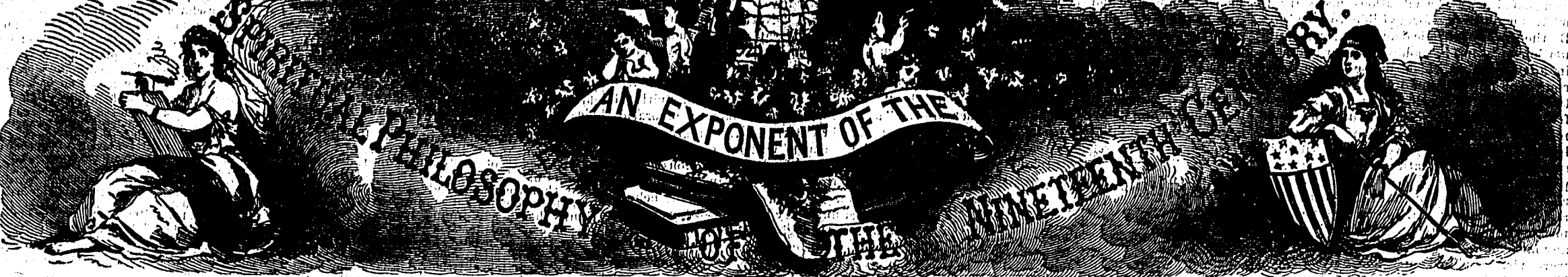


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Written for the Banner of Light.
THE STORM.

BY A. GRANT BROWN.

The rain bursts forth from the clouded sky,
The lightning flashes bright,
The waves roll in on the pebbly beach
In billows of foaming white.

All, all around is dark as night,
Peal after peal is heard;
With the wind's fierce gusts the tree-tops bend,
And home flies the wandering bird.

This, then, is Storm. What might and power
Rules earth; she must obey;
Through storm, through calm, aye 'tis the same;
Eternal law holds sway.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

Materialization a Fact in Nature.

A Lecture Delivered at Ossadaga Camp, Aug.
5th, 1892, by
WILLARD J. HULL.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Ladies and Gentlemen: In taking upon myself the task involved in the subject-matter of this discourse, I do not, in any manner, desire to impose upon you the ideas expressed as being the truth, except in so far as they may be paralleled in your own observation and research—and this will not constitute an imposition either. It will simply express to you a thesis and an analysis coincident with yourselves, therefore acceptable. To those who do not accept the conclusions arrived at, I only ask a respectful hearing, and say that your doubts are as worthy of my esteem as your endorsement and belief would add to my gratification. I always admire a doubter. I believe that men never can grow intellectually until they begin to doubt. Doubt leads to exploration and final knowledge. If, therefore, you cannot, from your standpoint, perceive that which to me is truth, it will become me to find fault about it, because I may be as far from perceiving that which constitutes truth in your case. Everybody who has been to an art exhibition has heard visitors commenting upon the pictures before their faces. One says: "This is good." Another says: "This is stuff and rubbish!" A third cries out: "Bravo! this is a masterpiece!"; and each has a right to his opinion. That prince of wits, Thackeray, relates his experience in this line by telling of a picture he admired most at the Royal Academy, which was by an artist on whom he never, to his knowledge, set eyes. "This picture," said he, "is No. 346—'Moses,' by Mr. S. Salomon. I thought it had a great intention. I thought it finely drawn and composed. It nobly represented, to my mind, the dark children of the Egyptian bondage, and suggested that most touching story. My newspaper says: 'Two ludicrously ugly women, looking at a dingy baby, do not form a pleasing object, and so good-by, Mr. Salomon.' Are not most of our babies served so in life? And does not Mr. Robinson consider Mr. Brown's cherub an ugly, squalling little brat? So cheer up, Mr. S. S. It may be the critic who discoursed on your baby is a bad judge of babies. When Pharaoh's kind daughter found the child, and cherished and loved it, and took it home, and found a nurse for it, too, I dare say there were grim, brickdust chamberlains, or some of the tough, old, yellow princesses at Court, who never had children themselves, who cried out, 'Faugh! the horrid, squalling little wretch!' and knew he would never come to good, and said, 'Did n't I tell you so?' when he murdered the Egyptian."

To return. Truth, then, is as you like it. It is many-sided—exceedingly kaleidoscopic—and should not be subjected to the whims or mental devices of any individual or any sect. Its perception is always determined upon constitutional powers inherent in man himself. There is no way of discerning phenomena other than through the mind, and all the truth or all the error stored up in the realm of human experience, does not transcend one iota the sum total of experience. There can be no extraneous personality to conceive of or profit by our experience. This is as well settled in metaphysics as the law that two solids cannot occupy the same space is settled in physics. Therefore your conception of truth is equal to your powers of observation and inclination. The register of your thought upon the barometer of affairs is as high as your own effort has made it. It is not for me to criticize that effort. I take it that the audience convened here is composed of men and women who think. That is sufficient for me to surmise. The differences of thought I have nothing to do with, except to rejoice that progress is made up of those differences. Progress, like truth, never amounts to much without effort, and effort is characterized by the differentiation of individuals. Individuals who think alike never can rise above mediocrity. The history of civilization furnishes ample proof of this fact. I do not suppose there is a larger amount of moral force in the world to-day than there was in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus; but the intellectual forces are higher and more complex. This is certain. There has been no improvement made upon the Golden Rule for three thousand years. Men conduct themselves, as regards habits, manners, and customs, much as they did in medieval times. The wants of the body never can exceed a limit, which limit was found when man learned how to satisfy his desires. But the wants of the mind are never gratified. Genius never reaches its ideal. The divinity within us, like the laws of planetary motion, never ceases and never rests; never

becomes satiated, and is never satisfied. It is this constant discontent which produces doubt and fosters growth. It is this ceaseless striving and reaching after the unattained which constitutes the spur of genius. The mind is always regarding its work poorly done. "The growing soul aches in its upward quest," and all the achievements of our labor are laid aside in the hope that something better lies just beyond. Therefore we delve, we soar, we trip and fall, and rise again, with the smart goading us on to higher and broader achievement.

Now you perceive plainly, I hope, my attitude toward the inquiring mind. But I have been told that my thought and expression are ill adapted to the needs of my hearers; that I am too apt to be harsh in language, inclining somewhat to the expulsive in denunciation of others' ideas. Well, if this be true, and I doubt not but that it is, I must withhold from my critic that measure of esteem which I accord to the honest objector, because he fails to take into consideration the difference between my candor and my contempt. I have never failed to pay a tribute to the honorable exceptions taken by others to the lines of thought expressed by myself; neither have I failed to stigmatize the prejudices of those who have brains and won't think, with the contempt they deserve. I shall never equivocate in these matters. All I ask of my critics is that they will pay sufficient attention to me to observe this distinction.

I am to talk to you upon materialization as a fact in nature. A subject so broad must needs be touched upon at the prominent places only, in an address of this character. I feel as I do when lifting my eyes to behold the wonders of the universe when sable night throws her pall over earth and sky. What mind can grasp the infinitude of law? What heart can hold the plenitude of bounty our common mother bestows upon her offspring? What eye can see across the abysses that divide her mighty empires? What ear can hear the amazing harmonies of the spheres as they roll on through the unfathomable vaults of space? We can only catch a mite here and there, and build upon it, and anon a wind comes that blows our mite away and leaves us barren columns looking about for another abiding place. But never can we get outside the sheltering arms, and never can we explore beyond the limits of her gracious proportions.

Men have spent lives of toil in trying to bring to light her secret forces. Mind has soared into the most amazing complications and has staggered back, reeling with chagrin and disappointment. Chemistry has shown the relations between the properties of bodies. Physiology has shown the relations between the intricate departments of organic structures. Botany has shown the diversity in the vegetable kingdom, whether in a living or in a fossil state. Geology has explained the relations between the telescope, spectroscopy and chemical analysis regarding the constitution of the heavenly bodies and the rock-ribbed history of the earth. Astronomy has dealt with the motions, characteristics and distribution of the heavenly bodies. Physics has shown the relations, contrasts and harmonies existing between the elementary forces, attraction, gravitation, heat and light. The biological sciences have dealt with the phenomena manifested by living matter, its chemical composition, its universal disintegration, waste and reintegration. In short, the whole gamut of intellectual pursuits has been run in penetrating the arcanes of nature, and yet with all the knowledge obtained how little do we know after all.

Metaphysics has taught us a valuable lesson in that the peculiar difficulty arising from using the mind as an instrument, as well as the material on which the instrument is employed, has made us see the utter impossibility of taking a comprehensive view of the whole of the mental phenomena. Hence it is that man never can apprehend the ultimates of matter or spirit. Life, as projected upon earth, is like an opaque sea with the great mass of heterogeneous organizations at the bottom of it. Now and then one gets a whiff of air upon the surface and wonders about it. If he don't rush back into the depths and tell the hordes he has seen a God, he simply forms the difference between a Moses and a Darwin or a Spencer. The great error in the accumulation of experience has been in mistaking appearances. Such is the construction of the mind that appearances which satisfy certain proclivities always receive the greatest attention. This constitutes prejudice and spoils the comfort of the world at large. We cannot learn anything about the laws of nature with minds filled with preconceived notions as to what constitutes the laws of nature. To be receptive, earnest, and withal having a desire to know, this is essential; and if, perchance, we shall find that although physics may deny, and rightly, that two objects can occupy the same space at the same time, physics does not prove that two bodies may not pass through each other, therefore we need not suppose that the stability of the universe is to be upset. It is simply our ignorance which has received a shock. The universe is safe. We have only discovered something which we did not know of before.

