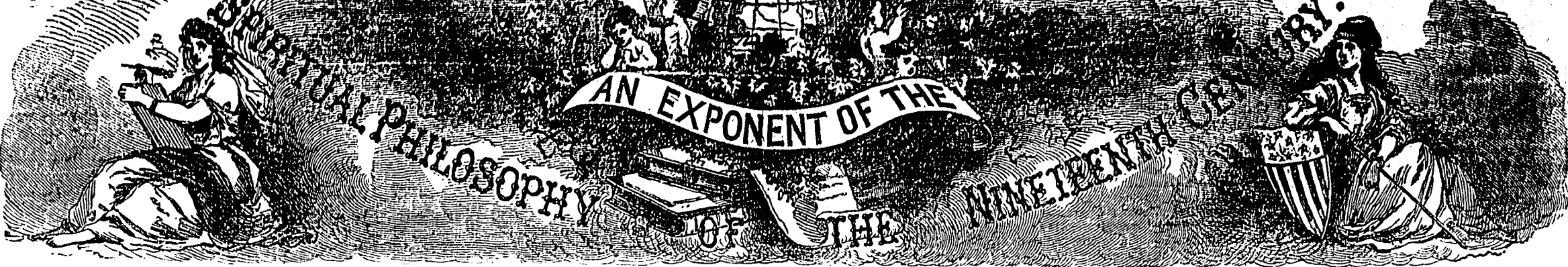


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## The Spiritual Rostrum.

### Some Experiences in Earth and Spirit-Life of the Speaking Control of J. J. Morse.

Given at the Request of Numerous Friends, at Metropolitan Temple, San Francisco, Cal., Sunday Evening, May 20th, 1888.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by G. H. Hawes.)

The request has been preferred to us that we would place before you some of the experiences we have encountered alike while clothed with flesh, and since our entrance into the second career of human kind, toward which you are all traveling. Much as we dislike to indulge in matters that strictly pertain to our own personal experience, yet at the same time we cannot refrain from meeting the request that has been placed before us, as by so doing we are assured we shall give decided pleasure to many of the earnest and noble souls that have favored us with their attention in this building for so many months past. This, then, is our excuse and our apology for dealing with matters that are strictly personal. If, when we have done with the little that we can possibly tell you in the time at our disposal, you shall say that you are pleased, and perchance a little edified, by what it will be our privilege to place before you, our recompense will be complete, and all the facts that we can offer will be justly due to you.

Our experiences in the mortal life date a long way back—as mortal time would have it, nearly three hundred years ago. When we first appeared upon the stage of mortality, in the township within a two days' journey from the Imperial City of Peking, those who were our parents little thought that in after-ages their child would stand in a position to give instructions to those whom it was the fashion of its people in former times to consider as a barbarous people, beyond the planes of culture and of kindness. Yet, so curiously does fate work, that that seemingly impossible and improbable result has been arrived at, for reasons and by causes that we will briefly advert to later on.

Trained in our early youth in those moral precepts that one of the grandest of men has handed down to humanity—one of the purest and most earnest of mankind, whose wise and philosophic sayings have been remembered and not frequently excelled in after-time—we gradually grew in all those excellencies which were considered and esteemed fitting for one of the station in which your narrator was born.

The Five Classics gave us so much of history, so much of strange and solemn mystery, and also led us carefully to the study of those poetic effusions that are considered so essential to the due and proper cultivation of refined intelligence, and also to a due observance of the ceremonies proper to every condition of life, as laid down in the Book of Ceremonies. You will pardon us for saying so, but, absorbing the wisdom of the sages, whom we reverence still, we gradually unfolded mentally and morally, and learned to render that due respect and obedience which were then inculcated as proper to be rendered to the various orders of society that existed in our land.

The Emperor, Kea-tsing, was the ruling power at the time we speak of, and our parents—to whom in blessed honor we always strove to render that filial obedience so truly due to the authors of our physical existence, and which even now we see no reason to withhold—earnestly desired that we might attain to some social eminence in the labors of our empire. So in due course of time we passed through the local colleges, and, meeting our examinations therein successfully, we were enabled to proceed to the Imperial City, and by-and-bye, in due process of time, passed all the examinations in the highest institutions of learning, and were fitted for a place in official life.

Doubtless, as you know, our people of the oft-called Flowery Kingdom, known to you as China, esteem education and moral culture and intellectual refinement as among the highest of the graces that pertain to life. It is a common supposition, we know, to esteem us as pagans, ignorant and barbaric; a great mistake, to say nothing of unjust. The followers of the Buddha can scarcely be considered as inferior in intellectual culture and ability, and the records of our own land, when truly read and understood, will, we think, certainly compare favorably with those of any other country of the same intellectual calibre and ability.

Vast, indeed, as you know the land is, containing something like one-twelfth of the inhabitants of the earth, having millions of square miles, and some hundreds of millions of people over so wide an area, containing so many different characteristics, and still feeling the effects of many errors handed down from barbaric times, it is easy enough for those untrained in the ways of thought peculiar to so great a country, and not knowing all its peculiarities, to come to the rash conclusion that all of its people are paganism, heathenish, barbarous and ignorant.

Time will do our nation justice, and wiser sense and deeper counsels prevailing in those who claim to be so very exalted will, we think, put a different complexion upon the history of the land as you understand it, even now.

Pardon us one word more. So much of the history of the land which you have received has filtered through partisan and opposing religious channels, that it is largely tinged with the idiosyncrasies and personalities of the people who have given it to you, and it can scarcely be considered an accurate presentation of the people, their customs and religion.

We took at last an official place in the Second Rank of what you know as the civil mandarins of the country; mandarin being only a term to describe the conditions of rank. We were married, and severed that much, in consequence of our marriage, our connection with the home. Our parents passed to the abode of the blessed. We erected shrines and tablets to their memories, and rendered in after years all those solemn rites and observances which are due from the children to the parents. Life differed but very little with us from the life that others lived in similar positions; we fulfilled our duty, and those of you who know something of what official life may well conceive the kind of life that was ours, with this difference: principals were held to a strict accountability for all the observances of life apart from pure official action. Our place was, perchance, a little more onerous than that which officials occupy among yourselves.

