with more or less distinctness spirit-hands of various sizes, and which were generally manipulated by the persons present. I am led to speak of this feature somewhat particularly, because one John W. Truesdell has just published a book which he has misnamed "Bottom Facts," in which he claims to be the only wise man in the spiritual ranks, where, on his own showing, he hardly belongs at all. It is certainly a very egotistical book, and I am surprised that the Rev. M. J. Savage calls favorable attention to it. This author surmises, and so finds in about all the manifestations, as the saying is, a cat in the meal, and professes to tell you the why and wherefore, though millions of Spiritualists, of whom I claim to be one, know that he is positively wrong; yet he claims to be the only "open-eyed investigator" of the age. All we have to do with him, however, is on his reflection upon Mrs. Hardy. He explains how the paraffine molds are, or can be produced. The reader, if believing my testimony on that point (in which by the way the test I mentioned was a crucial one), will see that Mrs. Hardy did not resort to the method suggested by Mr. T., but that the molds were, in her case, what they claimed to be, at least sometimes; and under the circumstances should have the benefit of the doubt, on such a flimsy supposition as this "Bottom Facts" writer suggests. He says, also, that he attended one of the circles with the protected aperture of which I have spoken, expecting to see spirit-hands, which, after sitting some twenty minutes, and a hand appearing, he became fully conscious that the spirits were elevating Mrs. Hardy's foot under the table to the aperture, the sitters supposing it to be a spirit-hand. It may have been a foot; I was not there; but from my own experience, over a hundred times, of the same phenomenon, I do not believe one word of Mr. Truesdell's statement, or even that it was written in the interest of truth; I say this from the general tenor of the book, as being adverse to my own experience in every department. I also have had twenty-five years' experience, and I think nobody calls me a fool.

To make a long story short and put in a clincher to this article, I will relate one of my experiences; true, a very remarkable one, for at these séances there were great differences; in some the manifestations were faint and weak, and at others strong and highly satisfactory, due, I am sure, to the quality or character of the circle. The one I propose to relate was a good one; there were only seven present beside the medium and her husband. I knew every one; like myself, they were all truth-seekers and knew when they got it. We all sat around the table excepting Mr. Hardy, who was not one of the circle, but was in the other parlor and ready to come if he was wanted. We had many interesting manifestations; finally a hand came at the hooded aperture; it was from a departed sister of one of the ladies present. Mrs. Hardy sat on one side of the table, and I was sitting next to her. By some little contortion or movement she could possibly have put her foot far enough under the table to have been visible at the aperture, but I know she did not, for I was sitting close to her and could tell if she moved; and she could not do what I say was possible unless she moved, and that very considerably. This disclaimer is really superfluous from what follows. I mention it to show that I am as "open-eyed" as the critic. The hand of this departed sister was inclined to stay, and it gave all a chance to be ocularly and tangibly satisfied. I asked if I might take that hand. It motioned visibly three times, signifying yes, and I took it with a fair grasp; it was a lady's hand.

I know the difference between a hand and a foot. I can tell one in the dark, but this was in the light. I could see it to be a hand, and I could feel it to be a hand, and I am as sure it was not the extension of a human body as I am that the sun is now shining this Sunday afternoon, July 1. Everybody in the room was seated at the table, and there was nobody under it; but I held the hand in the shaking attitude,

and I was thinking to myself that it was rather soft and boneless, though fleshy, and not a dummy, or a glove. As if it understood what was in my mind, it grew bony, and I felt the knuckles, and my grip grew muscular, and I drew the hand and wrist gently out of the aperture, six or eight inches into the light, where it was as plainly seen by all as my hand or any one of the others. The lace cuff and lower part of the sleeve were distinctly seen, and so with in reach that Mrs. Brigham, the daughter of the late Father Taylor (who was one of the sitters), said, "Will the spirit let me out off a piece of the lace?" The raps said yes; I still holding the hand as I have said tolerably well out on the table, apparently with the spirit's consent. Mr. Hardy, who was in the other parlor, brought a pair of scissors, and Mrs. Brigham cut off a good sized piece of the lace cuff. The hand then with mine drew slowly back into the shadow, or the hood. I did not let go, I still held the hand in my own, and intended to. Suddenly it was gone, dematerialized, I had an empty hand and held nothing. The lace remained as cut off, in two or three pieces, which were taken by some of the sitters. I had one piece; it was manufactured lace, had no disposition to dematerialize, but stayed like ordinary human-made lace. I don't know where the rest of the cuff remaining on the spirit wrist went to, or why the samples did not follow suit and depart into the invisible. I do not offer any explanation, I have none to offer; I know I am stating literally a positive, objective fact, and every one present was as positive as I am and saw and handled the same hand, and know it was not the hand, foot or limb of anybody in the form, hence must have been a temporary materialization.