Now, it is a well-known biological law that in the ordinary course of nature all living matter proceeds from preëxisting living matter. All organic or vegetable life is an offshoot or detachment of previous life which has been overcome in the process of producing higher forms. The improved life takes with it the qualities of propagation which inhered in the former structure.

Throughout every department of growth the

three qualities of composition, disintegration and change are found. These correspond to water and temperature, which must exist where life exists. This much is certain; and it is upon this broad generalization that I propose to demonstrate not only the universality of materialization, but its necessity in the economy of Nature's laws. Force must have something to exert itself upon, and we cannot conceive of force apart from matter.

Now what is matter? The researches of the mind into the chemistry of the physical universe have established the fact that what we call matter is the polar opposite of manifested spirit. Of course physical science is not prepared to express the law in this form, but when we are told that the earth was at one time in such an etherialized state that no faculty of man's mind could have sensed its elemental qualities; it is safe to assume that the spirit-hypothesis of causation is not far away. We have gotten a long way from body or form when we regard the luminiferous ether as matter, and yet the ether is subject to force. Across the impenetrable depths of space the energy of the sun is carried to earth and to the other planets and satellites of the solar system upon the luminiferous ether. Still we have not reached spirit in ether. Spirit, per se, is motionless, formless being, self-existent. Thought, in spirit, produces motion, motion produces vibration, vibration produces atomic instead of formless being. All this involves polarity, and polarity produces manifested spirit, which is different from diffusive spirit because the forces of motion and vibration have followed thought. Manifested spirit on its positive side is the life of all things; so when we say that biology teaches that living matter is the effect of preëxisting living matter, we infer that the cause of living matter is behind the atom, beyond the primordial cell. The atom is the effect of a tendency in manifested spirit in its negative nature toward inertia. This constitutes energy in a state of rest; it involves every species of matter, from the finest spirit-substance down through ether, light, heat, gas or air to the lowest mineral.

This, in brief, is the spiritual in place of the material cosmogony. You save at this time an almighty exhibition of world-materialization in the constellation Lyra. There, you are told by astronomers who are viewing the prodigious spectacle, are the rings, ovals, ellipses, motions and forces which constitute the analysis of world-building according to the nebular hypothesis in full operation, the order of time alone governing the completion of the structure. Now what does all this mean? For ages the nebula of Lyra has been a patch of light, cosmic, no doubt, in the vault of heaven. Is it unscientific, is it without the bounds of reason to suppose that through all these centuries this nebula has been slowly emerging from the diffusive state of formless spirit, obedient to the infinite thought which set its parts in motion, and which in its present epoch shows the atomic structure of a sun or a world? Where, during all the preceding epochs, have these forces existed if not in the causative regions of spirit?

According to the theory of physical science this nebula has just passed the state our earth was in before condensation began, and which gradually brought out the inner qualities of the planet so that the objective instead of the subjective might enable a future man to live and behold it.

Back of the grind of matter there is something which governs and controls. Behind every manifestation either of spirit or nature, as we see it, there is a life-purpose and a death-purpose we do not see and cannot grasp.

I have spoken of world-building as a materialization; let us look at plant or tree-building in the same light. Have you ever watched an oleander grow? Now it is taught, you know, that soil must exist in order that any vegetable or plant-life may develop. I have seen an oleander six feet high gradually bring forth leaves, then buds, and finally swarm with blossoms, with its roots in a pall from which nearly every particle of soil had been taken up and absorbed in the process of growth. It is a simple thing, but where does the matter come from that forms objective bodies of this and similar character, if matter, in an inviolable, uncondensed state, does not exist and obey the life-principle which molds and reëxists it into outward beauty? I have walked with a blind man who has told me every time when he came into proximity with a tree. He knew there was a tree before him, because, as he said, he felt it. A little occult study reveals the fact that a force, or, as it is termed, an aura, surrounds every object. This aura is a substance; if it was not, a blind man could not feel it; and this aura constitutes the spirit of the tree. A reciprocal energy is constantly in operation between the tree and its aura. With proper appliances an analysis could be made in every stage of the tree's life, from the lowest inertia up to the living fire of its spirit. This will be accomplished yet. Clairvoyance is a settled fact. The most stubborn obstinacy on the part of so-called science has been overcome, and now it is a very incautious man who denies the truth of clairvoyance. Now take a good clairvoyant to this tree we are considering, and other matters eliminated from his observation, he will see and describe the spirit-tree to you. The probability is that he will not see the matter-tree at all. Clairvoyance is spirit perception; it is the vision of the spirit. He will see, very likely, a spirit-tree, even if the matter-tree has been hewn down.

Now let us look into a conservatory or a greenhouse. Here we see a profusion of plant-life under artificial culture. The order of time is the only difference between production here and production in the open air; and this order

of time has been overcome by means of a glass roof which enhances the power of the sun's rays upon the plants. The seed is the same, the soil is the same, the water is the same, but the temperature is changed, and this produces a materialized form of the plant sooner than the ordinary course of nature could produce it. The seed may be infinitesimally small, but in a little while a large plant, filled with flowers and a fragrance that ravishes your senses, is growing before your eyes. It is folly to suppose that all of this was encompassed in the little seed. Yet there it is, and you wonder—If you think about it—where all this weight and substance and form came from. Certainly the little soil in the jar holding it could not do it all. The weight of the plant has long since outdone that of the soil which holds its roots. Is not this, then, a materialization? an outward display of inward energy and substance? Anon the plant dies, as you term it; or, if you cut the tie that binds its foliage with its roots, it begins to droop and finally decays. Visit it shortly afterward and you will find it has lost its weight; it has shrunk in size, is dried up; a breeze would blow it about like a feather. The process of disintegration continuing, its very atoms become separated and fly off. But these atoms are indivisible and unchangeable. Obeying another life-force, another intelligent propulsion, they may become incorporated in another plant; they may go to help make up the wastes of your own bodies. Life is not destroyed, intelligence is not molested in this process of decay. It is simply the form of things that is changed. Matter, then, pertains to body. It has nothing to do with the cause of body. It is the subject of a king, mightier than any potentate ever raised up by the authority of gods or men. This king is spirit, and is coëxistent with matter, both eternal, omnipresent, indestructible. If, then, as the learned Dr. Blacklock so well says, "No material substance can perish, and if all its real qualities are inseparable from it, much less can the soul, whose substance is an absolute stranger to composition, and whose qualities are much more one with the substance itself, be imagined to be destructible."

The hypothesis of evolution essays to answer the problems respecting the genesis of things. Of these the first and foremost is the problem of explaining the incessant process of transformation which the world manifests. We do not accept the monistic conception attributable to certain thinkers, Spiritualists, many of them, which assumes but one substance, mind, and resolves the reality of the material world into a spiritual principle alone. The universe is a unit dual in its expression. All life is a unit dual in its manifestation. All law is unitary dual in its operation. Cause is eternal only in the order of time; it antedates effect. One cannot be without the other.

Our contention, therefore, is that the duality of force and matter, the correspondence of spirit and mind, should be maintained in order that an intelligible explanation of transformation or change can be made. The common question, "What is motion, and how does it arise?" must be answered by the thought which molds atomic substance. We do not believe that coincidence or chance can ever answer the problem of transformation or of causation. And if thought—and by thought we mean the consciousness of being—if this be eternal, then no such thing as a void exists anywhere in the universe, because thought is inseparable from that upon and within which it is projected. This places us directly opposite to the doctrine of Descartes and the school of mechanical evolutionists. Descartes' conception was that the physical universe, whether living or not living, is a mechanism, and that as such it is explicable on physical principles. The association of atoms cannot be explained by the doctrine of blind force. Physical principles cannot explain why certain atoms assume the form of a rose, certain other atoms the insensible rock, and other atoms the brain of man. The process of transformation can only be explained on the ground that intelligence and design are behind motion. "Matter potentially alive, and having within itself the tendency to assume a definite living form," meets the requirements of physical science. It does not meet the requirements of spiritual science. Here, we will say, is an aerolite, one of those strange bodies that sometimes wanders into the earth's attraction, and withstanding the enormous friction of the atmosphere sufficiently to hold its particles together, reaches the earth. In this piece of matter are found many of the earth's elements, including calcium, sodium, potassium, carbon, phosphorus, sulphur, oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen. Every one of these elements exists in man's organism. Now we might fairly ask the mechanical evolutionist, who holds that matter possesses the potentiality and tendency to assume living forms, a question as reasonable, perhaps, as the one he frequently hurls at us, that if spirits return why don't I see them? to wit: Why don't this aerolite assume the form and functions of a man and walk off, run for Congress or study for the ministry? The dualistic hypothesis of evolution, then, recognizes a vital principle or spirit which pervades all matter, the essential nature of which is formative, overcoming crude forms in the struggle for higher species, and which fashions inert matter into various shapes, be it in the structure of a sun or a blade of grass.

