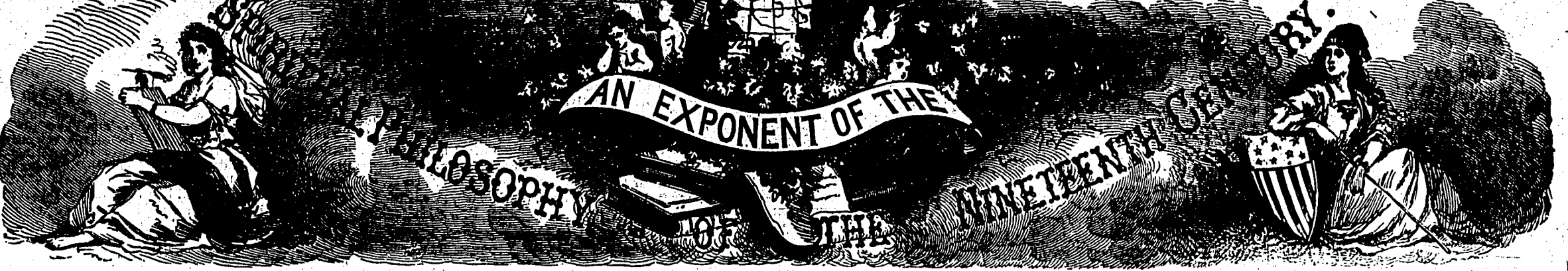


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The Rostrum.

Inspiration: What is it, and Whence its Source?

A Discourse by

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
Delivered in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday
Morning, Jan. 25th, 1880, under the Control
of Spirit William Ellery Channing.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

INVOCATION.

Infinite Spirit, Light Divine, thou ineffable source of blessing, thou eternal soul! From the finite unto the infinite we know there is but one law, one abiding presence, one palpable power. From the finite to the infinite we know there is but one love, the divine, the perfect, the unexpressed. May that love permeate our hearts and minds with divine truth—exalt and uplift us forever. Grow strong in the light of thy love, may each spirit unfold more and more toward thee. Grow bright in the radiance of thy truth, may every mind become crystalline with the pure rays emanating from thy light. We praise thee for the abundance of thy love, for the bounty of thy knowledge; for the immeasurable glory of thy truth. We praise thee for whatever impulse is given to the life that tends to the unfoldment and expression of spirit. The outward body, born of the dust, is but the mechanism through which the spirit expresses its being. May that unfoldment spiritually so pervade the external world that sorrow and pain and doubt shall cease in the midst of its light. May the power of thy spirit, beaming ever upon the soul, reveal itself through manifold changes until all are aware of thy presence.
Oh, God, in the light of thy supernatural power, through messengers and interpreters of truth, we praise thee that thou hast given the knowledge of inspiration to men. The voice upon Sinai, the sweet tones on Olivet, the words of seer and prophet adown the ages, the interpretation of the oracles, the mystic tablets and records of the past—these reveal to the present hour thy previous inspiration. But not alone upon Sinai, nor Olivet, nor yet in the wilderness, or on Olivet, may stream, nor yet alone by Galilee, but here in the midst of these hearts, drawn nearer together and unto thee by ties unexpressed, thy presence and power are forever made manifest; not in dim ways and dubious windings, not in mysterious processes unfathomable to men, but in direct and positive answer to aspiration, in the form and voice of ministering spirits, in the power of guardian angels, speaking thy word and interpreting thy truth to the heart; in the ever-living fountain that flows from the throne of God, filling the world with its divine harmony, and peopling the void of matter with immortal prophecies.
Oh, God, may this hour be full of inspiration! May the hearts of thy children be kindled with fervor and aspiration! May the thought of immortal life may thrill and pervade the soul that every mind shall burn and every spirit shall glow with radiant truth beneath its rays. Be thy presence as an abiding voice, as a palpable shrine, as a living altar, whose name is Truth and Love, and whose divine power angels and mortals shall praise forevermore!

DISCOURSE.

The universe is aware of but one breath—the breath of God, the life of Inspiration. Whatever be the name given by the human mind to this absolute Divinity, be it "the natural law" of science, the "over-soul" of the philosopher, the "God, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord," be it Brahma, or the Innermost Soul of the Orient, there is but one absolute breath. Life is the expression of that breath; the germination of life is the inspiration. Unfolding in leaf and flower and tree, magical in the working of atoms and in the creation of geologic formations, peopling space with worlds, and filling the universe of matter with the thrilling power of an infinite law and purpose, the power of life is the same everywhere. Inspiration is its source. There can be no space, no atom, no condition without it. It is not possible to conceive of any portion of immensity not pervaded by this presence. Chaos itself, the most ancient of all conditions, was but a form of life, and the most ancient terrors, Night and Death, were pervaded by this being. Far away in the depths of most ancient ages, when time was peopled with but few images of thought, when the world was barren, save here and there a verdant slope that seemed to go out toward eternity; even then the voice of this presence made the old world glad, and the new ages were prophesied in the very beginning. What life, what power, what purpose is here implied? The materialist will have us believe that matter, endowed in its atomic and organic sense with this intrinsic life, evolves new forms of being, and shapes the thought of man mockingly toward eternal life—the very *ignis fatuus* of being! The materialist will have it that life is greater than its source, and that expression is more potent than the cause of it. The materialist will declare that expression is greater than inspiration, and that matter can produce things not intrinsically in matter; that from the mortal, the material, the changeable, the decaying, the transient—from the law of nature, man's mind springs into being, freighted with immortal hopes destined to be crushed; with prophecies that shall have no fulfillment; with aspirations that have no answering; with longings destined to be buried at the very verge of life's being.

Materialism will have it that the universe, beginning with nothing save matter and law, and winding through the labyrinth of being, expresses the very purpose and plan that the dome of the universe is a failure, the crowning point is annihilation, and man, trembling and thrilling with immortal hopes and possibilities, derives these from nothing. These are but explanations; the feeble flutterings of that breath that human intellect mistakes for life; pictured upon the tablets of the outward universe, and fading away beneath the touch of time, change and decay.

Far otherwise is the soul of man; far otherwise the origin of life, of being, of form, of law, of order. The adjustment of the universe is unexpressably harmonious, the expressions of life are unexpressably beautiful; but they are not all of life. Because the visible suggests the invisible, and the expiration betokens the

inspiration, you are glad of the expiration; but without inspiration every form of being would be a mockery, and the transient changes of material life would be the infinite and eternal sarcasm of the universe.

From spirit all things must proceed, so far as the purpose and inspiration of them are concerned. From matter, only the form or atoms that give shape to the form. The fruition of the atoms, the organic processes of life, the method and purpose of those processes, everything that enfolds the intention and law and method—this is spirit. Consequently, no blade of grass upspring, no bird quivers its pulsing wings in the air of earth, or breathes its song of delight in Southern grove, without the inspiration of life. Nor is that life organic merely, nor is it merely the result of enfolding atoms covering chaos again; but of intention controlling the atoms with conscious purpose, and pervading the universe with the power of expiration that belongs to the one inspiration of divinity.

