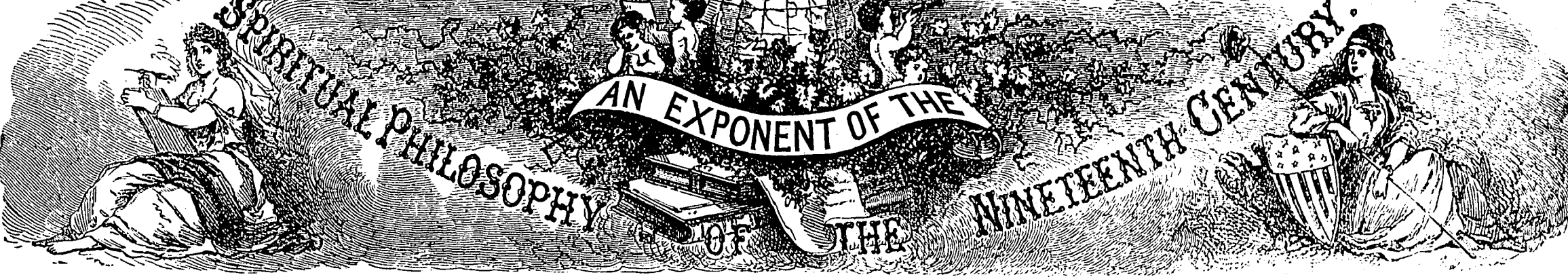


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The Rostrum.

THE NEXT STEP.

Being the Closing Number in a Series of Three Typical Discourses Delivered Before the Parker Memorial Society of Spiritualists, Boston, Mass., on Sunday Afternoon, Dec. 15th, 22d and 29th, 1878, by Spirit Theodora Parker, through the Trance Mediumship of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

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

INVOCATION.

Infinite Parent! Our Father and our Mother God! Father of Wisdom, of Truth, of Knowledge; Mother of Love, of Benevolence, of Charity! Oh thou divine soul, thou central spring of all being, thou perfect source of light and life, variously named God, Jehovah, Lord, the Infinite Spirit, we praise thee. Upon this human altar where human spirits mingle and pulsate and burn, where life is merged into oneness of design, and aspiration is mixed with struggle and with death, and where the soul, progressive and aspiring, sent out from the infinite arcana of thine existence, is still ensphered within thy presence, we lay the offerings of this hour! Oh God, we praise thee, and upon this altar we gather together the prayers and the tears of these thy children in earthly life; some there may be who bring hither a fire of inspiration, a flower of humility, or a sad note from life's minor strain; who drop tears from eyes long used to sorrow, or find in the glorious harmony of love the burden of their triumphant song! Some there may be who bring aspiration like a white-winged dove—who make of practical deeds and loving words the fit material for the upbuilding of thy temple upon earth; some there are who bring praises fraught with the burning flame of hope, and others there are who bring some sadly-experienced need, in whose souls no comprehended revelation tells of thine infinite harmony which everywhere is adapting means to ends. Let thy light shine upon all! Some there may be who struggle on through the darkness, but do thou at this time illumine their path with the realized assurance that in the yet to be is to be found in fullest measure The Spirit whose impressions have given to the earth all of inspiration, of purity and truth—who has ever breathed forth life and light upon humanity. Open thou their interior vision, till each spirit stands before them revealed in the golden effulgence of life's fresher morning in that invisible yet more perfect world wherefrom the offerings of truth and love are sent to breathe with grandeur and beauty upon the toiling pilgrims of mortality.

Blend thou these offerings to-day with those of spirits who are unfolded in knowledge and power—who have received the full baptism in streams of infinite thought, and are now yet further drawn onward to newer experiences, and higher aims. Make thou a ray of light to descend upon all, which shall cheer on the aspiring, which shall rend in twain the darkness that rests upon the pathway of sorrow, so that all shall be led to say: "This day and hour we are one with God and immortal truth." Oh, Abiding Soul, thou Essential Sun, thou Central Flame of Truth, be thy presence felt and known according to human needs; and as the spiral way of life is open, and men, clay-habited or disembodied, send revelations to each other, may the angels of the celestial kingdom reveal themselves also, until each shall be linked with each, and all shall unite in the grand psalm of praise in which men, spirits, angels and arch-angels shall join forevermore. Amen!

ADDRESS.

"Weep for the God-like life we lost afar— That thou and I its scattered fragments are; The still unconquered yearning we return. Sigh to renew the long and vanished reign, And grow divine again."

"I will not leave you comfortless. I will come again to you." All forms organic change and pass, but the spirit of heaven is eternal; more and more the soul rejects the form, more and more the spirit in oneness abides. I doubt not the lily, between the pulses of each springtime, has loftier lives than that which blooms in the brief hours of summer; I doubt not that when ye think the flowers are sleeping, their souls abide in another and more active state of being; I doubt not that the interior souls of violets and daisies are now woven in chains of celestial love by unseen fingers, while their bodies rest beneath December's cold and frozen sod! The narrow and circumscribed vision of the mortal plane—the eye that is only accustomed to the sun's

rays and to material forms—is all inadequate to measure the angelic life, with its forms and splendors that never change, but abide always and forever the same.

Between Pessimist and Optimist on earth there seems to be a continual warfare. The ideal and the real rarely seem to clasp hands in the material form; but the impulses of the spirit are forever toward matter, while the impulses of the spirit in matter are forever toward infinity! Hence as through the agency of dull and unbeauteous clay we gain the lovely forms of the flowers, so the soul, through the experiences of human life, wins faculties and powers which become recognized its own when the reagent, death, breaks its union with the clay and ushers it once more into its native and untrammelled state. The changes incident to all human life being various, man conceives that any particular change is life, when in reality that mutation is but one of many, and what is to come after is filled from the currents of God's divine economy, and is only measured by the divine standard of demand and supply. It is only through those changes appealing personally to you that you are prepared for the next succeeding change; those acting upon others around you are, for all you practically know, based upon ideal states of conception, and mayhap fail to convince you at present of their utility. I have seen the blacksmith who doubts the use of an anvil because he does not bring to him better knowledge of how to use his anvil and hammer. Doubtless there are some here to-day who may think the same of what I am about to utter, but let such remember that though they are not now able to receive its truth, others do, and the idea which does not now appear to them to be of any importance may yet, with added experiences and incidents on the passage of time, be recognized by them as of value. If you all cannot understand what I say, the fact that it is intelligible to me, and to some others who are here, and to others who may be beyond, is sufficient excuse for its utterance.