This spirit-principle is not only a formative force, but is the source of consciousness, the life of all being. We are aware that this hypothesis is pantheistic, and indeed we might take, in this respect, the inductive side of pantheism, which merges all nature in God, as contradictory of the atheistic idea of the denial of God. "It is

a fine observation," says Fleming, of Plato and his Laws, "that atheism is a disease of the soul before it becomes an error of the understanding." Spinoza and Schelling were pantheists, who, "instead of denying God, absorb everything into him." It is the only view that accords with the largest volume of phenomena. If it is pantheistic, then Spiritualism, in this respect, is a form of pantheism.

And this view of formation has no bearing upon the visibility of matter. As has been shown, matter has two states of expression, visible and invisible, materialized and dematerialized.

It is susceptible of myriads of forms, but cannot move without force; force cannot create without intelligence; force can whirl a cyclone and devastate a whole township; it cannot build a temple nor produce the heart of man. Man is a materialized form, and he undergoes the processes of disintegration and reintegration every seven years. He don't realize it, any more than the form you clasp in a séance-room realizes its own mechanism. It is simply a conglomeration of atoms, which the order of time and the superior intelligence of the operator alone projects into outward visibility faster than your own forms are projected. Its production is not a whit more marvelous than the production and growth of your own bodies. It is the familiarity of possession which creates satiety. I don't believe we ever ought to fool ourselves with the notion that the fellowship we possess with our bodies should make us detest them, or cease to wonder at their awful construction.

Now, from the foregoing you are enabled to perceive the reasons I have for accepting the phenomenon of materialization as understood by Spiritualists. You have seen where I base my philosophy, and also something of its foundation; you have seen how, in postulating cause, I have reached effect and arrived at the growth of a plant, a man, or a sun.

The philosophy of materialization, or transformation as it is commonly regarded, is to my mind as clear as any of the wonders of life I ever hope to unravel, and all that I have ever witnessed in the physical world, the element of fraud has been eliminated, substantially bears out the hypothesis I have endeavored to present to you. That the dead whom science and theology alike have for ages past relegated to be uncertain, misty and unsubstantial ultimates of their own false theories, should stand forth in garb and form they once wore and speak authoritatively of a life they hoped for and died uncertain of, is the most amazing thing in the whole gamut of nineteenth century marvels. And yet to the close student, the true thinker, the most amazing thing about it is the prejudice and denial with which the phenomenon is received. To a man who believes but do not know that Moses and Elias stood materialized by the side of Jesus, it would seem that the opportunity to know that his mother might materialize for his edification would not be rejected. But such is the constitution of the race that antiquated dreams are more satisfactory than modern facts. I suppose that eighteen centuries from now mortal fossils will be ridiculing the sensible portion of humanity for enjoying the new civilization, while holding up some nineteenth century barbarian as a model to worship. Who knows?

Now we lay claim to this affirmation: the phenomena of Spiritualism, commonly cited under the various psychic terms of somnambulism, hypnotic and mediumic conditions of the human organism, are in the world for the purpose of helping in the unravelment of those mysteries which have either terrorized or mystified the race for ages. The phenomenon of form materialization is one of these phases, and I do not contend that there is anything essentially new in this or the other classes of phenomena. Man has always possessed the desire to live and gain knowledge and happiness. Wherever ignorance has been banished by the rays of aspiration he has beheld the fragmentary parts of a diviner estate, something better, something to make hope a promise instead of a myth. And throughout all the varied trial of psychic law upon mortal humanity, the steps have arisen gradually and evenly toward the grand culmination as seen in materialization. It is simply the bearing out of theory in demonstrable fact. It is wholly a question of fact. Do these things occur, and if so, under what law? The law I have pointed out. The fact of the occurrence of the phenomena does not require further confirmation. In the language of Prof. A. R. Wallace, I say that "when the opponents of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the same sane and able men have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like belief in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers, then, and not till then, will it be necessary for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmations of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer."

There are thousands who, like myself, can readily attest to the phenomenon of materialization; and I propose to give but a single instance in my experience. I have seen a human hand protrude itself through the meshes of a heavy curtain and write an intelligible communication appertaining to matters incident to a select gathering witnessing the phenomena. The medium was Mr. A. Willis of Cincinnati, and he was at my side in the circle.

The message was signed John Morris—John Morris is the control of Mr. Willis. Now the prima facie evidence here produced is that John Morris is a proper person, having identity, capable of clothing his arm in a body that would correspond with the vibrations necessary to make an objective form visible to my vision. By the power of chemical and electrical manipulation of atoms he molded an arm and hand in a few minutes which, under the ordinary course of nature, would require eighteen or twenty years to produce. It was simply a forced growth, supernatural but not super-natural, analogous to the plant in the hot-house. By the same power he dissipated instantly that which nature requires years to perform in the processes of disintegration. I also saw men and women, talked with them and they with me; and in one instance upon matters not known to me or the medium, or to any member of the circle. They all said they were spirits, and had once lived on this earth. They talked to me and to others through a trumpet which I held myself in a bright light, and I could feel the vibrations of the voice in the tin of the trumpet. There was no possible way for collusion to creep in here. Mr. Willis was always visible, and talked with these people just as freely as I did. He was never out of my sight in any interview I had with a form. I had examined, previous to the séance, every door and window, also the cabinet, floor, ceiling and appurtenances of the rooms. The cabinet consisted of two folding parlor-doors, swung at right angles, and fastened in position by a piece of gilt molding, about two-thirds of the distance to the top of the doors. A curtain of dark, heavy cloth, hanging from this molding, and another curtain hanging from a pole at the top of the door-frames; thus making the doors the ends and the curtains the sides of the cabinet. These forms walked through the curtains, thus setting at defiance the accepted rule of physics that matter has but three dimensions—length, breadth and thickness. Here was a fourth dimension transcending them all, viz: the capacity of matter to become disassociated in its atomic nature a sufficient length of time to allow other matter to pass through it. This is a chemical operation which an ordinary spirit can perform, and which no physicist of earth can tell the formula of. And yet we are constantly besieged with the question of what practical benefit are these alleged spiritual forces to the world?

Now I am aware that the value of this narrative depends, in a certain sense, upon my ability to observe correctly, and to form an intelligent conclusion upon my observations. I am aware, also, that there are persons in this audience who will accept that ability negatively. That is, they will think that my honesty is all right, but that I did not see what I thought I saw. This is the way the learned Dr. Richard Hodgson, who is the Secretary of the American branch of the English Association of Psychical Research, puts it. He says that the mal-observation of the sitters precludes the possibility of correctly judging the character of the phenomena observed. According to this hypothesis Galileo was mal-observant when he discovered the earth's motion. The divine wisdom of the Church, however, did not think he was. The Church was afraid he was correct, and so it tortured him for his observation. You are mal-observant, I suppose; when you view a spirit it may be a picture of you as you are if this hypothesis be carried out far enough it would transform the entire race into petty jurors. They are the only persons I know of who are supposed to have no opinions of their own. Notwithstanding all this, the fact remains and is yet to be accounted for, and upon the lines of scientific research, too. How far are the laws of physics to undergo a change in order to meet the requirements of advanced thought and investigation? When we behold a piece of matter penetrate another piece of matter, and come out on the opposite side without injury to either, we are at the end of physics, and at the beginning of something which opens up a boundless world of knowledge undreamed of in our schools of philosophy. Something has got to be done. The testimony of eye-witnesses of observers careful and non-committal, has got to have its weight ere long. The stanchest materialists are being driven to the extremity of their domain. One by one the obstacles which their one-sided analysis has produced to shut out a clearer vision are being removed, and as a consequence they are left without anything to support the new facts which are daily obtruding and being forced upon them.

Here is B. F. Underwood, one of the most noted of materialistic thinkers, a gentleman whom it is a privilege to read often, who has recently published in *The Arena* his experiences in automatic writing. Mr. Underwood is a cautious thinker, but he has been led to make an announcement which embodies the very climax of his resources. He can go no further. He says: "I do not accept the spiritual hypothesis, but I know of no other hypothesis that is satisfactory in helping us to explain the facts." What an admission and confession is this!

But what is the "spiritistic hypothesis"? This: Our dead, they who have felt the last pang that mortality is heir to, have survived its dart and come to us who are still within the vale of shadows to demonstrate the immortality of the soul, its indestructibility and its eternal progress and development. This is what these phenomena teach. Their mission is to settle doubt and make uncertainty certain. Is this such an awful thing? Is it not the simplest thing in the world that love should love, albeit the husk through which it breathed should vanish? Yet it is this simple thing that confounds the learned. It is this quality of the soul which fashions its habitation, either of spirit or matter. It is this unto which the verdict of purged authority is yet to bow.

