

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## EXPERIENCES IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD OF HENRY WHITTEMORE.

Written by Himself, through the Mediumship of his Sister.

[The following interesting and instructive narrative of life and experiences in the spheres, will be read with much interest. The spirit communicating, who gave his name as Henry Whittemore, obtained such perfect control of the medium that most of the manuscript of the narrative are perfect fac-similes of that person's handwriting.—Ed. B. or L.]

"Oh! cannot I hope?" [An expression made by the spirit's sister when feeling unhappy on his (Henry's) account, and the following message came without any expectation on her part:]

August 14th, 1859.—To hope would be but the building up of suspense—the putting off until another day the certainty of disappointment.

No, my dear sister, you may not hope; but rest assured it is all well with me. You feel my presence now, and the more you think of me, the easier will it be for me to come to you. I am truly thankful that you, my own sister, can appreciate the effort made on our part to come, for it would seem a hard task to make ourselves known to a stranger to the truth of the spirit's return. Bodily, I can never come to you; but regret it not when I tell you that the change through which I have passed is of that nature only which purifies, and has not altered materially. I would come to you now and write my experience—my heart's warmest, most earnest desire, but cannot. Let me try. You may preserve what I write, and need not for the present make it known, for I well know the difficulty of belief existing in the human heart. They cannot believe, and I do not expect it. To you cannot I open my heart—express my innermost soul, and be understood? I have longed for this time—felt that it would come, and waited patiently for it. I have much to say, but will write as opportunity shall offer. Little by little I shall tell you all, as I can gain an influence.

It is certainly true that the earth-life to me is over, and I have no longer a relish for what once seemed to me so dear. Strange as it may seem to you now, all that once seemed so fresh and beautiful has only a stale, worn-out appearance, and presents but very few attractions. All, all is new and inviting here, and seems clothed with the most gorgeous coloring.

I am thrown into the society of loved friends, some of whom I have known before, and all of whom are of benefit, and enabled to impart to my thirsting soul much instruction. I, too, am chosen to look after you, my dear sister, and am a willing instrument in the hands of others to guide you onward in the path you have chosen as a medium. I never knew the comfort this might some day be to me, when inquiring into its hidden mysteries. Through you I learned some things, and through me I trust you may acquire much more.

You will feel safer in my guidance, knowing that I am at the helm, than to yield the will passively to another. I am to be with you, am delegated to the worthy office of looking after the best interests of my sister, and the coming winter, should your life be spared, I trust through your pen to see more glowing effusions than ever before, all through the wise counsel of your brother No. 1 in heaven. I am happy. This is usually one of the first inquiries, and although you have not made it, not doubting it, but for the satisfaction of others I repeat, I am happy. To change for the better should make all happy.

August 21st.—I come again to impart a few more words. Slow though I gain an influence, yet I am strengthened in the belief that I possess the power, and will be enabled some day to prove myself Henry. There is a fixedness of purpose, which, when powerfully concentrated upon an individual, will mold that will to the desire of another.

[Here an interruption occurred, which prevented further writing until August 28th.]

I come again—would that I could come oftener. Perhaps by-and-by you will be in a better condition; but until that can be, it is with difficulty that I can communicate. Taking it for granted that I will be welcomed whenever I can come, I shall often bring the weight of my will to bear upon yours, for I find that I have a power never understood before. You are susceptible to my influence, but not sufficiently so for me, a new beginner, to write with ease.

[A desire that he should come to me in a dream, called forth the following:]

Come to you in dreams? And have I not done so already? Surely you have felt my influence, and in one instance forcibly felt my presence with you. It was not wholly a dream, but a partial reality—real that I was with you, causing you to feel that together we were gathering treasures—which was but a figure, a type of what we will yet do, collecting all things rare and beautiful from the various kingdoms, even from remote antiquity down to the present time. I was with you then—in a dream, if to you it was a dream—and at other times you have realized my presence, and it has faded from your recollection upon awaking, having taken no vivid hold of the memory.

During the night season the mind slumbers—in more approachable, but not always more easily governed, because all of its faculties are not alike in a quiescent state. This renders an actually unreasonable sometimes—the mind wanders—does not become fixed, but partially beyond and partially nears away into interminable labyrinths of invention. We lose our hold—if we had a slight command—and give up the attempt. But there are times when conditions are favorable, when we can come into close communion and lead the spirit away from itself and soar abroad together, gathering an abundant harvest of treasures. There are times when we can gain an influence, and impress you powerfully with thoughts of ours, and in such times as these there is a nearness of the more enduring than anything earth has to give.

Wednesday, August 31st.—This is the day on which we were lost, ten months ago, on shipboard—the Pearl—the

31st of October. Mind, we sailed the 26th, as you have been informed. Five days later we were all lost. The how and wherefore will be given in due time.

September 8th.—One year ago I was making the necessary preparations for the intended voyage. Was expecting, on my return home, to have visited you in your home, but the intentions of man are short-sighted, and he little knoweth whither the next step may lead.

We left the island full of hope, had a fine sail until the day fated to be the last, when in the dead of night we were all awakened by the cry of fire—"The ship is on fire!" Oh, the terrors of that night! I cannot well define it! It was a horrid reality. The flames spread with terrible rapidity. One by one we sunk in the midst of our duties, to rise no more. To chronicle all that passed, would be impossible. It was soon over, and the noble vessel, freighted with noble, many souls, perished ere morning dawned.

We clung (that is, myself), to the wreck as long as endurance rendered it possible, then sunk, and sweetly slept among all fear, and woke in the arms of our angelic mother. She had witnessed the scene, and knew the result ere it came to pass.

It was not a hard death to die; no, my sister, it was all over as soon as the waves wrapped me in their embrace. Tired out, exhausted, it was not a hard struggle. Tired nature, overwhelmed with fearful forebodings, found repose in the bosom of the deep, the mighty ocean. It required but an effort of will to yield passively to my fate, and all was over.

The morning dawned upon senseless bodies, but ever active, living souls. A pleasant smile sat upon most countenances. All felt that deliverance had come from some impending evil, and we were happy—never more so. But as time wore on, the thought intruded itself, what will friends, relatives, do without us? How will they be apprised of our removal? It was a satisfaction to us to be here, but the strangeness to others of our departure pained us. How will they ever be informed of it? was a question constantly arising. And we are now, many of us, striving with all the powers we possess to impress the truth upon the minds of many; but there are hindrances of which I little dreamt to prevent our manifesting ourselves with that freedom we so much desire. To you I can come better than I at first supposed possible. I feel grateful for the privilege, and for the assistance tendered me by kind friends here.

September 26th.—Say to Mary that she must clear her mind of all anxiety on my account, for it does not seem settled with her for a surety that I am of the earth no longer. My travels are over. I have settled down even as she has desired I might, in a home more congenial to my tastes than any I ever visited before. I am happy, and feel that my condition has visibly improved by the change. I am dead, and yet alive—dead in flesh, but alive in spirit. I cannot make all clear, because it is hard to obtain that hold of another's mind necessary; but individually I can come, and will strive to make you both conscious that I am still with you. You will feel my presence in impressive moments. I have some power, but not well-defined enough yet to exert it entirely alone at all times.

It is so with most persons, and it gives us an untold satisfaction when we feel that we have expressed an idea naturally. The heart grows glad when we would write, because we cannot express the emotion of soul struggling for utterance. We see a response in your heart, because you cannot know all that we would impart; but patience, whispers the attendant monitor. It is thus with all; all have to strive, and strive hard, ere the desired information can gain any deep impress upon the heart.

Such being the case, we often fail, make mistakes, give wrong impressions, and encourage unbelief, even at times. I come to you with more ease than at first; hope to improve in the future.

The thought sometimes arises, why did I not come ere you had learned to watch my coming only to be disappointed? You do not doubt my coming; but to give assurance of my presence, was another thing. I came almost immediately, and was disappointed to find that I could not acquaint you with the fact. You were not wholly to blame. We might, perhaps, have given a test, but judged it not best. It would have given you an unnecessary alarm; you would have given enough, and I would rather never have spoken, than to have made sad the heart of my friends. The suspense and anxiety came soon enough. I am happy, and it pains me to see you unhappy on my account. To come now is my pleasure.

To Charles I would say, there is a truth in the theory of Spiritualism. Believers at the present day have received it only in its crudest form; still there is a resemblance of truth, a reality strong enough to make the stoutest heart quail when about to do a mean action, and beauty and depth of love sufficient to buoy the heart up when all other hopes fall, when the fatal plunge has to be made, and rescue cannot come. Embrace its tenets; they possess that healing influence which proceedeth from on high, and softens and matures character.

There is a kind of levity which belongs to true believers, even which it pains the heart to see often; but does that detract from the merits of the cause itself? With me it did not. I loved it, and plead for it, and have had the satisfaction of knowing, in several instances, that it hath done good.

So far so good. I come now and speak for it in another capacity, as your brother removed from the temptations of flesh, come even as I have called upon friends to come, and offer advice even as I have asked it. It is with strong emotions that I write, and the hand of my dear sister falls, almost, to write down the words which fill her whole soul with grief.

I had strange forebodings of evil, even as you have been informed. Something seemed to whisper, Fall ure. Had I listened to these friendly monitions of danger, it would have been accredited to spirit-impression, as indeed it was. But it was not strongly enough impressed upon my organism to change my purpose. I obeyed not the voice of the spirit, but did as thousands are daily doing—followed my avowed intention to my own destruction.

This is not right. We are warned—I was warned by my mother—but we are so in the habit of relying upon our own strength of will that our impression-

nature becomes closed to what would prove our best instructor. I do not regret it now. It has passed, and to all it must come sooner or later. A few years make but little difference, and I have entered upon new duties not as prematurely as many, because my mind had been considerably exercised upon the future life for several years, and I find myself better prepared in consequence.

It is not right to die young—and I am young in wisdom—but I shall progress with greater rapidity than I could possibly have done had I been called, say a dozen years ago. Every year of my earthly existence I feel now was a school of preparation—necessary steps to one's future progress. Therefore let me say you cannot think too much, nor say too much in favor of that independence of thought which suffers a man to do as he thinketh right.

I once thought it was all folly to be bound by any set form of rules, but my opinion changes. I believe in rules, and he that ruleth his whole life, succeedeth best in the end. It is far better for a man to avow a settled form of belief and live a consistent, formal life even, than to have no established habits, because he will strive, in a measure, to live up to his standard, high or low though it may be, and the credentials he obtains will be granted according to his ability.

Sunday, Oct. 2d.—I return to my journal, wherein I hope to make known to you, slowly, thoughts passing in my mind, and now and then to drop an idea suggestive in itself to you, my dear friends.

I have taken this form of revealing myself, judging it best. From what I know of my sister's mediumship, it is only by little that I can impart all that I desire to say. She is of the nervous, sanguine temperament, and not as passive in consequence. Why it was, I could not once understand, that through her, spirits could not impart one thing as readily as another. Now I see that there are weighty objections in the way. A too great readiness or willingness destroys the passive condition entirely. This cannot be wholly overcome, but we will do the best we can.

While taking this view of the subject, just remember that I do not propose convincing you that I am in reality myself—that you must learn as fast as I am able to give the evidence, or as conviction forces itself upon your mind. It matters but little whether you believe or not; there is a satisfaction in knowing that what I write will be read with interest, and may serve to awaken a deeper feeling on the subject. I understand how it was with myself, and expect others to be like myself.

It is well known to you now that I was an interested listener to all that I could learn on the subject, and it gives me confidence, remembering my own experience, that some day you will feel as I have felt. I come now with a desire to do good—an eloquent petitioner in so good a cause, and would gladly see you all interested. I feel that it does so good. There is a secret influence binding us to one another, and according to the strength of that influence are we enabled to come to earth. It is highly important that we understand this, the first link in spiritual attainment. True, earth possesses attractions for all, but not in like proportion, for all do not come from any real love, neither from the purest of motives.

Judge of spirit inhabitants as you would of earth—possessed of frail, feeble natures, not always of the purest mold—for they sometimes come from a disposition to feed the credulous mind, who are ever ready with open, gapping countenances, believing all they hear. Such are often duped by spirits. Others may come from a misanthropic, sun-loving spirit, and would gratify the curiosity of others as ready to receive them, while others may come, if they choose to do so, from a real love of mischief. Therefore judge for yourselves concerning what you hear.

This is not a strange thing. Why should not all come and be just as they are? We are all changeable beings; but a radical change comes only by slow degrees, and cannot be instantaneous. Therefore the finer is not immediately converted, and the abode of spirits is much the same as earth—no material difference. But as I cannot explain these things in as lucid a manner as others, I will not further attempt it. It seems necessary to touch upon such topics as first engross my attention, and perhaps it may be proper to give them to you as they suggest themselves.

My first impression of spirit-existence were unlike those of many others, perhaps; in fact, no two are altogether similar. I thought and felt as though I had done wrong in disobeying an impression so forcibly presented to my mind—that I had foolishly cut short my days of usefulness, which had but just begun. I wavered, too, as to the propriety of relaxing in any particular from old established usages, and was somewhat strenuous as to my own views of right and wrong. The will was obstinate for a time, and yielded only as far as truth developed itself clearly, and opened my interior self to a just sense of its undeveloped condition. Then true progression commenced. I was open to conviction, but self-willed enough to believe myself upon the right track before the earthly journey closed. I was selfish, and the more self we have to overcome, the slower our progress in true virtue, both on earth and in heaven.

I cannot express myself as I would, but having never been a free writer, thoughts come slow, and with not a measured accent. Let me write, and as I can, I have a motive in view, and may be able to produce it.

There is a wisdom displayed in all the works of God that can never be fully understood on earth. We are not competent to receive the full measure of truth, as revealed to us now. Why this is so, does not seem strange to me now, as it once did. We are but learners, as when here; but, being promoted to a higher position, we take a more comprehensive view of things and witness not merely the outside show, but look beneath the surface, and see the hidden cause which operates throughout all things, and moves the whole world into action.

Like the action of chemicals upon the metallic plate, they fix or impress the human countenance in a durable form. You retain it in your possession, but understand not the process by which it is done. We see the process, behold both cause and effect. Thus the spiritual life must be in advance of the natural, or earth-born. I have been long enough a resident of my new home to feel many of its loftiest aspirations fill-

ing my soul, and most earnestly desire an onward promotion to all that is good and beautiful. I love the spirit-life: it is more ennobling, more purely beautiful than in my conceptions of it I supposed possible. Listen to your secret thoughts and desires. There are times when you feel lifted up above the cares of life, and feel a warm glow of love pervading the whole soul, raising you above the petty annoyances of life, giving out a sweet, pure incense of angelic love. Such it will be when removed from its groveling cares and depressing anxieties.

The nature of the soul is to love all that is beautiful, all that is holy and good; but while clothed with the mortal body, or tied down to its attractions, we are weighed down and cannot rise beyond our own present level. This must be so because the present life is but a scene of preparation for that higher life which is to come. Without due preparation we cannot rise to that corresponding elevation which is our true position in the future state. We rise by degrees, and in Nature's own way, just in accordance with our true development.

It is with us, as with children; we creep, then walk, day by day strengthening our spiritual natures according to circumstances.

Those of us who love the spiritual life mount its highest elevations with wonted alacrity, while others grope their way along at a snail-like pace, almost regretting their removal from earth loves and duties. Those of us who left friends dependent upon them, cannot leave all cares with that freedom that I can, who never had any to cling to me for protection. I feel thankful now that I was alone—no one to mourn my sudden departure more deeply than brothers and sisters do.

It will pain the stoutest heart to see wife and children bereft of protector, weeping with broken hearts, for we are not devoid of tender compassionate feelings, and cannot make known our presence only in occasional moments.

It is not true that we can look upon unhappiness collected and serene, feeling that all is right. We do sorrow with our friends, and sometimes regret for their sakes that we could not have been spared to them. The heart is very sympathetic, and when I came to you, my dear sister, and caused you to weep so bitterly, realizing that I was endeavoring to make myself known to you, I, too, wept with you. For you I wept, because I could not speak in audible tones and tell you all.

I love my friends, and feel that they love me, and I would not have you forget me. There is a sort of satisfaction in knowing that I am not forgotten. These sayings of mine will be felt, and although faulty, will give comfort.

Oct. 16th.—Am here again, ready with a good will to add yet a few words. Spiritualism may be productive of immense good, or it may become a moral blight—an incubus to hold back the mind from that free development of all its powers or faculties, even as the Church (which in all ages has been held up as the climax of all virtue) may become, when misemployed as a cloak for villainy.

So with the unspiritual Spiritualists who lay aside all law, order and virtue, and claim for themselves but the name. But as there is a genuine wherever a counterfeit is found, lose not all faith, but hunt up the real treasure. There is an hour approaching when satisfaction, real and abiding, can be gained if but earnestly sought for; and in that hour ample reward is felt for all former disappointments.

The nearness of heaven is never more felt than upon the approach of the messenger, Death, and never, perhaps, more needed; but there are other times when the troubles of life weigh heavily—when we would look to angel visitants for sympathy and love, when the sweet tones of consolation are rendered doubly dear, and all should be made to feel that this is possible and no visionary dream. Life is real, sorrow and trouble are our portion there; but as life is unsatisfactory, unreal there, so does it become doubly dear here.

There is a power, a beauty, a depth of love embodied within the tenets embraced by Spiritualists, of which I cannot but speak well, having felt its power, seen its influence, and been benefited by it.

Man must be benefited by a more intimate relation with beings of another world, by a knowledge of the fact; for situated as you now are, you scarce realize the relationship existing between us. We have been promoted before you, have passed the dreaded change, but affectionately linger near, bidding you have no fear, for we have proved to our satisfaction that it is all well with us, and would quell all fears with you. For this we come, tell our story, reassure your feeble confidence, and strengthen hope. We shall always come, recognized or not, and bring our mite into the treasury of good for the well-being of earth.

Sunday, 23d.—The appearance of a partial recognition, even by a few friends, renders me almost immeasurably happy; to know that one soul among my friends feels almost that it is me writing from a foreign shore—to see one throbb of interest awakening a single soul, increases my desire to write. I have often desired to come and stand before you—take upon myself some natural garb and be recognized; but to desire to do, and to effect my purpose, are two things.