The soul of man is allied to the inspirations of the universe. That is why they are vocal to him; that is why he may interpret them; that is why matter is not a dumb and sealed book to him. Science were not, no system of philosophy could have a being, but for the inspiration of the soul that belongs to the utter inspiration of the universe. The soul of man, allied to the Infinite Soul, interprets therefore the signs and tokens of that Infinite Presence, wherever man finds matter giving evidence of a connecting link, in the absolute sense, between the soul of man and the ultimate or Infinite Divinity. Inspiration of thought, flowing toward man, is but the natural breath of man's spiritual being, as essential to spiritual and mental existence as the breath that is inhaled and expelled from the material organism. Without atmosphere you would exist but a few moments; death would commence immediately in this room. Without spiritual atmosphere there would be spiritual death. The soul cannot live alone in the universe. There is no possibility of mental activity or spiritual growth without inspiration, for as the vital air is to the physical and organic growth, so is the spiritual atmosphere to the expiration of the life of the soul. You cannot imagine a condition of mind without inspiration. You cannot imagine a condition of expiration that has not previously been inhaled, inspired, or in some manner received through the methods of spiritual and soul-growth. The belongings of the soul are its sources of inspiration. The supreme source is the Divine Omnipresence. The direct source is whatever angelic power is nearest to you, whatever spiritual presence can best answer your need. As in the physical universe God's presence moves through what you call organic law, so in the spiritual universe his presence moves through the law of spiritual inspiration.

There is no inspiration without intelligence. Remember this. Inspiration is not a reservoir; it is not a condition; it is not a substance that is devoid of thought; nor is it an atmosphere without identity. Many persons believe themselves to be inspired by climbing to certain heights and attitudes where they suppose ideas remain in solution, waiting for them to grasp. Every pulsation of thought in the universe emanates from the mind. There can be no more expiration without the idea that mind is its direct source and soul is its ultimate source, than there can be a flower without a germ, or other manifestation of material life without the source of material life. If you climb to any altitude you find souls there. If you attain any height, intelligence is there to meet you. If you penetrate to spheres of spiritual life, there are intelligences belonging to, shaping and creating those spheres. There is no unemployed spiritual intelligence in the universe. Every mind is active; every soul is sentient. There is consciousness of expiration and power. The absolute may not reach you save through interpreters. Those interpreters are the methods of inspiration to man. In ancient time God's voice spoke through angels called "the angels of the Lord." Those were the interpreters or relators of spiritual truth to man, bequeathing the greater and higher truths. In past time there is no record of inspiration without a personal intelligence as the interpreter between the God and the man, between the outward and the inner, between the esoteric and the exoteric nature of man, as expressed by his consciousness outwardly and his intuitions inwardly. As the body is in constant derivation of life from surrounding physical substances, so the soul is in constant communion with spiritual intelligences that form its spiritual life. You cannot imagine a universe of matter without light, atmosphere, motion. You cannot imagine a universe of souls without intelligence, activity, expiration. Whatever man calls inspiration is the natural atmosphere of the soul. Whatever comes to you as from a superior or far-off source comes simply in that manner because of the dust that enshrouds you or the clay tenement which you inhabit. The truths may be familiar to the soul; are old-time truths, ancient as God and as permanent as eternity, but not comprehensible to man, because of man's possession of outward life. You are less than inspiration in your physical being; therefore inspiration must pervade and exalt you; must do so intelligently through your own mental and spiritual life; must do so comprehensively, through the intelligences of spiritual life, or whatever beings inhabit the spiritual realm.

There can be no inspiration, therefore, without a direct source of it. That source is your interpreter. Coming whether in the form of a dove, which was the ancient symbol for messenger, whether in the form of the ark of the covenant, which was the ancient symbol for Divine expression and promise. Whatever be the symbol of the inspiration, the soul of it is the intelligence that is best qualified to reach your condition, your state, your mind. Men and angels walking the earth in ancient times together, gods conversing with men in the ages of Grecian and Roman civilization, are but the same as to-day, spirits holding converse with men, and angels keeping watch and ward by the gateways of human life. To the future reader, the history of your civilization will be as incomprehensible, probably, as is the civilization of Greece or of Rome, that gave birth to the wonderful gods of history; and make, perhaps, mysterious the intercommunion between spirits and man—as incomprehensible as the history of past time, that, read without inspiration, gives no meaning. The sacred bibles of history—the bible of the Hebrew nation, which strangely intermingles the life of the angel with the life of the man, and yet reveals the constant intercommunion of spiritual beings with earthly minds; the angel of the Lord appearing in the vision, in the dream; the angel of the Lord leading prophets and seers; the angel of the Lord walking the earth as a man; the angel of the Lord materialized to partake of human food; the angels of the Lord ministering through the various gifts of the spirit, to the Hebrew nation, waiting for the Messiah, as prophesied by those angels; the signs and tokens of spirit, whereby the advent of Christ as the Messiah was made known in the Messianic period; the tokens on earth of the conquests of the angels and the power and victory of spiritual gifts, as revealed through Christ's life and work; the wonders of those gifts as conferred upon his apostles; the ministrations

of healing and of prophecy; the interpretation of visions—all these betoken an intelligent source of inspiration. The angel appearing upon Patmos, not as God but as angel; the spoken utterances of the soul to John, revealing the kinship of that angel with his own spirit, not God, Jehovah, or Lord, but one of his brethren, the prophets, indicate an intelligent source of inspiration, and symbolize the coming of spiritual agencies to earth. How feeble the interpretation, how short-sighted the vision that would relegate this conception of the Godhead to the domain of superstition.

Every inspiration of past time bears its own stamp and evidence, and is clothed with just such methods and forms of speech as the age has required for understanding, but beneath which there is evidence of individual activity of spiritual beings toward the earth; of individual activity of spirits and angels as the interpreters of spiritual truth; of direct contact between the embodied human spirit and these disembodied spirits and angelic beings, who may or may not have inhabited the material sphere of earth; of direct or indirect contact between these angels and the more surpassing powers who comprehend not only the life of earth, but the life of the planets and interstellar life, and of inspiration flowing continually from the unseen and unfelt sources that are too remote from human consciousness to be interpreted, but still are revealed to the Innermost soul. A consciousness that is utterly devoid of inspiration is impossible. A materialist, in the absolute sense of the term, does not exist. There may be a mistake in terms, but life makes no mistake, and the universe is not inhabited with intelligent beings devoid of sources of intelligence. It is not given to the finite mind to be the infinite, but it is given to the finite mind to know there is an Infinite.

The difference is plain. It is difficult for you to comprehend a large city; you comprehend it by streets, squares, sections. It is even more difficult for you to comprehend a series of constellations; you comprehend them by comparison, and comparison fails; yet you declare, on the strength of what you see, what the unseen must be.