We can wait. Secure in our knowledge, conscious of our power, in molding thought and expression, the day of our reward cometh. It is yet morning. Nature sings her matin hymn, and life, instinct with hope, glides the peaks of our East. Anon the sun climbs the heights, and noonday splendor finds the darkened nooks of the valleys and sequestered caverns of earth. A message is with us, and its burden is the glad tidings of eternal life. It is a whisper as yet, although it has circumscribed the globe. Millions rejoice in the acceptance of it, but millions on millions have never heard it. When it raises unto the refrain destined for it, in the oncoming generations, the planet shall vibrate in unison with the sound, and mankind behold at last the full and complete purpose and glory of life. We shall pass like the shrubs of summer; others will take our places. What we have accumulated in experience will be our only capital. The hosts of the future will know us by what we have done, not by what we have believed. We shall be high or

low amidst the grand conclave of spirit-life by virtue of the same thing. To work out the secrets of nature is better than to speculate upon them. Speculation has set up a god here and there; a few thinkers got to work and discovered a law here and there. They tried the gods by the laws and found the laws pulsant and the gods worthless. The era of man is here, and his conception of Deity marks the highest registry of his thought upon the dial of evolution. Light and Life and Love: these are the divine graces which, incorporated in man, render him fit to conceive the wonder of law and comport himself to its eternal provisions.

W. J. Colville on Labor Organizations.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Saturday, Aug. 20th, W. J. Colville was the speaker at Cassadaga Camp at 2 P. M. Several questions were forcibly answered, and then the lecture was delivered on topics chosen by a majority vote of the audience: "Labor Organizations," and "How can we Overcome the Present Strained Relations between Capital and Labor?"

The lecturer commenced by explaining the attitude taken by Hon. A. B. Richmond and others, viz: that all persons have the right to organize, but not to form societies detrimental to the interests and perilous to the liberties of fellow citizens. Labor unions are good in theory but often defective in practice, as they endeavor to resist one form of tyranny by enforcing another. No one should be intimidated or persecuted into joining an organization; such conduct is utterly unconstitutional and illegal. The trouble in many cases is that the prominent officers are of foreign birth, and do not yet understand a republic. Many measures appropriate to Germany or Russia are foreign to the needs of America or France. The greatest error is the attitude taken toward apprentices; and this blunder may never cease until our government perfects its system of education. If industrial training is a part of the common school course, no young man or woman need ask permission to learn a trade, as no one would leave school without knowing one. Much larger appropriations are needed for education, and whatever is withheld from the schools is soon squandered in supporting crime. The planlessness which characterizes the present system is its chief bane. We have in many places far too many workers at mechanical trades and too few tillers of the soil. The land question must be settled before any real progress can be made. Other stalwart issues are suffrage and the race problem. Suffrage should be extended to all competent voters, irrespective of sex and color, but withheld from all incompetent males and females alike until they are sufficiently educated to know what they are doing when they present themselves at the polls. The Electoral College should be abolished; the people should vote directly for all representatives, including the Chief Magistrate, and the secret ballot should become general. To call out the militia and fire on laborers to protect capitalists, or on organized workmen to protect the unorganized, is a measure so utterly barbaric and so intensely foreign to the American spirit, that if long continued war must ensue, it is a prophet, though none of us may be fully prepared to regard any author or teacher as an infallible oracle. If the Constitution is honored there will be no tyranny; but if class-legislation is encouraged, civil war may at any time be imminent.

If Spiritualists and other reformers do not buckle on their spiritual armor and fight with the two heaven-appointed swords—intellectual appeal and moral suasion—however beautiful the ethics of Spiritualism, Spiritualists will find themselves left behind in the race for freedom. The spiritual rostrum and press have always been at the fore in advocating a pacific settlement of all difficulties by the application of the law of love. True love, however, is not the false thing commonly called charity, which rears an edifice of sentiment on a base of injustice. To prevent poverty is far better than to relieve it; to banish the causes of crime and sickness is a far nobler work than to punish vice or relieve distress. None but radicals, in the true sense of the word, can hold the balance of power in the coming days; and there are now coming to the front leaders who will carry all before them; men and women raised from the ranks to meet the emergencies of the times, as truly as ever Lincoln, Phillips, Garrison, and other heroes of the anti-slavery conflict, were divinely commissioned thirty years ago to lead the Lord's hosts against the enemy. Enemies are impersonal lusts and vices, and in our conflict with these we must ever remember that no soul is inimical to another.

If the glorious teaching of Emerson, in his splendid essay, "Spiritual Laws," had been digested and assimilated by the nation, there would be none of the mad race for wealth there is to-day. We all desire three blessings: health, happiness and prosperity. If the first two are ours, the third is sure to crown us, for it is the offspring of the others.

An exaggerated sense of the value of gold is a fruitful source of hatred and injustice. The purchasing power of money is its only value. If it cannot purchase what we require to make us strong, happy and successful in the true sense, wherein does its worth consist? Public sentiment reaches everywhere; it affects the king and the beggar, and all grades of society between throne and gutter. It is the province of the genuine educator of youth to exemplify and instill such moral lessons as lead youth to rightfully discriminate between worthy and worthless. If every knee bends to a golden calf, it is but natural that every ambitious youth should desire to form a part of that idol's anatomy; but if such heathen worship is discontinued, and the new divinities are the goddesses of Virtue and the god Intelligence; if every man and woman is graded in the social scale according to goodness and intelligence—then those who use rakes and hoes or mops and brooms nine-tenths of their time, will be as highly esteemed as they who render sonatas on the piano, or adorn the ranks of the aristocratic professions. Tennyson's line, "Tis only noble to be good," should be engraven or emblazoned everywhere; it should be in the very air we breathe, as an all-pervading sentiment, as well as upon the walls of our institutions. If occupation and not character regulates the distinction between men and women and ladies and gentlemen, if it is dress or money that does this, it is but natural that no one will be willing to bear the inferior title if he can gain the superior one. Influence is really what most people crave, and if show gives it to

them they are anxious for pomp to surround them. A careful study of human nature reveals the truth that its goodness is essential, its vices are only superficial; every sinner is but a skin overlaying a saint; righteousness alone can satisfy man. Theodore Parker's memorable words, "Nothing but truth and goodness can really satisfy mankind," should accompany our quotation from Tennyson as a kindred inspiration to nobility.

As a minority of the audience had desired the "Past, Present and Future of Spiritualism" as the topic, in an eloquent peroration the speaker briefly traced the progress of the spiritual movement without departing from the logical sequence of the previous theme. As organization is perfect in the spiritual world, we on earth can only fulfill the behests of ascended humanity, as we afford open doors and windows through which spiritual light and air can be admitted as quickly and freely as possible. If phenomena absolutely convincing to Elizabeth Barrett Browning made no deep impression upon her husband, Robert Browning, though they attended séances in Italy together, nothing can be more obvious to the thoughtful student than that every phase of mediumship should be welcomed and fostered.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

HAVERHILL.—R. A. Grieves writes: "Acting upon your invitation to peruse the contents of the number of THE BANNER for Aug. 13th and report, I would say that I have done so, and find it to be as you have stated, a glorious one, filled with excellent things. With your permission, I will refer to some of its points of excellence: The contribution on the first page from the pen of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, in his series No. 22, on the mediumship of Swedenborg, is very interesting and instructive, (as all Dr. Willis's articles are,) and will prove profitable reading for any one—no matter how well versed such may be in regard to the life of Swedenborg. I have read it with much interest, and it proved very refreshing to my memory, as I have read somewhat of Swedenborg in the years that are past. What a glorious man and medium he was! What a pity the world had not received his messages with greater interest, and studied the subject of communion with the higher spheres, and thus received the glorious truth that only such communion can give to mortals; but evidently it was not prepared for such messages, and yet they have done their work in preparing the world for what was to come at a later day. And now, in the clearer light of Spiritualism, we can look back upon the past and note the evidences of mediumship in nearly all the grand and noble souls who have worked in the cause of humanity: poets, authors, sages, philosophers, singers and artists, that sacred and profane history (so-called) give an account of.

And how clearly this same power is noticeable in the lives and utterances of this same class of to-day. Intelligent Spiritualists do not fail to note it, whether they are aware of it themselves and ready to acknowledge it or not. I might mention many names of poets and authors of our own time, who show clearly to an observer that they write and speak under power of inspiration. I have talked with many spirits of this class within a few years, and they tell me frankly that they now know that they were influenced when in the mortal by higher unseen intelligences; and so it has been, as Bro. Willis says, all along through the ages—past, present and ever with us. Truly the life we live is not a mortal life, but a spiritual one, and we are glad to gain still further experience by controlling some one occupying a physical organism, and thus, in some measure, be able to accomplish what we could not—or failed to do—in the earthly form. There certainly is a great amount of satisfaction in getting one's eyes open to these grand truths which lie somewhat hidden in the great book of Nature; it gives one a new interest in life, and relieves us of all fear of death.