I do not know as it will enhance the foregoing narrative by stating the following circumstance, but I think I had better run the risk. When I had written the word "materialization" at the end of the last paragraph I was wondering how I could make the assertion read still stronger, being, as I am, willing to swear to it. I waited some time, and dropped into a sort of reverie or daze, and I thought I was saying, "I swear," and probably did, and as I said it I heard the word "swear" uttered in a deeper tone, and somewhat distant, as a refrain or echo. Now I was so near dozing I do not know as I am stating a positive fact, though I am sure I was awake and heard the word as a refrain, even if I was not when I thought I uttered it. To explain my meaning, let me illustrate it from Hamlet. One who has seen that tragedy will remember, after the Prince had interviewed the ghost of his father, and he tells his friends to give the matter an understanding but no tongue, and then makes 'them' swear, and as they do so, we hear the distant voice of the ghost in a sepulchral tone add, as a refrain, the word *swear*: It was in this way, it seemed to me, I heard it. As I have said, it may have been imagination, it being so near the dividing line of dozing and wakefulness; and then again, it may have been a clairaudient phenomenon, and perhaps Mrs. Hardy's voice I heard.

This leads me to speak of the nascent state of wakefulness, just when one is waking up, or when one is neither awake nor asleep. I have often found myself clairvoyant at that period for a short time, beginning as if a dream, but shortly afterward realizing that I am awake, though my eyes are still closed; I see novel surroundings, very beautiful and perfectly light, yet it is not my vision, for my eyes are closed. This never occurs only at what may be called the nascent state of morning to me, and chemistry teaches us that the natural phenomena of chemical combinations rarely occur except at what is called the nascent state; or, to quote from the language of chemistry, we read: "Elements, the moment they are liberated, called the nascent state, often form new combinations which cannot be formed at other times. Nitrogen and hydrogen, if mingled in the same vessel, do not unite, but when these two gases are set free at the same time they readily combine." We may find some analogy between spiritual combinations and material combinations and the conditions of individuals, so, thinking of the fact, I have jotted it down, though not strictly an experience with Mrs. Hardy; the pursuit of truth, however, is never out of order. This chapter having grown lengthy, I will postpone what I intended to say on tests to the next one.

#### MATERIALIZATIONS IN ENGLAND.

Our London contemporary, *Light*, of July 21st, reports interesting phenomena as having occurred recently at a dark séance, the hands of all present, including those of the medium, Mr. Husk, being at the time interlocked. Musical instruments were played upon and the presence of many spirits was tangibly recognized by all through a variety of manifestations. At length one materialized and made himself visible by means of a luminous slate, going to each one of the circle and so adjusting it that his features were fully and satisfactorily seen. After this had been done to the satisfaction of all, he said: "I am now going through the table; watch me." Immediately his form, which, by the way, was materialized only to the bust, passed down and disappeared, leaving the slate on the table at the point whence the spirit had made his exit from human vision.

In the same paper Rev. Morell Theobald, known to our readers as the author of several interesting books, gives an account of a séance held by Miss Wood in his own home, where she was making a visit prior to her departure for Australia. The circle was composed of Mr. Theobald's family and two friends, twelve in all. After describing the preliminaries, the writers say:

Out came little "Pocha," a vivacious little spirit about three feet high, known to a good many. She brought out of the cabinet with her the fairy bells—an instrument two feet in length and seven or eight inches wide, weighing 2½ lbs. This she placed on the chair where Miss Wood had been sitting, and we distinctly saw her little dark hands fingering the strings as a child would to amuse itself. She then went up to my wife, who was sitting four or five feet from the cabinet, took her hand, and as my wife leaned downwards she put her tiny arms round her neck and kissed her. She then crossed over the room and took my hand, then my daughter's and my daughter-in-law's hands, fondled them a bit, and retired to the cabinet. Again the cabinet opened, and out came a tall female form with less power than "Pocha," nor was she able to speak as "Pocha" had done. But she was known to our clairvoyants, who saw her through the white drapery in which she was enveloped; and it was interesting to us to witness the form of our departed daughter, who for years had promised to come, walk out among us. Gaining power, she slowly walked up towards her mother and gave her hand, but had not sufficient power to embrace her as she evidently tried to do. She then walked to the chair on which the fairy bells were resting, took them up and walked to me with them, leaving them in my hands. I took her hand gently, but it, although fully materialized, lacked the firm touch of little "Pocha's," and

seemed too ethereal to be pressed. We were all startled, however, thus to see her for the first time, but not prepared for all that was to follow. On her retiring, another spirit came out, who looked toward her father, but lacked the power to reach him at the furthest part of the room. He was known to our clairvoyants, and indicated his identity by bowing his head as his name was given.