The finite is the indication of the Infinite. The inspirations flowing naturally through the sources of spiritual being to man are the perpetual voices and interpreters of that Infinite life. To every age, to every order of man, to every nation and time, this voice of inspiration has come according to divine method and human understanding, infinite purpose and finite interpretation. To the Brahmins came a voice of three-fold inspiration, broken to the understanding of man as the ray of light is broken to your gaze, but full of the evidence of an utter inspiration that was beyond the power of unfoldment, and of which the three-fold divinity was the absolute expression. To the Egyptian the voice of inspiration was revealed also in a three-fold divinity or expression—Osiris, Isis and their child; the interpretation of the dual deities of ancient time, the great God-Goddess of the Orient, revealing not the form but the spirit of inspiration, in such a manner as to be interpreted by seer and prophet to the people; the dual form of spiritual life pervading the entire fabric of the Orient, and peopling its poems and its sacred legends with infinite promises and possibilities to the soul of man. The voice of Jove, the interpretation of Minerva, the queenless love of Maia—these are all names, behind which the divinities themselves are enshrined and revealed to man. No God of ancient time could ever be imagined that has not its spiritual sources in some divine angel guarding the earth; no type of wisdom or of love, no power of Nemesis or Mars, could be revealed to the comprehension of man that exists not somewhere in the spiritual or angelic state, peopling the space between that mind and yours with evidences of its presence. No gigantic thought, teeming with prophecy and flowering out on Parnassus with song or anthem, can possibly reveal the greatness of the soul or song enshrined in an Apollo, veiled in Orpheus, in the sweet pipings of Pan, and revealed in the more mystical and godlike form of the Soul of Harmony abiding over some angelic sphere. What I must man have thought transcending the sources of thought? and can the sweet pipings of earthly music or the compositions of an earthly mind transcend the angelic sphere of harmony whence that thought must come? Oh, no, Olympus itself were but as a broken altar whereon gods and angels reveal to man the mysteries of the Kingdoms beyond the earth, and Sinai were but a mockery if beyond the tablets of the law the spirit or angel of truth did not hold sway; and Olivet were but as a mystical dream if the soul of Christ were not a reality in the heavens.

Let us not relegate to the region of fables that which can be by no means ill the highest imaginings of the mind. Let us remember that reality is greater than fiction; that spirit is higher than dust; that the gods of antiquity cannot transcend the divinities of the sky, and that no image has ever been worshipped by man that had not a larger spirit behind the former. I have great patience with those who cherish symbols. Are not the flowers the images of a thought that one may bow down and worship as expressions of life and love? Who are the idolaters? Not those who worship at the shrine of the Cross, seeing there the great master passion of earth, the conquest of death and of self; not those who worship at the shrine of the Light of the Sun, who see there not the Sun's rays merely, but the image of the God of Light; not those who bow down when the evening vapors reveal that the sun has passed from sight as an image of that divine life, that even in the night peoples the atmosphere of heaven with an infinite splendor transcending the sun's rays. There are no idolaters, save worshipers at the shrine of dust; there are no idolaters save those who bow down to clay and say "This is all." Let us call things by their right names. If we believe in the images of spirit, we shall not call that idolatry that expresses to us a Spirit, a God, but whosoever believes not in the images of the soul, worships only the clay. Is this speech that I make to you idolatry? Are these words in which I couch my highest thought the worship of a graven image? And yet I have no other form of expression. You will not listen to my spirit when I call. The voice of the soul may be dumb, but I speak through the graven images, the carved forms of speech. You do not worship my words, but if the thought comes to you who are clothed with this mortal estate, shall I not have the gift of language in which to express it? Who shall deprive me of this gift, which is the interpretation between your soul and mine? Let us do justice to the ancient images that, compared with these, are but an expression of the idea. If we have not the idea, that is our misfortune, and those who made the images had. The words found engraven on ancient tablets; the wonderful records of the Sanscrit; the ancient periods of time enrolled in the splendor of mystical symbols bore to the interpreter: the image of that divinity that to you comes clothed in the form of speech that to-day I give utterance to.

See you a dove over the ark of the Covenant? That is God's messenger to earth. See you the ark of the Covenant itself? That is God's promise of abiding with man in the very heart, which is his ark. Witness

you the wonderful symbols over the ancient shrines of Egypt—the winged world, time and eternity in one symbol? Discover you the sacred Isis revealing the mystic power of immortal life? See you the Apis, clothed in the grandeur of a God? This is the power of creation and material life. What is the symbol without the interpretation? Language is but a form of idolatry, if we have nothing but words, words, words; but if we speak for thought's sake, and use words for the utterance or interpretation of signs that come from soul-life, then the language is the means of conveying that inspiration, and the language is sacred to that end. Life itself is but an idolatry if we cling to clay; but, forgetting the outward form, friend answers to friend, and we worship the soul, and not the body. I have known of those who bowed down to the dust, worshiped the clay tenement, and made a graven image of a waxen face that had no soul nor affection to answer; bitterness and ashes and repentance came of this. He who enshrines his thought in an idol of clay reaps the dust and reveals the bitterness; but when soul answers to soul, then when the clay form is removed, when the outward bond is broken, spirit cleaves to spirit, and you will have your friend.

I know of no mother who, when the broken casket lies at her feet, considers that her love is ended. She would dare to follow the soul to the very height of heaven, gaining admittance there by the mother-love. I know of no soul in heaven, no spirit disembodied, that is not so full of love as to dare the very gates of death and hell to gain admittance to the loved one.

Such being the potency of love, and such the breath of inspiration, let us be careful not to mar its images nor use them lightly. Words are potent as arrows, and probe as the winged arrow of the Arabian. But let us be careful that they be not poisoned, also, by outward strife or venom; let us understand the sources of inspiration—that these belong to our spiritual life. There it is breathed through the ever-presence of the Infinite, and words mean nothing unless we interpret the soul. Prophet to prophet; seer to seer; Saviour to Saviour; but inspiration to the heart of man that forever flows and kindles with murmuring sound the music of immortal thought within; and from man to spirit, from spirit to ministering angel, from ministering angel to attendant angel of love, from terrestrial to celestial, from these to demigods, and from these to those higher beings that have no name on earth, the life of inspiration must ever flow, while the Ever-present, the All-conscious, the Abiding Soul is in your midst each hour.

Original Essay.

EVOLUTION AND THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

An Essay Read Before the Brunonian Society,
Norway, Me.

BY H. A. BRADBURY.

I start with Soul as the primal cause in the universe; as the great First Cause or Divine Source and Centre from which all else has sprung; which is possessed of many attributes—among them, Intelligence, Love and Wisdom—and in man as that which is equivalent, he being the offspring of the Divine Source, and an epitome of the universe.

Soul and man are synonymous terms. The corporeal structure is not the man. The man is something that sense can neither feel, see, hear, taste, smell nor apprehend. It is something that is known only by its manifestations, therefore must exist independent of sense and independent of a sensuous body; thus I cannot trace the soul to that "lowly origin," through the process of evolution, where some think they trace it; neither can I find its origin in the human animal, much less a product of the human brain. Evolution may have produced the human organism, the earthly house and present tenement of the soul, but it has no power to produce the kingly occupant of the house. How can the prime mover, that which originates and controls, be the thing that is produced? For an effect in anything there must be an acting cause, and a something acted upon. Is the body the acting cause, which, when the spirit is withdrawn, is but a lump of lifeless clay? or is the soul, the intelligence, the acting cause? Which is the greater? We all know it is that which thinks, knows, reasons and understands.