There are moments, however, when this may be done, and shall be, if possible. My visage has been re-created upon some minds already, and it will not be a difficult exercise of will to reproduce the picture when I would, I trust. There is an inherent principle in every heart, which will not allow the thought that we can be forgotten because parted—because we are away, we should be lost to your recollection; but that can never be. The mother never forgot child, nor child the mother, because bereft of the one long years ago, the resemblance being retained always, and recalls itself almost immediately as soon as seen. Thus we had a sister, a little Dolly Ann, born before I was, yet she was known to me by the resemblance she bore to you, my sister, for indeed she is like you. She is a woman grown, much older than yourself, yet almost your counterpart, and told me, with an affectionate, loving smile, that she had always known me, always known you and all the rest of the family. She is a beautiful sister, removed thus early from earth, and sheds a bright influence about her.

—Mother says she has a precious charge yet upon earth—to look after the interests of her children and children's children. She feels that she has many cares but pleasant duties, and has a growing fondness for you all.

Father is here with us; desires to be remembered to his children. "Would to God that you knew the truth," is his frequent ejaculation—his almost impatient expression. He is the same old genius—has his own way in belief, but has a progressive disposition, and was never well understood by us, his children. He stands before me now like himself—a man to be loved when understood and placed under truthful circumstances. We are seen here as we are—without deceptive conditions. You may never be able to realize the truthfulness of what I would impart, because it seems not wholly like myself writing to you. That can never be in a perfect manner. I cannot come to you only through an amanuensis. Though I have a good one, one that I appreciate fully, still it is not, cannot be myself. Write a letter now yourselves through another; give your own thoughts; will it sound just like yourself when written? Try it and see. Take Carrie, or Eliza, for instance, and dictate a letter to me. Tell them what you want written; give them your own thoughts, and unless you hold the pen and dictate, as well as dictate, it will sound somewhat like you, and Mary and Carrie, Charles and Eliza. This is unavoidable; your own true language cannot be used—that is, seldom—would not be likely to be; expressions perhaps, but not the whole tenor of the letter. This is a trouble some truth to me. I would write so as to force conviction upon every listening heart, but am a thousand times thankful for the blessings of present spiritual privileges. They are an immense satisfaction—good and pure in themselves—and afforded me comfort both on earth and in heaven. Heaven? Do you ask what is heaven? This shall be my next writing, but not now. I will for a short time bid you adieu.

Heaven is the home or abode of spirits. That would be your definition, couched in some such form of expression, would it not? Well, then, such in truth it is; but you have the truth only in part. Is it the home of all spirits? Some would say yes; others nay; according to your different modes of belief. Heaven is but another term for happiness, we should say. Well, then, can all be happy because entered upon the spiritual life? If heaven is the abode of spirits, and implies happiness, then these must be collateral terms: Happiness and Heaven. If, then, the spirit, upon its entrance into heaven, becomes in consequence happy, how is it that all are not equally happy? These are important questions, and whether I am adequate to the responsibility I have taken upon myself, remains to be seen.

Happiness consists in the bettering of one's condition; the removal of sorrow, trouble, privation, weighty impediments to true progression. These removed, the load of sin grows lighter, and in proportion as it is removed does "Christian" speed lightly on his journey. This beautiful figure illustrates the meaning exactly. We then enter our new home with a lighter load than when we journeyed upon earth, and having less to perplex, become comparatively free from sin, and in like proportion rise to our own level. Thus all must be in a comparatively happy position, and feel a new-born desire spring up within the soul, which is the first germination of happiness, and just so far as this principle is developed within the bosom do we become happy.

These synonymous terms are used by spirits in all grades of spirit-life, and justly, too; for all are happier, because more improved. It is an absolute impossibility for a spirit, born to be worse off than before. Degeneration like that cannot be found; no, never. Man is a progressive being, and—as has been handed down through many writers since these new facts were revealed—to be born again in happiness began; to be terminated never. There is a desire inherent in every heart for happiness, and the want must be met, else the work cannot be complete. Why, then, should not man be happy? He is as happy in all grades and conditions of life as his surroundings will permit him to be. Take the southern negro. Is he truly unhappy in his bondage? No. My experience says so. This is no supporter of slavery, but the simple statement of a fact, taken as a whole. He is happy because he knows no greater elevation, has not risen above his present condition. What, then, is Happiness? A contented, satisfied feeling; and just so far as you are contented or satisfied with yourself, you are happy; no farther. Just so in the spiritual life. We are all happy according to our advancement. We make our own heaven and enjoy the happiness accruing therefrom, just in proportion as we are fitted for that heaven—in a word, enjoy according to our desires.

My ideas of the heavenly life, if not in strict accordance with those promulgated by the stricter sect, (for there are differences of opinion even here) are such as my observation leads me to think correct. We set up on our own experimental knowledge, and thus promote our own happiness as well as that of those about us by so doing.

Will come again in a few days and write further.

Oct. 26th.—On this eventful day, in the year of our Lord 1853, we set sail: were full of bright anticipations, buoyed up with future prospects. Thus it is, ever with man; all through life he passes on from one scene or activity to another, thoughtless, regardless of what the present. We pass along through life, making but little progress beyond the temporal wants of man. To fill the eye, please the palate, clothe the body, seems the sum and substance of life—the end and aim of all things.

This is life as it now exists, and the cares of life—its manifold duties cause an immense vacuum, which this life does not fill up—the exhausting tendency of which void is to crush out the vitality of the spiritual man almost. We look back with no approving conscience when we think of this—see how little we have done toward improving the condition of mankind. To reflect, look back upon the past and see, wherein we have erred, is no longer postponed when born of the spirit. We are gifted with no new powers, but those earth-born are enlarged, quickened, brought into action, and conscience can no longer be delayed in its work.



We are told upon earth that remorse of conscience will be ours hereafter, unless our duty be performed. This has not been exaggerated, but an iota of the truth in its true significance has not been imparted to us. Conscience may slumber there, but not here. Could we be fully aware of this fact, and see the being every action of our lives has upon the well being of others, how strangely different would life become. We never breathe a thought but that it in a measure controls other thoughts; we never approach an individual but to influence that person for good or evil. There is an aromatic essence passing off from every being significant for good or evil—a portion of that person's soul, or life essence—even as the flower breathes off its perfume to the passer-by. There is a like resemblance between humanity and the flower. Believe this, know this, and what an influence must it have over the life of man! Surely, we are fearfully and wonderfully made, and know not the power we possess. The strangest part of life with me now, is the realization of my own power, wielded according to my own will. We possess an unrefined power, commencing from the hour of our birth, which controls, in a measure, the destiny of a world. Godlike in its attributes, it is passing strange. Would to God it could be imparted to you now, that it might purify your souls, enabling you to live better lives, and do your share of good in the world. I have been led to these reflections, thinking of the uncertainty of life which the day called forth. I am writing as though in a diary, and such thoughts as these are fitting ones.

We left the island full of hope, expecting much, and realizing much more than we expected, for truly a residence in these climes affords one a greater change of scene, far more beautiful objects of contemplation than the sea or foreign shore ever offered.

We come to you now full of rejoicing that we can come, and regret not the passage by which we arrived here, as it has detracted nothing from our comfort and happiness, and should not in any wise diminish aught from yours, knowing that I am happy. The dreaded change is passed, and terrors groundless as the gently distilling dew of nightfall, have no more power to make afraid, or cause a shudder to convulse my frame. It is over, and the work of life commenced anew. Rejoice with me, and suffer no pang to visit your hearts, knowing that I can still come and visit you when I like, and that I shall like pretty often. Believe this, and your disappointment is robbed of much of its bitterness. We feel not the separation only as we remember the earth-life, and recall how it was with us at the loss of a friend. We see you as you are; read your thoughts, and carry on conversations with you; we even hold arguments with you, sometimes you replying to our questions without imagining the cause. More frequently we induce you to change a purpose for the better, and otherwise influence you without your suspecting a second party present. Without spirit aid you cannot define all the secret thoughts, good impulses, holy and peaceful feelings filling the soul, at times. You must feel there may be truth in this without positive knowledge. Watch the workings of thought for a single week, all of you, after reading this message, and see if you cannot believe me present.

Spirits do return, and why not? It seems strange enough now that any should ever doubt; and strange, too, as it may appear, I always had my doubts; believed fully when strengthened by actual presence of spirits, but doubtful when left to my own skeptical brain. It was a beautiful belief, but conflicting with all previous thoughts which had grown up with me. There is an uncontrollable aversion in some minds to accepting the truths of Spiritualism because thus conflicting with former belief. This is not right; for from the very nature of the thing it must conflict somewhat, because a new thing, and in advance of former creeds, &c. The old must give way to the new, and although error may be combined with it, yet it will be measurably free compared with the old, because an outgrowth from the old.

Every improvement in science is perfected from old invention; meets with opposition for a time because not understood, and finally becomes adopted into general use because its fitness for general use becomes better known. So it will be with theories now advanced. They will be seen to produce more good in the world, and be finally adopted—already being adopted.

Minds are becoming daily imbued with sentiments breathed from spirit-land; and the time is hastening on when this aversion to the subject will be freely spoken of as having been a strange thing. Yet it is not strange, for minds are not yet prepared to receive its doctrines, because educational views rise prominent above all others, and you will never receive it all in its true significance, as we trust the coming generations will. To your children and children's children we shall come and prepare their minds for the full reception of truth.

The conversion of the world is the one grand theme which now enlists the attention of thousands of our brothers here; and never man spoke more zealously in pulpits there, than orators are now doing here. The world's good is the important theme, and the inhabitants peopling these shores are all active, all having a work to do each in their own appropriate sphere. We no sooner open our eyes to duties here, than the one engrossing theme awakens a like active spirit on our part, and we feel a happiness in doing our mite. We learn of each other's progress, too, and one is ever ready to assist the other. Thus it was with me when I came to me; multitudes stood ready to encourage, to assist, if necessary, and even do the work for me, if I failed. Such help is needless, else we should fail altogether, and sometimes do fail, because the mind is not properly developed, and you are not at all times and in all conditions receptive. The mind has to be fitted for the object, to give it any degree of connection, to permit us to come in a continuous manner and divulge thought. True, we do come to all, but not to be comprehended by all. This is why mediums through whom they can impart more readily than others, are sought.

Dolly Ann is a medium, capable of becoming an exalted one, but never will be used to any extent by my permission, because health will not permit; and instead of encouraging her development, we rather retard it. This may seem strange to you, my sister, but you are not constitutionally formed for intense application of any kind, and it would soon wear upon the system. We desire to come and write, but do not wish to so completely entrance you as you sometimes desire, although it would enable us to write much more freely; but situated as you are, and constitutionally developed as you are, the trance state would not be a beneficial one for you, as you would naturally cling to it and self-induce it. Do not then desire it. It could be done, but should not. I am your judge now in the matter, and shall exercise my authority, even though I may not write at all. Arbitrary measures sometimes prove salutary. A well constituted person, healthily developed, may be used for almost any purpose with impunity; and they are used daily, almost hourly by spirits, and even improves the condition, or mediatic power, while with others this cannot be done. We always endeavor to be of no injury to our friends, and as far as I can learn, the cases have been extremely rare, if they can be found at all. Where converse with the spiritual world have ever harmed. But the individuals of whom you hear have always proved their own worst enemy in not listening to their own counsel, who never advise them to yield their whole will to the will of another. They have become insane, per-

haps. The fault was their own, and should not be charged upon the power controlling them.

Had they listened to their own convictions of duty—obeyed spiritual instruction, they must have been benefited and never misled. It is not true that suicides have been committed through the agency of spirits. It is but a disease of their own brains, wherever this has been done; and would you investigate fully, clearly, as you would on other subjects, you would find this to have been universally the case. "We come never to do injury, but always good," is the universal voice from the world of spirits—the united desire of all disembodied. This is not saying that all cannot come and foolishly lead some minds into error. No doubt this is true; but in few instances have spirits been permitted, if so disposed, to do any lasting injury. True, there are instances where falsehoods have been uttered, but this is not always the fault of the agency invisible, but more frequently that of the visible operator through whom the communication comes. Other causes may operate against us and you, which cannot be obliterated. Do not always impute wrong to those who have your good at heart, and would prevent injury always, if they could.

The wise parent sometimes errs in his judgment regarding the child whose best interest he has at heart, because he understands not the nature of that child in all its idiosyncrasies.

Certain developments predispose to disease, and cannot always be controlled or thwarted in wrong doing; and a person thus disposed should always avoid temptation—remove themselves from the possibility of a chance wherein danger exists. For instance, the student predisposed to consumption, or other disease of like nature, should never suffer the mind to become concentrated any length of time, else he only hastens on disease.

Sedentary labors should always be avoided and more active work be entered into with spirit. So with industry in all its phases. Concentrated action is always wrong, and should never be indulged in. Physical activity, change, variety, pleasing occupation, thwarts the mind in its imaginary, visionary temperament.

Could this be the course of action, and all excitement give place to steady, healthful occupation, the unbalanced mind would move on in its tenement, slowly inducing health, whereas predisposed to excitability, excited action only increases the difficulty.

Are we to blame because individuals thus organized become interested in the great theme, Spiritualism; rush eagerly into it, because new and inviting; yield up their whole soul's desire, and embrace with avidity all they hear, think, talk and act, for naught else? Say, are we to blame because such brains become overtaxed, and the evil retaliates upon themselves in accordance with merited law? No rational mind can attribute blame to us when they take this view of the subject.

28th. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of speaking whenever I can be heard. To write through you is happiness to me. I bless the glorious epoch in which the dawning of so glorious a revelation was first made to man, which enabled him to realize the presence of beings removed before him, and have witnessed these struggles for freedom on earth, and am now beholding them with increasing pleasure.

The glorious nineteenth century, the boon of sacred joys to earth, is of like enjoyment to the inhabitants of heaven. Few enjoy themselves better than I am now doing, and I flatter myself that it is in a measure owing to my former belief not being harsh and unsatisfactory, giving me a liberal view of things; therefore, the change is not so great as it must be to individuals who have always entertained prejudiced views of the religious life, stern notions of an unrelenting God, who fear rather than love his judgments.

To God the soul of man must cling for protection. The life current of the natural man springs from an overruling power, and we obtain our first existence through his merciful permission, are supported and governed by his laws, born into the spiritual kingdom through the same merciful providence, and pass on throughout eternity in wise accordance with his plans. But to know God, or see God only through his beneficent plans, is not ours, as yet, that is certain. We feel a nearer approach, but see not a visible presence, more than you do now. Earth has many mistaken notions. The truth is beginning to dawn through the midnight veil of darkness.

It is a shadowy belief that because we feel the existence of a thing, living and breathing through our organism, that of a necessity we must come into a visible contact with that thing. This is not so. That there is a power—a Divine Power—upholding and supporting all existences, is, must be, a veritable fact; but that we shall approach that power and come into close communion with it, cannot be, I should say. But upon my first introduction here, many things were to me impossibilities, which to my opened senses now appear clear and in a more definable shape; perhaps I may be led to look upon this very thing somewhat differently. These are only my present impressions.

Does not the spirit know all things when ushered into its new home? No. Why should it? Do you know all truth because you can see for yourselves in your home? This would appear foolish after a moment's reflection. We see from different standpoints, perhaps as much now as ever, always remembering that we have measurably progressed; but to know all, is not more ours than previous to our coming here. For instance, when you first put foot upon Bermuda's soil, Charles, did you know all about me because on the spot I had inhabited so long. Not so; you were a stranger there, and familiarity alone with those accustomed to my presence, their communion relative to me drew forth facts and inquiries relative to me; made you every day more at home, and the longer you remained there the more you learned, both with regard to me and the place, and elicited what you desired to know.

I came here a stranger to its manners, customs, etc., and had to learn—not by previous acquaintance with its history, but by actual observation—two different standpoints altogether. Therefore we arrive at different conclusions—sometimes one thing, sometimes another. Father tells me when he came he was not prepared to find another world what it was, more than you expected to find Bermuda what you found it. It was at first a barren isle, unproductive, almost to him, so he expresses it, but full of the richest resources now. We seldom take in the full measure of happiness at our first entrance to a place. Thus with you, thus with me. And here let me thank you, Charles, for your kindness in going to Bermuda, and doing for me what I should have done before I left. The business has closed, and I only regret that I did not leave things in better shape. The outstanding debts were small, but should have been attended to. Money was the difficulty. You were correct in surmises which you entertained; I have entrusted much and received no value therefrom; have notes in my possession now to more than refund all, but not available because not transferable. In my possession—that is, bodily possession, but hard of recovery.

In order to pursue the subject with any degree of regularity, let us first remark that with me it is altogether impossible to gain that hold of another's mind desirable, without writing just as favorable circumstances allow—come and go as necessity compels. Interruptions occur, and we leave, ready to embrace the moment as it arrives, without thought, deliberation, or previous oversight even. Let this suffice as an apology for the unconnected manner in which I write sometimes.

Then, this is now work for me, and to make perfect, experience proves our best teacher.

We come now to speak of another subject. The spirit's home; what it is like; where it is; in what part of the universe, etc.

We pass from the body—a sort of liberation analogous to birth, mortally—are born into a new sphere, breathe, open ourselves, and look about us as awakening from a dream, not knowing where we are. We try our strength, rise, walk about, realizing nothing fully at first. Like a new-born child, we understand but feebly our new life, and are dependent upon others for a time. But this soon passes away; we momentarily gain strength, and returning animation enables us, after a little, to see where we are, and how it happened; and the first thought that invariably arises is, "This is not death; we are not dead." Then it is we are anxious to look after the body and see for ourselves that it is no dream—compare that with our present self and see the difference, and the first exclamation uttered, is, "Oh, how beautiful! This is not to be feared!" We open our eyes with an excited curiosity, when the reality first forces itself upon us, lest it shall all pass away as a dream, and cling to our present life with fearful tenacity. We yield up the desire for the mortal life at once, and could not dwell there again. And what does life consist in here, would you ask—wherein is it different?

There is a purity, peacefulness, and love abiding in and about all things, that lies beyond my powers of description. I cannot impress it, because you cannot feel it. It is the soul's life, and earth has not its counterpart. Would that I could breathe it into your souls, now, and it would purify every action; but it will yet be yours, as it is now mine, to dwell here.

But where is the spirit-world? Where the spirit is. The unlimited, boundless universe is the home of spirits, for we dwell where we would. Near your earth—on it—about you—or removed far distant, as pleasure leads. We are here with you even now; you are never alone; you have an intimate relationship with the other world, you do not realize, perhaps, or desire; but so it is, and ever was. We are here when we like, and read your thoughts more plainly than when in daily conversation with you while inhabiting our physical forms. We mingle with you in your daily walks, feel an interest in your affairs and are not long separated from you. This is not a chimerical belief—a speculative theory, but truth—world-wide, and cannot be disputed. Spirits have always told you so. I believed it and was not disappointed; but to know all, understand all, you never can—a full comprehension of these things can never be given you until you arrive at, and become a resident of this my new home.