Age advanced, and we found our labors increasing and accumulating, but realized that at last the day would soon decline, the sun would no more shine upon the river's bank for us. The white flower from the blossoming tree that had shared our life had passed away from the realm of mortal life, leaving a vacancy, permit us to say, that none other ever filled. Time flowing on, the end came nearer and nearer still. We had no fear of the future; what Buddhist has? The present was occupied in the due fulfillment of the duties devolving upon us; the past was, comparatively, without regret, and so we faced the coming of the end with the calmness of perfect trust. And yet Christian apologists tell you that our people are so indifferent to death because they have no sense of what lies beyond it. This is an injustice that only partialship can possibly excuse. We cannot claim to any great honor beyond our position of the Second Class that we have referred to; no great memory clings about us for the tasks we performed here on earth; and little thought we then of the complications and relationships that would little by little attach themselves to the land we yet love.

So the end at last came. One sweet, calm, beautiful eve, as the sun sank to rest behind the hills, the poor tired body that had been racked with fever's fires grew wondrous quiet; the leaping pulses, like excited, racing steeds, at last became still; a strange quiet, unlike aught that had ever before been felt, stole in upon us, and a delicious restful ease spoke of freedom from every ache and pain. There were friends around us, who, knowing that the end was coming, felt grieved to lose our visible presence, though fully trustful that it was only the outer garment that would cease to be amongst them. Then the quietness deepened still to a well-nigh solemn hush; as the sun sank lower and the rays of his departing glory flashed in through the open casement, it seemed that that shaft of light grew to a gleaming highway, reaching from the home wherein we lived up beyond the hills, above the glorious orb itself, beyond it into an azure blue that seemed as a shimmering constellated, which, dimly perceived in the far distance, opened invitingly to the astonished gaze. And then when the glory of the sun was extinguished in the deepening of the evening, the highway vanished and the sea was gone; the coast-line disappeared, and the darkness, deepening to a black intensity, gradually descended.

Then, when the darkness had grown its deepest, and all outward sounds and sights were hushed and lost, it seemed that the glory that had vanished came back again, but this time within the body, not outside thereof. This light increased in golden beauty pulsing with a quick brightness, flashing and darting like scintillating glories, until it seemed to flash right up before an inner face, and then flaming forth a moment in the glorious divinity of spiritual beauty, beyond all power of words to describe, it vanished. With its going there went all the material sensation and outward consciousness and life; a sleep, the deep untroubled quietness of the sleep of death, lay hold of the weary frame and nursed it to eternal rest.

How long in minutes or seconds, it would be impossible to say, but not so very long, this deep unconsciousness prevailed; and then a strange sensation of awakening life began to dawn upon the consciousness, and little by little we began to have a strange and yet familiar sensation. We felt that we were removed, but how or where it seemed that we were just too indifferent to discover. You who have been exceedingly sick unto death's golden door, and in the height of some delirious fever have at last

wholly lost consciousness, but have presently revived with the fever gone and the mad racing of the pulse quieted and still, lying there with a delicious ease upon you, a coolness in the blood you have not felt for many hours before, too indifferent to disturb the sweet repose, and enjoying it as something all beautiful and divine—you who have passed through these things can realize something of the languor and ease that burst over our consciousness as we returned to life and found presently that we had exchanged the lower life of earth for the upper life of the spirit, as you understand it to-day.

Presently the sound of voices in low murmur broke upon our ear, and soon we were able to gaze around us, and by our side we saw the father and the mother, the honorable parents whose excellent memories we had preserved and revered, whose gentleness and love had been to us as the summer sunshine out of winter's cold, as the warm rain of the early spring-time to the bleak and parched earth. Their welcome to the new corner and words of affectionate regard were such that would in their sweet purity have revived the very dead themselves.

And then looking into the throng that greeted us, one sweet face that was to us, perhaps, fairer and better than all, met us with the old familiar smile, with the old sweet regard, and the wife that we had loved welcomed us with the warm affection that beats in every woman's heart, let the color of her skin be white or red or black or yellow. Her fair face and loving hands greeted us again, and have been from that time to this a living inspiration that has grown brighter and sweeter as the times have rolled away.

Thus, friends, was our passage through the world upon the mortal side, the method of our departure from it, and the circumstances of our first entrance into the spirit life. With all we had to fear? Nothing. The same wise providence that can order the lives of men may be trusted to order their careers beyond. While it is not needful that you altogether use your time for the worship of your departed ancestors, and should not lay too much stress upon what the future life may be, yet if you have any comprehension of the universal power of being, at least you can trust that what which does so well for you here on earth, will also be in your favor in the world beyond.

We found ourselves surrounded by our own people, by the old familiar circumstances, the old familiar faces, even the dwelling places like unto those of earth, but vastly brighter and superior to those we had known. Our travels, however, never took us beyond the Province where we were born, but all we had theretofore been familiar with stood there revealed to us again, beautified, and—shall we call it—spiritualized. And the old classes were there in wondrous collections; there were the spiritual counterparts of all and more than we had previously known, and their deeper meaning, more clearly brought out, seemed to shine the brighter and the fairer in the new atmosphere in which we read their precious teachings.