Those who have read "Heaven Opened," will know that some years ago we lost three little ones, one after another; lost to sight only, for we have had repeated indications of their nearness. And now these three sweet little spirits, one after another, came out, materialized for the first time. How can I describe the delicate little forms of infants radiant in light? It was indeed a Sabbath evening of holy communion, and to us the place was holy as these forms of light walked among us. But I fancy I hear some one, more critical than sympathetic, saying: Yes, but where was Miss Wood? I reply: Hitherto she was in the cabinet, sometimes talking while the spirits were moving about, and at other times breathing so as to be heard by those nearest the cabinet, to three clairvoyants present seen distinctly with the spirit-forms. But we are not all clairvoyants! No; so for those the following phase occurred:

Miss Wood was now brought out of the cabinet; still entranced, and seated in view of all; in front, outside, all saw her, while the curtains, now slightly opened, disclosed the spirit light. Some papers had been pinned upon the curtains, for more readily noting their movement. A hand, now seen by some only, took out the pins and threw the papers on the floor, this latter seen by all. Now as the curtain was opened all saw the light, and those on one side the form of a spirit, very tall. "Pocha" said, "There's another spirit coming out now for a baby," and there it was. But a storm broke over us, and broke also the conditions. My daughter-in-law, who, to me, I judge, was scared by the peals of thunder overhead. The invisibles, I presume, determined to do their best, entranced her now, but in vain; the tall form seen could not come out, and our last baby-form is still nursed in the spirit-land. Not long ago I heard from a pulpit the bewailing recorded by the poet—

"Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still."

The touch we have often felt; the voices of some we have often heard. And yet the question is still asked: "If a man die, shall he live again?" Some do. It is so difficult to conclude from that that all do? It is the mission of Spiritualism to establish this fact, and it is gradually being accomplished.

#### MATERIALIZATIONS IN KANSAS—THE GENUINENESS OF MRS. MILLER'S MEDIUMSHIP SUBSTANTIATED.

The Kansas State Journal of July 26th contains a communication from E. R. Allen, recounting the proceedings at a séance given in Topeka, in which place the *Journal* is published, on the Friday evening previous, by Mrs. Miller of Memphis, Tenn., of the most satisfactory nature, and under conditions absolutely devoid of all appearance or possibility of being anything else than what they are claimed to be by herself and friends. Mrs. Miller insisted that the conditions should be as above indicated.

The séance was held in the residence of Mrs. Greer. The cabinet was constructed of simple material at hand; a lamp was burning all the time, though quite low, and the light of the moon streamed through the open windows and doors of the apartment in which the company was seated. Spirit-forms, says the writer, soon began to make their appearance; men and women of all ages, and apparently of all ages; not only singly but in twos and threes. The former were dressed in white, and the latter in dark clothing. They walked across the room, moved the chairs and sat upon them, approached their friends and conversed with them, giving their names and mentioning incidents of their earth-life in proof of their identity; they also promenade the room arm-in-arm with their friends. Several of those present were taken into the cabinet by these forms, the writer being one of the number, to prove that the medium was still there.

"And so," says Mr. Allen, "the manifestations of spirit-presence and power continued for more than two hours, witnessed by seventeen persons who reside in this city, all of whom saw and heard these things, and much more, for I have fallen far short of telling all that occurred. Is it not worth while to investigate a matter which so clearly proves by three out of the five senses, viz., seeing, hearing and feeling, the great question of the immortality of the soul?"