There is not simply one force in the universe—and that force manifest alone in human life! The impulses of human life, as in the Deity, are toward a common centre, but God does not bestow his highest gifts upon your own little world all at once, neither does he present to it his grandest truth. Millions of worlds are blazing in space; sublime and glorious revelations are known to each, and Jesus was but one of many of the lights whereby the truths of eternity have found expression. As the impulses from the Infinite are toward material expression, so all aspirations (from souls immured in material life) are ever toward the Infinite! We must be incarnated in clay before we can intelligently mount toward the angelic state; we must experience the things of time and sense before we can measure our heart-throbs with Infinite Power. Each time the soul gains strength; each time the spirit is prepared for a higher and a broader flight. Each time we have a new experience on earth or upon some other planet we are not lost as to individuality. My spirit was not always enveloped in the form known to you when I moved among you in earthly life; it had been embodied in form before; you who knew me best could see in my eyes a far-away meaning. I did not dare to state it, but felt the verity of this truth while yet I walked among you. Thoughts clothed in the divine eloquence of Plato and Dante I could not utter, and why? Because in the highest life and government of man the work must be wrought from the beginning; because when struggling with the obstacles incident to the soul's progress in the sphere of time, there are here and there points that each soul must make, and when, for instance, if human selfishness is to be overcome, you do not think of or discourse upon the planets and the stars.

The work that I have done here is abiding. I have been forced to investigate, and so, to recognize the importance and to inculcate the necessity of a reception of that which on earth I doubted or denied; the soul of Spiritualism I believed in while on earth, but in the forms made use of for its material expression I could not believe. I have stood, since my entry into spirit-life, at the outer door of the science-chamber, and have watched the thronging spirit-intelligences, each anxious to bring a message for transmission through this wonderful telegraph office. I have even been closely allied with the work going on in a well-known Public Circle-Room in your city. On earth I did not deny this power of communion in a larger sense, but failed to appreciate the individuality of the intelligence manifested, but I might now, in the light of the evidence I have received, as well attempt to deny the verity of my own individuality as to doubt that of these revealed message-bearers. A post office is not a name alone, but it is the point toward which converge and from whence are given material expression (through distribution) the deftly inscribed heart-throbs of humanity, and the same is true of the spiritual post offices now scattered throughout the world, toward which the aspirations of souls yet merged in clay revert, and from which the revelations from higher spheres and the kindly words of ascended and translated friends are sent forth as healing streams. During the years that have intervened since my material experiences on earth last drew to a close, I have stood by the avenues of communion and have seen these messenger spirits between this life and that of humanity in all degrees of unfoldment and growth, and I have fathomed alike the importance of their action and the causes which have tended toward making that communion an assured possibility. Mr. Huxley says no one would wish always to stand in a post office; but each of these returning spirits had a special message that they were anxious to express,

each sought to speak the loving word, or to trace again the well-remembered signature, whereby friends convinced would afterward be led with grateful hearts to receive the lesson from the life beyond; and the grandeur of the act involved removes it at once from the plane of the feeble parallel sought to be drawn by this distinguished critic.

Fraught as are these individual messages with remarkable significance, yet still grander is the general message which the spirit-world is giving to you at this day and age, and which is a portion of the great movement that bears man onward to The Next Step: It is the intelligent expression that gives to this advance a special form of inspiration to every human heart. Angels and supernal hierarchies unveiled to you might not be of value, but the exhibition of existent intelligence beyond the change of death, and akin to that which comes from your own brain, is of itself able to conquer all the doubts with which by-past theological systems have surrounded you. I do not wish that each returning spirit should speak in the language of a Plato or a Socrates. To be of any value as witnesses they must be recognized as the individuals whom they purport to be, and their friends would fail to comprehend or acknowledge their presence if they presented a mentality ostensibly arrayed in the borrowed plumage of scholastic utterance. A soul set free by death returns to bear the personal message of continued life—and that message, to be recognized as current coin of truth, must bear the stamp of its individuality and degree of development. Therefore when one asks: "Of what value is it to hear the chatter of the negro" [for instance] "in the séance?" I answer that it proves that he lives after so-called death. And if he, then others also. Poems may be written, sermons may be delivered, instinct with the faith of immortality, but of what value are they to you as demonstrators? But if there come to you from the beyond the utterances of invisible agents which bring with them the evidence that they are from the departed you have known on earth, and if, awakened by that fact, you recognize them yourselves from memory, they are so many demonstrative proofs of the indivisibility of spiritual and mortal life. And these messages are the more valuable to man in that they reveal that the soul is not robbed at death in supernal splendor and far removed from the spectacle of all earthly occurrences, but rather, that having advanced but one step beyond the mortal it is yet alive with kindly sympathy for the friends and purposes upon which its life-energies were centered. This evidence is fitted to the needs of the lowliest mind, and I pray that it may be long before Spiritualism shall be removed from the masses, or from the people. There is truth within it for all according to their need, and while continuously employed its work is for the betterment of mankind, but should its activities be allowed to fuse into a solid mass of "respectability" they would no longer represent the principle of advance—they would lose the spirit of progress, and become but the stagnant residuum of what had once been an outlet for the fountain of life.

The Next Step is important in that it portends to human life. It is to my perception the point whereon all the foundation-principles of truth rest. No human being or class of beings can harm it, or throw a shade upon it. The shadows that are sought to be thrown are mostly reflected back upon those who gaze askance at it; the truth still shines on the same. Humanity as a whole is to be fused and welded together. The people may appear to be fragments, and the work of annealing may seem protracted and slow, but the experiences of time are rightly measured only by the great periods that finally blend the outermost of the nation with the innermost in human progress, and the end is sure. To-day the nations as a whole are eminently Nihilistic, but when we shall have brought them together the Nihilistic element will become second and last in human thought. Evidently and eminently the divine element of spirituality is everywhere taking the place of this bald and unseemly Positivism; these ideas of the past are to be built up into a religion which will be the embodiment of the best in all; they will converge and at last meet, and the next step in this earthly life is that Spiritualism shall be so conclusive and full in its expression of the divine unitary truth that it shall successfully appeal to every human heart. It is already working potentially in this regard; there is no doctrine or belief among men to-day which is not tinged and colored with its heavenly radiance; the essence of its teachings is operating in unconvicted degrees among those who do not believe in Spiritualism as a dispensation; I find it in the Roman Catholic Church, veiled behind formulated edicts and credos, but expressing itself continuously in power to uplift the masses; I find it in the theologic-social systems of the various churches, teaching that man is more than dogma, and so blending gradually their efforts into noble actions and purposes; I find it merging the philosophies and the deductions of the modern thinkers and bringing them into unison in a higher form. I see that its next presentation will only be a yet wider expression of human thought, made clearer by the operation of this power already in existence to a degree that larger, nobler and more active minds will engage in its exposition.