Life was quiet and happy, simple and restful, as it is for most tolerably well-ordered lives when they first enter into the second state. But presently for all such lives there begins an unrest. The soul of man calls for action, and man must be up and doing sooner or later; eternal pleasure will not satisfy the soul. Whither, then, should we direct our efforts, became the first inquiry. We counseled with our family and friends, with teachers whom we had known while on earth, and for a time we had opinions distinctly and peculiarly belonging to our own country. But after a while we began to realize that, great as was our own land and numerous its people, there were other lands and other people who were part and parcel of the one great family, and the discovery dawned upon us that the rivalry and differences of States and nations would ultimately melt away, and in their place there would be one great family of life wherein each nation should be but as a single child. For us the thought is always that the State is but the amplification of the family, and that the authority should be more paternal than despotic. Then from the exalted plane of life we should extend that argument and say that the world's population should be but one great family also. And so the truth of the unity of interests, and the unity of purposes, that will yet dawn upon you and animate the family of the world, burst upon our mind and made the starting point of that mental expansion and spiritual advancement which we have earnestly and zealously tried from that time to this to present.

Some while after our entrance into the spirit life, having gained these larger views of personal duty, and feeling that each thought was not our own but for the advantage of our fellows, we considered in what and how we could best serve the world from our own previous national standpoint?

On investigation we found that though our people were familiar with certain kinds of intercourse between the spirits of the departed and the inhabitants of earth, there was not that opportunity, by reason of what you would call the dead weight of ancient tradition resting upon them, to lift them out beyond what they were familiar with in this connection.

Our attention was then turned to the consideration of other countries, and we noticed where and how it might become possible for certain changes to be effected, not only in other countries but in our own country, especially by the instigation of outside agencies, and the removal of the evils that all old and concrete States suffer from. So, as a consequence of this, we began to counsel with spirits of other nations wiser than ourselves,

when something like a hundred years ago we learned that a definite purpose was being evolved in certain sections of the spirit life for opening up again absolute communication with enlightened nations, as they were called, and the realm of the spiritual life itself.

You must understand, friends, and you must pardon the digression, that the coming of Modern Spiritualism some forty years ago on the material plane, was preceded by a comparatively speaking, long and anxious period of observation and inquiry upon the part of enlightened spirits in the spirit-world, who carefully considered each step, examined every possibility, and, as wisely as they could, ultimately concerted upon the methods whereby the wondrous upheaval you are acquainted with should be projected into mortal life and work the strange results that you have seen it accomplish within the narrow compass of less than half a hundred years.

This was to us a most important undertaking; it inspired us and appealed to us, and we humbly urged our competency to be associated in some capacity with the great and glorious work that we foresaw would be ultimately accomplished. Our wish was granted, and we labored as a faithful subordinate with the hosts on the other side, and asked that we might find the road whereby we could become an active worker in the great enterprise soon to be launched.

In looking over the nations of civilization we determined that England would be the best and most favorable vantage ground for us to commence our labors upon, for reasons that are not pertinent to the present subject nor necessary to be placed before you. We undertook the labor from that point of view. You will remember we have already stated to you that we did not see it practicable to commence with our own nation, but as the English nation with others—the Portuguese and the French—have been for the past generation quietly infiltrating their customs and thought into the nation so long closed to them, we saw that, indirectly, we should be helping to bring on the storm which will yet break down every barrier of national seclusion, moral and spiritual barriers far more dangerous and difficult to be scaled and removed than the celebrated wall, of which you have heard so much, and which when removed would infiltrate the nation's life with a new power, and bring to life again all the latent excellencies, added to by the advantages of other nations, which shall make it once again a truly great and powerful people on the face of the globe. Hence, then, we took our course in the direction stated. To do this effectually it was necessary that we should become familiar with the habits and characteristics, thought and disposition, mental and spiritual achievements and desires of the Anglo-Saxon speaking races. This led to an investigation wherein we were assisted by many bright minds resident in the spiritual world.

We have to pass this in review before you rapidly, and can at best deal only in general statements, for it would be impossible to enter into details in the story we have to tell, and we pray you, if it seems incomplete, not to lay it to our unwillingness to tell you more, but to our inability to bring all we would be glad to say to you into the time at our disposal.

So, when the movement was nearly ripe for giving to the world this movement of Modern Spiritualism, we searched the great metropolises of England through that we might find some agent or servant who should ultimately be plastic in our hands attuned for our purpose, and through which, as best we could, we should be enabled to accomplish the work we had before us. What was that work? You have heard us here, these ten months, plead for the unity of human life; you have heard us plead for the universality of right, for obedience to virtue, for intellectual, moral and spiritual culture, for the development of every noble aspiration, for obedience to the universal principles of life, and most of all for the removal of the fossilized superstitions which weigh the people down; you have heard us speak against official and ecclesiastical corruption, licentiousness, and vice and wrong, all too inadequately we knew, but yet with all the power we could pour through the instrument we have used. We feel that we need scarcely tell you what the purpose was we had in view when we were seeking for an instrument over fifty years ago. The search was long and careful, and at last successful.

Before this man who stands before you was born, this man who for years has been the faithful servant of those who love the truth—in which proud position we are glad to stand—who has been faithful in the day of small things, where the hail fell in cold showers about him and the cold winds of persecution beat pitilessly upon his face; when in poverty he struggled as his feet first turned up the hill that he has since with painful steps ascended before this modern thought was so favorably received as it is to-day; he whom we rejoice to say has for nearly twenty years been our faithful, honest and obedient servant—before he was born we foresaw the road which he would have to tread. Casting our influence upon the mother long before his birth into this life, we formed and shaped the psychical possibilities of his after years, so that when the time came for the ice to be broken the psychical waters should well up in a flood of usefulness, and there should be realized the fruits of the long preparation.

At first, in comparative luxury, surrounded with all that could make life agreeable, he appeared on the stage; but do you not know that all the best workers of the world are prepared by suffering and purified in tears for the labor that they have to undergo? So the early days

of the genial surroundings vanished like an illusion of the senses, leaving only their roseate hue upon them, and the harsh pangs of poverty and all that poverty meant came upon him. He obtained an education that would not rank with the ordinary common school in your country; was buffeted from place to place on the billows of uncertainty and misfortune; it seemed that the life was going to be wrecked entirely and the young man would have no place or use in the world at all. But all these were but preliminary and preparatory for purposes that we on the spirit-side were directing to their proper issue, and in due time the ice was melted, the waters welled up, and the medium, as the world says, dawned upon the stage. Then, finding care and comfort from the spirit-side and loving friends upon the mortal side, and one, also, who through the weary years of labor has stood a constant comfort, the loving, faithful wife eased the path and rendered the years of toil smoother than they could have been otherwise.