I love to write of it, and have tried to more faithfully delineate my pilgrimage thus far, but fall in descriptive powers. Here all fall, because not of a nature to be comprehended.

Before coming here, however, I, too, felt the want of a more thorough knowledge upon these very themes, and felt a willingness to investigate, hoping to enlighten myself somewhat (but obtained but very little satisfaction) concerning the nature of soul after death—its relationship to the natural life—the homes of spirits, &c., and felt that were I here, I would at least strive to be better understood. Have now striven and ascertained my inability to explain that which is unexplainable. To live hereafter you do not doubt, but the measure of happiness incumbent upon that life is not yours to know, until yours to retain. We come now in a different capacity, striving, aiming to convince you of that beautiful life, man's inheritance, but find language a poor vessel by which to convey but symbols, hieroglyphical, of that true language of the spirit world. I feel not content with what has been written, because an earnestness is seen in each one of your souls to know more; but try to have faith in what I have given, and that will breathe peace to your souls and help to prepare you for further knowledge.

Man's true life is his spiritual experience, and just so far as we develop the inner man do we root out the evil nature.

Franklin, you may have thoughts—progressional ones—those which will do good. You live in an age of the world and in a portion of it where they should be freely spoken. You have it in your power to do much good. Individual reform is what is most needed, and few are more competent for the work than yourself. I have lingered about your dwelling many times, and heard sentiments promulgated, truthful in themselves, abounding in joy to others, and heard the exclamation made here, "Sentiments like those would redeem the world." Speak then your honest convictions wherever you may be, for you have a work to do.

I am here on this, the first day of November, being the day of my first entrance into a new existence one year ago—my first birthday in Heaven.

I cannot recall the recollection of facts without recapitulating somewhat events which occurred on the night of October 31st, 1853.

We awoke, as I have told you, by the cry of fire. It seems that the vessel had been on fire several days, was smothered by close confinement, but had made rapid inroads toward undermining the ship, and when at last it broke out the flames spread so rapidly that all was consternation and scarce an effort made to save the ship. All hope was at once out off; in the dead of night, hopeless, alone, without a struggle almost, we yielded to fate. True, we made some exertion to save life, but so rapid was the general ruin that the only hope which we had—our boats—was cut off from us, and we were of us escaped. I have heard of but two who even attempted to buffet the waves any length of time, and they were old sailors, but like the rest of us soon yielded to the general fate. The boat was burned to the water's edge, and went down leaving no trace to tell the sad history.

Wonderment has existed that we left no memento to guide the interested in tracing out our sad history. We had no means, and thought only of preserving life. It was but a few, short hours, and all had found a watery grave.

Anxiety and dismay was pictured upon all countenances, and prayers were offered up in that hour of need, such prayers as desperation alone can call forth. The stoutest heart quailed; but amidst all, your brother stood calm, patiently awaiting his summons; I felt that my hour had come, but something within me whispered, "It is not a hard thing to die; we will be with you and you will be happy."

My faith was now brought to the test, and I felt that I had something upon which to rely, and I knew that my mother's warning voice had spoken, and that she was now with me. Amid all the terrors of that night I felt this, and it made passive my will to hers, and when I yielded to my fate I knew that she would be with me through it all.

I was not disappointed. She was with me, and up on her my eyes first opened, and the recollection of all that had happened, had, for a time, passed away. I was a boy again in my mother's arms, trustful, joyous and happy. Father too was there, a looker on, and looked joyful and happy as I had never seen him before. A multitude of friends had gathered around, and Uncle Henry was a great pet.

It seemed strange enough to be greeted by so many who had passed away before me. It was like landing in a strange country where all these kind friends had settled. Ann and Caroline were among the first to greet me together with their mother, and until now I did not imagine we had so many departed friends.

It was one scene of merriment, and sometimes at my expense, because I was so awkward at first; but as I had many teachers, I got along admirably. All were

anxious to tell me something, to direct attention to something new and hitherto unobserved, and amongst the rest to lead me away from my own reflections, which would now and then return to the vessel and the abruptness of my world-leaving. This was but natural, and would sometimes sadden me for the moment. But as to unhappiness, that cannot be felt here where there is so much to attract one, so much to learn even from our first entrance. I recall all these little minutes, because I think they will be interesting to you.

I find that none of our relations or friends have dropped acquaintance with us because long separated, but all come with friendly shake of hand to greet me. The recognition was mutual upon the first meeting. I had hardly supposed this possible; I even sometimes thought that mother would be so much changed as hardly to seem like our mother. Mary, she is like yourself, only younger, more youthful in appearance, the cares of life weighing not so heavily upon her.

Her first inquiry almost was, "Do I not look like my daughter Mary? Should you not know me for your mother?" She seems so happy to have me with her, and frequently says, "It will not be long now before I can have all my children with me; their earth life is passing on to maturity, and together we can receive them."

A mother's joy is in her children. Your little one, Dolly Ann, is here with me, and calls me Uncle Henry, too. This was news to me. I did not know that you had a daughter. She is very like her mother, and should bear the same name.

I have written much, and might write much more that perhaps would interest you, but hardly think it would be best.

You may send this to Charles and Mary, now that I have accomplished what I designed, and it will take much of your time to copy. Write at intervals and as we tell you, and it will not fatigue you much.

I will from time to time come and give you somewhat of my experience. I have tried to picture forth some things clearly; have done as well as I could. And now may God bless you all.

From your loving and affectionate brother,

H. WHITTEMORE.

[We shall print the concluding part of this narrative in the next BANNER.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES.

ADDRESSED TO THE MOTHER AND WIFE OF COL. FRISSENER, WHO WAS KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY BELLE RUSH.

Not alone, oh German mother,  
Not alone, oh loving wife,  
Are you left to journey onward,  
In the weary march of life.

Not alone, oh sorrowing children,  
Not alone, oh friends of earth,  
Are you left by those who wander  
Where the streams of life have birth.

Loving angels, ever watchful,  
Through the battlements on high,  
Myriads from other heights descending,  
Walk the star-paths of the sky.

Every day they glide about us,  
In our very paths they tread;  
With them, to the loved and lost ones,  
Whom we falsely call the dead.

Clothed in radiant life and beauty,  
Blossoms of their being here,  
Over every fear victorious,  
Lo! their risen forms appear.

Oft they come on noiseless pinions  
O'er the tidal sea of souls,  
Till their love-light on us beams,  
With our thought's free current rolls.

Often round our paths they linger,  
In the twilight, dim and drear,  
Watching every pulse of feeling,  
Knowing every sob and tear.

Thus the husband, son and father,  
Who but lately left your side,  
Loving wife and patient mother,  
Reappears to be your guide.

With the darling's boy before him  
Gilded to the "Morning Land,"  
Oft he comes, and at your portal,  
Lo! two radiant angels stand.

Blessings in their hearts they bear you,  
Loving messages of truth,  
Flowers of thought that spring eternal  
On the fadless shores of youth.

Oh, receive them! oh, believe them!  
Though they come on viewless wing,  
Listen to your own heart's beating,  
And in chorus hear them sing.

Not alone, oh German mother,  
Not alone, oh loving wife,  
Are you left to journey onward,  
In the weary march of life.

We are with you, we are with you,  
List the words in rapture said,  
Clothed in light we walk beside you,  
In the very paths you tread.

I, the husband, son and father,  
She, our darling one, who died,  
Only in the outward seeming,  
That we each might have a guide.

I have found her, she is with me,  
Singing of the fountains of life,  
Striving from my soul to banish  
Every shade of mortal strife.

Pure as lily-bells that alumber  
In a valley green and fair,  
Sweet as songs from wind-harp shaken,  
All her thoughts and feelings are.

Soft as sound of rose leaves dropping,  
Is her gentle, child-like tread;  
Fragrant, full of low's aroma,  
Is her influence round me shed.

She has shown me joys supernal,  
Life, whose lamps immortal burn,  
Taught me how, as "guardian angels,"  
We may to the loved return.

Thus we come to thee, oh mother,  
Thus to thee, oh loving wife,  
Keeping watch and guard about you,  
In the weary march of life.

Through God's boundless love permitted,  
With a shining host we come,  
Bringing words of peace and comfort  
To your sorrow-haunted home.

Oh, receive them! oh, believe them!  
Though they fall upon your ear  
Noiselessly as falls a snow-flake,  
Through your hazy atmosphere.

When a holy calm steals o'er you,  
And your heart-strings thrill with prayer,  
You may know it is our presence,  
Lighting up your clouds of care.

Every time you meet together,  
In the twilight, still and dim,  
Angel harps and angel voices  
Help to swell your evening hymn.

In your hours of rest, or labor,  
Still as night-dews in their fall,  
Come our blessing; while above us,  
God's dear love embraces all."

Adelphian Institute, Norristown, Pa., 1864.

In allusion to a beautiful young daughter of Col. Frisner, who passed to the spirit-world previous to his death.

## Correspondence.

**Spirit Doings in Buffalo.—Powerful Tangible Demonstrations.—Wonderful Mediumship.**

[Our correspondent at Buffalo, N. Y., vouches for the truth of the extraordinary manifestations related in the following statement.]

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—Permit me to furnish your readers with a brief account of the developments of spirit phenomena at a circle held at my dwelling on the evening of December 31, 1863. The medium present was Mr. Charles H. Reed, a person of humble pretensions, and whose mediumistic susceptibilities have only recently been brought to the attention of our citizens. He answers sealed letters, however securely sealed and enveloped, without breaking the seals or envelope.

Some ten or twelve sittings have been held within the last six weeks, and if I were to relate all the demonstrations I have witnessed at those sittings your readers would scarcely credit me. But, at the risk of being denounced as fanatical and deluded, by sensible persons, I will rehearse some of these wonders.

The circle was composed of seven males and four females, embracing members of my family. Seated around a table in the order directed by our spirit friends, and all hold of hands, the gaslight was extinguished and the room made dark. The moment all were seated and joined hands, that instant the spirits made themselves manifest by *pounding* with a heavy hand upon the table. We had placed upon the table a tin horn, table bell, guitar, triangle and pencil. The bell was rung, guitar played upon, as well as the triangle. Articles were taken through the horn in quick succession. Chairs were picked up and placed on the table—a chair first, then an ottoman put in the chair—while every one still held the hands of his companion on either side. The doors were secured, so that no person could enter without the knowledge of those seated at the table. A light was called for, when these things were found, as described, on the table.

The light being again turned out, the spirits addressed us through the horn—calling us by name, and interrogating us about many things connected with the sittings—telling us what friends that had left the form were present and desired to be announced. The spirit then pronounced the names of three, well known to us in earth-life—related many of their peculiarities and habits by personating them and imitating their voices, &c., &c. The person of one in particular was alluded to—his portly form and prominent feature of the face—saying, "You remember this, do you?" "Yes," we said. "Well, he is just as fat now, and just as red as he was then." An hour was spent in conversation with the spirits, during which time the spirit-home was described as a most beautiful place, none ever desiring to come back again to earth-life. Many beautiful allusions were made to the wicked rebellion now going on, in which the whole Southern people were to suffer most horribly, and Jeff. Davis driven out of the country, to wander around, an outcast and despised culprit. After assuring us that the whole spirit-world was deeply interested in this matter, and in the final triumph of freedom, the spirit gave us to understand that individuals were protected in battle and in dangerous positions by the watchful care and influences of spirit-hands.

The spirits also took a glass vase, filled with wax flowers, from its position near the looking-glass, and placed it on the table without disturbing any article within the vase. They also took from the mantelpiece a cup and saucer and two china vases of considerable size and placed them on the table, the cup and saucer being a relic of some 75 years. They also brought articles from the adjoining room and threw them into the laps of the owners. They also sounded the piano while open and when closed, in various ways; raised the table from the floor many times; took each one of us by the hand, patted our faces, our heads, our shoulders, and actually seized one of the circle and tickled him until convulsed by laughter. The horn was carried around to all parts of the room, the spirit-voice all the while talking or singing to us. The guitar was also taken around the room while the spirit was playing upon it. The number of spirit-hands made manifest to us, in every tangible form, were numerous, and their demonstrations so real that not one of the circle could doubt for a moment the reality of the scenes enacted during the sitting, which was prolonged until after midnight. The spirits bid us all a "Happy New Year" in as clear and distinct voices as the ear ever listened to. I must also mention another incident, that of the spirit bringing a drover's whistle into the room and blowing softly and shrill upon it. When asked for permission to see it or blow upon it, the spirit replied by saying that "Miss M. might blow upon it, and I will present it to her lips." The whistle was then placed to the lady's mouth by spirit-hands, and she blew it twice, loud and shrill, to the no small amusement of all present. All were satisfied that it was a genuine whistle. The spirit said he would tell us where he got it. "I took it," he said, "only a few minutes since, from the pocket of a drover sitting by the stove in Joslyn's House, (a drover's tavern,) about three miles distance from this circle." He then added, "I am now going to return it to his pocket—hear it now; (shaking it and the chain attached, so that it was distinctly heard) there, it is gone—it is now in his pocket." Another manifestation was given by spitting of hands all about the room, so loud and powerful as to convince us of the utter impossibility that it could have been done with human hands.

At a subsequent sitting, held at the same place, still more surprising and tangible demonstrations were given before a much larger circle. The medium was taken up bodily and carried up to the length of the arms of the persons sitting on his right and left and still holding on to the medium's hands with all the power they could exert, rising from their seats, when he was dropped to the floor with some violence, yet not with a force to do him any harm. After this he was taken up and carried to the ceiling, bumping his head against it several times, and the voice of the medium, crying "O! don't," satisfied each one that he was suspended against the ceiling for nearly a minute and a half. The medium was also taken up and laid lengthwise upon the top of the piano, while it was open and the music-rack standing up. To show those in the circle that the spirits assume a tangible form, they walked heavily about the room, talking through the horn, thumping the piano, and touching each one of the circle with a veritable hand and fingers—slapping on the head, shaking several very violently by the shoulders, and dancing, apparently with heavy boots on.

Still another more beautiful demonstration was given. The spirit began by drumming on a table standing under the looking-glass, then on the glass, on the window-sillings of the front windows, then on the window itself, saying, "Hear me—I am on the outside



of the window, knocking; it is cold here—I shall come inside again." All this time the knocks and the noise sounding like one speaking and knocking on the outside of the window. Indeed there were double sets of curtains hanging at each window, the first one being a stiff oil cloth, fitted close to the sash—the other curtain was of cotton material, and was close down upon the window, making it difficult for any natural light to drum on the glass without first removing the shade and curtain. I considered this a splendid test of the powers of the spirit in overcoming material barriers—in being able to enter a room or dwelling without passing through open doors or windows.

I must also mention another almost incredible demonstration, that of bringing a clock from a jeweler's store located some distance from the circle. The spirit first singled out a member of the circle and asked him this question: "I am going to rob a jeweler's store; will you carry back what I take and note what the owner says?" Being answered in the affirmative, he continued, "Very well, I am now going." In less than five minutes a noise was heard like the rustling of paper and the ticking of a clock. A light was called for, which revealed to our sight a small marine clock on the table, ticking away as merrily as though nothing had disturbed it in its quiet resting place, or that it had performed a journey of one-fourth of a mile in less than a minute. The clock will be taken back to the owner, and these facts verified as far as it is possible to do by human testimony.

The presiding spirit at these circles having refused to give his name, on this occasion being pressed for it, said: "Oh, never mind; if you want a name, you may call me Samson." This spirit also promised to execute a more wonderful demonstration of spirit-power than anything ever before performed. He promised on a certain night, and at a certain hour and minute named, to strike a certain bell named, in Chicago, so loud as to be heard by all who might be listening or in positions to hear. At the same time, hour and minute, Buffalo time, the spirit assured us he would strike a certain bell in Buffalo, the sound to be heard by all who listened or were in a situation to hear. Measures will be taken to test the truth of this promised demonstration. I may add this fact, that on Tuesday night, the 15th of December last, at half past nine, while the circle was holding a sitting, this same spirit gave us notice that he would strike the bell of the Baptist Church at precisely half-past nine. The bell was struck at the precise minute named. No person left the room after we were advised what would be done, or held communication with any one outside. The sexton, living in the basement of this church, was in the street at the time, heard the stroke of the bell, and hurrying home to inquire for the cause, says he found the doors to the belfry all locked, and his wife assured him that no person had been near it. The sound of the bell was heard by a great number of persons.

What I have related are facts, and can be verified by some twenty others of truth and respectability. Can any one explain these things without giving to spirit-force and power the cause and effect?

For God and humanity, yours truly,  
E. A. MAYNARD.

Buffalo, N. Y., January, 1864.

#### Confirmation of Spirit-Messages.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—I herewith send you some wonderful statements regarding my son, who fell in battle in Louisiana last April. Many friends to whom I had shown the communications, and knew all of the facts, desired me to make it public in the papers. I waited until the last statement was verified, "I don't think the spot could be recognized," and then I sent a correct copy of the original to one of our Hartford papers for publication. It has been extensively read, and excited much interest and called forth considerable comment. I have received several letters of inquiry from persons who "would know more of the matter." One of the letters is from a former Advent preacher, who writes me: "I had supposed that my religious faith was so firmly fixed that no argument or evidence could have any power to change my views, but I find my former faith, especially that relating to the existence of man in consciousness after what is called death, is shaken, broken and scattered to the winds, like the chaff on a summer threshing floor. When I think of it I am surprised and astonished at myself. I have been led to entertain ideas of truth which once I should have regarded as sealing my eternal destruction to have held. I have been warned by my friends and former associates in religious faith that I should lose eternal life for entertaining such views; but with all this, and the efforts I have made to drive back my own thoughts, it is beyond my power to believe otherwise than as I now do. Accidentally, some months since, the Maglo Staff, by A. J. Davis, was placed in my hands, and I became deeply interested in it. I afterwards read 'Nature's Divine Revelations,' 'Penetrations,' 'Present Age and Inner Life,' 'Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse,' &c., and am, beyond my control, compelled to believe. The most difficult of my former views for me to abandon has been the idea of man's unconsciousness after death. Your recent communication in the papers has given me the most positive evidence of the existence of the spirit of man beyond the present life, that I have yet seen." The above are only extracts from a very interesting letter, showing how the rays of truth are dispelling the fogs and mists of the dismal theology of the past. Thinking the communication referred to may interest your numerous readers, and do some good, I herewith send it to you for publication.

D. B. HALE.  
Collinsville, Conn., Feb. 2, 1864.

From the Hartford Times of Jan. 23.

We publish the following without comment. It comes from a well-known and respected citizen of Canton, and we wish it by request.