The bringing-to-pass of this new order belongs specially to the spiritual kingdom. Whatever there is between your body and your soul—all these occult substances and forces the spirit-world possesses for its use; whatever impulses are employed, they are necessary to produce the result; those that are used are those that will be most needed, and we can never retard nor alter their course by the endeavored exercise of any individual notion; and those

who are instrumental in producing such an advanced condition of living spiritual thought will find themselves in a new avenue of their own creation, where they may live as purely as they can, but where, as they widen the scope of mortal thought, they will yet more and more recognize that it is themselves that they will govern. Spiritualism will have no human organization to carry on its essential work; it will avail itself of all organizations, every force in existence, but it will never crystallize in any form of sect, creed, class or denomination that which at the present time is intended as the solvent for the whole of mankind. It will contrast in an explanatory manner every form of human thought; it will band and bind in harmonious unity those thoughts and principles that seem opposing and conflicting; it will prove a solvent between opinions as variant as night and day, winter and summer.

As Spiritualism has come, notwithstanding opposition and defiance, so that which it naturally involves will come, and the next thought will take its place in spiritual time, in order to make Spiritualism measurably respectable, and bring the new thought into position to receive in its turn the brunt of opposition. This is right. Just as soon as the world is in need of the new truth, then it will be brought forth, just as Spiritualism was when conditions were prepared for its modern advent; organization will be overturned—the order and usages of society will be threatened with immediate destruction by the next new truth; and even Spiritualists will for a time stand and tremble lest it should be a something prejudicial to their particular dogma or creed—for there will be in future those who will make of their Spiritualism a dogma or a creed, because they are themselves in the soil of dogma and creed; these people can keep their sunshine in a jar or bottle if they choose (to such action on your part there is no objection,) but those also who prefer can look at the stars, and get their light from the Central Sun. But the new truth will attain to its proper growth among men, despite all these tremblings, in face of all counter and anti-progressive sentiments, whether existent among churchmen or spiritual believers. The receptivity of man, which is the legitimate outcome of growth and the power of development, is being even now wrought upon by the evidence which this new and dawning truth is presenting; but that truth is not merely a matter of intellectual culture, that will expand and ripen the more it is taught by the philosopher; it is rather an inward growth, that must come with the recognized reception of spiritual impulse, and does not destroy, but spiritually infuses its predecessor, merging it into oneness with the coming order of things. As geology demonstrates that in the progressive development of your planet that only appeared which was natural and spontaneous, (i. e., the next in order of being)—as vegetable and animal life, so strongly marked as to forms that the geologist can specify the era of expression of any, the smallest fragment of which you can produce for his inspection, were still harmoniously blended in the unfolding procession of out-brooding existence on earth, so thought in humanity is progressively unfolded, and each successive era of thought, while it is so strongly marked that the period of its existence in time may be safely predicted from its chief conception, is, as it were, harmoniously merged into others in the grand cycle of spiritual unfoldment.

The Spiritualism of the last quarter of a century has been received by a sufficient number of human minds to be considered a something in existence; to be recognized as a step in advance, leading further and further in the direction of merging past differences, and uniting in one harmonious whole the fragmentary truths resident in the varying religious systems of the past; a something working to give birth to a religion in the midst of philosophy, and destined to extend its domain over the human heart and aspiration, until mind is free to work as it desires. Such an occurrence is not seen before in the history of the world. That system is here among you to-day. You have only to look back at the past, and to see that the form is but the image through which is unfolded the sacred source of inspiration.

Leaving all mental hypotheses and deductions out of the case to-day, I shall refer for awhile to what is known as Phenomenal Spiritualism. I have learned my lesson: I have stood and awaited the mysterious return of the spirit to the earth-plane; my doubts as to the practical working, or the value of the results attendant on that step, have by personally acquired evidence been banished forever, and to-day, from the confines of the land of souls, I again return to aid those upon whose minds I may have cast a shadow while I was a denizen of earth, to recognize the individual claim of immortal spirits to the right of intelligent (i. e., personal) communion with their friends on the mortal side of existence.

I have faith in the Next Step, also, but the stating of it involves a proposition that may seem to you so startling that if you understand it at all it will seem so important that it ought to be spoken if true—and yet, perhaps, it cannot enter your minds as truth: I mean that all the new growth, all the new spiritual power, which I announced as my possession on last Sunday afternoon, is merging and culminating to another—a further and onward step in spiritual being. Am I ready for that step? I answer by asking another question: Was there in my earthly experience a completeness of preparation for individual and immortal life? Is there any one of you, the highest, the most devout, the most intellectual, who can say: "If the angelic existence were brought to me this hour, with all its subtler meanings and grander

possibilities, I am ready?" Would you find no broken links to restore, no fragments to make whole? Could you say, in looking back over the cycle of your own life on the brief plane of vanishing years: "I am ready for angelic life, I am ready to stand face to face with those who are true and are disenthralled from every stain?" I am not speaking now of the ordinary spiritual existence, but of another state of being—a period of retro and introspection, an era of self-examination that comes to each on reaching the spirit-shore, which includes all experience, and gives you for the first time the opportunity of measuring the past. In mortal life he who seeks completeness endeavors to fill up that which is lacking; if you find a link broken, if you find an impulse wanting to make up the complete circle, what do you do? Why, the line of conduct to be followed in order to reach the end to be attained is to unite the broken chain of incomplete endeavors in the field of attainment—to substitute the truth of knowledge for the falsity of ignorance. So in spirit-life; and in that life the line to be followed is analogous to the one just specified. I have seen great men, suddenly awakened to the reality of this fact, pausing on the brink of eternal life, with the majesty of that existence opening out before them, and saying: "Oh, if I had another chance!" I have seen Humboldt, in the sphere of thought which his powers of comprehension and reflection acquired while on earth, expressing still the desire for another pilgrimage in mortality, and saying: "How grand it would seem if I could begin there again where I left off!" How many of you have said: "Could I have another opportunity, with present experience, how different would be my life!"