By this agency and these means we entered into the great work that we realized the necessity of doing well nigh one hundred years ago. You who have heard us, and almost all the civilized countries of the world where our teachings and our words have gone, must be the judges of the value of the work that we have essayed to do. The very most, in all humility, we would say concerning it is that we have endeavored to do the best we could.

One little incident, perhaps of interest to you, may be here stated. There are a great number of you in this large audience who are acquainted with the spirit who controls our medium, who is known to you by the name of "The Strolling Player." This is a friend of ours; yes, more than that, one we are proud to call our brother. In sorrow and in anguish we encountered him many years ago, just after his entrance into the spiritual state. Life had been hard and troublous with him; fate had seemed to turn against him at every step in the ending of his life. Seeing that there was that within him that was truly great as there is within you all, we did the little that we could to relieve the gloom under which he labored, and to bring to life again those excellencies of character which those who know him upon our side esteem him so highly for. And he, for some seventeen years, has been the faithful spirit laborer working with us, and bearing far more active part in the labors of these controls and lectures, as you call them, than you are at all aware of. He has been a most faithful worker, a most honest spirit, a most loving and true-minded friend.

There are others with us, for we cannot of course claim the honor of being the sole cause of all that we have placed before you from time to time; in a word, there are some twelve of us who are associated with this medium, and by the varying characters we severally possess, and the different subjects of information which we have made our study, we are able to meet the great varieties of questions and issues that are placed before us for our consideration.

Here, then, friends, you have in rough, in very brief outline, placed before you our career, and our relationship to this great movement in which we bear so small a part. Now what is the lesson of it all? It is this: That what we have been able to do is possible for you; yes! more than that, for the advantages of spiritual culture to-day are so great, as compared with the advantages of the same culture a few years ago, that you can well nigh become even as gods yourselves. We do not pretend, nor would we like you to understand, that all the matter we have so easily related to you to-night has been accomplished without struggle or without effort. Growth in the spiritual world is as much a matter of work and effort as it is among yourselves. There is no royal road to knowledge; whatsoever you wish to know you must labor to understand. Understanding is the basis of knowledge, and understanding is the result of patient inquiry, and inquiry means mental effort. We have had our failures, and there are cross marks upon the record where we have stumbled in our efforts to reach something that was just beyond us. But in spite of all we have steadily gone gratefully, acknowledging the help that wise and patient friends have given us from time to time.

What is our home? You will ask us; wherein is it adored, and by whom is it blest?

That home is just as real and actual as a home would be among yourselves. The old peculiarities of architecture we were so familiar with that have come down from the earliest times, wherein what has been described as the tent-line gives you a striking curve, is still retained, but this has been softened and spiritualized, and, as we think, improved, but still the peculiarity is perceptible, the nationality is well disclosed. "What, have you been in the spirit-world so long and have not outgrown your national predilections?" Why should we? Is not each great division of the world a common family? and are there not common ties and instincts that bind the members of these race divisions into somewhat of harmony and unity? Why should we turn from the household that has been the centre of so much felicity merely because you have been transported to another province, to a higher country? May there not be within the spiritual side of life something deeper and tenderer still that you, as members of the American race, shall feel when you enter into the spiritual world? There is a spiritual side to this race that you shall love deeper and tenderer still when you have entered it. Nay! the very flag that you have worshiped, and which we might just as reasonably say was a species of idolatry upon your part, as some people tell us that our reverence for the Imperial



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**TO THE PUBLISHERS,**  
 The Banner of Light, Publishers and Proprietors, 14 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymn Books, and other religious books, at wholesale and retail prices. Orders for books, to be sent by mail, must be accompanied by cash, or by a draft on the publishers, payable to the order of the publishers. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of books sent by mail, unless the books are insured. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of books sent by mail, unless the books are insured. The publishers are not responsible for the loss of books sent by mail, unless the books are insured.

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 We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return to correspondents manuscripts that are not sent to us by registered mail, or by express, or by a reliable messenger. When we receive a letter, we will endeavor to answer it as soon as possible. We will not accept of a letter unless it is accompanied by a return address. We will not accept of a letter unless it is accompanied by a return address. We will not accept of a letter unless it is accompanied by a return address.

## Banner of Light.

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Before the opening light of Truth, Creeds crumble, Ignorance dies, Error flees, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of Knowledge, Spirit and Truth Piercing.

### Our New Volume.

This issue ends another volume of THE BANNER—Vol. 65, No. 26. In No. 1 of the new volume (4th) we shall present our readers with a great variety of interesting matter—such as we trust they will fully appreciate.

An Original Essay, "THE SPIRITUALISM OF 1888," by Dr. F. L. H. Willis, the well-known physician and able writer upon spiritual topics.

An Original Story of deep interest and high moral tendency, entitled

### "BARS AND THRESHOLDS."

BY MRS. EMMA MINER.

Original Poetry, by Miss M. T. Shelhamer; interesting correspondence; editorials upon various subjects; reports of spirit-messages given at our Free Public Seances, preceded by answers to questions by the President of the Circle, Father Pierpont, etc., etc.

In this connection it gives us great pleasure to be able to inform our patrons that THE BANNER will appear next week in AN ENTIRELY NEW DRESS—the different fonts of type having been cast expressly for us at the well-known DICKINSON FOUNDRY in this city.