Mr. Editor—I wish to state a few curious facts regarding the death and burial of my son, Howard F. Hale, in Louisiana, last April, whose remains George F. Goodwin was unable to find on his recent mission to that locality. Among the list of killed and wounded near Franklin, La., April 18th, was "H. F. Hale, of Co. B, Conn. 12th Regt., wounded in the abdomen." Some of his comrades wrote home that he was shot through the bowels, and died the next morning. I immediately wrote letters to the Captain, Chaplain, Surgeon, and comrades of the deceased, to learn all the particulars of his death. Six weeks passed and no reply came. I saw a notice in the BANNER OF LIGHT that sealed letters would be answered by some one in Boston, purporting to be written, or dictated, by the spirit of some deceased friend. I had the curiosity to try the experiment. I wrote a somewhat brief letter, in the same style I would use had my son been alive, requesting a definite statement of where he was wounded, how much he suffered, where his body was buried, and whether the spot could be identified. Where his effects were, and whether I could get them, money, &c. I folded it securely in two envelopes, and prepared it in such a way that it could not be opened without detection, and without any name or mark upon it to indicate its contents. This prepared, I put it in another envelope, directed to the paper above named, merely saying, "Send the answer to D. B. Hale, Collinsville, Conn."

In due time the sealed letter came back, as perfect as when sent, and with it the following message: "DEAR FATHER—My last days in earth were consumed. I was under such excitement when I was shot, and then the change in the circulation of my blood made me kind of stupid. I did not suffer much, for I was not in a condition to feel it. My spirit, or mind, seemed to be in a half sleep. I did not think much about dying. I know I thought about going home, and how I wanted to see you all, and it seemed to me, as soon as I got better, I should go home. I was shot through the side; but my head seemed to suffer most. As for where my body lies, I have not thought anything about it. I was not there when they put it away. Why, father, it is nothing more to me, than the old coat I left at home."

I do not think the spot could be recognized. We have too much to do to look after such things. I don't know what they have done with my things. Some of the boys will take care of them for you. You can get the money by making application for it. One more page was written, but not especially in answer to questions; concluding the letter in a characteristic manner, as follows: "Well, father, I can't write more now, although I would like to. Love to all. From your son, HOWARD F. HALE."

In reading the message, I noticed one word misspelled. I wrote another letter, closely sealed, and guarded as before. My son being a correct speller, I inquired why that word was spelled wrong? I also made inquiries if he had met with his mother (who died twelve years ago)? I also his cousin, Juliette Loomis (who died in May last), and other companions and friends? I asked, too, for a description of the change called death; and also of his employments. I further inquired the cause of some vivid dreams I had had of him since his departure.

The second message was as follows: "DEAR FATHER—Your son responds to your call—not from the regions of the dead, but from the home of the living. When you receive a telegram, you do not expect it to be written in the same style your friend would use in writing you a letter; neither would you expect it to be in his handwriting. These messages are given in the same way, so you must charge all mistakes to the operator."

Dear Father, we talk with you in your dreams. When the cares of earth are laid aside and night spreads her mantle over the world, then thy spirit holds communion with the spirits who have gone before. I have met all the friends who have passed on to the summer-land. We are very happy here; yet all how different from the old idea of heaven! As the body grew weak, the things of earth seemed confused; there was a blending of the material with the spiritual. I did not suffer much. My mind was clear. My dear mother is with me. She was by my side when the Angel of Death called me home. My cousin Juliette, and all the rest of the friends, are here. They send love to their friends in earth life. We do not all live in one family; yet we meet often. We have many employments; some are to benefit the children of earth more particularly. We have much to learn. The field of knowledge is vast. From your son, HOWARD F. HALE."

I also received in the envelope with the above, the following message, unasked and unexpected: "DEAR FRIEND AND COMPANION OF EARTH-LIFE—Although you did not write to me, I know that you often think of me, and that I retain a place in your heart."

I am very happy, yet I do not forget the dear ones of earth-life. Howard is with me. We have a place for you in our home. Strange things are transpiring in earth-life. There will be great unfoldings in the next few years. The book of Revelations is opened; let all read, for it is open alike to all, if they will receive it. We are often with you. There are many friends that would like to write. Yours, MARIA HALE."

[The above, strange to say, is the name of my first wife, and mother of Howard F. Hale.] Some time after receiving the above messages, I received a letter from Rev. J. H. Bradford, Chaplain of the 12th Regiment, saying:

I was well acquainted with your son. I saw him for only a brief period at the hospital, but he was a brave and noble fellow. He was shot by a Minnie ball passing through his left side. I asked him how he felt. He replied, "I do not suffer much pain. I don't think the ball has penetrated my intestines, and I shall get well again."

I afterwards learned that he died soon after I left him. I presume his body was buried in the rear of the house where he died, by the side of twenty-two others who were buried there when I left.

On learning that George H. Goodwin was going to Louisiana after the bodies of soldiers, I furnished him with full directions, and a description of my son. He went to the spot described, and found only part of the graves marked. There was no board or mark to indicate my son's grave. He dug down to nine bodies, but no one answered to the description. He made every inquiry, and did all he could, but the grave could not be found.

Many persons have examined the above messages, and knowing the facts and circumstances, have desired that I would make them more public. I have therefore stated, as briefly as I could, all the particulars, without expressing any opinion, or making comments. Any person wishing to see the original messages, &c., can see them at any time. If any one can explain any of the above mysteries, or how the information was obtained out of the usual channels, I would like to hear from them. Collinsville, Jan. 13th, 1864. DAVID B. HALE.

MR. HALE'S COMMUNICATION.—On the fourth page will be found a singular narrative by Mr. D. B. Hale, who in a subsequent note adds the following fact, which, by accident on our part, was omitted from its proper place in his account. He says:

I omitted to state one fact. In answer to the statement, "Some of the boys will take care of them for you," I will say that three days before the rebels recaptured Brashear City, plundering or destroying everything belonging to our soldiers, "some of the boys" secured all of my boy's things in a box and sent them home to me, being the only soldier's effects saved from Brashear City.

Wilson and Wilcox's Discussion.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT, 10th I found a notice clipped from the Beaver Dam Citizen, of a debate between E. V. Wilson, Spiritualist, and J. F. Wilcox, Adventist, speaking highly of Bro. Wilson, and unpleasantly (to say the least) if not disparagingly, of Bro. Wilcox.

Now the facts in the case are these: Bro. Wilson came here on a visit to his brother-in-law, not expecting to speak before the public. Being solicited to address the few Spiritualists in our city, he consented, out of which grew the discussion referred to.

Bro. Wilson was informed of a challenge Bro. Wilcox had made to the churches, ministers and clergymen of any religious denomination to debate the principles of man's spiritual existence or immortality. Publicly Bro. Wilson offered to debate the question:

Resolved, That the Bible sustains modern Spiritualism in all its phases.

Affirmative—E. V. Wilson.  
Negative—J. F. Wilcox.

The discussion to be governed by parliamentary usages, each party to occupy thirty minutes, alternately, and to close by an hour's speech each, the affirmative to close the debate.

On Sunday morning the debaters agreed that Bro. Wilcox should occupy Sunday afternoon, and Bro. Wilson Sunday evening. Bro. Wilson to give in all the testimony he had to offer before Bro. Wilcox made his closing speech, and if Bro. Wilson offered any new testimony, Bro. Wilcox should have the right to offer rebutting testimony, but not to make any argument.

His Honor Mayor Barnes was selected to preside as umpire of the debate, to decide "points of order," and to time the speakers, and faithfully he discharged his duties to each of the parties. The disputants further agreed to confine themselves to the Bible and modern Spiritualism.

Now the Beaver Dam Citizen, commenting on the debate, says: "Mr. Wilcox showed himself throughout to be a gentleman and a scholar, and entirely master of his own peculiar system of doctrine, while the other speaker (and we regret to say it) manifested a bullying spirit on 'points of order' quite unworthy of his cause."

Now to these comments I take exception: 1st. From the fact that the editor of the Beaver Dam Citizen (Mr. Reed) was not present but a little portion of the time during the debate.

2d. That Mr. Wilcox manifested no more of the "scholar and gentleman" than did Mr. Wilson.

3d. That Mr. Wilson was right in his position on "points of order," and was so sustained by the chair.

The first point of order was called by Mr. Wilson, on Sunday morning. It was this: Mr. Wilcox put words into Mr. Wilson's mouth which Mr. Wilson did not utter. Mr. Wilson corrected him. Mr. Wilcox repeated. Mr. Wilson called Mr. Wilcox to order. Mr. Wilcox rapped in an excited and angry manner on the desk, calling Mr. Wilson to order. Mr. Wilson

claimed to be in order. Mr. Wilcox appealed to the chair. The chair sustained Mr. Wilcox.

The second point of order was called by Mr. Wilcox. It was this: Mr. Wilson quoted the story of Tobias from the Book of Tobit, introducing "Raphael" that was an angel," who claimed to be a relation of Tobias, whose earth-name was Azarias, the son of Ananias the Great, and of thy brethren.—Tobit v: 12. Mr. Wilcox objected, claiming that the story was not in the Bible, but in the Apocrypha. Mr. Wilson claimed that inasmuch as Mr. Wilcox had been allowed to quote from the Septuagint, he (Wilson) claimed the right to quote from the Apocrypha. Mr. Wilcox excitedly appealed to the chair, and the chair decided in favor of Mr. Wilson.

The third point of order was raised by Mr. Wilson, and after he had concluded his arguments on Sunday evening, Mr. Wilson introduced as testimony the parable of the rich man and the beggar, claiming that this parable found Dives in eternity living in torment. It also found Abraham in eternity, with Lazarus in his bosom, and that this parable, in the language of Dives and Abraham, recognized the principles of intercommunication as embodied in Spiritualism. Mr. Wilcox claimed that this was new testimony, and commenced an argument against it. Mr. Wilson called him to order, saying, introduce testimony, if you have it, to disprove this parable, but no speech-making, no arguments. Mr. Wilcox continued to speak. Mr. Wilson called him to order. Mr. Wilcox paid no attention.

Mr. Wilson then arose, manifesting considerable indignation, and appealed to the chair, saying, Mr. Chairman, I protest against Mr. Wilcox's argument. If he has testimony, let him give it, but not argument. The chair sustained Mr. Wilson, and called Mr. Wilcox to order. Mr. Wilcox then asked, Are you not going to let me go on? Not in argument or debate, only with testimony. At this Mr. Wilson took his seat. Mr. Wilcox remained standing, manifesting considerable excitement. The audience called for a decision. It was given, to the affirmative. Mr. Wilcox appealed from this decision to the audience, and again the chair was sustained, and the affirmative gained a victory. Then Mr. Wilcox gave notice that he would go Monday—to-morrow evening—lecture on Spiritualism, the decisions, and everything in general.

At the conclusion of the debate, Mr. Wilson offered his hand in friendship to Mr. Wilcox, saying, Bro. Wilcox, you have made the best defence that I have ever met from one of your belief. Let us part in friendship. After some hesitation, the hand was ungraciously accepted. Mr. Wilcox manifesting a good deal of ill feeling at the results of the debate.

And in my opinion, Mr. Wilson manifested as much of the gentleman and scholar as did Mr. Wilcox, and showed himself entirely master of his own peculiar system of doctrine.

Trusting that you will publish this statement for the Truth's sake, I remain, fraternal ally,  
Beaver Dam, Wis., Jan. 27, 1864. I. GOULD.

We the undersigned have read the above statements concerning the debate between E. V. Wilson, Spiritualist, and Elder J. F. Wilcox, Adventist, held in this city on Thursday and Friday evenings, Dec. 17th, 18th and 20th, 1863, and having heard the debate, we feel it our duty to say that we find them correct, faithful and true, according to the best of our memory. Signed, this, 28th day of January, 1864.

Wm. C. BARNES, Chairman,  
EDWIN E. HOLT,  
DANIEL E. TILDEN.

#### Interesting Letter from Missouri.

I wrote you, Mr. Editor, a brief account of the condition of things in this part of Missouri, which was published in the BANNER in the spring of 1860. In that letter I set forth the numerous advantages held out to emigrants, by the climate, soil, natural and commercial resources of this immediate vicinity. On seeing that letter, many persons came; some twenty-six families settled in the neighborhood in the next six months. But the rebellion came also, and soon the natural intolerance of slavery ripened into numerous violations of the rights of the "new comers;" this, with frequent threats of worse in the future, caused a general stampede among them toward that beacon of liberty that has so often guided the panting fugitive from slavery (the North Star), leaving us worse off than before they came, for there were but few families of northern people left, and all the annoyances that the most intolerant proslavery could devise were used to drive us away, too; but we concluded to await the coming storm, which finally has proved to be much more of a "show" than we had anticipated.

Nearly three years have passed away; we have dwelt in the "midst of alarms;" though surrounded by theft, murder, and devastation on every hand, we have escaped almost unscathed. We have not been idle spectators of the scenes transpiring around us, or yielded even apparent sympathy with the surrounding treason. Some have rushed to the standard of their country, and given their heart's blood in its defence, while others remained at home to care for the little ones, following the pursuits of peaceful industry (which has proved more than usually profitable), but at all times exerting every influence that God and Nature has given us to pick up, root and branch, the giant evil that has borne so many sorrows since the first gun was fired on Sumter. Our motto has been "Immediate Emancipation," and in our several appeals to the ballot-box, we, in the town of Cuba, have steadily increased the vote for Freedom, till now we have a permanent and increasing majority of even in a vote of one hundred and ten. This is the more encouraging, that about the same rate of increase has been made throughout the entire State, and all amid opposition and discouragements that would have defeated a people who did not realize that "vigilance is the price of Liberty," and act accordingly. We think now, that in 1865 the last vestige of Slavery will be swept from our State, except the remaining debris of ignorance and apathy, that will take time and labor to remove.

The unexpectedly renovating and purifying influences (as by fire) that the rebellion has had in Missouri, with the change of public opinion that has swept over the State, in defiance of governmental influences, both State and National, is causing a stampede among rebel sympathizers to the Promised Land of Dixie. The great need of our people in the present is, that for every one of these slavery-loving, whiskey-drinking, possum-hunting sons of Ignorance and Sloth that leaves us, we shall have in return two or three northern men, bred to habits of intelligence and industry, to aid us in developing the abundant natural resources of this great State.

Placed as she is in the centre of the Union; the eastern terminus of the great Pacific Railroad to California and the regions of gold, with combined resources, agricultural, horticultural, mineral, social and commercial, such as few people in any country are ever favored with, her citizens of the next decade should enjoy a degree of prosperity and happiness unusual among men. A residence of nearly four years enables me to speak with confidence in regard to the capabilities of the soil and climate for the various products. I came here early in the spring of 1860, since which time no man, woman or child, a resident of a radius of two and a half miles of our depot, has died, and there has been but little sickness during that time. This is partly owing to the absence of swamps of stagnant water, and partly to the high and airy position we occupy. For on the Merrimack south, and

the florid north—streams which lie about two hundred feet below the level of this prairie—there has been much sickness and numerous deaths, especially in autumn.

In the winters of 1860-61, the mercury sank no lower than seven degrees Fahrenheit above zero; in 1861-2, seven degrees below; in 1862-3, about the same; but this winter has set all our calculations at defiance. On New Year's day, 7 o'clock A. M., the mercury stood at twenty-four degrees below zero. During each winter the coldest weather has lasted but a few hours. The balance of the time the weather has been mild, with very little snow; and until this winter, I have never seen ice to exceed three inches in thickness in this place.

Winter wheat, oats and corn do well here. The cultivated grains yield more to the acre here than in any country I ever saw, with the same culture. Irish potatoes do only tolerable; sweet potatoes, very well; clover is perfectly at home; indeed, there is one variety growing wild in the woods. Fruits of all kinds, grown in temperate climates, flourish here; peaches seldom fail; apples are as sure a crop as potatoes are North. I speak from experience in fruits. I have set in an orchard eighteen hundred trees, consisting of one thousand apples, six hundred peaches, while the balance is made up of pears, quinces, plums, cherries, apricots and nectarines; while grapes, Lawton blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants and strawberries are cultivated for home use, and most of them do well. I consider fruit and stock raising the most profitable of any business in this country. The "range" for stock is good in summer, and the winter requires less feed than north.

Occasionally improved farms may be bought cheap from persons wishing to leave. There is also a good deal of wild land, that may be obtained by loyal men, under the Homestead Law, in quantities of forty to eighty acres, and more than six miles from the railroad, one hundred and sixty acres. The cost for an entry is twelve dollars. For this sum, can be got often near the railroad, land well adapted to orchard and vineyard culture.

Persons of small means, who are able and willing to work, may make for themselves and families comfortable and happy homes, surrounded by a profusion of orchard and vineyard, near a railroad, and within from three to five hours' ride of St. Louis, one of the best markets in the West. I should have said that grapes yield more fruit and wine to the acre in Missouri than in the most favored locations in Europe—one acre often giving a clear profit of \$500 to \$800. Yours truly,

B. SMITH.

Cuba, S. N. Branch Pac. R. R., Mo., Jan. 6, 1864.

#### Portrayal of a Vision.

I send you, Mr. Editor, the following vision as it was given me one day last fall, while traveling in the northern part of this State. If, in your estimation, it should prove of sufficient interest, you can give it to your many readers of the BANNER.

Being weary in body and sad in spirit, I sought the balm that is ever to be found in the quiet of the forest, and there while listening to Nature's sweet music, I suddenly saw and heard a great number of men, and it was some moments ere I was made aware that they were disembodied spirits. They were conversing earnestly of the condition of America, not confining themselves to the present crisis, but were speaking of the future, when this country should be baptized by freedom—free in every sense of the term.

I cannot convey any just sense of this conversation, so will confine myself mostly to what passed before my vision.

At some distance from this band was another of great numbers, more gross and earthly, but controlled in a great measure by the first band. Here in the second gathering there seemed to be no thought of our beloved country beyond the present. Party feeling ran high; Union and Secession were loudly asserting their rights and claims, all unconscious that they were mere instruments in the hands of the more progressed to ultimately bring harmony, peace and freedom to every creature. These last named spirits came in more direct contact with the leading minds on earth, but their influence was limited by those wisdom ones, who turned abruptly, and said to me, "Why weep and mourn? What to you is desolation, is to us but the harbinger of greater joy; what to you is the terrible tracks of blood throughout your land, is to us but the track upon which freedom shall hasten to make glad the souls of yet unborn millions. Your country is as yet in its infancy; but, under God, we are confident of our power to guide her safely through all trials. We have used the rebellious portion as needed instruments for the foundation of a government which accord both material and spiritual liberty to all its subjects, and will in time draw all other nations to bow at the same shrine of Liberty, Truth, and eternal Progression.