In spiritual life that thought more and more influences one; you do not wish to crystallize for eternity with your present feelings and capacities. You do not want to carry these blemishes, imperfections and blot forward into eternity. On the contrary, you wish to have the opportunity to obliterate them. More than this, there are states and thoughts and ideas to grasp which you find yourself in spirit-life more and more unable to comprehend. In what way can you hope to experience, compare and comprehend them? I assure you that as there have been mathematically-provable thoughts cultivated in the mind, and that the revelations of geology as regards earth's teeming strata can be demonstrated as true, and that the postulates of material science can be shown to be verities, and in accordance with the operations of natural law, so I also assure you that spiritual truth must be a matter of inward growth, not cultivation gained by imitation of models presented from without, and as such growth is gained only in and by individual experience, I know of no way to get that next step except through the channel of individual experience! If, even though unaware, I have wronged another in my contact with matter, that wrong-doing has been a flaw in my nature, of which in the spiritual state I become cognizant, and I no more than any one else can gain freedom from it otherwise than by growth which shall, from spiritual sources, bring me the desired deliverance. I must develop, testing my strength at every turn, scanning every step of the path through which the goal is to be gained.

On the threshold of this new step I find those minds whom on earth I have revered and loved as immortal souls, full-orbed and rounded in the knowledge of their unfolded splendor—angels glad and free! I am small by the side of their greatness; I am silenced by their utterances; in presence of their transfigured majesty I feel the weight and burden of my diminutive existence: I am burning with a sense of my own unworthiness to sit by their side; they beckon to me with kindly voices and bright, benignant souls, but there is still an invisible break. My insight has not yet reached the full key to the mysterious harmonies of their universe; I do not know the songs they sing, for they are not yet born in my soul! Spirits are around me to whom I can give assistance and advice, but how can I achieve possession of that perfect spiritual power that is necessary to enable me to rise to the spiritual degree I finally desire? Whither shall I go? From this state of fragmentary and incomplete unfoldment there is no avenue but one—and that I must now seek through the further development of my own individuality. In the midst of this, I am reminded of the stream that divided Dante from his beloved! What stream is it that broadly flows between the imperfect and the perfect in spirit? It is this lack of victory, it is this need of experience, it is the want of that potent power which shall make complete the soul-cycle and chain of being!

I said in the beginning that from the spirit is an impulse or sphere of impulses variously going out toward the earth or the planets for purposes of expression and expansion. I now say that no one of you can master in this little day and hour of earth-life all there is of you and within you. Your souls speak but a limited language, act but through a single channel in human life; but a larger vernacular and other avenues of expression are possible to your spirits through added experience, and you are therefore persistently returning to the bounds of material existence from choice, for the purpose of advancement, of the necessity for which you become cognizant on each return to the true spiritual state—the practical centre of soul, which is the chosen temple of the living God who abides in each human heart, and makes manifestations according to your need.

"Are we then to lose our individuality?" I hear you ask. "Have you learned at last that the soul is not immortal?" Nay, nay! have no trembling fears. The dwellings that you inhabit in your varying lives on earth have existence only in memory, but you are the same, with the aggregate of your intelligent lives, and that superior

Life of the soul abides as an entity, whatever may have been the varying limitations which have enshrouded it for a space. The past is veiled from the soul's memory, but abides in the spirit, that veil is rent in twain when the soul stands face to face with its record in the interior state, thus to-day I consciously feel what I am—I perceive the past and I know the future. I am all the past that I have been, and I see the next future step between the impulses in the outer life and the spiritual state.

Death reveals to the soul the truth. Man's soul does not live in his body in the sense and meaning of a vital organ at death; it only dwells therein as a tenant. It works, it conquers there, but it is not in the body, and after the repose, it is native state, it emerges again the battle and the strife, and succeeding one step in advance, that the pilgrim soul may reap additional harvests for its spiritual existence. Even here I stand today. After rest I shall struggle again for the needed, present victory is won I shall rest no more, and shall know here my strength. You in earth-life will see me in the eyes of a little child, and you will say, "that resembles a man. I once knew, but he is dead and passed away." But he has not passed away! At the same time, by another impulse of life, he will be among you, preparing himself for the achievement of yet grander things to come.

Emerson has said that it would take a thousand of some lives to make a soul. Nay, it is more; thousands of progressive lives are required in some cases to build up a perfect soul. No matter how many lives a person may be wrapped up in his individuality, the soul in the larger growth of eternity is filled and rounded from the experiences of the human being; each differing from the next, which experience is gained may be transient, but the spiritual accretion it attended will abide and forever expand. The spiritual and the divine are forever just beyond the grasp of the material, and it is because they are so that they do not pass away, while the salient characteristics of the soul may be veiled within the narrow confines of the human brain, and eventually annihilated, the soul will not have lost its essential attributes; when the close-linked chain of materiality is broken, that soul will regain not only a real sense of self, but also letters patent of possession concerning its rightful inheritance.

In the degree of rest and aspiration which I find I must pass this, and which my angel guides say is necessary to prepare me for these things, I feel a kind of natural distance—a distance born not of mathematical measurement, but through a prophetic conviction of attributes yet to be attained. I cannot take you with me into my next step, veiled in human forms, you must still abide among the trammels of human duty; but rest assured that no final separation is ours: In all that constitutes the essential life of soul, in all that unveils the eternal existence and gives you glimpses of whatever lies before, in all that makes it possible for you to hear the burdens of life, and win the victory that has been won by thousands and millions of your predecessors, I can and shall be with you still! But the shape and form and countenance known to you will disappear; I shall be merged into another state; I shall be caught up into another atmosphere, and from that centre of my soul I shall manifest again the realized past that was needed for my growth. Study the solemn lesson that has thus come to you, as you would study the applied precepts of the Golden Rule, or weigh a problem in Euclid, or ponder over the involved formulas of mathematical research; I state it, whether you shall receive it or not, but feel conscious that I cannot pass onward till I state it; and when that time shall come that I shall be merged in another form of mortality, the soul shall hold its existence, and through reminiscence and recollection of the strivings for the truth we have added together, the trials we have borne to gether, the victories we have unitedly won against error, you and I even as friends across the rivers of death and birth will know and claim each other still. The friendship reaching instinctively across the spaces, the ties that link us together in one common chain, will still be ours. In dreams and visions we will come to the spirit-spheres, and we shall sit down in solemn silence by these crystal streams that flow over golden sands; we shall speak soul to soul; and in waking hours you will remember that you have seen my spirit and heard my voice; you shall be clothed upon in divine forms and habiliments, and I shall know that you are the same souls that with me struggled to uphold the truth in by-gone years.