Does my body think, any part of it? Perhaps you say my brain thinks, but I say it does not think; it is the soul, the *me*, that thinks. The brain, with its many organs, is but the channel through which the thought is manifested; its musical instrument, if you please, with its various notes, upon which it plays the tunes of life. Those organs are as varied in their functions as are our thoughts from day to day; yet they are all composed of the same kind of matter.

The thought flowing through the organ of Veneration is quite unlike that flowing through Benevolence. Through benevolence comes the thought of the poor and needy; through veneration, the thought of God. Veneration never looks after the poor and needy, nor benevolence after God; yet they occupy positions in the brain in close proximity. Why are their functions so different? Function must exist before organ. Veneration and benevolence as factors of mind, or as faculties of the soul, must exist previous to their manifestations. For the function and the thought produced in the cases cited to be the result of brain matter, the matter composing them would be as unlike as their manifestations are.

It would be a much greater wonder to see the same kind of matter producing such opposite results than to see the action of the soul, were we able, upon and through any of the organs of the brain. The latter would be natural and in obedience to functional law; the former contrary to every known law of cause and effect. Does their position in the brain give them their peculiar traits? Then an intelligent power organized them, that possesses an intelligence, latent or otherwise, which is superior to the intelligence produced; for that certainly cannot give any reason why the position of an organ in the brain should of itself produce different results, the matter being the same. Thus we have

to acknowledge a pre-intelligence, an all-knowing power back of the effects, which is adequate to arrange and manage the wonderful productions of mind.

The human soul sustains the same relation to the physical body as the Infinite Soul does to the physical universe. Does any one claim that the Infinite Soul is the product of the organized universe? No, this is too palpable an absurdity; but it is no more absurd than the theory that organized brain matter, unassisted, produced the soul or intelligence of man.

I wish here to state the difference between the soul and mind as I understand them. By what I said at the onset you know what I mean by soul: it is the *innermost*, the *moving* power. Mind is not this, but the outcome of it—its attributes and faculties unfolded. All the manifestations of mind, as expressed in the human brain, are soul-faculties unfolded and actualized. Mind, we may say, is the soul's vehicle, in which its thought rides on the nerves of the brain, conducted by spirit, to the external world, and in which it catches its knowledge, inspiration and truth. Truly a wonderful thing is mind, but a far more wonderful thing is soul, that living, eternal fire that burns within.

As the materialist has it, *matter* is the all-important factor of existence. Matter is the cause, matter the something acted upon, and the wonderful mind its most wonderful effect. They know of nothing except matter and mind; they know nothing of spirit, that subtle substance which permeates matter and gives animation to all; and nothing of that intelligence back of all, which is the cause of all there is of mind, spirit and matter.

Therefore I will yield a point to the Materialists, and further define mind, so that I hope they can understand that something enters into its production and composition beside matter. This will make it plain: *MIND IS THE PRODUCT OF THE UNION OF THE SOUL WITH MATTER.* Matter is certainly an important factor as the something acted upon to produce mind, but it is not the acting cause, nor any of the forces acting in nature.

To illustrate: An acorn lying upon the shelf cannot produce an oak-tree, and the soul unassociated with matter cannot produce mind. Matter of itself cannot produce mind, any more than the earth of itself can produce an oak-tree. But give the soul an organized human brain, and the acorn its proper element, and mind and the oak-tree are veritable realities. As the future oak is contained within the acorn, so the future man and angel is contained within the soul. This should not be very objectionable to the Materialists, because it concedes to them that part of their theory which makes mind an effect, or product, and declares to them something higher, more superior and God-like than matter as its origin. Therefore, as far as the Materialist loses that part of his theory which makes matter do it all, and adopts that which I have enunciated, he rises heavenward. He has found the "pearl of great price." Theories founded in matter must terminate in matter, but theories founded on the eternity of the soul are as enduring as the Infinite. I will further say of mind that it is the seat of consciousness and human individuality. It is not always pure or perfect, but must partake of conditions, and be changed by circumstances; whereas the soul, in a moral sense, is always pure and perfect. In its manifestations, however, it must depend upon the capacity of the brain. On the capacity of the brain, also, the mind must depend for its consciousness in any given direction. For instance, no one deficient in the organ of spirituality is conscious of a spiritual existence, or of anything pertaining thereto. On the contrary, one with that organ largely developed is marvelously conscious of such an existence; he *knows* as really that there is a spiritual existence, and a spirit-world, as any man with eyes knows that the sun shines when he beholds its light.

Will our Materialistic friends remember this? Thus it is with the manifestations of mind and consciousness in every other faculty of the soul: "*Organ gives power.*"

The manifestations are intelligent, moral, and perfect in proportion to cranial capacity. Here is a point where the materialists become befogged. Viewing this fact in the darkness of material science with deficient spirituality, they have formed the conclusion that the soul, with all its grand possibilities, is the product of the organized brain, and when the brain is disorganized the mind, the intelligence, the man, all the grand possibilities, cease to exist.

Now the premises cannot be disputed, but the conclusions are false. It does not follow because the manifestations of intelligence depend upon brain capacity that the intelligence is produced by the brain, and must go to dust also. View these premises from a higher and a spiritual standpoint, with something of a knowledge of spiritual science, and quite different conclusions are arrived at.

This intelligence, or soul, is found to be an eternal entity which always existed, and always will. It was not formed, made or created, does not derive its existence from matter, hence was not born upon the mundane sphere, and has a higher source than animal organisms through the process of evolution.

The human body, as admitted by the other side, is an animal organism, perhaps of a little higher type, yet as an organic structure it is strictly animal, and nothing higher. But man, the occupant of that organism, is something higher and vastly superior to the animal. All grades of animal life, from the lowest to the highest, propagate their species for thousands of years, and no improvement is made. They are all, each grade, known to us, to-day exactly as they were thousands of years ago. The highest types, so called, have made no more improve-

ment than the lowest. They do not and cannot change. Instinct is the highest function of animal life, and sense its ruling law; beyond this they know nothing.

But how is it with the man? Behold the babe of to-day! Who, looking into those bright eyes, but feels the presence of something angelic and divine? Yes, really an angel. I always feel to bow and worship, for there is the most holy thing on earth, and may be in heaven. There is the bud, of which man is the blossom; from this bud, this puny babe, behold what giant intellects: philosophers, philanthropists, poets and seers have been unfolded. What mighty possibilities are there in embryo! From the cradle to the grave it is a continuous improvement and unfolding.

Its watchword is onward and upward; to-day a puny babe, to-morrow, as it were, it clasps hands with the Infinite. Does any one dissent from the position here given to man, thinking it may apply only to civilized man, and aver that man in his first advent upon the planet was not so quick of improvement; was but a step in advance of the animal, ignorant, crude and barbarous, and has made his way to his present position by gradual improvement? This I will not deny. Let this stand as a fact; and you will not deny that the first types, the original pair, were susceptible of improvement. Let this also stand as a fact.