Speaking of sacred history, so-called, I consider the bible one of the best means possible to use in refuting and combating the arguments of bigoted and prejudiced Christians against Modern Spiritualism; for it is replete with evidences of mediumship and the return of spirits, and many cases can be used as clinchers against their ignorant and foolish arguments. A good smart rap once in a while to their own sacred tome in the hands of one who understands how to use it, has the tendency to take some of the conceit out of them, whether they are willing to acknowledge it or not. Many thanks to such workers as Dr. Willis, and a long list of others, and such papers as THE BANNER, BETTER WAY, etc., for the work they are doing in clearing the mental vision and causing the scales to drop from the eyes of those who have been so long blind to the glorious light and truths contained in the philosophy and phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

Passing from the above I would note the editorial "What is Life?" embodying, to some extent, Thomas A. Edison's views, which was quite interesting to me. I have thought considerably upon the subject of life, as probably all intelligent people do. Mr. Edison says: The atom in man's composition is conscious if man is conscious, is intelligent if man is intelligent, exercises self-power if man does, and is in its nature, as all that man is. And Loetzel is reported as saying: All atoms are conscious and of a spiritual nature, yet have no distinct existence, but depend on the soul of things, which is God. Now it seems to me that all the individual expressions of life in nature are dependent upon this underlying spirit of intelligent life we call God, and will express just that measure of that intelligence in their individuality that we may attract and become conscious of in accordance with our own and the development of the atom in life, we are all parts and parcels of the same. Coming into individuality through the natural process of law, the harmonious co-mingling of the dual forces of nature, the positive and negative, or male and female principles, we become a magnet, and attract to ourselves more and more of this intelligent life which inheres and holds in thought and memory, making us the individuals that we are; differentiated by various and high and noble powers of attainment, yet all belonging to the same one life. Thus we are all conscious and of a spiritual nature, yet have no distinct existence, but depend on the soul of things, which is God. Now it seems to me that all the individual expressions of life in nature are dependent upon this underlying spirit of intelligent life we call God, and will express just that measure of that intelligence in their individuality that we may attract and become conscious of in accordance with our own and the development of the atom in life, we are all parts and parcels of the same. 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Message Department.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their life here—whether of good or evil—that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no impression from the fact that these columns do not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more. It is our earnest desire that those who recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing the publishers of the fact for publication.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to COLBY & BROWN.

Notice.

The Banner of Light Free Circle Meetings have been suspended for the summer.

Due notice of their reopening in the fall will be given in these columns.

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held May 17th, 1892. (Continued from last week.)

Thomas Porter.
[To the Chairman:] Good afternoon, Mr. President. (Good afternoon.) I feel that I hardly have the right to come in, but I have been told this is a free meeting, open to all, and so I venture to announce myself, hoping that my relatives and friends will believe that it is possible for me to speak from beyond the tomb, and to say there is no death for me nor for any one. I find it so in my experience. Perhaps I was not prepared to go. How few of earth really are prepared to step from the body! Perhaps the summons came too suddenly to me, but so it comes to many others; and yet there was no shock—nothing to stun my spirit or to make me feel as if I had been swiftly hurled into some other condition. There was a gradual and beautiful awakening, as from a pleasant slumber, and I found myself in a land that was full of light, beauty and fragrance.

I have not lingered in that country all the time. I have come back to earth-life. I have stood in homes in Mount Clair, and have looked upon familiar forms, wondering why they could not see and touch me. I seemed so natural to myself. I have walked the streets of New York City, where I have been so well acquainted, and have looked into places on Worth street that were very well known to me. I have even met friends and close associates face to face, and it seemed strange that they did not recognize me, so real as this life on both sides is to me; for I have been through its phenomena and trying to learn more of its conditions, so as to understand it here and in the spirit-world.

I was a business man, and for many years was connected with important affairs, so that I feel identified with this external life pretty thoroughly. As a commission merchant I had dealings with a great many people; and also as an associate of an institution which is influential in standing.

I do not speak of these things in a boastful spirit. I know that I have given up the external forms of activity, but I speak of them to show how natural it is that I should still be interested in things belonging to the material life, and desire to have my relatives and friends know that such is the case. Give them, sir, my greeting and my fond regards, if you please; and if this should be received by any who have known and cared for me, I shall realize it, I am sure, in my spirit-home, and prize the knowledge very much. Thomas Porter.

Dr. Abbie E. Cutler.
It always gives me pleasure to find an opportunity to speak through a medium or to visit the Banner of Light Circle, and I come occasionally in some such way as this, because I know I gather strength by so doing to help me on with my work; and, besides, it helps me to keep in touch with not only the friends that I prize on earth, but with the mortal conditions.

I am still busy, and I think I always shall be. I have plans for this summer's work, and I come here to tell my friends that I believe they will be carried out successfully. Some on earth have an idea of what they are, and these friends are in sympathy with me in my desires to have these plans wrought out. I believe a magnetic force has been used in certain quarters which will do much not only in developing these purposes, but in helping suffering human beings in more ways than one.

I wish to tell the dear friends that I have seen their works, I have known their desires, and every time they have sent out a thought to me or a desire, I have responded in spirit. Sometimes I have responded in the flesh, and we desired to convey, and sometimes I have been able to give direct communication, so I feel that all is doing well. I am not discouraged at all, and it seems to me that the work is increasing and the influence growing, and that what we have planned in the past will be accomplished by-and-by.

My words will be seen by those who will understand them. I do not know that there is anything of special importance for me to say for the world to-day. Many in various States have known me in the past, and have seen something of my mediumistic work. Some have misunderstood it, but others have been in sympathy with me and the objects I had in view, and I have felt a warm, genial glow pervading my spirit produced by the influence from other hearts that has been of service to me. To one and all I bring my greeting, and I am happy to come to any one who will listen to me.

My words to-day will be most fully understood, perhaps, by a few friends in Philadelphia. I have some friends in New Jersey who will know to what I allude, while perhaps my relatives will also comprehend. Dr. Abbie E. Cutler.

Mark Sheridan.
I went to the South seeking health and strength, but I did not find that for which I sought. I could not stay in the body because of its weakness, and so I went on to another world. After I found myself there, I thought, "If I had known how pleasant this life is, I should have been more reconciled to the thought of such a change." But we do not know, and so we struggle and try to keep on this side, which, I suppose, is all right and according to nature.

I am from Warren, Mass., and I want my people there to know that I have got back to send them a word of love. I want them to know that this is a good world. We do not need so much to cry for the world as we have that has passed on that it may get out of an unpleasant state, because it all depends upon ourselves what our condition will be in the next life; but if we try to do our duty and to be just to all men, there will be no need of prayers in our behalf.

I find that there is much in the spirit-world that I never dreamed of, much for man that is useful to him. He learns his lessons more easily, and he gets along in life, I think, a good deal better than he does here, because he is not always knocking against rough places. He begins to see what is for his best spiritual advancement, and he tries to take advantage of it. This is my experience, and I have seen the same thing in the experience of many others.

They used to call me Mark Sheridan, and I go by that name still for want of a better. I have good friends on this side of life, and perhaps they will see a glimpse of truth in this that I am saying, and begin to think that Mark has got back and has power to speak. Tell them to look well to themselves and do the best they know how, and they will find all things are in good shape for them when they get to the other side.

Margaret Wentworth.
My name is Margaret Wentworth. Sometimes my own people called me Daisy, and when I was a very little girl they always called me that.

I want to tell the spirit-world in a very weak condition, so that I could call for consolation, my mother or any one of the beautiful spirits I saw before I fairly passed from the body.

They will remember the smile they spoke of which passed over my countenance before I went. That was because I saw such lovely beings, who appeared to be waiting for me, and it seemed as if they said for me not to be afraid, for they were friends coming to help me and take me home. I did not hear the words, but it was the feeling that came over me, and I smiled because I was happy and contented. I saw my father and I saw Emma, and I know that it was not a fancy but a reality, and that there was a bright world beyond where we should know each other.

I did not believe in Spiritualism; I knew nothing of it; my friends were not Spiritualists, but this came to me as an experience. Sometimes in my sickness I would almost see bright faces around me looking out of the mist, but not as plain as I did at the last. Then I saw beautiful gleams of light flash out in the night when I could not sleep, and some of them were of different colors. I would tell of this, but my friends thought I was really seeing nothing. I now know it was not fancy, but that beautiful lights were brought to me by kind friends, who came to keep me from being lonely and to help me to bear all my pain and weakness.

I have not been able to come back before, although I have been gone a long time, because, I suppose, I could not find any medium that I could influence. I would like to have all my friends know that I love them still. I think of them often, and wish I could do them good. I try to tell them I can. Sometimes it seems that I do make them feel more cheerful and happy, and then, at other times, I do not seem to make any impression upon them. Perhaps if they can learn of Spiritualism and investigate it through some of its mediums, I can come closely to them; our friends on the spirit-side can also reach them, and it may be that we shall be able to give those we love here evidence, without a doubt, of our identity. I went away from Boston.

Controlling Spirit.
We wish to thank the kind friends who have provided our Circle-Room with the beautiful flowers on this occasion.

Report of Public Séance held May 20th, 1892.