The band now motioned me to look, and my eyes fell upon no less a person than Jefferson Davis; (space seemed well nigh annihilated.) Davis, at the time, was in deep thought, and the words—"I am crushed, crushed!" I believe I am under some infernal influence, and have been compelled to act contrary to my reason"—seemed to come, as it were, from the deepest depths of his soul. The guiding spirit smiled, and said, "He, poor mortal, is near the truth; he is an instrument, chosen many years ago, while he was but a child, to bring about a new era, and he is just as useful in his place as is the most loyal man living. But, my child, this is not the last war for your country. You will come together again as a united people; but after a lapse of time interests will once more clash—then cometh a war more fierce and devastating than this. The elements out of which the next war will spring are to be found to day in Europe. We may not tell you how long it will ere the war notes are sounded; but rest assured the rising generation will be engaged in it. To-day the present demands your attention, and you will find that ere long one grand coup de main will be executed by the Confederate power, which, if rightly met by the opposing forces, will so far cripple the resources of the South, that they will make but feeble efforts to sustain themselves."

STANLEY A. HURCHINSON.

Milford, N. H., Feb. 3, 1864.

#### Departed.

The death-angel came, with noiseless footsteps, to the home of Judge B. O'Connor, of Beloit, Wisconsin, Jan. 21st, and silently bore away the spirit form of his cherished wife, Chittana O'Connor, aged 47 years.

Again the celestial visitants have enveloped, in robes of immortal brightness, one of earth's rarest gems of womanhood, and in the removal of our noble friend we lose the companionship of a great and glorious soul. Here was a spirit tempered in gentleness by bearing the burdens of others, chastened and purified in the exercise of christian charity. As the rose in the morning-dew, exhalates its richest perfume, so this queen of the domestic circle was ever disseminating gentleness and affection, the sovereign balm for human woes. To be brief in enumerating her shining virtues, in portraying her pure moral worth, I need only refer to that most fitting emblem of her character, which reposed so appropriately upon her ennobled bosom—the peerless camelia, with its characteristic sentiment—unpretending excellence—presents to all who enjoyed the acquaintance of this gifted lady, an exact portraiture of her personal accomplishments and mental endowments. Always too large of soul, and benevolent of heart to entertain sectarian prejudices, she had for several years cherished the principles of the Harmonical Philosophy as the best gift of a loving father to erring children. Recently, when called upon to yield up her only child as an offering of patriotism to his country's weal, our beautiful faith in angelic ministrations amply sustained her, enabling her to become a pillow of strength to the youthful widow and bereaved father, whose idol could

henceforth only be visible to the eye of the soul. To day their heart-throne is made desolate, and that grand column of strength has been transferred to the temple of the lower life; but they calmly lean upon it still, knowing that, though their dear earthly presence differs, the income of joy no more around them, she lingers in spirit to soothe their anguish and point them to celestial homes, where she may welcome, with songs of love and garlands of fadeless beauty, her darling pilgrims from earth.

Sunday, Jan. 24th, the funeral services were attended at the late residence of deceased, angels ministering to the afflicted, through the mediumship of the writer, dispensing lessons of wisdom and beauty to a large assembly of friends; as our gentle guardians ever delight to do, when mortals will listen to their utterances. Thus, our worthy friend, Judge O'Connor, is left alone at the sunset of life, yet the invisible hands of his angel loved ones drape all his waking hours with the rosy light of realized hope, that he communes with them as though they had but passed into the inner sanctuary of home to await his reunion with the family circle at eventide. Surely such assurances of immortality are an equivalent for the few sombre shadows which Death casts over our pathway to the tomb.

EMMA F. JAY BULLEN.

Passed to the home of the angels, Dec. 20th, 1863, the soul of Gertrude Perkins, aged 21 years and 4 months. No one who ever knew this loved one, will read the notice of her demise, without a tearful eye, or a stirred heart. She was so gentle, and so sincere, so childlike, and yet so womanly. And we knew it, she had gained our esteem, our friendship, and our love.

To me she was a dear friend, and as I look upon her letters, which, as they came to me, were like carrier doves, bearing to me messages from her truthful heart, I feel that never again may I look upon her familiar handwriting, nor ever again will those love-laden mislives gladden the heart of her lingering friend. The last one she wrote me, was received about two weeks before she parted the earth-form, and in it she says, "I find myself fast nearing my spirit-home, and to me the change is pleasant. Sometimes long for the hour to come." Her last years of earth life were spent with her sister, (her only near relative) Mrs. H. P. Anderson of Hamburg, Conn., and she says, "If sister could only be reconciled, I could go rejoicing."

Her last words were, "Come at last," as her eye apparently wandered to the angel-throne near her. And thus has passed the spirit of our Gertrude to the land of the immortals; and though we no more may view her form, in our hearts we know she lives, and from her happy home she will sometimes enter the door of our hearts and say, "Now I will greet thee face to face," and we shall see her again, as she has said, and we shall know it is our friend and sister Gertrude.

In thus writing an obituary for my friend I have fulfilled her last request to me, and may I be enabled to do still her bidding, as she greets me from her spirit-dwelling.

Oh! I loved her; deeply loved her, With her kind and gentle smile, With an angel grace about her, And a nature free from guile.

Yes, we loved her, but she told us They were waiting; she must go! And she gave her love to the angels, Breathing hope upon each woe.

And when waves of life were surging With the year-blasts, and slow, And the "Old Year," sang an anthem For the "New Year," soft and low; Then the angels came so near her, That their bright forms she could trace; And she sank upon her pillow, With her snow-like, saintly face;

And with eyes which met the angels, As they reached to meet her own, She had joined the best angels—Bearing Gertrude and gone home.

She hath passed beyond life's portal, She hath sped the hours of suffering, She hath found the life immortal, And her soul is newly born.

Planned for flight the spirit wings within the form of him whose name was Thomas Gardner, and in their rising upward toward the home-land of the soul, the links which bound them to the manly frame were broken, and he takes his last, long slumber, 'neath green mosses which o'erspread the graves in a pleasant cemetery in the "Elm City," while his soul is moving to the beating of that central life, which holds all things together. He was a soldier, and the angels woke a reveille, which called him home.

M. L. BECKWITH.

East Haddam, Conn., Feb. 24, 1864.

Passed to a higher life, from Sandusky, Vt., Jan. 19th, George L. Pratt, only son of G. W. and Mrs. Pratt, aged 16 years. He has gone from earth ere youth had fully unfolded into manhood, and yet he knew where he was going. He was acquainted with the Spiritualistic philosophy, and in the hours of suffering, when for a few moments his delirious brain would become quiet, he would say to his friends, "I am going home," and he had learned the law of transition, and in it he saw only an entrance into a brighter life. The mourning circle of friends have the assurance that he lives and that the way is prepared for him to return to them. The funeral services were held in the Baptist Church on Sunday, where a large circle of friends were gathered to add their sympathies with the mourners. The writer by the aid of the invisibles addressed them, assisted by Mrs. Manchester, who gave them both instrumental and vocal music; by the help of the angel-world, which brought the truth more fully to our minds, that we are ever surrounded by angels.

We know it is well, it is well with the child, He will come to you oft with his influence mild, From his beautiful home, that radiant shore, Where parting scenes are fading, and the hours are o'er.

We ask it is well, it is well with the foe? Now his soul is set from earth bonds free, Now his spirit is walking the pearl strand shore, Where pain and death are felt no more?

From Moretown, Vt., Jan. 3d, 1864, passed to spirit life, Emily, wife of Clinton Hazleton, aged 45 years, leaving a husband and a large family of children to mourn her departure.

She was a believer in the philosophy that robs death of its sting and the grave of its victory. May the companion fire continue to burn in time, and the truth that destroys all skepticism and brings Heaven so near.

From Middlesex, Vt., Jan. 10th, the Spirit of Sally Parker left its earthly tenement where it had dwelt 70 years. Consumption had wasted the form, and when the messenger came to bear her across the river, she calmly sank into its embrace and bid farewell to earth. The writer was used on both occasions as an instrument for the spirits to speak through.

Mrs. ABIE W. TANNER.

Montpelier, Vt.

At Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 12th, 1863, Doctor Otto Kunz, in the 47th year of his age. Born and educated in Germany, he felt a deep interest in the land of his birth, and kept himself well posted in her literature, maintaining



For the Banner of Light.

## A NARRATIVE OF SOME OF THE EXPERIENCES IN THE INNER LIFE OF ARTHUR BUCKMINSTER FULLER, Late Chaplain of the 10th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.  
631 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### INTRODUCTION.

The writer of this essay was entirely unacquainted with the subject of this narrative, and with the exception of a newspaper notice at the time of his death, knew nothing of him. Our first meeting occurred in this manner: I was visiting a patient, and picked up a book and saw the title on the back only, "Chaplain Fuller." Shortly afterward the spirit of the man appeared to me, and on several occasions he spoke to me, and through me, to others.

On Tuesday, the 22d of Dec. 1863, being quite unwell, I was lying awake, about 3 o'clock in the morning, when I perceived the Chaplain standing at my bedside. He said to me, "I wish you to go to a circle this evening, as I am desirous of preaching a sermon." I replied that I feared I should not be well enough, and that I was not particularly interested in sermons, and I thought probably the circle would not be; but what do you wish to preach about?" "I will show you my texts," said he. And I saw a vision. There was a vessel at sea, and the men were throwing out their nets on one side, and drawing them up, but could catch no fish. And the voice was heard, "Cast your nets upon the other side of the ship;" and as they cast them down, there was a great multitude of fishes splashing in the water, and the nets were broken very much; still they drew them up, until the deck of the vessel was covered with fish. "That is one of my texts," said he. And then before us lay spread out a high country, and I saw a pond of rain-water, and around it were sitting a number of men, very demure and sanctified in their looks. They had long fishing poles, some of them very splendidly ornamented and covered with costly jewels; and occasionally they would draw up their lines, and as we drew near I observed that they had pin hooks on the end of them. "Well," said he, "one more;" and we soon passed on to a desert place, and there was a large well, around which were many persons seeking for water; and I saw here the same class of men with buckets and long ropes attached to them, and they were lowering these down the well; and when they drew them up there was a little dry sand in them, not a drop of water.

"There," said I, "that will do; if I am well enough I will go to the circle, and you may preach all you can from these texts. I did so, and he spoke nearly an hour. On several other occasions he has spoken through me, and on Tuesday, the 29th of Dec., he remarked that he had been coming in this way in order that he might become accustomed to his presence, so that he could give me a narrative of his experiences in the inner spheres.

The next morning he commenced, and has given the following account. If any of his friends will read this, and can have a tithe of the pleasure that I have had in receiving it, I am sure they will be well repaid. I have met with many spirits, but have seldom found one who is more genial in his influence, or actuated by a more earnest and devoted zeal for the good of humanity; but I will let his narrative speak for itself. I am not familiar with any of his writings, but in these cases the style will be mixed, and influenced by the medium, although he expresses the words to me, and they are heard by me, as I write them.

### CHAPTER I.

#### FIRST IMPRESSIONS IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

Brother: I ask you to present to me in brief some of my experiences in this inner life. My history, as given to the world, is, like all human productions, imperfect and mingled with error. In it I receive credit for many things which did not belong to me, and there were merits which are not and cannot be written—so let it all pass.

My profession, and the meditations of my spirit, had brought me into a condition to be somewhat familiar with this life into which I was so suddenly ushered, yet I must confess that I had but faint and confused conceptions of the realities which belong to this sphere, and let me say here, that the dogmas of education stamp upon the mind peculiar views which it is not only difficult to erase, and to which there is a continued effort to make all things conform; in other words, to see things as we have been taught to believe they are; therefore, when I awoke to a partial and imperfect realization of the conditions as they existed around me, the first effort of my soul was to bring all things into beautiful concord with my theory of the future, and I have sometimes smiled since, at the ease with which I reconciled, or fancied I could reconcile all things around me to my theory, and the complacency with which I was filled at the thought that I had been so far-seeing as to have discovered, *a priori*, so many of the conditions of the inner life. I met around me some whom I expected of course to find here, and there were others whom I had consigned to a different region who were not here. I may say here, however, that I have not been able to find this place of literal fire and torment, and I am beginning to doubt its existence; and now, as I look back over my career of life, I am strongly inclined to think I never did believe there was a literal hell of fire and brimstone. Though I may have occasionally been betrayed into an expression of this kind, out of respect to the opinions of some to whose learning and judgment I paid deference, and it is certainly a dogma that I cannot feel any regret in relinquishing.

The illusion that I knew a great deal about heaven was soon dispelled. Scarcely had I begun to congratulate myself on it, when I was suddenly introduced into a company of the vilest and lowest men and women that I had ever seen, some of whom I recognized, and to my utter astonishment they were occupied in similar low and vicious pursuits to those which they had been accustomed on earth, and they were actually enjoying themselves. I remembered a remark of an honest sailor to his comrade at a slave-market in New Orleans, where he saw an auctioneer selling little babes and tearing them away from their mother's arms, "Jock, if the devil don't get that fellow, I'll be d—d if there is any use of having a devil." I thought as much in this case. It certainly seemed like poor economy to be furnishing fuel to a fire that was to burn souls forever, if these could escape.

I found myself in a very limited place for a time after I came here. I could not account for this. Neither did I like to think of it, for I had fancied everything on a grand scale, and the first real disappointment was to find myself thus situated. I had what I believe is the universal feeling of all spirits who come here—a desire to return to earth, somewhat like the homeweb; or homesickness which almost all mortals feel who leave their homes on earth. I desired particularly to meet my good friends with whom I had been accustomed to associate, my brother ministers, but I could not find them. "Well," said I to my sister, who was with me much of the time, "I must go back to earth." Said she, "Arthur, you can go; but you will find that at first you can go only through the aid of a class of persons that you were not particularly

attracted to." "Who are they?" said I. "They are what are called spiritual mediums." "Well," said I, "I will not go at all, if I am compelled to go with these." "No," I waited a while. But the desire to go to earth grew stronger and stronger, and at last I said to my sister, "I must go to earth. Do you know any of these mediums that you spoke about?" "Yes," said she; "I have often gone to them." "Will you take me?" "Yes," said she; "but first of all, you shall have a vision of the earth and its inhabitants, and when you have had this, you will please tell me what you have seen and what your impressions are."

I soon found myself poised as in a balloon over the earth at such a distance as enabled me to discern what was going on. There seemed, however, to be a dark mist over the people everywhere, which enveloped them. I looked at the business community, but they were absorbed so deeply with their various pursuits that they could not perceive me, or anything I was trying to do. I looked to the Church, hoping to find free access and a welcome greeting there, but they were all engaged in their peculiar views and doctrines, and nowhere could I find an entrance. This surprised and pained me very much. Next, I visited the battle fields and the scenes which I had so recently left, and there I found my brother chaplains and those who were interested in their labors, engaged in the same kind of work as the churches, and strange as it may seem, the thought of welcoming a brother who had "gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord," and whose "soul was marching on," did not enter their minds. And the thought that these could come back and receive the aid that all of us who come here sadly and prematurely so much need, was not realized by them.

About this time I began to perceive about many persons a bright, luminous appearance, which attracted my attention, and I became quite interested to know what it meant. I could see, as I gazed over the multitude, here and there individuals who were thus marked. I traveled over various countries, and saw the people in their various conditions, most of them entirely absorbed in their own pursuits, but among all nations and communities I could distinguish persons who had more or less of this luminous character. I returned to my home, and visited my native State, and enjoyed the vision very much; but I could not comprehend it very well. After being as fully satisfied as I could, I went to my sister and related to her what I had seen. After I had concluded, she smiled and said, "Then you have found the mediums. The persons who have this luminous appearance are they; and when you are ready, I will introduce you to one of them, and you will then comprehend more of your vision." I replied that there was much that I would like to understand better, and I had confidence in her, and was willing to do anything which she proposed. "Then," said she, "turn your attention to these, and select the one whose luminous appearance is most pleasant and attractive to you, and we will go together to this one."

I soon discovered a young man of a fine, delicate organization, somewhat like that which I had had when on earth. He was not very strong, and did not enjoy good health. To him we went. He was not conscious of the influence which attracted us to him. I found, as we approached him, that light burst in upon me. It seemed like the dawn of a new day. I began not only to see myself and the objects around me clearer and more distinctly, but the relations of all things, which had hitherto seemed dim and obscure, were now much better appreciated.

First, my connection with the loved ones in the interior life was shown to me. I saw how they influenced me and I them; how positive thoughts, engendered in the minds of certain individuals, were fitted for and appreciated by those spirits who were negative to them, and receptive of the thoughts. I saw that the classification and arrangement of spirits in their different spheres and conditions was the result of their own interior forces. The beauty and simplicity of this law charmed me, and I felt that I had discovered a divine and immortal truth.

I turned now to examine the relations of man on earth to his fellow man, and there I discovered that the same law of interior force and affinity was in operation, though its workings were always more or less interfered with by the material surroundings which constantly throw obstacles in the way of true and harmonious intercourse. They not only did this, but they so blinded man's perceptions that he could not perceive the causes of the difficulty, nor could he realize the true basis of all harmonious union.

I saw, further, that all the relations of the material universe to man, were dependent upon the same law of affinity. It was shown to me that there was not an element in our earth that does not find either a representation of itself, or a capacity for the reception of that element within the human physical organization; and hence, man's universal relation and adaptation to the globe on which he lives. He alone is cosmopolitan, while all the inferior animals and plants, except a few of the former which, by their association with him, seem to escape the law, are confined in their sphere of existence to a more or less limited space, in which the elements of their own systems and those of surrounding nature correspond.

I learned also that the human soul, which is a spark of the Divine Being, contains within it a portion of the spiritual essence of every element—not alone of the particular globe on which its human form may have lived, but of all the globes that unite as kindred drops to form the grand, and, to finite mortals, inconceivable Universe of God. And having these essences, it has a guarantee and passport from its Father-God to visit all these in the coming cycles of a never-ending eternity. It is the relationship between these external elements and man's internal conditions, that establishes his connection with the material universe and its various forms and combinations of matter.