I shall bring pleasure and solemn joy into the next great change; I pass under the kind control of my guardian; I go on to further endeavor. I have given you on earth the result; you will know it, you will perceive it—those of you who will understand this word, the rest of you will regard it as an ideal dream; but if that be a dream or an imagination of the soul, then, too, all that we conceive or hope concerning immortality is also imaginary. The spirit is not dimmed in the conflict of matter, but passes on brightened and re-veiled to its ultimate, gaining new powers at each transition, and finally measuring its capacities and capabilities with those to whom man has in the past given the name of gods.

In what humility was the Christ-child born! So have humility and purity in the absolute led by the hand each neophyte to the portals of mortal existence! My friends, as hereafter little children look upon you with souls all radiant with the life from which they have come, gaze into every eye and you shall see in each reflected the history of thousands of years through ignorance and sophistry and error, which repeated embodiments have finally obliterated, giving in place thereof the crystal clearness of truth which their infant lives so fitly symbolize. Into some of these eyes you will look at some future time and remember the soul that speaks to you at this hour!

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM—THE TEMPORARY FAREWELL.

[Poems improvised by Emma from subjects chosen by the audience.]

Truth is not yet grown sore and old,
But as a star in space;
As a mortal form that never grows cold,
But through its added grace.
All power and hope and prophecy;
The star is symbol of light to be,
And those who touch Truth's garment-hem
Perceive her jewelled diadem.

The varying cycles change and pass,
And angels from the skies
Perceive earth as a burning glass,
Whose chalice with surprise
Receives the drop of heavenly dew,
And lets the saving angel through.

The Star of Bethlehem's white light
Was the symbol of the soul,
Rising above the earthly night
And swaying with its control.

Brings peace on earth, to man good will,
Love's golden message to fulfill.

The babe within the holy place,
Truth's humble advent here,
The city of the valley's grace
Reviveth every year;
The babe into its mother's face
Looks up with trembling eyes,
Revealing that the perfect grace
Could only come from Paradise.
The soul designed by word of life,
God's earth-born son and chosen Lord,
Not lord in person, nor as king,
But soul of love's divine accord.

Whose murmuring even now is heard
Above, by angels in fair space,
"Another babe to earth is born,
Who lives in perfect, radiant grace,"
As in that far-off dawn,
That star will shine again as bright
As in its natal, golden day,
He still is and shall be a man,
Who the angels point the way.
Another star of Bethlehem
Arises in the human soul,
You feel the angels' garments' hem,
You hear the anthem roll;
Another saviour now is here,
Another star is risen
Life, light and love to you most dear,
Releasing from death's prison here.

Not as the telling of a bell,
Not as the chiming funeral knell,
Not as the torch held over the dead,
Not as the slow and silent tread
When fearful eyes look up in vain
To hide their grief and pain!

There is no word "farewell!"
Where soul meets soul today,
You live commingled here and blend,
And pass another way;
You meet, you meet to part no more
Forever on that blessed shore!
There is no word "farewell!"
The veiling of the eyes,
From mortal form the soul
Through darkness in more rise,
Though every form be cast aside,
Though hand and ocean's wave divide,
The spirit still is near,
And forever is more dear.

No word "farewell!" the *Cherub* voices
Of breathing life and joy,
The words that make your hearts rejoice,
The glow of fervor warm,
That seem to pass, and days and years
Of silence intervene.

But forevermore the glad and tears
The links in heaven are seen,
And through your souls you all keep pace
With love's appointed grace.

To-day, you say, "my friend is here—
To-day his presence is more near
Than if his form I see,
For though within the higher life,
Unshorn in heaven above,
Or in far distant scenes of strife,
He is not on planes of strife.

Oh, no, 'tis not "farewell!"
The drooping eyes of sleep,
The leaving of the souls that dwell
Within life's earthly keep;
Glad thoughts are born, and love and life
And all things else survive
By other ties than those of sense;
By other lives we live;
By other wings we soar;
'Tis not "farewell," but, meeting still
Upon another, brighter shore,
We're meeting, greeting still!

REDEMPTION.

May the light of immortal love and supreme truth, the abiding splendor of the all-perfect eternity, the angelic ministrations of those who erst have been the near and dear ones of your hearts, be known unto each soul until we meet forever on the plane of puissant and perfected existence. Amen.

What Constitutes True Worship.

The several rather severe criticisms on the fashionable modes of worship pursued in the leading catholic and Protestant churches of New York at the present time that have recently appeared in the *Herald*, bring to my mind the following incident: Some years ago I attended a Spiritualistic convention in Boston, presided over by an aged gentleman, I think from Beverly, Mass. There being a temporary pause in the proceedings of the meeting, the venerable chairman said he would take advantage of the opportunity to relate a vision he had witnessed on the previous night. He thought he was standing in the pulpit of the most gorgeous and magnificent cathedral he had ever seen. Before him was the priest or pastor of the church, and beside him stood an angel with a tablet and pen in hand, whose mission it was to make record of every act of worship or prayer that transpired in his presence and ascribed as an acceptable offering to the throne of God. Every pew was filled with richly-attired worshippers of either sex. The most sublime music that ever fell on his enraptured ear filled the air with melody and grandeur. The liturgical Church services, including a surpassingly eloquent sermon from the gifted minister, had in turn transpired, and yet the recording angel made no entry in his tablet! The congregation were at length dismissed by the pastor with a lengthy and beautifully-worled prayer, followed by a meditation, and yet the angel "made no sign."

Attended still by the angel, the speaker left the door of the church in rear of the richly-attired congregation. A poor, tattered castaway stood in the gutter beside the curbstone, with her pale, famished hand extended, silently pleading for alms. As the richly-attired worshippers from the church passed by they shrunk from the poor Magdalen, the ladies withdrawing aside their silken, jewel-bedecked robes, lest they should be polluted by her touch.