Spirit Invocation.
Oh! most Holy and Beneficent Spirit, thou Divine Presence who art the all-in-all of life, thine Intelligence is manifested everywhere throughout all forms of existence; thy wisdom is displayed on every hand; suggestions and evidences of thy love are written upon the boundless heavens in characters of light, and strewn upon the verdant fields in fragrant flowers that whisper their praises back to thee. Thy care and tenderness falling into the human heart may awaken a consciousness of thine eternal life and bring to the questioning soul a comprehension of thy grand, infinite law, causing that soul to realize its relationship to the vast Creator and Intelligence of all.

We turn to thee at this hour asking for spiritual knowledge, seeking for gleams of light, for we know that above the darkness of ignorance and beyond the clouds of error the truth eternal shines for all; and when we send out our aspirations and earnest desires there comes to us more light and understanding of these great spiritual principles even as in material life: when Nature sends storms and darkness there shines above the clouds of earth the beautiful sunlight, and gleams of beauty and glory unroll before our sight as the clouds are parted. Thus we behold thy gracious hand as Nature's works throughout. As the mist that envelopes human life, whether they be of sorrow or darkness, ignorance or error, when they gradually lift and pass away, reveal a silver lining and a golden light, we know that thy beneficent hand scatters abroad love and gladness and beauty and truth for all mankind.

From the spiritual revelations of this age is brought to humanity that undying information concerning life and destiny which no one can take away. We thank thee that this is so. We praise thee for the revelations which have been brought to mankind in the present generation, for the knowledge that man is an immortal being, that life and love are continuous, that there is no separation for kindred souls, and that an eternity opens before humanity in its search for knowledge and truth. For all these blessings we praise thee, and we ask that thine angels may be given power to return into our atmosphere bearing new messages of light, new revelations of thy law, that we may be instructed and blessed by their beneficent ministrations.

Individual Messages.

Aaron A. Spencer.
[To the Chairman:] Will you kindly, sir, permit me to enter and encroach upon your time? [Certainly.] I thank you for the privilege, for such it really is to me. Though I am a spirit and an inhabitant of the great world of spirits, yet I am a human being, the same man of thought and energy that I was when I passed in the body of flesh, and I hold interest in this mortal life that I cannot let me back to its scenes and associations, so that long to take hold of them and impress myself as an individuality upon that same line of social life of which I was a part in years past.

Have I found any great truth since I passed swiftly, as it seems to me, in reviewing the days gone by, from mortal scenes? Yes; I have found a great truth concerning man's immortality, and as I look around me on the other side, beholding not only individuals who have but lately passed in that life, or who only for a few years have dwelt there, but others who have been inhabitants of the spirit-world for many long centuries, and other human beings full of vitality and strength, seemingly able to cope with any adverse force, to accomplish great ends and achieve wonderful results from every effort which they make, I learn that they are immortal, that they look for no end, no cessation of the great, moving life within them, and this is of great importance to me. Other truths I have found or learned, and it seems, as I look back over the experiences of former years, as if but very feeble gleams of eternal truth came to my mind, that the great truth was shrouded and veiled from my understanding, and I only wonder how it is that so few can see the light when it shines so brightly all around.

I wish to tell my dear friends in Arcadia that I remember them with much love, that I hold their interests as mine, and desire to see them prosperous and happy. I will do what I can by way of influence to bring them such peace and comfort as it is possible for me to bring in the course of their lives. And, sir, will you kindly speak to other friends of mine, in Wyoming County, New York, or acquaint them with the fact that I am not a dead man, that though I went out of the body I still continue to live as a thinking man, and that I give them my warm regard and sympathetic thought. I would like to meet my friends through private channels, that I may communicate with those as in days gone by, face to face and heart to heart. I am Aaron A. Spencer.

Pete Welch.
[To the Chairman:] Will you just say for me, sir, that Pete Welch is coming around this way, and wants to send word to his friends and folks that he's all right? [Certainly.]

I do not know how long I've been out, and when I try to think of the last hour, it's all mixed up, not very clear, so I can't tell much about it. I wasn't a preacher like the good man that was talking to you first, and I wasn't a business man full of big interests like the one that came after; I was just a poor brakeman, and got rushed out in a hurry, but they said I could come back here and say I'm all right, and in a pretty good place on the other side.

I want the folks at White River Junction, Vt., to know about this. Tell 'em there's a good world over here, and you don't get knocked about just because you don't happen to have fine clothes and plenty of book-learning; but you're helped up, pushed ahead and put into line where you can get along if you try to in any way.

I was in the Northern Division of the Maine road. I just thought I'd like to pop in here and say something. It might do some good, and then again, it might not. I can't tell, but I thought I was feeling so good myself I'd like to have everybody know it.

Mary M. Randall.
I don't think I have been gone away long. It seems just the smallest time to me, just such a little while since I woke up in the spirit-world, and they told me everything was all right and I could get rested.

I feel as if there were mixed up things about our affairs on this side, and it makes me uneasy, so some of the good friends on our spirit-side, as you call that pleasant home where I

am now trying to get used to the new life, told me to come here. They came, too, and helped me so I could speak and tell my friends that I feel everything will be all right. I hope so, and I am glad I have got out of the body. My head feels clear, and in other ways I am strong.

All the new life is pleasant, like a great summer garden, where the flowers are growing and the birds singing, and I don't think I shall ever want to come back here to live. I haven't got much acquainted with the new world, so I can't say much about it, only that all I have met are kind, and what I have seen is good, and as I find I'm alive, and do not need to go through anything new, but am just settling down in a pleasant home, I think it's all right, and I'm ready for what is to come.

I know I don't tell very much, but you see I feel that I've just gone out so lately that I haven't got straightened out in a knowledge of this other life, and something I'll try to do, and tell what I've found. What brought me, as I said, was because I wanted to get away from the old affairs that seemed to be mixed. I don't want to be tied down to them. I'll be satisfied whichever way they go, and I hope the rest will.

I lived in Enfield, Mass. I am Mary M. Randall.

William Hammond.

[To the Chairman:] Good afternoon, sir. [Good afternoon.] I do not know whether I shall be received or not by any particular friend, because a good while has passed since I went from the body, and of course we sort of drop out of the minds of our friends after years go by, and I can't expect to be remembered. But I have come just the same to speak a few words, because I have always wished to do so. I have tried a good many times to get hold of some of your mediums, but somehow I have not had the chance before to get in.

I lived in Cambridge, and I am pretty familiar with the old streets of Boston. I know a good many people here. Some have gone to the spirit-world and some have changed and gone to different parts during the great rush in life that has been going on, but when I look back from the present to the past it seems only a very little while since I was here with my friends, working and talking and doing what I could to fill a certain place in the world. I worked at, or I was connected with—I hardly know how to express it—the shoe and leather business, not in a business of my own, but holding a position under others, which I tried to fill to the best of my ability.

I am not looking after my own wear on the spirit-side, but I have been engaged a little bit in horticulture and floriculture, and trying to understand and get acquainted with the beauties of Nature. I loved flowers and I loved vegetable growth when I was here in the body. Sometimes I had a little garden of my own, and I enjoyed going into it and talking to the little, pretty blossoms, that came up and looked into my face.

Well, on the spirit-side I was given—or I found—a beautiful garden, with plenty of room for me to go out into it and work, look after the flowers, get acquainted with them and find out their origin; and I tell you it was more pleasant than going over lists and cases of boots and shoes, and that kind of work. I know that such things must be attended to on this side, and I know it is necessary to have these things looked after; but every man to his calling. Sometimes on this side I think we do not get into our natural calling, but I have not found such to be the case in the spirit-world. I find some whose work consists in weaving the elements into fabrics from which are fashioned garments for those beings to wear; and I find others working among the flowers and trees, just as I like to do; while others are busy transcribing their thoughts and setting them up so that they may reach other minds, giving information and counsel. So you see there is plenty to do over there, only I find that each one is adapted to his work and given the opportunity to make the very best of himself.

I thought it would do me good, and it would fulfill a hope that I have had so long—for years, in fact—to come back here and give a communication. Now, when one has set his heart on a certain thing, and it is denied him, either he is more eager than ever to obtain it, or else he gets so he does not care anything about it. I never let up on a purpose that had once taken possession of me; so at last I am here to let my friends know that I am still living—and this is a great pleasure to me. I assure you I will excuse me if I have been in the way, but I had the invitation, or permission, of the guides on the other side, and so I feel I have not done wrong. You may call me William Hammond.

Mamie Andrews.

My friends, and what few relatives I have on this side of life, live in and near Pittsburgh, Pa. I do not think they have any means of reaching the spirit-world and communicating with it, or that they know much about Spiritualism, for I have never seen any indication of such knowledge among them. I have visited them, with other spirit associates, many times in the years that have gone since I went from the body.

I did not know of Spiritualism, and I did not want to die. I thought it was a dreadful thing, as I also did the thought of being obliged to give up all the bright things of life. I had much to make me happy, though I did not have all I wished. I was not so fortunate as some that I knew who could have all things material that they desired, but yet life was pleasant, and I could not bear the thought of giving it up, because I had no idea that the sweet life went right on in another natural world, and that there should have such pleasant surroundings as I have now.