What grand lessons were there for my seeking soul! though neither a voice was heard, nor a sound uttered, yet my cup was full, and I could ask for no more. I who have feasted on burning thoughts and glowing ideas, and have felt how grand is the soul's power to receive the sublime truths that unfold before its vision, may realize something of the joy I felt, as thus I lingered and drank from the purifying fountain that opened in such magnificent beauty around me. I lost the past and cared not for the future, as thus my soul feasted on the living present; but I had learned, on earth, and it is equally true here, that Excelsior is the cry of the earnest and awakened soul; and turning to the loved one, the soft music of whose gentle voice had guided my footsteps into this beautiful experience, I painted for her in all the glowing colors that my ethereal nature could find, the vision that had filled my soul with so much true harmony.

"Brother," said she, "you have found the key to your onward progress. This was an unconscious medium, one who knew nothing of the ecstasy with which this communion has filled your soul, save in a brighter glow of the love which burns within his nature. Know this: that heaven here can never be truly realized until the soul clearly and distinctly connects its just, conscious existence and experience on earth—be they what they may—with the present living realities, as one continuous and unbroken stream of life. To do this, it has ever been necessary that the new-born spirit should come into close rapport and connection with some mortal still dwelling in the outer tabernacle.

Your experience with an unconscious medium, has prepared you for intercourse with one who is conscious—who will realize not only the thoughts that burn within your soul, but shall also be conscious of your individual identity, and shall hold free and open intercourse with you, and thus enable you to return and finish the labors of earth."

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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## Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

### The Issue.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

"Wade through slaughter to a throne  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind";

but have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

### Winter Thoughts.

Oh, the many houseless, friendless ones—the hopeless hearts to whom the pinching cold brings the death-like chill of despair, for no fireside warmth or loving care awaits them. Oh, cruel, mocking contrasts of the lordly state and palace grandeur of even this Republican land, and the squalid wretchedness that abounds in our midst! The monopoly of wealth that bars the gates of aspiration and culture on the oppressed and consequently degraded poor, is accountable for the terrible contrasts existing in a land of proclaimed equality. May the fearful visitation of war tend and ultimate in the better equalization of this world's goods, so that the arrogant rich may learn humility, and the neglected poor rise into the higher atmosphere of laudable aspiration and genuine cultivation. The burden of enforced labor, of toil that surpasses the strength, has bowed many a head with premature sorrow, and filled many a once hopeful heart with saddest discouragement. To work for twelve and fourteen hours of the day, to know no innocent recreation, to be shut out from the world of literary delights, from social reunions, the elevating effects of music and of song, is the lot of too many thousands on this boasted soil of freedom. The producers, the active workers in the human hive, reap not the pleasures, profits, elegances and ease that their unremitting industry awards; they live apart, dejected by pure-poor indolence. Together with the bondmen and women of the South, the needy women of our cities, the uncared-for children in our luxurious trimmings, the worn-out laborers in our mines and factories, cry out to God, "How long, oh Providence, how long?"

And now the fierce blasts of winter howl around denuded tenements, and the sharp cold pierces, even like the world's fangs of ingratitude, and many of God's children have no home, no fire, scant food, no adequate clothing. Oh, think of the nearness of that spirit-world of sympathy, and join with angels in the blessed work of redemption, physical as well as spiritual. Give food to those orphaned little ones; give homes to the weary wanderer; give of your abundance; share with others even thy necessities; for a retentive angel stands at every threshold, crying, "Give, give of all thou hast; the time for sacrifice has come!"

### Persecution Still Going On.

We oftentimes hear people say they are grateful for being permitted to live in this nineteenth century of liberty and toleration. They are congratulating themselves a little too early. As Emerson says, "The old spirit of persecution that established the persecution, is as active as it ever was—the only difference being, that it has taken a new form." Let us supply a fresh example. The Jonesville (Mich.) Independent informs us that Professor Stearns, the lecturer on psychology, was interrupted while lecturing in Adrian, by an officious servant of the government, who came forward and demanded that he should forthwith pay for a license to give exhibitions under the national revenue law. The lecturer merely stated that his performances did not come under that head; but, a few hours after, he was arrested by the United States Marshal, and taken before the Commissioner. He was required to give \$100 bail for his appearance at Court, in Detroit, in March, and sent to jail until he could furnish the sureties! Now it is plain enough, that if Professor Stearns can be thus treated, so can a dozen other lecturers, as so ought three-fourths of the amusement lectures of the lyceum organizations of the land. We feel profound pity for the poor, beggarly spirit that can lead a band to such things whilst it boasts of its charity and toleration.

Here is another case. One of our exchanges contains the following:—  
SPIRITUALISTS IN TROUBLE.—Ira Davenport, one of the Davenport brothers, was arrested at Sturgis, Miss., last week, for refusing to take out a license to exhibit "spiritual manifestations in demonstration of the soul's immortality." After a hearing, he was required to give bail in the sum of \$200. Immediately after his bonds were given, he was again arrested for giving exhibitions without a Government license. This he paid. Still another suit was entered by the village of Sturgis for the same cause. Sturgis is excited by this matter.

The Boston Investigator copies the above, and justly remarks:—

"This is hardly fair play. The Christian preachers who teach the same doctrine are not treated thus, and hence the spiritualists should enjoy equal privileges."

Bigotry and persecution are rampant. From the Pope of Rome down to Sturgis village Orthodoxy, and will strive to impede the onward march of the Army of Progress, in every possible way, for years to come. But Truth will prevail, notwithstanding the cloven foot of Bigotry is manifesting itself to-day, as of old. Friends, everywhere, lend us a helping hand, so that we may efficiently subdue the enemy by the exercise of Patience, Wisdom and Love. These, with General Charity to lead, will accomplish a mighty work.

### The Sanitary Commission.

There could have been nothing one half so efficacious in alleviating the sufferings of our soldiers as the machinery of the Sanitary Commission. It has been an angel in the camp since its timely organization. Its work aside patriotism not less than humanity. It saves valuable human lives, and it saves good soldiers too. There are, no doubt, thousands of veterans now engaged in fighting the battles of the Republic, who would have been sleeping their last sleep in the valley but for the kind interposition of the Sanitary Commission. It has always appealed to the people themselves for aid with which to prosecute its beneficent plans, and never appealed in vain. It is, in the highest sense, a popular institution, and best demonstrates the power and willingness of the people to take care of those who rely on them for sympathy, comfort and aid. The war will have developed at least one good, in the form of the Sanitary Commission, which neither the soldiers nor the rest of us will ever be likely to forget.

### TO THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PECCOLIN."

Emblem of purity, gracefully lifting  
Petals of beauty 'mid wintry snows drifting,  
Brave little snowdrop, so fair and so hardy,  
First flower to welcome the Spring chill and tardy—  
Frost cannot wither thee, cold cannot frighten—  
Patiently tarrying till skies may brighten.  
Snow-placer, cloud gatherer, wind-scorer, eye cheerer,  
Bring, bring to this heart thy dear message yet nearer!  
When age or sorrow is darkly impending,  
Snows of adversity thickly descending,  
Then springing out of them, checked by no blasting,  
Let there bloom thoughts of the life everlasting!  
Coming like snowdrops amid our endurance,  
Bringing to each weary heart the assurance  
To Joy's frozen waste Spring draws nigher and nigher,  
And Death is the way to Life higher and higher.

### George Thompson.

This distinguished and eloquent lecturer upon the rights of humanity, has arrived in this country. He reached Boston on Saturday, Feb. 6th, in the Arabia from Liverpool.

Just before leaving England, addresses were given in his honor, in London and Manchester, at one of which John Bright, so widely known and honored as a statesman and defender of the rights of man, made the following remarks in reference to Mr. Thompson's services in the cause of West India Emancipation, and the reform movements in England:

"I have always considered Mr. Thompson as the real liberator of the slaves in the English colonies; for without his commanding eloquence, made irresistible by the blessedness of his cause, I do not think all the other agencies then at work would have procured their freedom."

"I can say honestly, and I say it with pleasure, that, during the last thirty years, there has been no movement on behalf of any good cause, and there has been no victory in this country to freedom and the people, in which he has not borne an honorable part."

Mr. Thompson was present at the love given at the United States Hotel, in this city, on Monday evening, Feb. 8th, in honor of Hon. N. G. Taylor, of Tennessee, and made a speech which was warmly received.

He was also present at Tremont Temple, on Thursday evening last, on the occasion of Miss Dickinson's lecture. At the close of Miss D.'s address, Mr. Thompson was loudly called for, and coming forward, made a short address. He said:

Nine and twenty years ago America cast me from her. I was a vile, pestilent man; I was a disturber of the public peace; I was an enemy of the Union; I was thought worthy to be denounced by your President in an address to Congress. I am unchanged. I have not wandered off from the point on which I then stood, but have pressed it with more vigor and shadow of turning. When I was cast forth, these were my last words: 'America will yet witness another revolution. The first, great, noble one for independence; the second, holier, more benign, more blessed, more impartial, will be for liberty. But you, the people of Massachusetts, will live, and I pray God I may live to see the day when the principles for which I was hated, persecuted and banished, will be the principles of the Old Bay State.' Give me America free from Slavery. Give me America in which shall be established universally, as your lecturer has said to night, without distinction of color, class or condition, liberty for all, government by all and for all. Then I shall see some hope that your great example—gaining the greatest victory that mortals could win, the victory over self without example will cheer my country on, and though we may be behind you, we shall follow after you. In the meantime, God bless you in your great struggle, in this fearful war, so that the graves which we have heard of shall be covered up, and rich harvests wave over them, when your Constitution in all its plenitude, and without its compromises, shall stand forth the admiration of the world.

A grand reception meeting, in special recognition of the eminent services rendered by him to our country in England, since the rebellion broke out, will be given to Mr. Thompson, in Music Hall, on Tuesday evening, February 23d, under such auspices, it is believed, as will be creditable to Boston and the Commonwealth.

### A Liberal Medical Society.

The Eclectic Medical Society of the State of New York, recently held their first annual Session in Albany. It is composed of physicians who respect the right of private judgment. They do not proscribe a physician because he does not hail from a certain school, or because he takes the liberty of practicing according to his judgment and the dictates of his own experience. While they profess to examine without bias all theories and so-called "systems," selecting that which is truthful in all, and rejecting all which fails to coincide with facts. A cardinal principle with them is to substitute *sanative remedies* for the deleterious and destructive agencies, such as mercury, tartar-emetic, venesection, arsenic, etc., which have so long been in vogue, to the bane of the race and the disgrace of the profession. They aim to develop the resources of our indigenous plants, and have introduced a large number of new remedies, among which are Phodophyllin, Macrotin, Gelsemin, Veratrin, etc. We are pleased to know this much needed reform has made such headway, and trust it will move on in its good work till it accomplishes still greater reforms in the medical jurisprudence.

### The European Commotion.

Garibaldi, writes the foreign correspondent of the New York Times, is moving for a democratic revolution in Italy. He appeals to a large party which is not satisfied with the "wait-a-little-longer" policy of Victor Emmanuel. Mazzini, though he pleads not guilty to a conspiracy to assassinate Napoleon III., acts in concert with Garibaldi. Kossuth has proclaimed a revolt in Hungary. Poland is frozen up, but ready to burst out, perhaps, in the spring. There is alarm and uneasiness—a certain fearful looking forward—to what the world dreams. It is predicted that 1864 will be a year of solutions. The Emperors and Kings ought to have a congress, or the peoples may hold one without their leave. After all, the year may go on peacefully like other years, and quiet Europe look for another twelvemonth on the great spectacle of war in America.

### "Murder will Out."

The confession of the murderer of young Converse, who was shot in the Bank at noonday in Malden, is additional proof that the loads conscience is made to carry for a man are always the heaviest borne. It ought to seem easy to bear almost any condemnation save that which is dealt out in that court. The secret was his own yet he could not keep it. The money, which was the fruit of the robbery, was his, yet he did not want it. It must be an insane temper that could lead a man to commit a deed of this sort, thinking that he could keep his own secret and live. There is no more fatal delusion. We hope that all men, and especially all young men, who are not yet habituated to the control of their passions, and even of their evil thoughts, will take heed from this poor man's example.

### Donations to our Public Free Circles.

We should have credited Daniel Gould, of Davenport, Iowa, with a donation of \$2 50 to our Free Circles. Instead of Daniel Gould, \$1 50.

Friends in Gloversville, N. Y., have sent us three dollars for the same purpose.

### Mrs. M. S. Townsend.

We are pleased to learn that this estimable lady and favorite lecturer has again resumed her place in the lecturing field. The severe illness which brought her husband to the portals of the spirit-world, has taken a favorable turn, and hopes are now entertained of his recovery, partially, if not wholly.

### Shocking Blasphemy.

Last Sunday, Jan. 24, I listened to a discourse from an infidel Spiritualist, who used to be known among S. D. Adventists as "Elder" Moses Hull. His subject was "the manifestation of angels," a favorite theme of his when he was "on the Lord's side." As he began, he amused himself awhile by telling how badly he was persecuted, how certain "off-temper books" were out against him, and that his present position really was "OK," and then he passed on to his subject at a smart pace. Here we learned many new things—how that "Adam was not the first man, nor Abel the first martyr;" that there were human beings dwelling on this mundane ball "fifty thousand years ago;" that "Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and so were all 'God's children';" that the prophet Elisha was a "clairvoyant medium," and could see the guardian spirits in the mountains, when his servant was so terribly frightened by the Syrian army who came to Dothan to take them; that Jesus of Nazareth was the "legitimate son of Joseph;" that the case of the three Hebrew worthies being cast into the fiery furnace might be true, for a certain spirit medium had held his finger in a keystone lamp five minutes, and it did not even raise a blister, having been enveloped in a tissue of electricity by the spirits; we learned how angels were made; that just as fast as men and women in the flesh die, they pass off from this stage of action into the spheres, and there they turn to angels, and then come back to rap, lip, communicate, and sometimes make matrimonial alliances; we learned that the walls of Jericho were pulled down by the spirits, and that the entire circumstance was simply a "physical manifestation;" we learned that the resurrection took place in the days of Abraham; that every time a man dies there is a resurrection; we learned that the Bible as a book was full of errors, partly true and partly false; that there is an inspiration in these days "far outstretching it," and that "no gentlemanly address" was then laboring under inspiration; but see, but, dear reader, this is not all we learned. Before this apostate speaker ended, before he pronounced the benediction, and committed the audience to the fostering care of "the spirits," as he did, he told the congregation that the Jehovah of the Old Testament was the departed spirit of a dead man!

Here was progression of the most atheistic type; here was the demon of Spiritualism fairly unmasked. Never before had I been able to explain one passage in Jude's short epistle—"denying the only Lord God, and our Lord Jesus Christ." Verse 4. I knew that all infidels, and Spiritualists, as a body, denied Christ; but not till then had I seen a person who had the audacity to deny the "only Lord God," and make him a common man. I had read of such in the mad ravings of Tom Paine, Treat, and others, but Moses Hull was the first man I ever heard affirm it. Fearing I might some way be mistaken, although a brother at my side had the statement in phonography, I accosted him a day or two after in the street, when he maintained the position with more spirit than he did in the hall, where it was spoken in the hearing of several hundred. He then told me that he could prove from the Bible, from history, and from other sources, which I could not deny, for what can't be proved by the spirits? Also, he said that he did believe in a Supreme Being, one who governed the universe, but he was not fully revealed in the Bible!

But why should we particularize more about a man who has ignored every point of faith dear to the child of God, and who is doing his master's work as fast as he can to hurry him? Let us be glad that this disciple of James and Jambres has been developed, and that he is now where he can "rail on the Lord God of Israel, and speak against him." 2 Chron. xxxiii. 17, without being particularly dangerous to the cause.—*Battle Creek Advent Review.*

### REMARKS.

The above is a wonderful production. Not on account of the merit it possesses as an ably-written article, or the power of logic manifested in it. But on account of its misrepresentations and glaring absurdities.

The first assertion, that "Elder Moses Hull" is an "infidel Spiritualist," cannot be proved by those who heard the discourse to which the writer refers. I have preached six times in Battle Creek, and those who have heard me will tell the writer of the above, if he will take the pains to consult them, that I get as much Bible into my discourses since my conversion to Spiritualism, as I did before.

The cry of "infidelity" has been raised against everything new. Jesus was an infidel—that is, if we believe the testimony of the Church of his day. So was Galileo, Harvey, Servetus, Jenner, and a host of others. But who is an infidel?—the accuser, or the accused? The Bible says Samuel communicated with Saul. The accuser does not believe it. The accused does. Now will the candid reader decide who the infidel is?

Well, the author of the above, at the said discourse, "learned many new things." Altogether likely; there is room for him still to learn. I hope he will continue to grow "in the knowledge of the truth." But the fact that "Adam was not the first man," nor "Abel the first" that passed to spirit-life, is nothing new. Even the Bible asserts that a "mark" was put upon Cain, lest every one that found him would put him to death. If Adam and Eve were the only two living persons, why need Cain fear that when he got into the "land of Noë," every one that met him would try to put him to death? If Adam was the first person, from whence did Cain get his wife? and where did he find inhabitants for the city which he built?—See Gen. iv. 17.

Yes, "Jesus was a Son of God," and so were those sons of God who took the daughters of men for wives.—See Gen. vi. 2. So are all men the sons of God.—See Mal. ii. 10; Acts. xvii. 28; Heb. xii. 8. I do not know that Jesus was Joseph's son. I did not say that I knew it. I only know what the "Good Book" says about it: "We have found him of whom Moses in the law and prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph."—Jno. i. 40. We leave the Review to act its pleasure about adopting this sentiment. If a mere assent to it makes an infidel of me, perhaps a disbeliever of it will make Christians of Adventists.

Another charge is that I have admitted "that the case of the three Hebrew worthies being cast into the fiery furnace might be true." Astonishing that I should admit that! In this there certainly is evidence that I am a bad man. Worse than all that, I have even been guilty of bringing corroborative testimony from spirit mediums. Horrible! Horrible! Away with him! It is not fit that he should live!

But we pass to the next blasphemous sentence which so shocked the sensibilities of our reporter. And what is it? Here it is: "We learned that the walls of Jericho were pushed over by the spirits, and that the entire circumstance was simply a physical manifestation." Now, reader, are you convinced? If you have ever had any inclination toward Spiritualism, you will now certainly give it up.

But the most supremely "blasphemous" thing that I did was to tell "the congregation that the Jehovah of the Old Testament was the departed spirit of a dead man." It was not "blasphemy" for Jesus to say that "God is a spirit."—John iv. 24. But when Moses Hull said that the highest conception that the Jews had of their Jehovah was the spirit of one who once lived in the flesh, it is shocking blasphemy.

As badly as it shocks the sensibilities of my friend, I will prove it, in spite of all the Advent ministers between the coasts of Maine and those of California. Will they meet the issue? We shall see. Who came when Samuel was called for? Let the Bible tell. "I saw gods ascending out of the earth."—1 Samuel, xviii. 13. "Let us be glad that this disciple of James and Jambres has been developed." How this reminds one of the fox's "sour grapes."