Just then an intoxicated sailor came reeling down the sidewalk on the other side. When he got opposite the poor forsaken girl he staggered across the street to where she stood, and taking a few pennies from his pocket, he thrust them into her hand, accompanied with the adjuration, "Here, you poor forsaken cuss, take this!" A celestial radiance now lighted up the face of the recording angel, who instantly entered the sailor's act of sympathy and charity in his tablet, and departed with it as a sweet sacrifice to God.—*T. R. H., in the N. Y. Herald.*

Enough superstition lingers to induce the peasants of Catania, at the foot of Etna, to hang images of the saints and apostles on the trees and vines in the track of the lava. They hoped in this way to save their fields and houses from destruction; but the lava would not stay its majestic course for those idols. It advanced slowly, and touched the trees and the vines, the houses and cabins and barns with its fiery finger, and they blazed up with a white heat and were destroyed. At Lanzuzo, a town at the foot of Etna threatened by lava, it is related that toward evening a procession of men, women and children, with lighted candles in their hands, moved toward the advancing mass of fiery lava. They carried an image of the Madonna, and held it up before the burning flood, while they called out in anguish, "Have pity! have mercy upon us!" The lava, however, did not stop, but covered the national road, which connects that town with Messina and the sea, as well as with the other towns near. Its trade is ruined by this cutting-off of its communications, and the people are awe-struck and depressed.

For fifteen centuries war has been a standing libel on Christianity, making it a by-word and a reproach all over the earth.

Original Essays.

THE TELEPHONE AND MICROPHONE EXPRESSIONS OF INNATE HUMAN FACULTIES.

BY ANDREW J. ROGERS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It is evident that neither the telephone, the phonograph, the microphone, the microscope, nor any other invention could have been discovered and brought into practical use had not the faculty for such things belonged to and existed within organic man. And it is equally certain that these various contrivances are but the results of the efforts of these innate faculties to assert themselves for common use; and that as such they may be regarded as the foreshadowings of the eventual unfolding and natural utilization of all the latent attributes of microcosmic man.

The telephone, like the microscope and microphone, only tends to facilitate the expression of certain of the latent powers of the soul. Man is a microcosm—a miniature world, a miniature universe, created and spiritually constituted in the similitude of God, the source of all power, all knowledge, all wisdom, all intelligence and attributes whatsoever. The Apostle Paul, speaking somewhat metaphysically, averred that the human organism is the temple of the living God, and that the Holy Spirit of God abides therein. St. Paul doubtless referred specially to the righteous man. And the *Messiahic Jesus* declared that "the Kingdom of God is within you"—within organic man. Hence the poet's admonition:

"Man, know thyself: all wisdom centres there."

For more than ten years I have been experimenting in these matters, but wholly independent of mechanical invention. And I have long since demonstrated to my own satisfaction that, at least potentially, man is inherently endowed with not only clairvoyance and clairaudience, but with the power to micro-phonographically record, within the intellectual domain of the soul, every vision and sound in such way as to enable the finite mental faculties, under proper conditions, to reproduce them at any time in after life.

As the microscope magnifies vision, so does the microphone increase sound. And though these amplifications reveal the latent powers of the optical and auditory nerves, they are neither clairvoyance in the one case, nor clairaudience in the other. These attributes are peculiar to the *divinity* of the man; and there is nothing within the range of the material world that can impede either the one or the other. But these *divine faculties* seldom report their observations to the man's finite mind. Nevertheless they are incessantly at work, and their ramifications extend far and wide throughout the domain of humanity, according to the peculiar mission of the individual soul.

In the progress of the psychomachy of my own organic being, the bodily faculties and functions have been frequently brought so completely under the control of the more divinely intellectual powers of the soul as to enhance the visual and auditory faculties far beyond what is reported to have been produced respectively by the application of the microscope and microphone. And under these conditions I have observed, among diverse other things, that when the innate powers of the soul fully control the necessary physical faculties and functions, the external or finite mind can see (in actual vision) persons and things, and hear actual conversations, songs and other sounds, regardless of distance or any material obstruction whatever. And in many cases I have verified such experiences. And in no case have I failed to verify the phenomena when I could personally communicate with the parties whom I had thus seen and heard.

The *clairvoyant* and *clairaudient* attributes of the soul are, of course, accompanied with the corresponding attribute of *interior articulation*. And I have observed that through innate intelligence the spirituality of mankind is more or less in intellectual communion throughout the world. Of this I can have no doubt, notwithstanding in the present condition of humanity the inner intelligence of the soul reports but little of this psychological intercommunion to the finite or carnal mind. *Quæro* held that, "There is a fluid diffused throughout all nature, animating equally all living organic beings; and that the difference in their action is owing to their particular organization." Be this as it may, I nevertheless find a *divine spiritual* entirely peculiar to and abiding within every human being; and I am quite sure that there are spirit-magnetic currents more or less intellectually inter-connecting the spirituality of all mankind; and that through such currents we may, under proper conditions, hold intellectual communion with the inner intelligence of individuals, however remotely situated. I have frequently experienced such phenomena; and as far as I have been able to test its correctness, I have found my experiences corroborated by those with whose inner intelligence I had been thus in communion.

The human organism is full of sublime sound. And when the *divine powers* of the soul will have attained the requisite control of the various faculties and functions of the organism, we may realize something akin to "the music of the spheres." In the course of my experience I have found the musical forces of the microcosmic man in such full play as to sublimely fill my corporate being with the most delightfully thrilling melody. And I have observed that though these phenomena belong primarily to the psychological domain of the organism, the sounds may, under proper conditions, play upon every fibre of the nervous system, and thence fill and thrill the entire carnality, without in any wise impairing the social functions of the mind. They are of the spirit-spiritual; and in a properly developed organism may break forth at any time. I have frequently experienced such phenomena while prayerfully meditating, or while reading, writing, talking, walking or riding; and frequently after retiring at night I have fallen asleep while being thus melodiously thrilled in every fibre of my body, and on awaking next morning have found my whole system still filled with this ineffable harmony of concordant sound.

In the present spirit-physical condition of mankind the continual microphonical amplification of sound would scarcely be endurable; but when the latent divinity of the soul shall have spiritually tempered and perfected the auditory and corresponding nerves to the natural capabilities of clairaudience, all sound, from that which is now inaudible to the greatest, may not only be heard but harmoniously received and enjoyed. However, pending the psychomachy of the organism, these conditions may not be permanently attained. Yet this very warfare is unto that end. And it is divine-

ly promised that "He that overcometh shall inherit all things." And righteously so; for then the *divinity* of his being will reign supreme, making the man (male and female) "perfect, even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect." And this is the ultimate of human progress. In respect to the human body, the corruptible must become incorruptible; the perishable imperishable; the mortal immortal, in order that death may be swallowed up in victory, so that we shall realize the fulfillment of the prophetic prayer, "Thy Kingdom come! Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Amen."

Hollywood Road, South Kensington,
London, England.