### Re-opening of the Banner Seances!

The Public Free Meetings regularly held under the auspices of this paper ever since its inception will be recommenced for the season of '88-9, under the chairmanship of Mr. LEWIS B. WILSON, at the BANNER OF LIGHT BUILDING, on TUESDAY AFTERNOON, Sept. 11th at three o'clock, Miss M. T. SHELHAMER being the medium, as usual, for the answering of questions.

On the afternoon of Friday, Sept. 14th, the giving of messages from individual spirits, through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. SMITH, will be in order.

The presence of the public is respectfully desired.

### "God is Love."

No recorded saying can claim to possess greater height or depth of meaning than is conveyed in the three words above.

The finite will forever be unable to comprehend the infinite. The love of God is also his wisdom. The two are one, and they rule and uphold the universe. This love flows outward and downward into all the innumerable forms of life, and thereby creates and sustains them. In humanity it is still love in the different measures of its unceasing reception; in the material world it is called force, which it is in its simplest form, becoming known by various names, the most general one of which is motion.

Thus is Love, which is God, the originating, inspiring, moving power of creation, called by one name in one place, or re-embodied, and by another name in another. In the material world in which we are born it is called Nature, whose forces are observed to work after certain established methods. These methods are called natural laws; and the materialist is he who cannot or will not look beyond them to search for the originating and sustaining cause of which they are inevitably significant. Instead of searching for the causative and operative power itself, he is content to discover and describe the method. In brief, he devotes himself to natural things, not recognizing the fact that they are thus natural by virtue of first having been spiritual. And that spiritual is wholly Love, the light of the universe. It proceeds from God, its boundless source, and in various forms of power descends through the ranks of angelic hosts in the heavens down into the dwellers on earth and the inhabitants of all the worlds. Its manifestations are as numerous as the individuals through whom

they are made. So that what is called by many the "supernatural" is but the natural force, operating everywhere after methods adapted to the production of the ends aimed at. Materialism thus is made Spiritualism, since without the spiritual cause there can be no material and visible effect.

In the sense described all things are the result of what is commonly termed "supernatural" force, (though nothing is really above, beyond or outside the limit of natural law) which in its essence is love, which is God. This is the great mystery of creation, both the outward and visible creation, and the inner one of consciousness. It is love that created us, that sustains us, that inspires us according to the measure of our willingness, that ministers to us ever in its own divine spirit. Do what we will, we cannot escape from its enfolding power. Contradict it as much as we may, we are impotent to thwart its steady and constant purposes. If we persist in thinking that it is individual force only, self-derived and sufficient unto itself, we are invariably taught the lesson of dependence by its temporary withdrawal and our consequent impoverishment and weakness. When we have once come into something like a comprehension of it as the fountain of all forms of power, we begin to realize the true significance of existence, and therefore how to pursue that existence to its largest and richest results. We call fate unfeeling, if not cruel; but there can be no cruelty where love is the only power that guides and controls. It is in love alone that we live and move and have our being. God is father and mother, and "God is Love."

If as individuals we were to fully assimilate this belief, so that it would absorb and swallow up every other belief, tongue cannot tell and pen cannot describe the radical revolution which would be wrought in human character, or the vast change that would occur in the coming records of human history. We should each of us then be in harmonious, instead of rebellious, relations with the source of all created existence. We should continually draw new strength into our being at all points, instead of wasting it as we now do in endless and profitless discords. We should not distrust our lives with needless contention, for with love as the central force all motives to contention are at an end. We should cast out envy, banish hatred and malice, rid ourselves of uncharitableness, become strangers to fear, and dwell in a state of uninterrupted happiness. What we now denominate the ills of life will no longer have an existence, when we shall have come to accept all things, accidents and disappointments as well as apparent good fortune, as being conceived, designed, and directed by supreme love. A man would then abstain from indulging hate to his fellow-man, because of the ever present consciousness that in doing so he was wasting the vital force of his being by denying it the freest admission.

This is ideal, and because it is ideal it is wholly practical. The spiritual ever comes first. Down through agents of various receptive powers it flows in a steady stream, and even the material world around us could not carry on its operations without it. It is in full recognition of this fact that we not only accept but welcome the most natural of all things—communication with the spirits departed. They are not necessarily perfected because they have gone out from the visible material, but they are none the less spirits, seeking their individual advancement by a truer instinct than that which guided them on earth, eager to impart tidings of the world of love whose conditions they now better understand, and therefore desirous of performing the first service of love, namely, doing for and giving to others. In this way are they benefiting themselves also. If we were equally ready to perform similar service ourselves, while dwelling on this mundane sphere, it would speedily become a different world from that which it is now. Let each one begin and try it, if but for a single day. If he were to report afterward that he could not see that he had benefited others, he assuredly would have to acknowledge that he was a better man himself for having lived that day.

### A Better Mutual Understanding.

Labor Day, made a legal holiday in Massachusetts, was observed last Monday on a very broad scale, and with great unanimity and enthusiasm. The reflection could not but arise in the minds of all those who witnessed the public parade of the ranks of labor that in such a spectacle they beheld the embodiment of the great force by which modern society is upheld and its strongest monument is sustained. Processions of labor are in themselves a living illustration of the persistent energy through which alone civilization may either exist or advance. And the more thoroughly the great labor class, which is the preponderating majority in society, identifies itself and all its interests with the general make-up of the society of which it is an integral and essential part, the sooner may it expect advancement, by its increasing intelligence and virtue, to the high place of respect and authority which is its inalienable desert. A public parade of the ranks of labor becomes, therefore, a public proclamation of the vital fact that it is upon labor and its sure results that all hopes of the world's continued amelioration depend.