Where, then, is the link between the highest type of animal life which is not is-7. Here is a great gulf which has not yet been bridged. Evolution does not bridge it, for it cannot furnish the something added, and must stop. This quality of improvement, this something in man which the animal does not possess, which evolution cannot furnish, and which I call soul, it cannot furnish because evolution being a process of formation carried on by the forces of nature, purely from natural causes, cannot produce that which is superior to those forces themselves.

Then there is something on this terrestrial globe that evolution does not "account for." There is something here that the forces of nature cannot produce. It is that little though mighty atom of intelligence; that bright-eyed angel that came forth from the bosom of the Infinite Soul in the power and potency of the Parent Cause; and in the dim distance of the past, at the time when organic life had reached its apex on our earth, and there took up its abode in fetal life, and behold a higher form was born; behold intelligence, sparkling from eyes where dumb instinct had reigned; thought, flashing along the nerves of the brain; self-consciousness awakened; improvement made; progress commenced!

You who are anxious to know the origin of man, behold the mystery solved; the lost link found; accept it, see if it does not fill every exigency of the case.

Wait no longer for science. It has done most wonderful things in our world; it has overthrown the Mosiac account of the creation of man by demonstrating his advent on earth to have been many thousands years previous to the fabled Adam and Eve; but it has not solved the mystery of his origin. Nor can it, for man is purely a spiritual being, and science deals only with that which is material. As a being of eternity, man, the soul, takes on or makes use of matter, perhaps many times, for the purpose of unfolding and perfecting his being. We know but little of the capacity of the soul in that direction by its manifestations. We can get hardly a glimpse of what it is capable of becoming.

We know by the beacon-lights that have shone so brilliantly along life's pathway in the persons of Jesus, Confucius, Buddha, Plato, Socrates, Humboldt, Mahomet, Bonaparte, and others, what some have become, even here, and all partaking of the same great heritage. The highest goal is ours to possess. That we do not all attain it here proves another existence where we may. Does not capacity prove destiny? And that destiny not being reached here, it must and will be reached somewhere else.

What a glorious thought! In contrast with the materialistic view that man grows into existence from matter, lives a few short years, sickens, suffers, dies and is dead, it is surprisingly beautiful!

Then let us all seek the inspiration of this great and glorious truth: that we are bound to a never-ending existence, and destined to reach that high altitude of being for which we crave, and to which the soul's capacity takes us.

THE WHITE-ROBED ANGEL.

BY T. K. PECK.

The white-robed angel is no foe,
As we were taught so long ago;
She gives us back the friends we knew,
Our old companions, kind and true.

She gives us strength for weakness;
She gives us bliss for dark distress;
She gives us joy for keen dismay,
Immortal youth for old decay.

She gives us summer's fairest bloom
For the sere garlands of the tomb,
And purest rainbow-tinted skies
For sombre clouds that here arise.

She strikes the shackles from the soul,
And fairer visions o'er us roll;
She opens for us the pearl door,
We walk upon a brighter shore.

We need not fear this white-robed friend,
Who doth in love our steps attend;
She takes us from our trials here,
When ripe for the immortal sphere.

She touches us with loving hand;
Our inner faculties expand;
The weakness of a quaked life
Awakes us to a nobler strife.

Haver, Conn.

THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE is the name of a work, the first volume of which, communicated through the mediumship of Mrs. Maria M. King, was stereotyped and printed at the Davison printing-office in this village in 1866. It has been much read and commented upon by Spiritualists of a turn for scientific investigation, who have noted occasional discoveries heralded by scientists, who scoff at Spiritualism, which they had found recorded in the pages of this volume. During the years that have passed since the first volume was issued, Mrs. King has, under the direction of her guides, been gradually preparing additional matter for this work. Two additional volumes have now been completed. We have no doubt this work (in its entirety), will be eagerly welcomed by many who have had volume one. Mrs. King has resided with her husband, A. J. King, in New Jersey, for several years past.—*The Saratoga (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

Iowa is well represented in the San Francisco Bar by an Iowa lady lawyer, Mrs. Clara S. Foltz, formerly Miss Clara Shortridge, of Mt. Pleasant, and a sister of Mr. Shortridge, of Des Moines. She was educated in Mt. Pleasant, at Howe's Academy, and recently passed examination of the Supreme Court of California, being now a practitioner in the city of San Francisco, with a good degree of success.

Spiritual Phenomena.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE UNDER SPIRIT-CONTROL.

BY MRS. A. M. STONE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Upon taking a retrospective view of my life I discover so much hidden treasure that is proof upon proof to Spiritualists of the truth of their blessed philosophy, that I feel it would be a wrong to withhold it. There are many persons who investigate the Spiritual Philosophy, gain a perfect knowledge of its truths, and hold them closely to their souls as though they were given exclusively to themselves as curious phenomena only. Others drink it in with greediness, seek for more, and are never satisfied, but put it to no purpose; it is a mere pastime to them. Again, a seeker will come forward who will study deeply the power producing such wonders, believe it to be superhuman, and, although great tests are given of the presence of their departed, they close their mouths on the subject and question its use with the interrogatory, "What good does Spiritualism do?" We find a few who, convinced of the truth, think that to believe is all that is necessary, never employing it to benefit themselves, or considering for a moment that it is given to guide their footsteps into paths of duty to their fellow-men, and elevate their souls to a higher and happier plane. There are many different grades of society who live in fear of public opinion—cowards of the meanest stamp. All to whom I have alluded I deem unworthy to be ranked as true Spiritualists. There will, possibly, be one deep thinker among many who will understand the purpose of this New Dispensation to be a revelation given to blind humanity, showing us the immortality of the soul by the returning of angels, and teaching us of the continuation of this life and the correct manner of living to insure our happiness over there. One of that character is of inestimable value to our cause, and can truly be called an apostle of the Gospel of Spiritualism. I have ever held that hiding this glorious light from humanity was a crime, although I was often obliged to suppress opinions and chain my tongue, during the first few years of my investigations, on account of family feelings. I consider that I am now at an age to dare to present my thoughts to the world, having yielded to others on this subject, for the sake of harmony, many years; and as I draw near my seventy-second birthday I feel that I can throw Spiritualism broadcast, caring naught for public opinion, the losing of caste, or for condemnation. I possess God's truth and I shall not fear to speak it. In the *Banner of Light* of January 24th I have given to the public an account of the mediumship of my daughter, and shall now, as briefly as possible, present an account of spirit-power over myself—strange and mysterious but positively true.