[To the Chairman:] I suppose, sir, most of those who come to you tell of the beautiful world, and its beautiful objects and harmonious conditions; but I know there are many in the spirit-world who do not see the beauty and who do not find the light. I know there are many who are restless and unhappy, and they are always asking for something they cannot have, and reaching out for things that are not for them; so they live in a dark and unwholesome world. I assure you there are many who are comfortably situated; who have bright homes and dear friends to make them happy; and that is the way with me in the spirit-world, so I do not wish to come back here to live.

Tell my friends that I have tried a good many times to lift the veil from before their sight, that they might see some of their dear ones in the spirit-world. I have tried to remove the cobwebs, the old superstitions and ideas concerning the future, from their minds, and bring them evidence of this great truth; and if they will seek as earnestly to find the light as we on our side are seeking a channel through which to bring it, I know the time will not be far distant when they will gain that knowledge, which is truth, and which belongs to the spiritual.

Emma wishes me to send her love with mine; so do Caroline and others. If the dear ones here feel that to one is lost, but that all are safe and well in pleasant homes and bright conditions, where they can perform work for themselves and others and express their energies and talents, I am sure that will be a great blessing to them.

I am Mamie Andrews.

Col. Hiram Ferry.
[To the Chairman:] The thought has come to me many times, Mr. President, that it would be a grateful and pleasing experience for me to control your medium and communicate at your Circle; but I have seen so many anxious souls waiting for an opportunity to express but a thought or a name with the hope and desire of reaching some mourning heart on earth, that I have stood aloof and held my own. I check. To-day your Spirit-Chairman invites me to speak and to give thought, because, he very kindly informs me, he believes my magnetic forces will be helpful to your instrument. It pleases me to feel that I am of service to some one in coming in this way.

I trust that any old friend or former associate of mine who may learn from the columns of your valuable paper that I have communicated at your Circle, will feel that I come with the express purpose of giving to him or her a cordial shake of the hand, spiritually speaking, and a magnetic wave of sympathy and affec-

tion that will be warming to the heart and stimulating to the mental energies.

I take an interest in the affairs of this life, though years have rolled by since I went to the other world. I take an interest in the affairs of State and of the country at large. I am interested, too, in the concerns of the city of Northampton, where I lived, and where I tried to express in part my energies. I also take an interest in the reformatory works of the present day, especially those which are enhanced and outlined by the work of Spiritualism. It seems to me that nothing of interest or importance to human life escapes the hold and the attention of this great spiritual truth. To my mind everything that concerns human welfare, the weal and woe of the race, is of importance to Spiritualism, and that the clear light of this revelation should be let in upon all these concerns that may ferret out the dark and secret places in order to assist in elevating and purifying and making them over, and that it may also bring to view the bright and beautiful conditions, impulses and aspirations of human life.

But I do not come to preach, Mr. President; it is not exactly my province or office to do that. I come to send a word of remembrance to friends, and also to tell her who was my former companion, that I still hold for her and hers a warm place in my heart, that I send out to her in many hours of her life an influence from the spirit-world that I feel is accepted and that blesses her. It seems to me that the love and sympathy going out to that gentle and genial soul from the other life, creates an atmosphere of light around her which mingles with her own atmospheric forces and brings her peace in many hours of this outward life.

I know that she has had many strange experiences since she passed to the other life, all of which have been important and have had their place in unfolding a new power and a new comprehension and consciousness of life in her soul. I am glad that these experiences have been hers, even though some of them have been painful and severe; and now in her Southern home she may gather the light, beauty and warmth from friendly hearts as well as from nature's atmosphere, and this will all be helpful to her life, making a bright and beautiful setting to her closing days. As the sun nears the horizon and sets in the West, it gathers beauty and glory, reflecting its radiance upon the sky for the enjoyment of those who gaze; so with the life of that dear one; as it nears its declining days, the beauty and glory that it gathers are reflected upon the lives of others, giving to them enjoyment and peace. Such is the influence of a faithful soul, and I am pleased to know that it is so. You may call me Col. Hiram Ferry.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

May 24.—Hon. Hiram Ferry; Henry A. Weaver; Joseph E. Thayer; Mary A. Amphet; Sarah Marshall; George S. Dugell.
May 27.—Horace D. Knight; James Applegate; Henry Benson; Ella Mayson; John Knight; Harriet Blanchard; Robert Dale Owen.

PLAY WELL YOUR PART IN LIFE'S BRASS BAND.

[The following lines, while they convey good advice as to individual conduct in life, will be found, by those at least who are conversant with musical terms, to be deftly interwoven with the most beautiful and beautiful phrases in general use by the disciples of melody.—Eps.]

Play well your part in Life's Brass Band,
And make your music tell;
It matters less what part you play,
So that you play it well.

In life's grand march there is no halt
From cradle to the grave;
So let us march as best becomes
The bravest of the brave.

We cannot all well play the "lead"
In life's progressive race,
For "harmony" consists in part
Of "alto," "tenor," "bass."
Some "first soprano," "execute,"
While others "second" play;
Still others evenly pursue
The "tenor" of their way.

And while some play life's baser part,
And "read" their music "well,"
Others "sing" the "best" of the best
For progress. Who can tell?
For if through others' faults we "read"
A better "part" at "night,"
Who will deny that (for the whole)
"Whatever is, is right?"

Without the "base" no perfect "chord"
May "harmony" appear;
Then find no fault if "it is played"
On lowest "leger line."
Condemn not, then, have faith in those
Whose weary feet have trod,
To "play" the "less" "part"
In general plan of God.

And while "forzando," "forte," "noise"—
Some "measure" best becomes,
So they who, represented by
The cymbals and the drums,
In turn are useful in the way
Along life's march and jubilee;
For though "it is said" "Time beats all men,"
Yet they, in turn, "beat time."

Then "slur" not others if they play
A too "staccato" "part."
But with true friendship's "tie," extend
A helping hand and heart,
That such may "rest" and not "repeat,"
Else play it better far,
Or more correctly "execute"
Beyond the "double bar."

When criticised, or harshly judged,
As we "compose" our "songs,"
Let us "write," arrange, "sing" this in view,
That they may be right, we wrong.
We may "be flat," they may "be sharp,"
Our "clefs" may not agree;
Our "notes" compared, we "pause" and find
That one should change his "key."

One "modulates" and now in "tune,"
All discord "disappears,"
As in life's upward "scale" ascend
The deeds and thoughts of years,
Where "major" and the "minor" "strains"
Find place within the heart
Of him who knows the "right"
To "play" life's "leading part."

Such scorn false "airs," nor let conceit
"Creeping" to a "swell";
Nor yet "diminuendo" down,
No longer to excel;
But with true zeal and self-respect
Lead who may right on;
Its highest possibilities
And destiny fulfill.

And when we play death's "funeral dirge,"
By such examples led,
May we perform our "parts" as well,
To where shall rest the dead.
"Cantata" now the "signature,"
On friendship's "staff" and "line,"
As you "Da Capo" to first verse,
And end without the "sign."

—I. A. Head, in The Peabody Reporter.

In Memoriam—Hon. James Priest.

A TRIBUTE FROM LAKE PLEASANT.

Mention has been made in the obituary notices of the BANNER OF LIGHT of the demise of the Hon. James Priest of Derry, N. H.; but in view of the prominent life and character of this man, not only in business and political circles, but also in the field of Spiritualism, something more than the brief notice mentioned seems to be deserved in this case. Mr. Priest, as a resident of Derry for nearly a lifetime, enjoyed the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens to a marked degree, so that many honors were conferred upon him. As a business man, his sagacity and integrity were acknowledged by all; as a politician his principles were respected and recognized as sound; as a friend he was beloved by many kindred souls, while in the bosom of his family the genial traits of a noble character were always recognized and admired.

Mr. Priest was for many years a lofty example of a true Spiritualist. The Cause we love was to him the living Truth, and from its revelations he gained the bread of life, which was a staff to his soul through many hours of experience and trial. Years ago, when Spiritualism was more maligned and misunderstood than it is to-day, Mr. Priest dared to introduce its claims and teachings into his town, bringing public lecturers forward and supporting the

meetings at his own expense, so desirous was he to present the immortal truth of spirit-communion to his townspeople. By the course thus adopted by our ardent brother, Spiritualism received a hearing and commanded a respect among the people of Derry and elsewhere in New Hampshire, such as it could not have done in any other way. The BANNER OF LIGHT was for many years read with interest and spiritual profit by Mr. Priest.

From the beautiful grounds of Lake Pleasant, where for many years Mr. Priest and his life-long companion were wont to pass happy hours of spiritual communion and recreation at the summer-home of their medium-daughter, Mrs. J. Milton Young of Haverhill, this tribute to the life-work of a consistent and harmonious Spiritualist is written.

And from the shores and groves of Lake Pleasant, tender memories of the brave, good works of this ascended soul, go forth to him in his new life from hundreds of kindly hearts. It is to such natures—spiritual and progressive, giving energy and life to such reformatory and elevating measures as appeal to their souls—as this, that have, with the work of mediumship, built up a grand rockwork of Spiritualism that shall endure through the ages, and to which the world may well point as an example of undying truth and integrity, that shall prove to be the hope of humanity in its struggles to overcome error and injustice, and all things debasing and crude.