A POOR SERMON FROM A GOOD TEXT.

BY J. M. FREEMAN.

"And Jesus answering, said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"—*St. Luke xvii: 17.*

Spiritualism is perhaps the most comprehensive and sacred word in the English language. Consider its construction. The beginning or basic foundation of the word is *spirit*. And "God," said Jesus, "is a spirit." The *al* is a suffix, and implies purity of mind and holiness of heart; and the *ism* refers to the phenomenal fact of the present ministry of spirits and angels. Therefore I repeat, the word is sacred, being rooted in God, and relating to the soul's immortality. To shrink, then, from the term, as do some cowardly souls, is to shrink from God, from purity of purpose, holiness of life, and the blessed truth of angelic ministrations.

In New Testament times there met Jesus on his way from Jerusalem to Galilee, "ten men that were lepers"; and by the account it seems that they lifted up their voices and cried, "have mercy on us"—that is to say, heal us. And when he saw and heard them, he said, "go show yourselves unto the priests; you believe in your priests, let them heal you." They started on their way, but were immediately cleansed; and "one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back," and thanking Jesus for the exercising of the healing gift, "glorified God."

"And Jesus answering, said, Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?" Poor human nature—the same in all ages and among all nations—the nine were healed through the healing influences of Jesus; but what cared they more about it? Did they feel grateful? Did they acknowledge the wonderful gift of the Messiah? Did they return to express their thanks? Did they in any way afterwards acknowledge Jesus and his power to cleanse or heal? Nothing of the kind appears in the records. And how often do we see the same principle manifest at the present time! The sick are healed by the laying on of hands; but do they acknowledge Spiritualism? The lame are made to walk, through mediumistic influences; but do the once lame, like those of old, when healed, "leap and walk and praise God," and give honor to whom honor is due? Tears have been brushed away from mourners' cheeks, and broken hearts have been made whole through beautiful messages from their spirit-friends in heaven. But do they return to the mediums, thanking them for being instruments of angelic influences? All through the country I meet with men and women who, while not unknown to fame, not only striplings in knowledge and wisdom, were either entranced, inspired or otherwise influenced by spirits, who added them to make their mark in the world; but do they "return"—do they give sufficient credit to spirits and Spiritualism? Oh, how base and mean is such ingratitude! I have often heard it said, and have never heard it denied, that the noted Anna Dickinson, in years ago, sat in spiritual séances, and was, for a time at least, palpably influenced and helped by spiritual intelligences. Does she ever mention the fact? ever refer to the blessedness of angel ministry? Who has not been charmed with Clara Louise Kellogg's music? And how few know that her first musical inspirations and directions were from the spirit-world? Mrs. Jennie Kellogg, the mother of Clara, gave for a time spiritual sittings at 624 Broadway, New York, and on her door-plate was the phrase, "Test Medium." "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"

Why should mortals be ashamed of their helpers? Why kick down and deny even the existence of the ladder by which they climbed to eminence? Why such cowardly hiding, such base ingratitude? Do they not know that God is just—that compensation is certain, and that it is no slight affair to slam the door in the faces of angels, denying the benefits that they so generously conferred? Why, the moral bravery and manly independence of Henry Kiddle, A. M., of New York, ought to put the blush of shame upon the faces of many of our older Spiritualists! Many of these latter, having drunk copious draughts from the spiritual fountain, and fed on the spiritual bread that cometh down out of heaven and giveth "life unto the world," now indirectly ignore the name Spiritualism, giving their influence and their money to the upbuilding of sectarian churches and the dissemination of Calvinistic dogmas. Is not this the rankest hypocrisy? Do not angels see through the flimsy gauze, and will they not, just previous to going where Judas went—that is to their own place—hear the terrible words: "Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not?"

I write this sermon under the influence of a spirit who calls himself "Justice," and he requests me to close with these lines of Samuel Longfellow's:

"One holy church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unswayed by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.
From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.
Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up,
The pure in heart her baptized ones,
Love, her communion cup.
The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page,
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Still make her pilgrimage."

AMERICA'S FIFTEEN INVENTIONS.—An English journal frankly gives credit to the American nation for at least fifteen inventions and discoveries which, it says, have been adopted all over the world. These triumphs of American genius are thus enumerated: First, the cotton gin; second, the planing machine; third, the grass-mower and grain-reaper; fourth, the rotary printing press; fifth, navigation by steam; sixth, the hot air or calorific engine; seventh, the sewing machine; eighth, the India rubber industry; ninth, the machine manufacture of horse shoes; tenth, the sand blast for carving; eleventh, the gauge lathe; twelfth, the grain elevator; thirteenth, artificial ice manufacture on a large scale; fourteenth, the electro-magnet and its practical application; fifteenth, the composing machine for printers. It is not often that American achievements in this direction receive due credit from such a source.—*New York Sun.*

Banner Correspondence.

Vancouver's Island.

VICTORIA.—After years of silence, permit me, Mr. Editor, once more through your columns to assure those of your readers who remember an old-time contributor, and a long-time missionary, who has spoken to thousands of them all superior from Vancouver Bay to Puget Sound, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, that "I still live," and though my pen has "lost its cunning," from want of use, my tongue has continued to proclaim the "glad tidings" of angelic ministry during the six years I have labored on the Pacific coast, except when the frail body has refused the necessary force to propel it. The shining folds of the dear old *Banner* have greeted my eyes as I cheered my wayward spirit wherever I have roamed, from the grand old Green Mountains of my native State, through twenty-eight of her sister dominions, and to-day I bears its messages of wisdom, love and truth, inscribed by angels above and thinkers on earth, to this far-away land of the setting sun, where my enraptured vision greets it as a tried and familiar friend, despatched from home to "the ends of the earth" to enlighten and bless the millions of denizens of the Pacific coast, except when the frail body has refused the necessary force to propel it. The shining folds of the dear old *Banner* have greeted my eyes as I cheered my wayward spirit wherever I have roamed, from the grand old Green Mountains of my native State, through twenty-eight of her sister dominions, and to-day I bears its messages of wisdom, love and truth, inscribed by angels above and thinkers on earth, to this far-away land of the setting sun, where my enraptured vision greets it as a tried and familiar friend, despatched from home to "the ends of the earth" to enlighten and bless the millions of denizens of the Pacific coast, except when the frail body has refused the necessary force to propel it.