After the full development of my daughter, I had a desire to become a medium, that I could give Spiritualism public utterance; having a competency to support me, I felt that I could give it freely without price. On questioning my spirit-friends, through my daughter, whether I possessed the requisite power that might be brought to action, they replied "that I held a positive magnetic fluid, with a strong will-power, suitable for healing, and repellant to the approach of spirits; that I was a developer of mediums, but could never become one; that as my desire was so great to help humanity, they would endeavor to give me a mission; but it required great patience, and that was an attribute I did not possess." I told them I would like to try my patience. They then bade me take a pencil and paper and sit one hour each day with my lady-friend (who was an inspirational writer), and they would endeavor to use my hand to write mechanically; that it would be a tedious process, but in time it would be accomplished. I commenced with a child's copy-book, and for the first four sittings my hand was perfectly stationary. Each trial following, my hand moved nervously and made scratches. After several such movements it settled down into straight marks, and those marks were the order of the day. Page after page was filled, to my utter dissatisfaction. At length they took the form of a hook, and after many pages, wrote the letter S, and each letter of the alphabet was taken separately and passed through the same ordeal. The last letter written was Z, and in such manner the poorest child-writer could surpass. My friend and I had many a good laugh over the attempts to make the letter Z. I believe the spirits were trying my patience, for that letter seemed never-ending, until at length a word was written, the word *own*, and my courage rose to 150° Fahrenheit! Had not I shown some degree of patience? Other words followed, and then this sentence: "Patience and perseverance will accomplish wonders." I think I earned what I received.

For five months I held to my resolution faithfully, without the least volition on my part. My questions were then innumerable for was I not conversing directly with the "dead"? Answers came promptly, and I was happy to possess such a gift. I desired to know who controlled my hand, and the reply was, "Your husband." I thought it strange that my partner should be so backward in his chirography; but as a lawyer's handwriting is generally illegible, I made proper allowance. His colloquial phrases always commenced with "Stone says," speaking his own name. It was not long before he wrote very rapidly, and all my friends came to receive some communication from their departed ones. To amuse me, when alone, he would write an account of the entrance into the spirit-world of both good and evil spirits (as mutual friends), describing the sinful ones as animal characteristics of their earth-lives. It reminded me of Swedenborg's description of certain spirits who possessed the attributes of the lower animals, and appeared as such to other spirits.

After filling a book with these writings (mostly commonplace conversations) I took a trip to Boston as an investigator of the phenomena, expecting to remain two weeks in that city and continue my journey to Vermont State with my sister (our native place—having been absent forty years), but we did not go. We seemed to be led and guided by spirit power, and became located in the family of a gentleman whose wife was a medium for physical manifestations. We were detained there seven weeks, writing constantly, receiving directions from higher powers concerning a mission which I was called upon to fulfill, little thought of by us, which is now known by many people of Boston. Had I received those instructions by any other means than through my own hand, I should most certainly have declined them; but as it was I fulfilled every injunction with the utmost precision, although I scarcely felt the ability to do so.

My writing continued while I remained in

Boston. This mission was to prepare the way for one still greater, as was afterwards proven. I will refer to this hereafter. Upon my return home I ceased to write, and it was withheld from me until I again arrived in Boston, "The Magnetic City," (as our invisibles called it) where the second mission was awaiting me, and we were held there two months and lost our second attempt to visit our native State. I now believe the writing was given to me for the performance of these missions, for only when called upon by them as an earth-worker can I have the power of writing. It has now left me. I was satisfied that the powers that controlled me were my three loving friends when upon earth. They gave me to understand that bands of spirits were engaged in this work, and under their jurisdiction, and the mission must be completed while the "Spiritual Congress" was in session in Boston, and would adjourn on the one of August (an expression I should not have used).

I will not go into the particulars of this great work, running through two years, nor enter into the details of the manner of direction, persuasion, argument and entreaty on their part, while I objected, brought forward my inability, and at length contended against them, but all to no purpose; they had the power to explain away all my excuses and show me the open way in their kind, persuasive method. My brother and sister had perfect knowledge of all that was written and had transcribed, satisfied that there was an intelligence controlling me. Suffice it to say the mission was one of mercy to the afflicted from birth (obsessed by foreign spirits), crushed and neglected for their helpless condition, not having the power of speech, but intelligent and sensitive to the remarks and eloquy cast upon them (as their organs of hearing were acute), suffering from being cast aside by all relatives and friends who did not understand them. I was called upon by the all-seeing powers to lift them from their unhappily and abused condition by tenderness, love and affection, and giving material aid to call forth respect and sympathy from those more fortunate, that all God's children have a right to claim. These persons were boys of a small stature, appearing to be about twelve and fourteen years of age, but were respectively eighteen and twenty. They possessed good common-sense, but could not be taught from books; would do your bidding, but were as useless and helpless as *red tape*. Some advised an asylum for them, but *red tape* so prevailed there were none to suit their case. Our invisibles called them their "short lambs," and remarked "that they were not to be left on the desert earth to be destroyed by wild beasts." The first mission (as alluded to above) was to separate the boys from their mother, by boarding them in the country in a harmonious family. Board for two such boys was a difficult thing to find, but after many attempts we found the place, as was acknowledged by my hand. The lady hostess, being a medium, received them with open arms, saying that she now understood why many spirit physicians had been in her house that day; it was to influence her to take the boys, and as it was a work of the Lord she would do so. The boys were placed in her hands, and I sent money monthly for their board until the spirits recalled them to their mother, and then requested me to still continue their board-money for one year in their behalf. I complied.

The second year I visited Boston (second mission), I was requested to purchase a house for them in the suburbs—a new house, and situated near a pine grove. This was a point where I contended against them most peremptorily, but all to no purpose. The way was to be made open, every obstacle removed, and plenty of time given for payments. Their father, though in humble circumstances, would not accept unless he was allowed to contribute to the purchase. They told the price of the house and the sum to be paid down, followed by monthly installments. We were perfectly in the dark as to any such house. They proved themselves to be first-class lawyers, waiving every objection on my part and reasoning most logically to suit my condition. Had I been acting in secret I should have received the opprobrium of my friends and been called "crazy"; but my brother and sister were cognizant of the whole affair, assisted me in my search for a house, and believed the commands were from the higher powers. When I asked where the house was located they invariably replied, "The house is not yet finished; 'seek, and ye shall find.'" My brother, sister and myself sought every day for three weeks for such a house near a pine grove. At length I received a sun-stroke, became indignant, and told them if they wanted the house to find it themselves. I think they were fearful that I would back out, as they had once said to me that I was a good earth-worker unless I battled against them. So my hand was seized and wrote, "Go to the master builders who erect houses to be sold by rented payments." We obeyed, and found a house just finished, exactly as they had described to us, the price, first payment, and the remainder in monthly installments, and a pine grove within twenty yards of the house, as they had declared we should. I purchased the house, and gave the boys a life interest.

There is one circumstance I wish to relate, so biblical that it is worthy of note. The first year of this mission I was requested to take the boys home to Cincinnati with me. I felt that it was perfectly superfluous and impossible for me to do so, but with their usual strategy they insisted, explained and pleaded, until I at last yielded with a sinking heart. No sooner had I consented than they gave me to understand that they were testing my willingness to work for the Lord, and as I had proven myself worthy they would withdraw the request; and referred me to the Bible, where Abraham, being willing to offer his son Isaac for sacrifice, a ram was placed in his stead. To give the minutia of these missions would fill a volume. I have fulfilled my original intention, to give my experience under spirit-power, though not half told. For all I have done for humanity I take no praise or vain-glory to myself. I concede all to the powers that rule.