MOSES HULL.

### A Decision on the Chesapeake.

The Court of Admiralty in the British Provinces have decided to release the steamer Chesapeake to her owners. Feeling that she was captured by a gang of pirates, who secreted themselves with their base intentions on board in the capacity of honest passengers, and afterwards rose on the crew and overpowered them, it would have been a remarkable judicial decision that would have condemned the vessel as a lawful prize to her captors.



## "MY CHILDREN."

Miss Lizzie Doten closed a course of ten lectures in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday, Feb. 7th. The lectures all possessed unusual merit. The closing after noon one illustrated the meaning of "True Love," in which its virtues were beautifully portrayed in the lives of noble, pure, humanly-loving souls, who forget self that they may benefit others. The evening discourse was the closing one on the subject of "Quietism." Taking for her text, "Now, or living in the present moment," she eloquently defined the main principle in the faith of the sect called "Quietists," which was, in short, to live in the present, and in such an upright, pure and unselfish manner as to have no concern for the future, closing with the remark that Spiritualism was an outgrowth of Quietism, which would yet tower up in majestic grandeur and spread over the whole earth, till all the human family took shelter under its broad banner.

After the lecture was finished, the intelligence changed, and the following poem, composed in spirit life, was given, entitled,

## MY CHILDREN.

Far in the land of Love and Light,  
Where Death's cold touch can never blight  
The buds most precious to the sight—  
The Power Divine  
Hath given to my fostering care,  
A youthful band of spirits fair.

Thus are they mine.

Sweet blossoms from the earthly spring—  
Weak fledglings with the untamed wing—  
Dear lambs—such as the angels bring,  
With tenderest love,  
From earthly storms and tempests cold,  
Safe to the warm and sheltering fold,  
In heaven above.

Oh! gentle mothers of the earth!  
Who gave these precious spirits birth—  
Your homes have lost their sounds of mirth  
And childish glee;  
But not in Death's embrace they sleep—  
Nay, gentle mothers, cease to weep—  
They dwell with me.

There, mid the amaranthine bowers,  
Through all the long, bright, gladsome hours,  
Your loved-ones tend their birds and flowers,  
And often come  
With gifts of love and garlands bright,  
To gladden with their forms of light,  
Your earthly home.

Their gentle lips to yours are pressed,  
Their heads are pillowed on your breast,  
And in your loving arms they rest,  
For they are given  
By Him whose ways are ever kind,  
As precious links of love, to bind  
Your souls to heaven.

Oh! could the sunshine of the heart  
Dispel the blinding tears that start,  
And all your doubts and fears depart—  
Those forms, concealed  
Like blossoms 'neath the shades of night,  
Before your spirit's quickened sight  
Would stand revealed.

They still are yours, and yet are mine,  
I teach them of the Life Divine,  
And lead them to the truth's pure shrine,  
That evermore,  
Through heavenly wisdom understood,  
The True, the Beautiful, the Good,  
They may adore.

They know no griefs, they shed no tears,  
For perfect love dispels their fears,  
And through their life's eternal years,  
They haste to meet  
The humblest duty of the way,  
And every call of love obey  
With willing feet.

Oh ye! who tears of anguish shed  
Above some empty cradle-bed,  
Where once reposed a precious head—  
Be reconciled,  
For yet your longing eyes shall see,  
In heaven's broad sunshine, glad and free,  
Your spirit child.

They are all there—they are all there—  
The young, the beautiful, the fair;  
They know no want, they feel no care.  
They are not dead,  
But, quickened in their spirit's powers,  
Life crowns with her immortal flowers,  
Each shining head.

Some are no longer weak and small,  
But fair, and beautiful, and tall;  
And yet I call them children all,  
For they believe,  
With childlike faith, the truths I teach,  
And render back in simple speech  
What they receive.

Your "Birdie" there hath found a place,  
And "Battie," with her earnest face,  
And "Sylvia," with her quiet grace  
And words of love,  
And "Marion," free as summer air,  
And "Agnes," beautiful and fair—  
A tender dove.

These are more precious in my sight,  
Than all the radiant gems of light  
That on the royal brow of night  
Arise and shine;  
And through a pure, maternal love,  
Known even in the world above,  
I call them mine.

Oh, ask them not for earth again,  
The bitter cup of grief to drain,  
To tread in sorrow and in pain  
Life's thorny track;  
Love's rainbow arch to heaven they crossed,  
Gone, but not dead—unseen, not lost—  
Call them not back.

Oh, gentle mothers, cease to weep,  
The faithful shepherd of the sheep  
The tender little lambs will keep,  
Mid shadows dim,  
Lean calmly on the Father's breast—  
"He giveth his beloved rest,"  
Trust ye in him.

**Spiritualism in Washington.**  
Several correspondents from the capital assure us of the success of the experiment of establishing regular Spiritualist Meetings in the city of Washington, at which some of the best lecturers in the country have spoken. The venerable sage, John Pierpont, has occasionally fed the audiences from his store of wisdom, with practical and philosophical experiences. Mr. A. E. Newton has delivered a long course of lectures before the society. "Thomas" Gales Forster has given several of his sterling, inspirational discourses, and other good speakers are under engagement. This looks as though the Spiritual Philosophy had found a sure foothold at the seat of government. It long since found entrance to the hearts of many of the government of officials; and it will continue its progressive march, till all souls are guided by its light and truth.

Fate is a condition—Soul is a principle.

## New Publications.

**THE GREAT CONSUMPTION.** By Rev. John Cumming. New York: Carlton, publisher. For sale in Boston by Crosby & Nichols.

The previous volumes from the pen of Dr. Cumming, as well as his peculiar views on the restoration of all things to a condition of perfect holiness, are very familiar to the reading world, and to those who know the contents of new publications. The present properly belongs to his series, and may be regarded as the culmination and crown of his previous efforts. It is written eloquently and impressively, and will deepen the influence of his other productions on the minds of his many readers and admirers. His books have sold in this country to an astonishing extent already, and a large sale may be looked for the present volume. We do not hold to the opinions of the writer, but they form deeply interesting matter for speculative readers.

**THE WHIP, HORSE AND SWORD.** By Rev. Geo. H. Heworth. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

Mr. Heworth went out to the wars as Chaplain of the 47th Mass. Regiment, and in the course of his wanderings, observations and experiences, has picked up and presented a most interesting mass of intelligence concerning Southern habits of life and industry. One passage from his pages shows very clearly how foreign travelers get such pleasing impressions of the institution on first seeing it; his explanation and showing up is as good as an extract from Sargent's "Peculiar." He lets us at once into the secrets of the once glorious but now decayed life of the planter; gives us living sketches of men and things there; shows what wonderful changes have been wrought within the short term of the war's duration; and proves that it was neither more nor less than what would naturally come, and what we should have duly looked for. Mr. Heworth's experiences have lain with the shattered Louisiana slavery system, out of which he picks many a plum of exciting story, and garnishes it with most impressive and pointed reflections.

**THE COLOR GUARD.** By James K. Hooper. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

A pleasing, as well as stirring story of the war, which the publishers have honored with a neat and deserved dress. These books are the natural fruit of the present war, and help educate the rising generation in those sentiments of patriotism which alone can hold us together as a nation of States. We predict much popularity for so timely a production.

**THE PACIFIC MONTHLY** for January, has reached our sanctum. It has changed editors since we last saw it. Lisle Lester has assumed the editorial management. We notice among the contributors to this number, the names of Rev. J. D. Strong and Mrs. M. D. Strong, former editors, and Miss Emma Harding. We wish it the success it eminently deserves.

**BALLOU'S DOLLAR MONTHLY** for March, is out prompt and early, full of good things for mental digestion.

## Correspondence in Brief.

**THE "CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT."**—Do you remember, dear reader, the story "The Broken China Cup," in the "Children's Department"? Oh, yes, you do, of course; you could not pass over such a thing as that. It is beautifully calculated to stir, yes, to arouse the innermost sympathies and affections of those who read the BANNER OF LIGHT. This morning, taking up the BANNER to finish reading it, and as I ran my eye over that beautiful story, so full of heart-felt simplicity, love and truth, I hardly knew which to admire most, the dear child, or the good brother who succored her, or that kind sister who has thrown the incidents together in a manner so well calculated to impress the readers, and draw out all those finer sensibilities of their own divine interiors. The moment I read it, I was strongly impressed to drop you a line, with the dew of sympathy glistening in my eyes; for I am not ashamed to confess that my heart beats in perfect unison with every effort of my dear brothers and sisters, on this or the other side of Jordan.

JOHN J. BOTTLEFIELD.

**St. Louis, Jan. 29, 1864.**

Another subscriber, from Fairhaven, Vt., (O. P. Hill,) speaking of the "Children's Department," says:

"I am pleased with this new feature in the BANNER. If there is anything that parents should pay particular attention to, it is the kind of reading which they furnish for their children. My children are old enough to take an interest in reading, and they all look with much anxiety for the BANNER each week."

**PARDON IN CINCINNATI.**—A correspondent writing from Cincinnati, Ohio, under date of Feb. 24, says:—

"L. Judd Pardee has just given four lectures in this city, to increasing and appreciative audiences. The friends had secured the First Swedenborgian Church for a season, but the audience was so large that the editor of which selected the subject named—

"In pursuance of the announcement, Dr. L. K. Cooley delivered two able discourses on Spiritualism in this place, last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. His audience, on each occasion, expressed themselves pleased with the entertainment. The subject on the second evening was 'The Southern Rebellion.' It was handled with uncommon ability, and the spirits of eminent statesmen from South Carolina and Massachusetts are said to have furnished the main substance of the discourse. Dr. C. has fine oratorical powers, and is able to command the close attention of his hearers."

I think I shall be at the Boston Spiritual Convention. I shall spend most of March and April in Massachusetts, and will be glad to speak in such places as are unable to pay big prices. I wish the poor to have the Gospel preached unto them. My address for those months will be either BANNER OF LIGHT, or Newburyport. The people remunerate me, as they are able, or please, as I have never made a stipulated charge, either for speaking or healing, since I have traveled as a spiritual medium. L. K. COOLEY.

**FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**—Milo Calkin, writing from this favored land, says:

"There is quite a movement among the dry bones of bigotry since Miss Harding has opened her batteries of truth in this city. The effects of her lectures will tell for time and eternity. She is doing more good than all the foreign missionaries who ever went forth to labor among men. God speed her, and your blessed paper. The 'Message Department' is worth ten times the amount of the subscription, and when my gold mine pays dividends, I will pay liberally to support it. Bro. Mansfield is as popular as ever, and constantly at his post."

Tell Bro. Mansfield to write to us.

I take much interest in the spirit communications given in your columns each week; and indeed the whole of the paper is to me a dish 'well savored.' Enclosed please find fifty cents as an installment toward helping on the free circles at your office, from Charleston, Mass.

**Announcements.**

Rev. Moses Hull speaks again in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday next.

Mrs. A. P. Brown speaks in Randolph next Sunday.

Mrs. Amanda M. Spence will lecture in Island Home Hall, East Boston, Feb. 21st, and 28th.

Dr. L. K. Cooley speaks in Washington, D. C., Feb. 14th, and is to speak there the following Sunday.

## The Star of Freedom in Sight.

The people of Florida are declaring in favor of Freedom. The leading men of the State met at St. Augustine, Dec. 10th, 1863, and unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the resumption of Federal relations in the Union, with such reforms of the late Constitution as will make future rebellion and secession impossible, is the first interest of Florida, and the first duty of the citizen.

Resolved, That among these reforms we recognize, as foremost in importance, that of recognizing the fact that all persons in the State are FREE, and providing, by fundamental laws, that slavery shall henceforth be prohibited.

A similar movement is being made in Arkansas, Tennessee and Maryland.

## Our Free Circles.

Mrs. Conant has so far recovered from her severe illness as to give us hope that she will be able to resume the circles on Monday next, and continue them every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon.

The circle room is open to visitors on the days above named, at two o'clock; services commence at three o'clock precisely.

## Spirit Manifestations.

We hope our readers will not omit the opportunity now presented for witnessing the manifestations of the spirits, through the mediumship of Annie Lord Chamberlain, a lady whom we cheerfully recommend to the skeptical public. Allow the invisibles a chance to give you that which, once in your possession, you will highly prize.

## Meetings in Portsmouth, N. H.

The friends of Spiritual Progress in Portsmouth, N. H., have united their efforts to sustain spiritual meetings in that place, and have hired a hall for that purpose, and engaged lecturers. Rev. Moses Hull speaks for them the last Sunday in Feb., and Uriah Clark the first Sunday in March.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Our is a very interesting paper this week. We invite especial attention to the narrative of Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, giving some of his experiences in Spirit Life, furnished for our columns by Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia; and also to the "Experiences of Henry Whitmore in the Spirit-world," as being worthy the notice of our readers. The account of the wonderful manifestations of spirit-power, at Buffalo, N. Y., will be read with interest; and so will the tests given by a spirit, in answer to sealed letters, which is copied from the Hartford Times. The beautiful poem, given by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the close of her lecture on Sunday evening, February 7th, will be found in this number. The above, with the "Message Department," surely will give the reader a spiritual feast sufficient to satisfy their wants for at least one week—if it is not, why, then digest the contents of the fourth and fifth pages, remembering that the BANNER will be round again in one week, full as richly laden.

Many people do not seem to be aware how important light is to their health. When they are sick, down the curtains of their room, and scarcely a ray of light is admitted. Now this is all wrong. Let the sunlight into a sick-room. It will do more toward restoring a patient to health than many of the nostrums they gulp down. Deprive an infant of heaven's free light, and it will only grow into a shapeless idiot. Instead of a beautiful, well-formed child. How important, then, is it to let light into rooms during some part of the day. It is just as necessary as ventilation, or the sunshine upon the plant. Disobey nature's laws, and premature death will be the inevitable result.

The original draft of the first Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, dated September 22, 1862, has been presented to the Army Relief Bazaar of Albany. It is in the proper handwriting of Mr. Lincoln, excepting two interlinations in pencil made by William H. Seward, Secretary of State, and the formal heading and ending of the document, which are in the handwriting of the chief clerk in the office of the Secretary of State. It is written on one side of four half-sheets of foolscap paper.

Some people are continually finding fault with everything other people do—no matter what! Digby is of the opinion that such folks ought to make a memorandum daily of everything they themselves say and do, and criticize it every Saturday night. This would keep them so busy attending to their own affairs, that they would not have time to attend to the affairs of others.

Three gentlemen, strangers to each other, put up at the National House, Haymarket Square, one day last week, who were the tallest specimens of Yankeeism we ever remember to have seen at one and the same time. One was six feet one inch in height, the second six feet two inches, and the third six feet four inches.

We find the following paragraph in the Boston Traveller:—

"The Pope is down upon Mr. Home, the famous Spiritualist, who is in Rome. The old gentleman has the keys, and he does not approve of the new-fashioned modes of tampering with those whom he has under the lock. If the Spiritualists are right, purgatorial shares must come to be quoted low."

And the Spiritualists are right.

The type foundry of the country have made an advance of about thirty per cent. in the price of all kinds of type.

Mrs. L. F. Hyde, from Boston, a well known test and business medium, is sitting daily, from 9 to 1; and Mrs. Jeannie Martin, rapping and clairvoyant medium, sits from 1 to 5 o'clock, at Mrs. Hale's circulating Library Rooms, 931 Race street, Philadelphia.

**ADVERTISING.**—A business man can sometimes go along for awhile without advertising, and so can a wagon without greasing; but it goes hard, and there is a deal of unprofitable grubbing, if not a break-down, before the journey is ended.

**GONE TO SPIRIT-LIFE.**—Ex-Governor Morton, late of Taunton, and Hon. Frederick Tudor, late of this city.

When the late great fire was first discovered at Hartford, the team going on top of the building was heard at a distance of seventeen miles.

A gentleman observing that he had fallen asleep during a sermon preached by a bishop, was remarked that it must have been preached by Bishop, the composer.

An architect proposes to build a "Bachelor's Hall," which would differ from most houses in having no Eves.

A wit has just discovered the true cause of bravery in negro troops; they are the color-bearers of the human race.

Insanity is only a conventionalism. He who knows more than his fellows is as insane as he who knows less. The test of sanity is to agree with one's fellows, and sanity itself the average stupidity of mortals.

Patrick O'Flaherty said that his wife was very ungrateful, "for when I married her she hadn't a rag to her back, but now she's covered with 'em."

Esop's fly sitting on the axle of the chariot, has been much laughed at for exclaiming, "what a dust I do raise!" Yet which of us, in his way, has not sometimes been gully of the like?

## Spiritualism vs. Adventism.

The prominent Adventist preacher and controversialist, Elder Moses Hull, will again lecture in Lyceum Hall, 57 Tremont street, next Sunday. In the afternoon the subject of his discourse will be "The Ministry of Angels." In the evening he will discourse upon "The Beauties of Spiritualism," taking for his text, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" His subject last Sabbath was his conversion from the dogma of eternal death, as taught by Adventists, to the knowledge of eternal life, as taught by Spiritualists.

As Elder Hull will remain at the East several weeks, he will be pleased to answer calls to lecture before Spiritualist Societies in New England, on Sundays and week-day evenings. Applications made to him by letter, care BANNER OF LIGHT, will receive prompt attention.

## Lyceum Hall Sociables.

One of these assemblies will take place at Lyceum Hall, Tremont street, on Tuesday evening, 10th inst. The Friday evening Old Folks' Cotillon Parties have been suspended for the present.

## Social Levee in Chelsea.

The Spiritualists of Chelsea and their friends will hold a Social Levee, in City Hall, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 17th. In the early part of the evening there will be speeches from some of the ablest speakers in the field. After which there will be dancing for those who delight in that rational amusement. Music by Walker's band. Refreshments to be obtained in the hall.

The object of this Levee is to raise funds to defray the expenses of the spiritual meetings in Chelsea. The horse-cars will leave for Boston at the close of the Levee.

Tickets for sale by the Committee; also at the Banner of Light office, and at the door. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and lady, one dollar; single tickets for ladies or children, twenty-five cents.

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscript a.]

S. H. H., CARLTON, N. Y.—Don't know where you can procure the photographs you desire.

## Three Days' Spiritualist Convention in Boston.

A Three Days' Spiritualist Convention will be held in Mercantile Hall, (Mercantile Library Association Building) No. 16 Summer street, Boston, Mass., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, February 24th, 25th and 26th, 1864. The object of the Convention will be to afford opportunity for the free interchange of sentiments, experiences and standpoints; the expression of freshest inspirations from the celestial world and from every plane of advance thought; to consider the demands of the present crisis as regards the civil, religious, moral, social, and every other department of life, and the claims and aims of Spiritualism as the harmonious gospel of the age.