I spent about three-fourths of a year laboring in Oregon, then came to Olympia at the head of Puget Sound, where I gave a few lectures last year, then retired upon a farm to recruit my health with manual labor, clearing land of abounding firs that the wilderness may blossom with fruit trees, which now occupy the ground. As soon as health improved, I returned to the Pacific coast, where I have spoken from one to two Sundays per month for nearly a year. Last autumn I extended my labors up the Sound to Seattle, and recently have journeyed to Port Townsend and issued lectures at De Foca to this beautiful and quiet island City bearing the name of "Her Majesty," whose rule nominally extends to this foreign port. Our cause has made its way, hence by the ubiquitous unseen heralds and pioneer missionaries, even to this remote border, and perhaps as many votaries in proportion to population, in Oregon and Washington Territory, as in the average Western States. But our more zealous ones shall I say avaricious sectarian brethren of the "Church Universal," have built their churches and schools in every little hamlet and neighborhood encroaching upon the primeval forest, and so here as everywhere the New Gospel has to conquer its way against large odds.

At Olympia our cause has a good foothold, and several staunch supporters among the prominent citizens of the town. The Banker, Mr. G. A. Barnes, and his earnest wife, are zealous and liberal supporters. Capt. C. Hale, Indian Commissioner, and several of the administration, and his estimable wife, a prominent teacher, though members of the Unitarian Society, are Spiritualists, and attend my lectures, and give me a home whenever I wish. I have several friends and supporters, and there are others to the number of more than a score who aid in sustaining our meetings. Mrs. Alexander is a very good seer, and renders aid with poetic improvisations. The *Washington Standard* lends the powerful aid of the press to encourage our work, and with so much assistance I have succeeded in drawing the largest and best audience for nearly a year. The little Unitarian Church opened its doors to me when its pastor was away, (because half of its members are Spiritualists at heart), but jealous at length turned its back on me, and now have a new half where the multitude gather. We expect to hold several more meetings near the town this summer, and you may hear concerning them.

At Seattle I spoke twice last month for about four months, but the cause has had many obstacles thrown in its way by the mismanagement of some of its (dubious) friends, and the few who have zeal and discretion enough to carry on the work have been almost entirely sufficient means, so I have suspended work there till a more propitious season, and extended my circuit to Port Townsend, where there are several families of staunch believers among the citizens, and the little town, I am best paid there of any place on the Sound, and to let my Eastern co-workers see how richly I am rewarded, I will tell them that I get seven dollars per Sunday for two months. I have large treasures laid up "where thieves cannot break through and steal."

In Victoria there are about a dozen staunch, open Spiritualists, and perhaps a score or more who fear Mrs. Grundy more than they love the truth. Mr. Fell, an Englishman, is one of our most prominent supporters. Capt. Walker and Mr. G. A. Barnes are only a few of the names of our friends. There are several little towns along the shores of this beautiful Western Mediterranean which have all the comforts and most of the elegance of Eastern cities.

I wish in closing to be God-speed to all my noble co-workers throughout the world. Let us never cease in the cause of human progress till error and evil are overcome with truth and righteousness.

June 14th, 1879. DEAN CLARKE.

Georgia.

SAVANNAH.—A correspondent, "L. K." writes: "I think that experiences in regard to the conditions that disturb, modify or hinder manifestations, ought to be published, in order to facilitate the study of the underlying laws. Especially is this important with the primary manifestations of the occult, and the form generally the foundation-stones of the whole structure, and serve most generally for that sacred, loving, family intercourse all over the world. I have had particular facilities for this study, and have been the last five years, and met with the usual difficulties and sources of error. But besides, I met with a source of error I never have been mentioned by any other investigator. When there was not a single person in the vicinity of the communicating spirit, some interesting and entirely unexpected family event, but one recently desired by the communicating spirit, was reported as having taken place. After a couple of days the spirit discovered that what was reported as a *fait accompli* had not taken place. Now a similar occurrence took place a second time, only that I did not, but we ourselves, discovered the mistake by letter after awhile. How is this to be explained? I cannot find any other explanation but that spirits are liable to confound facts with a true and false objects. Can anybody give a better explanation?"

Illinois.

WAUKEGAN.—A correspondent writes: "Bishop A. Beals has just finished his lectures in this vicinity, closing with one at this place. He came among us a stranger, but being a person of refinement, truth and principle, and a thorough understanding of the meaning of the highest order, and his music soul stirring, he has reached the hearts of the people. While looking over the appreciative audiences that have greeted him, I have felt that it was indeed only the noblest of the angels—friends who feel that the world will be the better for his ministrations. All hope to welcome him again at no distant day."

New York.

ROCHESTER.—Mrs. Sarah A. Burts writes July 2d, forwarding money to renew her subscription for the *Banner of Light*, which she says she cannot do without, and adding, "I have been more than ever the subject of our Divine Philosophy than for many years, owing to the beautiful ministrations of Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, who delights and instructs large and increasing audiences. I have been especially benefited by her addresses, and convincing manner of answering the various questions from the audience."

Maine.

BRADLEY.—James J. Norris, Conductor, writes, July 1st: "Spiritualism still lives with us, and we are enjoying its peaceful influence by holding circles every Sunday evening, and the Lyceum every Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M. We celebrated on the 20th of May last the twelfth anniversary of the Lyceum by giving a concert, exhibition, and dance, assisted by the very efficient Bradley Band, that with the friends of the Lyceum, rendered us much good service, for which we return our sincere thanks."

Iowa.

TAMA CITY.—Mrs. Matt Baker writes that Spiritualism is making its way slowly but surely in this community, though its advance is retarded in the face of all the untoward circumstances and opposing agencies incident to any new cause. Herself and husband have held circles, enjoyed the company of friends, etc., and have received much aid from Dr. C. C. Corey, discourses in that place, also those of O. H. Godfrey.

Ohio.

JEFFERSON.—R. M. Norris writes, under date of July 4th, endorsing the reliability of the mediumship, both physical and mental, of Frank T. Ripley, his experiences with Mr. Ripley, having been of the most satisfactory nature. Mr. Ripley, he states, would like engagements to give tests or speak anywhere after September 1st.

Missouri.

WEBB CITY.—E. H. Freeman writes that himself and Mr. Harrington are doing what may be in their power to present Spiritualism to the people of this place. He thinks "if a speaker were to come here and give us a few lectures I have no doubt it would awaken an interest that would last for a long time."

The Tenth Annual Camp-Meeting

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Publishers who insert the above Prospectus in their respective journals, and call attention to it editorially, will be entitled to a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT for one year, provided a marked paper is forwarded to this office.