Cincinnati, O.

A MEDIUM FROM CHICAGO.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

We have had the pleasure of a two weeks' visit here of the medium and good woman, Mrs. Ella M. Dole, of Chicago. She sojourned at the residence of Dr. H. H. Jackson and his excellent medium wife, on Fourth street in this city, and while there gave some sittings of remarkable efficacy, productive of excellent results. She is peculiar in her clairvoyant mediumship, giving us what she sees about her guests in symbols which are generally so particular and characteristic that they are well understood by the sitter. She is plain, simple and honest in her demonstrations, and having once a seance with

her, you want to go again for attractive gratification and edification. Some of our best people visited her and were more than satisfied with her and her mediumship. We hope she will visit Cincinnati again.

By the way, I must not forget to mention that Dr. Jackson and his gifted lady will visit Boston soon on a recreative tour, and we trust that you will see them at the *Banner of Light* office. They have recently removed here from Chicago, and they got at once into remunerative business, and so busy have they been that they feel the need of a pleasure tour to the East. Their healing rooms are at 231 West Fourth street, and, after staying away awhile, they will return to them and resume their practice. Yours truly, A. G. W. CARTER.
Cincinnati, O., July 9th, 1880.

PHENOMENA THROUGH KEELER AND ROTHERMEL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

If not asking too much for you to give it space, a brief account of one of Keeler and Rothermel's seances will not be out of place. They are exciting wide attention in this city, and during their public career have so conducted themselves as to gain the confidence of the people in their straightforwardness as mediums. Recently a circle of thirty persons, including ourselves, attended one of their dark and light seances at 430 Fulton street, Brooklyn. In the dark we sat around an extension-table, and the mediums allowed two of us to firmly hold each of their hands. While thus sitting, guitars, violins, bells, harmonica and other instruments were played on, many of them at one time. By some power these were conveyed to different parts of the room, and a triangle, suspended a foot from the high ceiling, gave forth its tones. A cornet was blown upon also. Messages were written on slates, the movements of the pencil being plainly audible, while the sitters were repeatedly touched by spirit-hands. A heavy centre-table was rolled across the floor and lifted up on the one around which we sat. Forms could be heard walking about the room, and members of the circle were permitted to walk with them, arm-in-arm.

The light circle was formed by hanging a small curtain, four feet high, across a corner of the room, and the mediums, with two persons beside them to take their hands, sitting outside of the curtain. Back of the same, and in a good light, musical instruments were played on, and a guitar was raised so high above the curtain that two fingers could be seen grasping it by its tip-most end. Materialized hands, large and small, right and left, light and dark, were thrust above and through apertures in the curtain, and with a pencil wrote significant communications to parties present. We do not remember ever having seen a materialized hand remain so long at one time in the light, without returning to the darkness to regain strength, as on this occasion. The writings have been psychometrized by Mrs. C. Decker, and important facts connected therewith revealed. Messrs. Keeler and Rothermel have gone on our public platforms and had similar manifestations given.

(Signed)

CHAS. R. MILLER,
Pres. Brooklyn Spiritual Society.
D. S. BAKER, M. D.
E. S. WEMORE.
CHAS. W. LOWENDES.
JAS. H. BERRY.
ARTHUR B. SHEED.
CHAS. E. CATE.
MRS. H. A. CATE.
MRS. M. E. ESTES.
MRS. M. E. ERVIN.
MRS. L. LOBDELL.
MRS. L. DUNNAN.

Brooklyn, July, 1880.

Mr. Stebbins's New Book.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"AFTER DOGMATIC THEOLOGY, WHAT?" is the very suggestive title of a timely and thoughtful little volume recently issued from the press of Colby & Rich. That the systems of theology which have so long held sway in Christendom, founded chiefly on dogmas resting on personal authority, are rapidly losing their power over the popular mind, as they have already done over the minds of independent thinkers and investigators everywhere, is apparent to the most casual observer. This decadence is frankly admitted by the more disingenuous of the devotees of the old faiths, of which ample instances are cited in the opening chapter of the book.

That these old faiths have subserved a useful purpose—may, have been in a measure indispensable in the development of humanity—may be freely conceded by the broad-minded thinker. It is not necessary to denounce and deplore their existence as an unmitigated evil. And they are still useful, no doubt, to many. The child must be guided and restrained by parental and pedagogical authority until it has gained sufficient mental power and growth in wisdom to think for and govern itself. So humanity as a whole has not yet emerged from that infantile stage of mental development and spiritual unfolding in which authoritative teaching and guidance are a necessity. Yet so soon and so fast as this stage is outgrown by individuals, authority becomes an evil, and should be done away.

What is to follow? Shall it be a blank negation—a cold and soulless Materialism—or a rational Spiritual Philosophy and religion, centered in the idea of a Supreme Indwelling Spirit, established by demonstrated facts and the higher intuitions of the human spirit, and made vital by living inspirations from superior realms? The latter is Mr. Stebbins's idea, and he has most clearly and cogently set it forth. It is refreshing to find that he is not of that class of material-Spiritualists who attempt to derive all things, even the immortal spirit of man, with all its emotions and aspirations, from matter, and who build their systems of ethics and religion (if any they have) literally on the mud and slime of "sea-ozoe"—a foundation even less substantial than the traditional "sand" of the "foolish man." On the contrary, Mr. S. regards the conception of an Indwelling and Ruling Mind in the universe as not only the central idea of a Spiritual Philosophy, but a necessity of logical thought, without which the scientific theory of evolution is impossible, and the human spirit but an evanescent shadow. He even does not stumble, as do many superficial thinkers, at the idea of the personality of the Infinite Spirit. "We are far too narrow," he remarks, "in our conception of personality, human or divine." The power of thought he considers to be a proof of our personal being. "The plan and purpose manifest in the universe prove an eternal and infinite thought—a Being, personal yet infinite."

Very properly, Mr. Stebbins devotes a large

chapter to the facts of spirit-credence as observed by himself and other credible witnesses. These furnish an impregnable objective foundation for a system of spiritual philosophy which shall take the place of the old dogmas. He also sets forth the power and value of intuition—so generally ignored or belittled by both scientists and the slaves of dogma—as a vital and important factor in the discovery of truth.

As to the church of the future he well observes:

"This coming religion can have no limiting dogmas or dwarfing creeds, used as finalities. As it lives they will die. The church of the future will be a free assemblage of spiritual thinkers—of men and women seeking for growth and progress and culture, aiming to do and to be more and more truly, day by day."

Yet he does not, like too many nominal Spiritualists, repudiate the importance of true and correct convictions, nor fail to see the peril of indifference in this matter. These are his pregnant words:

"One danger of to-day is an indifference in regard to true thinking and religious ideas. This is a transition time. The old dogmas are dying, and many fear or are careless of affirming larger views. This indifference cannot last without disaster, for it deadens inspiration, and so, at last, undermines morals and conduct. We do not want a philosophy of sensuous and selfish pleasure; we cannot rest with no philosophy, for a mental and moral vacuum starves and chills; we cannot have the best thing, namely, a mind transiently dependent, and all human hopes and capacities cramped into a few brief years. We need a recognition of the supremacy of the spiritual element in man that shall give us more than the martyr-courage of the old confessor at the stake and in the fire, more than the grand strength which gave Puritanism its glory; and we would leave behind the narrow bigotry that made the martyr a persecutor, and marred the glory of the Puritan."