The just and reasonable conclusion to which Mr. Edward Atkinson arrives, in his recent article in *The Forum* entitled "Progress from Poverty," is that what is to day most needed is "that the rich men shall know how the workmen live, and the workmen shall know how the rich men work." That is precisely what is needed, and such knowledge will be certain to prove of the greatest mutual advantage. For it certainly is of the utmost importance, not to one side merely but to both sides, that employers, whether individuals or corporations, should feel interest enough in those they employ to know whether the wages paid the latter are equal to their support in comfort and with proper regard to self-respect, without which there can be no happiness. They ought likewise, without any exhibition of an intrusive or patronizing spirit, to show that they feel a truly human interest in the continued well-being of those who are for the time cooperating in the work of their prosperity; that they care even more for them than for any mere money profit there is to be got out of them; and that the real and permanent welfare and happiness of both are closely bound up together.

It is still an unwelcome fact to repeat and dwell upon, that the larger part of the disagreements and even hostilities which prevail between employers and employed spring from the misunderstanding which, first of all, the former entertain in respect to the latter. Nor can it in reason be expected that such misunderstanding will be diminished or removed until the employer, as a rule, takes enough interest in his workmen to care how they live and

to secure them sufficient return for their labor to support them, in obedience to the right rules of living, in comfort, and, if possible, in health. As much as that, at least, is his plain duty as a man and brother; the times we live in do not favor the theory that the taking of wages implies the sacrifice and loss of everything else by their recipient. An employer does not own everything in his workman's life simply because he undertakes to perform a contract with them for the purchase of their labor. No less, either, is it true that the employed are not to stop short at the line where actual service is paid for according to the agreement, but ought to take conscience into their work even when insufficiently remunerated, if but for the vindication of uprightness of character.

What is especially wanted now is the steady cultivation of a broader sympathy between both parties, that they may thus cease to be parties any longer. The lines heretofore drawn between them as two separate classes need to be taken away. The barriers want to be removed. One side cannot be too powerfully appealed to on the ground of its self-respect, and the other on that of its sympathy. It might not be such an easy matter for all grades of workmen to comprehend the scheme on which their employers work, for the reason that, whatever their gifts of native intelligence, the numerous complications and ever-present obstructions to success can be understood only after passing through the educating school of actual experience. But as all men in a state of civilization are supposed to carry human hearts within them, it is perfectly possible for employers to cherish a fellow feeling for those who help in carrying out those schemes to success, even though they have already distributed the promised wages for such cooperation. The law of kindness, which is but the law of love, is stronger than the fulfillment of any contract, though it were liberal to the last degree. The one thing to establish is the broad fact of human brotherhood.

Once let labor fully understand that capital is on its side, all the while in earnest to discover a way to closer and truer relations, never abating a jot of its sincere sympathy with those who are not only in their productive projects but of them, and as careful of the wage-earner's welfare as it is of its own, and an entire change of feeling would be wrought on labor's side, which would supply the firmest ground of mutual cooperation for all the future. At all events, both parties—if so they must continue to be called—must now lose no time and relax no proper effort to come to a better mutual understanding. A state of perpetual hostility entails an incalculable loss to society at large, because of the increased waste to the industry by which it is nourished and strengthened for further conquests along the line of a still higher civilization. The best, in truth the only thing to do, is to bring the two factors in this vast and intricate social problem of our age into a common forum, where they can meet face to face, not to dispute and argue so much as to compare and contrast, to know each other more thoroughly, and to become one in heart as well as one in purpose.

### Then and Now.

Elsewhere in this issue we have spoken of God as revealed to the modern conception alike by progressive thought, experimental science, and the revelations of Spiritualism—in the light of an all-containing Infinite Love which instinctively involves justice, acting in harmony with the law of cause and effect. It is profitable now and then to turn back a few leaves of the history of man's spiritual development, and note the changes which the dogmatic creeds and forms of professed belief in respect to his relations to the universe and the Deity have undergone. In the matter of Puritan Orthodoxy here in New England, for instance, it has been well said that the very titles of some of the sermons preached a century ago are enough to make one shudder. Some of those of the justly renowned Jonathan Edwards read in this way: "The Eternity of Hell's Torments," "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," "Why Saints in Glory will Rejoice to See the Torments of the Damned." Under this latter title Edwards discourses as follows:

"When they [the saints in glory] shall see how miserable others in their fellow creatures are, who were naturally in the same circumstances with themselves, when they shall see the smoke of their torment and the roaring of the flames of their burning, and hear their dolorous shrieks and cries, and consider that they in the meantime are in the most blissful state and shall surely be in it to all eternity, how will they rejoice!"

In the course of a brimstone-breathing sermon, inspired by a legion of the devils of dyspepsia, he asserts that "the bigger part of those that heretofore have lived under the same means of grace and are now dead, are undoubtedly gone to hell," and thereupon he proceeds with the following lurid reflections:

"So that this is that natural men are held in the hand of God over the pit of hell; they have deserved the fiery pit, and are already sentenced to it; and God is dreadfully provoked, his anger is as great toward them as to those that are actually suffering the executions of the fierceness of his wrath in hell, and they have done nothing in the least to appease or abate that anger; neither is God in the least bound by any promise to hold them out one moment; the devil is waiting for them, hell is opening for them, the flames gather and flash about them and would fain lay hold on them and swallow them up. . . . The God that holds you over the pit of hell, much as one holds a spider or some loathsome insect over the fire, abhors you and is dreadfully provoked. . . . It is everlasting wrath. It would be dreadful to suffer the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God one moment; but you must suffer it to all eternity; there will be no end to this exquisite, horrible misery; when you look forward you shall see a long forever, a boundless duration before you, which will swallow your thoughts and amaze your soul, and you will absolutely despair of ever having any deliverance, any end, any mitigation, any rest at all; you will know certainly that you must wear out long ages, millions of millions of ages, in wrestling and conflicting with this Almighty merciless vengeance; and then, when you have so done, when so many ages have actually been spent by you in this manner, you will know that all is but a point to what remains."