#### A SEANCE WITH MAUD E. LORD.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Two weeks ago I was invited to a private séance at Mrs. Maud E. Lord's residence, 28 East Chester Park, Boston. I there met an intelligent company composed of clergymen, publishers, reporters, merchants, and other cultured people, twenty or more in all. Mrs. Lord formed her circle about eight o'clock; doors were locked, windows darkened, and the gas turned off. In a moment after perfect silence had been attained, the spirits made their presence known in various ways. A clergyman seated on my right was accosted in an audible voice with: "James, my dear husband, I am here, and want you to see me." The next instant there was an illumination directly in front of him, and the outlines of the features and form nearly to the waist, were clearly defined to those on either side as well as to him. He then asked her to give her name, and "Mary" was heard in a loud whisper. While she and other friends in the spirit-world were talking with him, a lady sitting opposite, on the other side of the room, felt a spirit hand tugging with a ring on her finger. Mrs. Lord saw it, and remarked, "Your mother is here, and says you have jewelry that once belonged to her; a ring on your finger, and a piece of the gold chain attached to your watch." This was correct.

Then Mrs. Lord spoke to a gentleman on my left and told him he had three brothers in the spirit-world. He answered, "No, only two." Instantly a voice said, "Yes,"—"(calling him by name) 'there are three of us; one died when very young, before you were born.' "Correct. Now will you give me your full names?"—"Yes."

Singing was then called for, and while they were singing "Beautiful Star," several spirit-voices were distinctly heard joining in the chorus, and during that time this gentleman, whom I will designate as Mr. D., felt his collar grasped and himself gently drawn forward, while the full name of his eldest brother was whispered in his ear. No one present knew that name except himself and his brothers. Those seated on the opposite side from us were receiving cordial greetings from little children as well as adult friends. Most of them gave their names, cause of their transition, age, etc., in audible voices. At the same instant Mrs. Lord, who sat very near me, on my right, was talking with a lady whose father had manifested a desire to be known and wished to send a message to some one out of town. On the whole, the manifestations were of a very high order, and every one present seemed satisfied that they were genuine. Collapsing, mind-reading and ventriloquism being out of the question.

Boston, July 24th, 1883.

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for the more he does, the more he can take of the sphere in the largest good. *Hamlet*.

#### New Publications.

GERMANY SEEN WITHOUT STEREOTYPES, OR Random Sketches of Various Subjects Penned from Different Standpoints in the Empire. By Henry Ruggles. Late U. S. Consul at the island of Malta and Barcelona, Spain. 12mo. cloth, pp. 236. Boston: Lee & Shepard, 47 Franklin street.

A book that will instruct and amuse; not much cumbered with statistics, but in its descriptions of habits and customs, people and places, bright, vivacious, and at times sparkling with a humor worthy of Dickens or Thackeray. While finding much to admire, the author finds much he would improve. Germany's music, art treasures, skill, and thoroughness of execution in all it sets itself about, he considers to be beyond all praise; but its enormous standing army of half a million men, absorbing the talent of the country and the flower of its youth, he takes up as a curse to the nation, a millstone to its neck; while the blackest picture of all is the servile degradation of the women of the lower classes, leading every American who sees it to exclaim: "Can this be a civilized country and this the nineteenth century?"

The author does not give a very flattering account of the progress made by American students who go to the German universities; and the experiences of those who, thought to be musical prodigies by their friends at home, go to the conservatories, thinking a few months' tuition will make them masters of the art, as related by him, are very amusing, while at the same time imparting a lesson to those who, conscious that they are not fools, would avoid being thought such. The quiet scene of students in Heidelberg, the operations of a company, the feast in beer-drinking, the universality of musical performances, the picture-galleries, the art museum, and scores of other subjects, become in the hands of this author instructive with life, and realities to the minds of his interested readers. The volume, taken all in all, is one of the most enjoyable books of travel that has come to our notice.

RECOGNOS OF JESUS REVEALED, and Fifty Questions Answered through Five Hundred Reverent Readers. By Benjamin F. Burnham. 16mo. paper, pp. 294. Boston: The Union Company.

It would be difficult to compress within the covers of a single volume, a greater amount of thought than is here given concerning the life of a highly-developed spirit in earthly form, as represented in the person of Jesus Christ; or to present in a more clear, concise and comprehensive manner, the spiritually instructive lessons such a life has the power of imparting to others. The very pith and marrow of long and elaborate essays and sermons are here placed before the reader in orderly sequence, a dozen pages, given in as many lines; so that one can honestly say with Goethe, as he lays the book aside, of those who have labored through the works of many authors: "They were dulling their teeth at the shell, while I was enjoying the kernel."