These sentences have the true ring, and while the work presents scarce a statement which invites criticism, yet it would have seemed more complete had the clear-headed author gone a little further and given us a somewhat formulated synopsis of the more important principles, in ethics and religion, to which "spiritual thinking" leads, and which must form the foundation-stones of the "church of the future"—that is, a platform for practical, local, working associations of those who are earnestly seeking spiritual growth and culture. The time approaches—it is already here—when such organizations must be formed. The Builder, the Organizer, must appear on the scene. Who will undertake the work?

In the meantime this book indicates an important step in the right direction. Let it be read and studied by all thoughtful Spiritualists, and they will be the better qualified for the work of the near future. A. E. N.

Ancora, N. J.

Sunapee Lake.

The Spiritualists of New Hampshire and Vermont will hold their third annual Camp-Meeting at Blodgett's Landing, Newbury, N. H., commencing Tuesday, Aug. 31st, and ending Sept. 12th, 1880.

The grove is situated on the eastern shore of Lake Sunapee, in the town of Newbury, about five miles from the railroad station on the Concord and Claremont Railroad. The steamer "Lady Woodsum" makes connections with all trains on this road at Newbury Station.

Cottages and hotels have been erected along the shores of the lake, and others are in process of erection. At Blodgett's Landing there has been erected a commodious dining hall. A fine pavilion has been located near the centre of the grounds, and overlooking the lake and grove. The dancing assemblies held here last year were very popular. A bowling alley will be ready for use when the meeting commences. The speakers' stand will be removed about six rods to the north, where is located a fine natural auditorium, capable of seating three thousand persons. A new wharf at the steamboat landing and a covered waiting-room will be erected. New streets will be laid out, and the grounds will be graded where necessary, and many minor improvements made which will add greatly to the comfort of the campers. Excellent pure mountain water is furnished by a spring within a few rods of the restaurant building. An excellent croquet-ground for the children has been made. Order will be maintained by a competent police force.

The plenty days will be Sept. 24, 27th and 10th. On these days dancing will be held in the morning at 10 o'clock, and services at 2 and 7 o'clock P. M.

The following speakers have already been engaged for the present season: Mrs. E. L. M. Paul, of Stowe, Vt.; Mrs. Lizzie Manchester, of West Randolph, Vt.; Dr. I. P. Greenleaf, of Boston, Mass.; Mr. George A. Brainerd, of Dover, Mass.; Mrs. George Pratt, of West Fairlee, Vt.

The Duxbury Glee Club, of Vermont, well and favorably known in their own State, will furnish music for the meeting. A good orchestra will be engaged to furnish music for the dancing at the Pavilion.

The following mediums have promised to attend the meetings: Henry B. Allen, of Amherst, Mass., musical and physical medium; Dr. A. Hodges, of Boston, test, business and medical clairvoyant; Mrs. L. W. Litch, of Boston, Mass., test and business medium; Miss Jennie Rhind, of New York, typical medium. Dr. Myron P. Brewster, of Huntington, Vt., medical clairvoyant and magnetic physician; Dr. S. M. Furbush, of Lynn, Mass., magnetic physician.

Further particulars may be gained by addressing any of the Board of Officers, which comprises Geo. A. Fuller, Dover, Mass., President; Henry B. Allen, Amherst, Mass., Secretary; Dr. S. N. Gould, West Randolph, Vt., Treasurer; Geo. W. Blodgett, Newbury, N. H., Committee on Management of the Grounds.

Cleveland (O.) Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In my last notes sent you of spiritual matters in Cleveland, I forgot to mention the fact that, for the past four or five weeks, Miss E. Anne Hinman, of Connecticut has been speaking before the West Side Society with success. The audiences were lighter than they would have been had Miss H. arrived here any other time but midsummer, but she has favorably paved the road for future work when this way again.

Spiritual Wedding.—On a recent Wednesday eve, at the residence of the bride's mother, (49 Orange St.) Frederick George Parker was united in marriage to Miss Lottie Martha Wetting, (your humble servant officiating.) The service was followed by Mrs. Jane Standen, one of our resident mediums, improvising a beautiful poem just fitting the happy occasion, and the numerous happy friends assembled to witness the novel ceremony adjourned after discussing a bountiful repast and a huge wedding cake. "What love has joined together, may discord never rend asunder."

For England.—Miss Tillie H. Lees, Secretary of the First Society here, and one of the faithful workers in the Lyceum, sets sail for "The White Cliffs of Albion," on the *Victoria* of the Anchor Line, on Saturday, July 24th, sailing directly to London. Miss L. expects to be gone three or four months. *Don voyage* to the heroic little worker in the Lyceum! In the absence of Camp-Meetings in this region, a full is expected for the next two months.

THOS. LEES.

Bro. Herman Snow has placed upon our table "THE MODERN BETSEDA, or the Gift of Healing Restored." The name of the editor of this book, A. E. Newton, is nearly as widely known in our literature as the wonderful healing power of Dr. J. R. Newton, to whose life-experiences and labor the volume is devoted. The work is especially interesting, as we are familiar with the doctor's work in the East, and know whereof we speak. In addition to many interesting evidences of cures performed by him, it contains observations on the nature and source of the healing power, and the conditions of its exercise, notes of valuable auxiliary remedies, health maxims, etc. It is well worth a place in the library of every Spiritualist and liberal thinker in the country. The book is for sale by Herman Snow, San Francisco, Cal. Price, \$2.00.—*Light* for All.

Also for sale by Colby & Rich at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

➡ Mrs. L. E. Watson's poem, pronounced at the dedication of the Cassadaga Lake Spiritualist Camp-Ground, will appear in our next number.

CAMP-MEETING.

Two boys, going home one day, found a box in the road, and disputed who was the finder. They fought a whole afternoon without coming to a decision. At last they agreed to divide the contents equally; but, on opening the box, lo and behold! it was empty. Few wars have been more profitable than this to the parties concerned.

Egypt. Dupotet's, Leon's and Cahagne's Faith in them. Cagliostro and the Marchioness. Cardinal de Richelieu Appears, Steps from the Mirror and Prophecies. Oriental Experiences with the Moslem, *Shaykh Yusuf u Mag'hrahe*. Incidents and Items respecting Mirrors. SENT FREE. Address Box 524, BOSTON MASS. ti

HARTFORD, CONN., BOOK DEPOT.
E. M. ROSE, 57 Trumbull street, Hartford, Conn., keeps constantly for sale the **Banner of Light** and a supply of the **Spiritual and Reformatory Works** published by Colby & Rich.

and supplied with gas and water. For more particulars apply at Room 10, No. 84 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass. Dec. 27.—18

Photographs of J. William Fletcher

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