No wonder ministers and laymen are now trying to make it appear that no such views have ever been proclaimed by Old Orthodoxy—but such is the fact, notwithstanding. If such shocking conceptions of a possible future state for the largest portion of the human race were indeed well grounded a century ago, they assuredly are as true now as they were then. But Old Theology itself has practically outgrown them, and carefully suppresses open mention of them. At least it does not terrorize with them as it once freely did, driving young and old into its fold by main force, and that force wholly fear. The obvious reason is because of the increase of actual knowledge among the people. They refuse to be frightened in that way any more. They ridicule the

whole thing as worse than childish superstition. And Spiritualism is spreading knowledge in a way that will put it out of the power of such superstition ever to oppress human souls again.

### Remarkable Meetings with Dr. Henry Rogers at Onset Bay, Mass.

Of the many demonstrations of the presence of spirits of the higher life, and the power they can exercise over material things we have been privileged to witness, those that came under our observation last week are among the most remarkable. They occurred during a brief visit to Onset, where we were invited by Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Rogers to call upon them at their cottage, and at two o'clock on the afternoon of Tuesday, Aug. 28th, accompanied by Mr. George A. Bacon of Washington, proceeded to Dr. Rogers's residence. There, in addition to our host and hostess, we met Col. and Mrs. Kane of Philadelphia, and found a newly constructed instrument then just received from the West, designed to be operated as a telegraphic instrument by spirit friends in communicating with us independent of our own minds.

Before attempting to experiment with the new instrument, Dr. R. took a pair of slates, and thoroughly cleansed them. One of these he placed on the table, upon it he put a piece of thick Bristol card-board, and above this the other slate. The slates were then secured by stout rubber bands, no pencil or other article being enclosed. Dr. Rogers then handed them to Mr. Bacon, with a request that he hold them firmly.

Presently the occult instrument began to be operated upon by some unseen power; but as no one present could read the telegraphic alphabet, no intelligence was conveyed to us.

While expressing our regrets at this state of affairs, Mrs. S. Dick, a well-known Boston medium, called. She was invited to take a seat with us at the table, having done which she almost immediately became entranced, and interpreted the meaning of the sounds, which in substance was that Franklin and Morse were present and greatly interested in the development of the new telegraphic mode of communication between the denizens of the spirit-world and our own. Dr. Rogers also passed under the influence of one of his guides, who eloquently addressed us, remarking that all that was being accomplished at the time was done to give the people of earth a most positive, demonstrative proof of the continuity of the two worlds, and of the great truth that immortality for all mankind is a fact.

Nearly half an hour had elapsed since Mr. Bacon took the slates, and he was yet holding them. Mrs. Rogers said, "Wonder if anything has been given on either of the slates or on the card?" Three raps gave an affirmative response, and it was asked, "Shall we open the slates?" "Yes," was rapped.

The cards were then taken from the slates, and, removing the top slate, we found the under side of it completely filled with writing, moderately large, clear and distinct. Lifting the card board, judge of our surprise in finding upon its under surface a wonderfully fine, artistic portrait of an elderly gentleman. This portrait was in oil colors, moist, as they naturally would be immediately after being put upon the card. The colors were strong; the lights and shades as admirably placed and blended as they would have been had an artist in earth-form spent a number of days in outlining and perfecting the picture.

The message on the slate was as follows:

"This picture is that of Morse, the celebrated inventor of telegraphy, and is given for our medium, through the united powers present, as a token of his presence and interest in this new development which he has been instrumental in forwarding, and which will be a great success. F. P. BAKER."

During the latter part of this highly interesting séance there was present Mr. F. P. Baker, editor of *The Commonwealth*, Topeka, Kansas, who had a sitting with Mr. Rogers after we left, which was so satisfactory to him that he requested us to print the following letter:

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

After you left this afternoon I sat down at the plate table which you and your friends sat around, and put my hands on it, as did Dr. Rogers and his wife. We held our hands on the table perhaps five minutes, when the doctor took a piece of card-board, about six by ten inches in size, and put it between two slates, after washing them thoroughly. Around the slates he put an India rubber band to hold them together. He then placed the slate on my shoulder for perhaps one minute, then on the top of my head—I holding one side of it and he the other. It was held five or perhaps three minutes, when both of us took it off my head, and laid it on a little box containing several kinds of oil colors. The box was perhaps an inch high. Both of us held the slates some ten minutes—certainly not to exceed that—the doctor, his wife and myself being most of the time engaged in conversation on different matters; the doctor a part of the time seemingly entranced, and part of the time joining in the conversation. At the end of the ten minutes, or about that time, I took the rubber from off the slates, when I found on the card-board a well-executed picture in oil of my wife (as I believe, and have no reason to doubt), who has been in spirit-life something over thirty-eight years. The paint on the card was fresh.

Yours truly, F. P. BAKER.

Editor *Commonwealth*, Topeka, Kan., Onset, Mass., Aug. 28th, 1888.

\* A spirit-guide of Dr. Rogers.

### Testimonial to A. B. French.

Information reaches us that A. B. French—whose eloquent discourses on our platform have rendered his name a household word among Spiritualists from Maine to California—will on Thursday, Sept. 13th, attain to his fiftieth year in the mortal, and that the members of the Free Church at Clyde, O., (his place of residence), and other friends, propose to make the day memorable to him by an anniversary service. There will be music, addresses, etc., on this auspicious occasion.

We would suggest that those who have known him in the lecture field in the past write him a word of pleasant remembrance to be read on that date, as we feel that Bro. French richly deserves any tribute of praise which they may feel to tender him.

The general opinion of the people of Onset is that Dr. H. B. Storer is wanted to preside as Chairman at the rostrum on conference and lecture occasions next year. We are glad to know that the disposition is manifested among the management to employ his valuable services in this direction.

The marriage of Mr. Laurence Oliphant and Rosamond Dale Owen, daughter of the late Robert Dale Owen, occurred in England, Aug. 16th. A visit to Paris will be followed by their departure to the home of Mr. Oliphant in Syria.

"J. E. P." of Scranton, Pa., has forwarded \$5.00 to Mrs. McKee of Cincinnati, in aid of her worthy "Walt Fund."