As a Freemason of advanced degree, Brother Priest lived ever faithful to the high principles of that Order, and proved in his daily walks that his thoughts and deeds were measured by the square dealing of an honest life. A beloved wife and a family of faithful sons and daughters survive this good man, and rest content in the knowledge that all is well with him; while the thought that he can return and bless his friends with his love and counsel is to them an ever uplifting and abiding strength.

M. T. L.

A TIMELY WARNING.

Specially Translated for the BANNER OF LIGHT from *Annali Delle Spiritisme*, BY W. N. EATERS.

Signor G. Palazzi, an eminent scientist of Italy, also well known to the Spiritualists of Europe by his writings, tells what happened to him:

"In the year 1880 I was living with my family in Naples. One night in the summer of that year, as it was necessary for me to finish an important drawing, I worked on it until two o'clock in the morning. My drawing table was placed near the open balcony window, in order that I might enjoy the cool night air. With the exception of a portion on the right which I used for my drawings, the table was covered with a lot of things over which was thrown a large piece of cloth, well smeared with ink and oil, as I was in the habit of wiping my pen and brushes on it.

"Shortly after half-past two, feeling very tired, I carelessly laid down upon the piece of cloth the pipe that I had been smoking in order to keep myself awake, closed the balcony window, and went to my sleeping-room, which was near the studio.

"Hastily undressing, I threw myself on the bed and fell asleep immediately. Some time after—just how long I cannot say—I was aroused by a hand, which was shaking me. At the same time a voice said to me: 'Go into your studio; your table is on fire.' I was too sleepy to pay any attention to the warning, and, turning away, I fell again into an agreeable sleep.

"A few minutes later I was again shaken, and a voice repeated that there was fire in the study. The shaking this time was so violent that it thoroughly woke me. I sat up in bed, looked about me, wondering what was the matter. The thought came to me that perhaps there was something wrong in the study. I got out of bed and went at once to see, and found that, in fact, the pipe had set fire to the cloth, which, in consequence of being so begrimed with oil and colors, instead of bursting into flame, had slowly burnt away. Having thrown out of the window the ashes, which were still glowing, I found that the fire had been communicated to the objects on the table, in which, also, two deep holes had been burned, the marks of which holes are still plainly to be seen, although I have twice caused the table to be planed. Everything was right for a conflagration.

"Who gave me this warning and roused me from my sleep? I have never learned; for though I have repeatedly put the question to my guides, the answer which has been returned has always been: 'Don't trouble yourself about that; it is not necessary that you should know.'"

Hall's Hair Renewer renders the hair lustrous and silken, gives it an even color, and enables women to put it up in a great variety of styles.

Verification of a Spirit-Message.

In the Message Department of THE BANNER OF August 6th is a communication from SAMUEL BOW-ROCK, who was killed at the Taunton Locomotive Works about five years ago. I was not personally acquainted with him, but at the time he was killed I was working at Mason's Machine Works, and was knowing of the event, and that it took place while he (Bowstock) was putting a belt on a wheel.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 21st, 1892. JAMES WILSON.

ARE YOU BILIOUS?

TECHNICAL USE

The Lyceum.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

Given before the Cassadaga Lyceum by Hudson Tuttle.

The Lyceum at Cassadaga this season has been made a prominent feature, and the esprit du corps of the constantly increasing membership was most remarkable. Mr. Gleason as Conductor, and Miss Clair Tuttle as Guardian, brought the organization to a wonderful perfection in order, drill and system.

Mrs. Emma Rood Tuttle gave lessons in elocution, and established an auxiliary "Band of Mercy." The Lyceum badge was reinforced with the silver star of the Band, and was thus worn constantly by the members.

Hudson Tuttle gave a series of "Object-Lessons," showing how much may be learned from the most common things.

Thinking it will interest the reader, as suggestive of the new method of instruction, I have made a nearly verbatim report of a lesson given at the Auditorium. There was a very large number of spectators, deeply interested in the work.

Mr. Tuttle assured his audience that the Lyceum was not giving a "show" session, but such as was daily held. Under the conditions of constantly changing members and brief sessions the work could be no more than suggestive, and indicate the pathways of knowledge. They could imagine what a school might be come under the lines of management. He said: "I wish I might impress on your minds the duty you owe your children, that when you go to your homes you will feel impelled to organize Lyceums, even if you begin with only your own household."

He then turned to the Lyceum, and the sympathy which in a moment sprang up between the children and the speaker was delightful to observe. They were all eager attention, and their answers just such as he desired, and often most remarkable as impromptu utterances.

The lecturer began, "I want your attention, but I do not ask it. If I do not interest you, you may whisper, and that will tell me I am not on the right line of thought. As I have told you, one of our objects is to see how quickly we can, by a glance, take in all characteristics of the thing before us."

"I want you to have the trained eye of the scientist. Having eyes, I want you to see, to look on all sides, and through, with minuteness and breadth of vision. If you had green glasses how would the world appear?"

"Green," chorused.

"Would it be green?"

"No."

"No, the trouble would be with the glasses. That has been the trouble, and the world has been thought green or red, according to the glasses, and it has been thought a sin to look through our own natural eyes. If your eyes are rightly trained they are better than all the glasses in the world, however old or sacred."

"I have two objects here, for the purpose of contrast, and from the contrast I hope we shall gather some illustrations in moral conduct."

The lecturer held up a water lily and asked: "What have I here?"

To which came the reply, from the Lyceum: "A water lily."

"Describe it."

"It is white; has green leaves; has sweet perfume," etc.

"Where does it grow?"

"In the lake."

"What is it an emblem of?"

"Purity."

"True; and its beautiful white blossom, floating on the surface of the water, is the most perfect type of that quality of the mind."

"You observe that it has a very long stem; can you tell me what that is for?"

"That the flower may always float on the surface."

"We could not see it."

"It would die if under water."

"Where does the lily take root?"

"In the bottom of the lake."

"True, in the ooze; and thereby hangs a moral lesson. It grows out of the dark and slimy mud, from which it extracts the beauty of form, waxy whiteness, and exquisite perfume which have made it a type of purity. What may we learn of it as to our lives?"

"That good may grow out of evil."

"Charity, for the flower does not despise the soil from which it springs."

"The mind need not be stained by its surroundings."

"There is a pretty legend about the lily, told by the Indians, it is said; but be this true or not, it is poetic and suggestive: There was a maiden, frantically lonely, and even the children were afraid of her. She was very lonely and disconsolate, and went away into the dark forest and complained to the Great Spirit."

"Return," he said to her, "and if good you will be beautiful." She met a wounded fawn on the way home, and bound up its bruises. That made the light of love come in her eyes. She found her aged mother sick with fever, and weary days and nights staid by her side. The asty children in their plays, and carried burdens for the weak, and her face became sweet as an angel's. One day in autumn as she attempted the rescue of a little child from the lake, she fell into the water and sank to rise no more. When spring came a broad leaf floated on the water over her grave, and in summer a lily expanded its white corol."

"But I must take up the other part of our lesson. What have we here?"

"A Canada thistle."

"Well, what do you see?"

"Roots."

"Stems."

"Leaves."

"It is green."

"The flowers are purple."

"What are the roots for?"

"To take up moisture from the earth."

"To hold the plant."

"The stem?"

"To support the leaves."

"And the leaves?" There is no answer. It is a difficult subject. The leaves are the stomach, and the lungs of the plant, in one. The crude sap is digested in the leaves and is then ready to be used by the growing plant.

(A seed is shown with its feathery tuft.)

"What is this downy wing for?"

"That the wind may blow the seed away."

"Right! I am glad you so fully understand. Now if you had a garden planted with pansies and rare flowers, and the wind should blow one of these seeds there, and it should grow, what would be the result?"

"The ugly thistle would destroy the flowers."

"What ought you to do?"

"Hoe it up as soon as it begins to grow."

"Then it would do no harm."

"No; the flowers would be the better for my extra care."

"Each one of you has a little garden you have to cultivate. Can you tell me what it is?"

"Our minds."

"The heart."

"I like mind best, though heart has the sanction of long usage. What should we cultivate in our minds?"

"Good thoughts."

"Kindness."

"Love."

"Happiness."

"What does the winged seed of the thistle represent?"

"Envy."

"Passions."

"Hate."

"Malice."

"Evil thoughts."

"What, then, plainly ought we to do should the seeds of such thoughts be sown in the garden of our minds?"

"Pull them up."

"Cut them down with the sword of truth."

This answer was given by a little girl, and its aptness brought cheers of applause from the spectators. Nothing could set in stronger light the value of this system of instruction, which awakens the mind and makes it its own instructor.

"That is a wonderful answer," said the lecturer.

turer. "It ought to be written in letters of gold over the garden of our mind."

"Can we fence in our garden of flowers so that the winds cannot bring the seed of briar and thistle?"

"I think we can."

"Yes, that we can do, but can we thus enclose our minds?"

"No."

"That is right. We cannot fence in our minds. They must be free and open on every side, as the wide sea. Our safety depends on constant watchfulness, and the beauty and perfection of our lives on the care with which we cut down intrusive thoughts before they take deep root and begin to grow."

"No."

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