The classification of the subjects is excellent, and the multitude of quotations shows how those subjects have been viewed from various standpoints. For the pertinent aptness, both in prose and verse, the compiler acknowledges his indebtedness to his wife, now deceased, whose rare spiritual intuitions, he remarks, rendered her—what James T. Fields called Leigh Hunt, in comparing him to the African bird that befriends the bee-hunter—"a honey indicator" in religious literature. We commend the book to our readers as one they will peruse with pleasure and refer to with profit. A quotation index of six pages, and an analytical index of a dozen, greatly enhance its value.

HOT FLOWERS. A Novel. By Alford W. Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," etc. 12mo. cloth, pp. 610. New York: Ford, Howard & Hubert.

This is the last of a series of six volumes, the purpose of which has been to give in an attractive form a review of the Anti-Slavery Struggle in the United States, by tracing its progress from its "humblest stages to its close; and though this is the concluding story, it is, in point of history, the first, for it treats of the earliest causes and forms of agitation that in its culmination came near wrecking the nation, but ended in freeing it of the greatest obstacle in the way of its progress. The book gives some fine types of character, and in many cases the descriptions are so graphic that the personalities of the individuals stand out clear and unmistakable. As a work of fiction it has many attractions for the lovers of sensational events, while the revelations it gives of the inner workings of the minds of the people, both of the North and the South, that led to the conflict of arms and a long war, will prove deeply interesting to every student of American history. For sale by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., Franklin street.

A TREATISE OF SPIRIT-MEDIUMSHIP. Containing Preparatory Rules for Self-Development. A Hand-Book and Complete Guide. By J. Nelson Holmes.

The above is the title of a useful little work—the second edition of which has just been issued in revised and enlarged form—which attempts in a very successful manner to elaborate rules and instructions for the development of mediumship. Sound and practical suggestions to those who wish to unfold whatever medial powers they may possess abound on its pages, together with some pertinent and very truthful statements concerning the characteristics of spirits and the duties of mediums. The contents of the book have been drawn from the extended observation and experience of the author, who is himself a medium well known to Spiritualists, as well as largely edited from the testimony of his spirit-guides. None seeking information upon the subjects of which it treats, can fail to be instructed by giving it a careful perusal.

BUREAU OF STATISTICS OF LABOR, Fourteenth Annual Report. 12mo. cloth, pp. 401. Wright & Potter Printing Co., State Printers, Boston.

The growing interest manifest in all countries in the subjects of capital and labor, and the vexing problems arising from their discussion, serve to make a book of this nature one of great value to all classes. Probably there is no place on earth better qualified than Massachusetts to present the labor question under its highest aspects, and in such a manner as to give valuable suggestions to the world. A history of "Early Factory Labor in New England," given at the close of the volume, from the pen of Mrs. H. F. Robinson, is an interesting record of Lowell mill life, commencing in 1832, when that city was little more than a factory village.

#### A Test at Onset Bay.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
For many years Dr. Dumont C. Dake has been one of our most successful healers, curing thousands of hopeless invalids who have been given up by other modes of practice, proving beyond all peradventure that his mediumship is practical and triumphant. The following communication by independent slate-writing, through the mediumship of Henry Slade, received by Dr. Dake, at Onset Bay, July 20th, gives not only a remarkable test, but also a just tribute from the spirit-world to this skillful practitioner, who is blessing sick and suffering humanity by the laying on of hands:

"Dear Friend Dake—Do you know you have a host of spirit friends with you to-day? Your good old father is present and says, 'God bless my dear son. He has all my sympathy; he has had his troubles as well as the older ones; now he shall have success.' These are the words of your father, as well as many other spirit friends. I know you more as a public man than as a best friend."

I am truly your friend. Dr. H. F. Robinson, Boston.

Dr. Dake had never met Dr. Gardner, but the medium Slade knew nothing of this "Doctor D." having been a physician in Chicago and the West for many years, and only coming to New York City some five years since, where he has a large business, many leading physicians of all schools calling him for counsel, and this account of his remarkable gift.

Dr. Dake is now at Onset Bay for rest and recreation, and purposes soon opening a branch office in Boston.







13. Elmer W. Harris informs us that the Boston Herald, the Banner of Light, holding the paper was wrong in stating that "he had been called on by the FBI" and that he now lived at home. He is now living at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 West 37th Street, New York City. He says that he is not a member of the Communist Party and that he is not a member of the National Student Reliance Fund. He says that he is not a member of the National Student Reliance Fund. He says that he is not a member of the National Student Reliance Fund.