### An Ancient "Trust."

The late lamented Captain Kidd, as is well known, says the *Frederick Telegram*, made the bulk of his property by one of those little "private affairs" now known by the name of "trusts." He joined with some other gentlemen of leisure and wealth, (including the then King of England, *sub rosa*) purchased a vessel, paying for it in the most honest and legal way, and then set sail to make money out of anyone he could get in his power. The essence of a "trust" is investing your money in such a way that you can squeeze all the money out of another as he cannot help himself. This is all Captain Kidd did when he sailed the ocean, and if a few people got killed while the captain was managing his responsible trust to the best advantage, it was because they persisted in interfering with Kidd's strictly "private affairs."

### Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond

Devoted a week recently to her native home in Cuba, N. Y., enjoying a visit with relatives and friends. She spoke there Sunday, Aug. 19th, in the Universalist church, to a good audience. On the 26th ult. she had a delightful meeting in Corry, Pa. R. F. Livermore and his amiable wife opened their house to a select audience of friends, and the guides of Mrs. R. delivered an address which was appreciated by all.

Friday, Aug. 31st, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond were to leave for Cincinnati, where she is engaged for September. She then returns to Chicago for the season.

A telegram to *The Inter Ocean*, Chicago, Ill., from Blakeman, Neb., under date of August 24th, states that on the day previous Abraham MeAdams and Ira Boyce, on their way to that place, saw the apparition of a woman with one hand outstretched toward MeAdams, as if beckoning him. Then it changed, and in the place of the woman stood a horse, with saddle-bags, and by its side a man dressed in clerical garb, whom MeAdams at once recognized as the exact counterpart of his uncle, a Virginia circuit rider. The apparition turned for a moment toward the two men; then, regarding MeAdams eagerly for a moment, beckoned once, and mounting the horse galloped slowly off.

Arriving at Blakeman Mr. McAdams called for his mail, and was handed a letter with a deep black border, postmarked Three Rivers, Va. A portion of it read: "Your Uncle John was called home suddenly yesterday. He was taken ill in prayer meeting the night previous, and only lived a short time. He was conscious to the last. He asked that his library be given to you, and his dying request was that you should become a minister of the gospel and take up the work where he left off."

The Senate Committee on Education and Labor, to whom was referred a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States to prohibit "the manufacture, importation, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic liquors," have, through Senator Blair, reported in favor of its adoption. The report states that at least ten millions of the people of the United States are in favor of abolishing the liquor traffic by national legislation, this estimate being based on petitions addressed to Congress, the prohibitory vote in various sections, and personal inquiry and observation. In addition to these there are, probably, as many more who have made no expression of their sentiments, but would rejoice to see so fruitful a source of unpopularity and crime done away with. The press generally favor placing the proposed amendment before the people for their adoption or rejection, and to such a course no honest person can reasonably object.

A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician, has returned to Boston from his two months' visit to Onset Bay, Lake Pleasant and Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and will, he resumes his office treatment, visit the sick in this city and vicinity, as per advertisement in another column.

This is the way the St. Joseph, Mo., Herald would settle the "Oklahoma" business: "If the Oklahoma bill passes both houses of Congress, opening that territory to white settlement, the Government should not sell an acre of it to anybody, but hold it free for the use of those who wish to go there and cultivate it; and never relinquish the ownership of the land. Such a mode of procedure on the part of the Government would entirely cut off the land-sharks, who are now waiting to spring upon the land and gobble up the whole territory as soon as the bill passes. This is the only way in which the territory will ever be of any real benefit to actual settlers."

We learn from Dr. J. M. Peebles that the Rev. Dr. Dykes, one of the most eminent of the London preachers, has for three years been chairman of the committee on the revision of the "Westminster Confession of Faith." The report which this committee adopted and sent to the English churches for review and consideration contains some very radical departures from the teachings of the Westminster theologians of two and a half centuries ago. And why not? Creeds and confessions are theological textbooks; they are not infallible; they are the work of men's hands, and consequently subject to revision.

*The Pipe of Peace*, published semi-monthly at the Indian School, Genoa, Neb., recalls to mind that famous declaration of President Cleveland: "I would rather have my administration marked by a sound and honorable Indian policy than by anything else." Now is the time of test, when the Sioux are under the pressure of mistaken friends and open foes. May the early promise of the Great Father at Washington be fulfilled in this later hour!

Mr. George A. Bacon, of the Agricultural Department, Washington City, who has been with us the past two weeks on his yearly vacation, returned to that city on Thursday of last week, well satisfied with his visit to the Hub, and the Onset and Lake Pleasant Camp-Meetings. This gentleman has been a welcome correspondent of THE BANNER for many years, and it is to be hoped he will remain many years in his earthly form to still aid as in the past with his voice and pen in promulgating the beautiful truths of the New Dispensation.

We are requested to state that Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foy, of San Francisco, is on her way East, bound for Europe, eventually, though now speaking in Chicago. We had sittings with this excellent medium in Boston many years ago, hence can endorse her mediumship. A letter from London recently informed us that reliable mediums were in great demand there at the present time, and we cordially recommend this lady to the kind attention of our friends in the old country.

During our recent trip to Onset Bay we were much gratified at making the acquaintance of F. P. Baker, editor of *The Commonwealth*, Topeka, Kan., who contributes to this number of THE BANNER an interesting description of a very satisfactory sitting enjoyed by himself at the rooms of Dr. Henry Rogers.

The remarks of the Controlling Intelligence, as spoken through Miss M. T. Shelhamer at our Public Free Circle—reported on the sixth page the present week—deserve the careful attention of all students of the mental and physical phases of manifestation of spirit-intelligence and power.







"THE JOLLY PARISIENNES."—We are in receipt of a copy of this, the latest production of the greatest living French novelist, Emile Zola, just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa., and titled as above.







**BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1888.**

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