Among the speakers positively engaged to attend and participate are J. S. Loveland, Mrs. A. M. Spence, Rev. Moses Hull, Miss Lizzie Doten, U. Clark, Charles A. Hayden, Mrs. Eliza C. Clark, Mrs. S. L. Chappell, H. B. Storer, Hon. F. Robinson, Dr. A. B. Child, Dr. G. F. Gardner, J. Edson, John Wetherbee Jr., Dr. D. H. Hamilton, H. C. Wright, and others. All public speakers, whether constant or occasional ones, who can meet on the broad, harmonious platform of Spiritualism, are invited.

The meeting will open at 10 1/2 A. M. on Wednesday the 24th, when it is desirable that all who are interested in the order of the Convention should be present, and decide as to the arrangements. Three sessions will be held each day—9 1/2 A. M., 2 and 7 P. M. JACOB EDWARDS, Boston, S. PLUM, Charlestown, A. B. CHILD, M. D., J. S. DUNN, Roxbury, DR. W. L. JOHNSON, C. C. COOLIDGE, Medford, H. F. GARDNER, M. D., J. S. DODGE, Chelsea, BELA MARSH, L. S. RICHARDS, Quincy.

## Four Days' Meeting at Bangor, Me.

The Spiritualists of Bangor and vicinity, will hold a convention at the Pioneer Chapel, commencing on Thursday, the 18th of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M., to be continued through Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Able speakers are expected to be present, to whom, and all others interested, a cordial invitation is extended.

Bangor, Jan. 28, 1864.

IS IT POSSIBLE that any soldier can be so foolish as to leave the city without a supply of HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS? Whoever does so will deeply regret it. These medicines are the only certain cure for Bowel complaints, long standing, or Scurvy. Prices, 50 cents, 70 cents, and \$1.00 per box or pot.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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CONDUCTED BY

M. H. ANDREWS, M. D.,

Formerly Professor of Mental Philosophy, Medical Jurisprudence, Toxicology, Public Hygiene, etc., in Penn Medical University, Philadelphia; and recent Professor of Electro-Psychology and Electro-Therapeutics, General Medicine and Surgery, in the Hygienic and Healing Institute, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Founder of the Pantologic System of Medicine; Author of "The Curability of Consumption," "Pantology, or the Science of All Things;" "Kathymonia, or the Laws of Female Health and Beauty," etc.

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## Message Department.

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while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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### Special Notice.

The Circles at which the following Messages are given are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 3, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room is open to visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Jan. 14.—Invocation: "The Seven Spirits of God." Questions and Answers: Alexander Finney, of Georgia, to his brother, Theodore; Michael Murray, to Mr. R. M. Brown, of New York City; Alice Gentry, to her mother, Hannah Gentry, of Utica, N. Y.; Wm. Bowls, (colored), to his sister Della, and brother.

Friday, Jan. 15.—Invocation: "A Literal Resurrection." Questions and Answers: Gustavus Moody, to his mother in the vicinity of Culpepper; Thomas Harris, to his mother, Hannah Harris, New Haven, Ct.; Cordelia Vernon, to her brother William C. Kenney, New Bedford, Mass.

Saturday, Jan. 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: "Stone-wall" Jackson, to his friends; Clara A. Sargent, of Warner, New Hampshire, to her parents; John Daly, to his wife, Ellen; Edward Middleton, to his mother and sisters, in Alabama.

Sunday, Jan. 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Geo. Michael Corcoran, to his friends, in New York; Theodore Rogers, to Mrs. Elizabeth Rogers, of Raleigh, N. C.; Eliza Cooper, to her mother, in Jersey City, N. J.; George (a slave), to his master, Mr. Sheldon.

### Invocation.

Give us that peace which passes human understanding. Give us that light with which we may enlighten humanity. Give us that truth which shall be ours when given through eternity. And in thy name, who art our Life, our Death, our Time, and our Eternity, we will preach thy gospel forever. Jan. 5.

### Questions and Answers.

SPRIT.—I am informed that it is your custom to allow the audience to propound questions to the speaker in control. I now wait for such.

Q.—This room being very small, the excessive heat of it becomes an annoyance to those assembled here on circle days. Now what I wish to know is, whether good ventilation would not benefit both the medium and audience?

A.—We are of the opinion that your room should always be properly ventilated. If it is not, the audience and the subject must suffer.

Q.—What form is the spirit after leaving the body?

A.—The spirit, the internal, the real man, or woman, is precisely the same in form immediately after it has deserted the body. Therefore, if you know what manner of man or woman you are when here, you can easily tell what you will be immediately after death. But do not understand us to affirm that you will retain that form throughout eternity. All forms are subject to the laws of change, or progress. Although the human form is the highest that your human senses can conceive of, yet it is by no means the highest form that you will ever know.

Q.—Does spirit exist in the human soul wherever there is sensation?

A.—Yes, certainly. Those parts that are diseased are not perfectly controlled by the spirit as those portions that are in a healthy condition. When spirit has full and entire control of the physical, then that physical must enjoy harmonious action, which is health. But when spirit has lost control of a portion of the human body, then inharmonious action will be the consequence. Therefore all disease may be called a lack of power on the part of the spirit to control that particular portion of the physical body. Assist it to regain that control, and health will be restored to the human system again.

Q.—What is the process of applying remedial agents to the human system?

A.—If the remedial agents are selected under the supervision of wisdom, the effect cannot be otherwise than harmonious. But if those remedial agents are selected in ignorance, the effect will be inharmonious.

Q.—That does not explain the principle by which specific action is forced.

A.—Perhaps we do not fully understand the nature of your question. Please put it to us again in another form.

Q.—In giving a remedial agent, we give it with a view to correct the action of some particular organ. Now as the stomach is the only channel for the reception of these medicinal agents, by what process is this specific action forced into the diseased organ? What is the principle?

A.—Are you sure there is no other channel for the reception of those medicinal agents but the human stomach?

Q.—We are sure there is not materially.

A.—We certainly cannot agree with you, for we know that the physical body is composed of an infinite number of ramifications. When, therefore, a remedial agent is taken into the stomach, these ramifications convey the effects, either sensibly or insensibly, to every other portion of the form. You may not at first realize any benefit from the remedial agent, but time will reveal it to your senses.

Q.—The remedial agent must act either magnetically, or upon the gases, then?

A.—All remedial agents act with more or less power upon the gases of the system; if they did not, they could not be conveyed over these electrical wires of the system. The wires would be inactive agents, without power to convey the effects of the healing agent to all parts of the human form.

Q.—Then spirit acts upon the electrical agent of the individual spirit?

A.—As science progresses from year to year, you will begin to understand more perfectly the action and relation of your spiritual bodies to your physical bodies. Then you will know better how to select your remedial agents, and instead of giving the crude matter, you will give the refined, or, in other words, the imperishables of the universe, which will come to you through water, air, fire, and many mediums that may be used for the transmission of those remedial agents that are not known to you at the present time. Even now you are fast receding from the cold external of things, and are making yourselves acquainted with the internal. How many thousands there are who are wholly ignorant of the uses of magnetism as a healing agent. Who is there among you that understands the mystery of this wondrous power of laying on of hands? Jesus, the Prince of all healing mediums, did not himself profess to understand this mighty magnetic power, and yet the cures he effected must have been surely an approximation to it.

Q.—Will the medium tell us—  
A.—Pardon us, not the medium, but the intelligence.

Q.—Will the intelligence please tell us whether in the case of a person who had lost a limb before death, the form would remain the same immediately after that change?

A.—The loss is exclusively with the physical. The spiritual never becomes deformed by any deformity of the physical. Your clairvoyants will tell you that they always see the form entire, the spiritual form, even where there is a deformity of the physical, and this accounts for the pain which some persons experience after the loss of a limb. Where there is no physical foot, your patient will tell you, with all truth, that the foot pains him, even after amputation has taken place. Now that psychology force is kept up for the time being in the spirit-foot—for there is always more or less pain felt in the spirit-foot until the physical member shall have come perfectly under the rule of another law.

Q.—Is the spiritual form the exact counterpart of the physical form immediately after death?

A.—We believe it is so; nay, more, we know it is so.

Q.—Then is the spiritual form which the individual possesses immediately after leaving the body, like the one it had in sickness, or when in a perfect state of health?

A.—In health, for health is an exhibition of the entire prevalence of the spirit-body. Many spirits so psychologize the vision of their mediums as to represent themselves, perhaps, deformed. But the power they possess in this respect can be employed only temporarily, and is only used as a means by which to identify themselves to earthly senses.

Q.—Spirits are sometimes seen by clairvoyants, wearing an old dress, spectacles, or using a crutch. Now are the clairvoyants psychologized by spirit?

A.—We believe they are; and again, the spirit thus seen is often obliged to visit earth, that it may clothe itself in these, there former habiliments. Their material many gather from the atmosphere, but generally from the body of the medium. Your mediums in earth life are most used, from the fact that the disembodied spirit can extract such imperishables from their physical bodies, as will enable them to clothe themselves in material garments.

Q.—Do two clairvoyants, looking at the same spirit, have different perceptions in regard to its material form?

A.—Where the vision is entirely psychologic, then the same spirit may appear in two different dresses. But when the vision is produced by positive arrayal of the spirit in those habiliments, then each must see alike.

Q.—Can you state any circumstances favorable to a spirit's becoming conscious of itself immediately after death?

A.—One of the most favorable circumstances to this is the individual's living up to the fulfillment of time in the physical. Let the measure of your days in mortal be well filled, and when you pass out of the physical body you will hardly realize any change. When the spirit has used up all the vitality that the physical body produces, then its separation from the body will be easy and natural. But when the spirit is violently separated from the physical body, then you die unnatural deaths; and unconsciousness must ensue for a greater or less degree of time. True, there are many thousands who wake after a few hours' unconsciousness in spirit life, but there are many that remain unconscious for thousands of years in the spirit-world. Now it is your duty, I believe, as individual human spirits, to retain all the faculties God has given you, until old age. Let the spirit receive its entire full measure of experience while dwelling on the earth, then there will be less attraction to physical things; then your resurrection will be as clear as the noonday sun; then you cannot long remain unconscious, for you have had a natural death, which insures a natural and happy resurrection.

Q.—It is recorded in history, but doubted by some, that an individual being decapitated, the executioner held it up, exclaiming, "Here is the head of a traitor," when instantly the lips replied that it was a falsehood. Is it your opinion that there was spirit enough to control the organs of speech in such a case?

A.—It is our opinion that the machine would be so far out of tune as to prohibit such an occurrence. Jan. 5.

### Dr. Aaron Moore.

I am very thankful to be able to manifest through a mediumistic subject, even here. I should be rejoiced if I could transmit my message to my friends at home. I am not acquainted with this Spiritual Philosophy, but was somewhat acquainted with the control of mind over matter, before I left my own body. I was able to mesmerize persons, and at such times possessed the power of rendering them clairvoyant, and of producing a variety of strange manifestations; but I had never made up my mind that the spirit, after it had left the physical form, was capable of returning and controlling a foreign organism. I had been told that Spiritualism was the twin-sister to mesmerism, &c., but I never made myself acquainted with it. I am very sorry now that I neglected to do so when on earth, for I believe I should have made more progress since I come to spirit world. I have known more of Spiritualism. As it is, I have only been there a little short of six weeks. So you see, Mr. Chairman, I have not slumbered long.

If you have no objections, I should like to ask you a few questions, sir, and one is, Do you have any reason to believe that my message will ever be transmitted across the lines into rebellion? [Yes, we are told that they often are.] I have heard so, but was not certain of it. Then I suppose I have a fair chance of hoping to reach my family? [We think you have.] Shall I give my name, age, and circumstances attending my death in this connection? [If you please.]

My name was Aaron Moore. I was forty-five years of age and a little over two months. I was surgeon of the Tenth South Carolina. I did not come to my death, change, whatever you may be pleased to call it, by lead or steel, by no means, but by disease contracted by exposure.

About sixteen miles from Charleston I have a wife, two little girls and a son. In Kentucky I have a father. Here at the North I have a brother; but I have been informed that he is in the Federal service. If he is, perhaps he will not care to open communication with his rebel brother. But I do earnestly hope that I shall be able to reach my family; my wife and children I am particularly anxious to reach in this way, for they do not know that I can even take the smallest part in their present welfare. I am aware, sir, that I shall be obliged to break down walls that have stood for a lifetime. In order to make myself known to my family; but I am determined to do whatever I can to convince them of my existence. I wish, first, to tell them I can return; and, next, to ask them to permit me to return, and commune with them as I do here today.

Perhaps it may be well for me to go a little further at this time, for identification's sake. I met with an accident when ten years of age, by being thrown from a carriage in which I was riding. This resulted in a severe scar upon the left arm, which was there up to the time of my separating from my body. [There scar was between the elbow and wrist?] Yes, it was. Let me see; shall I give you my height? [Yes.] When last measured, I stood six feet and one half inch.

My weight, when in good condition, was from two hundred to two hundred and four pounds.

I have been requested to state, in behalf of the gentleman from Halifax who visited you yesterday, that he wishes me to inform you that he died of cancer of the stomach. He was told in coming here by no means to give the disease he died of, so as to cast a shadow of suffering upon the medium. I perceive that with all his care he has left a mark upon the stomach, for there is a good degree of inflammation upon the esophagus, which I could not understand until I received this light from the gentleman.

Well, my friend, Mr. Chairman, although politically speaking I might have been considered as an enemy, I trust you will deal with me as with friends. [Where does your father reside?] My father, I presume, may be found in Frankfort, Kentucky. His name is like my own, Aaron Moore. Jan. 5.

### William H. Smith.

Well, I haven't any experience, Capt'n. In these matters, I should be glad to send a letter home. [You can do so.] I was William H. Smith, of the Thirty-Fifth Massachusetts Company A. I was killed at Antietam, on the 17th of September. I've been some time getting round, Capt'n, but I'm here now, sure. Most of my folks are down east, in Augusta, but I've got one brother up here in Boston that's a sail-maker. He worked, the last I knew of him, somewhere in Commercial street. [What is your brother's name?] Henry. I have heard something about his being drafted, or having enlisted. I thought maybe there was no truth in it, and that he might like to know about my death. This ere death is a funny fellow to deal with, Capt'n. [Was Palmer the name of the man your brother worked for?] That don't seem like it. It seems kind of a jaw-breaking name. If I remember right, I think I should know it if I heard it, though I'm not sure.

I suppose folks would like to know just how I went out. Well, in the first place I was wounded in the arm. I stood that pretty well, until I got shot through the shoulder. I didn't cave in then, neither. The next thing I knew, my head was in one place and the rest of my body in another. I succumbed to that, Capt'n. I had to ground arms then. The sensation was something like two worlds coming together with a crash. I didn't think that I was killed, at first. I had an idea that something or somebody was, yet it didn't seem as though it was so. But when I examined my body a few hours afterwards, I ascertained it was minus the head, so I come to the conclusion that I must have gone out, I suppose head first. It's no use to mope over these things; might as well laugh as cry, you know, over what can't be helped.

I suppose if my old mother could hear me make light of such serious things, she'd think I was a subject for the lower regions, certainly. But, Capt'n, things ain't now as they used to was. Capt'n, death ain't the same fellow after you get acquainted with him. He can't make us run after we are out of the body. Before you get acquainted with him, you know he shows up a good many buggers.

Well, Capt'n, I'm here, and I'd like to talk with my friends; and if they think it's best to talk with me, let them just appoint time and place, and give me a first-rate talking machine, and I'll do the best I can. Jan. 5.

### Invocation.

Teach us, oh Power by which we find ourselves surrounded, to understand thee. Baptize us daily with that wisdom that alone is felt in the higher kingdoms of life. Oh Spirit whom we cannot understand, may we feel that entire reliance upon thy power, thy love, that thou wouldst have us feel. Oh God, the human soul calls thee Father and Mother, for it feels that it hath been born of thee; and it feels, also, that it will return to thy loving embrace after the experiences of mortality are over, and there rest with thee. Oh give us that truth by which we may overcome all error; that wisdom which is wisdom; that light with which to dispel the shades that float around human life, and we praise thee now and through eternity. Jan. 7.

### The Foreknowledge of God Consistent with Evil.

SPRIT.—In accordance with your custom we wait for the propounding of questions.

SUNSHINE.—Is the foreknowledge of God consistent with the existence of evil?

A.—The foreknowledge of God consistent with the existence of evil? First, let us consider, in brief, what God is. He has been called a law. Now law presupposes a law-giver, and if this God is a law, we are to suppose he is not only the law, but the giver of the law. He is not only the manifestation, but the principle propelling the manifestation.

That which you call evil is but undeveloped good, is that that portion of life that is seeking harmony but has not found it; as childhood reaches out its powers for mature life. You cannot say with truth the child is the adult, and yet in reality, in spirit, in principle, they must be the same. But you reason from your external senses, and this is well; for you live and move and have your being in mundane life by those senses, and you measure all that is brought within the range of your vision by those external senses.

Therefore we do not wonder that in the human you look upon that as evil which is but undeveloped good. Now if there was not a supreme necessity for this condition which you call evil, do you suppose it would exist? We think not. If Deity looked down through eternity and perceived the effect that would follow every cause, surely he knew what effects would follow evils that have an existence in earth-life. Surely he knew that that which you call evil would have an abiding place with you as mortals; for if he had chosen, he might have ordered it otherwise. Instead of your living in the face of evil, and his suffering you to ride high upon the waves of prosperity, now sinking down into the dark depths of adversity, he might have made your life harmonious and evenly balanced.

Nature, through the external, might have discoursed pleasant music. But from the fact that these undeveloped conditions are suffered to have an existence upon your earth, we conclude that Deity, the Power which controls, controls not only that which is developed, but the undeveloped. And if he is eternal life, he must have known in the past what the present would bring forth; and again, he knows what the future has in store for his children.

But human nature, while it is surrounded by human conditions, ever seeks to comprehend Deity through human conditions, and to measure him by those conditions alone. You can only understand as much of Deity as is revealed to you through human senses. Now, then, be content with the Deity of human life. If he offers you conditions that seem inharmonious, be sure they will in time become harmonious ones. They may be imperfect and undeveloped now, but they are steppingstones to greater happiness and better conditions. Jan. 7.

### Questions and Answers.

Q.—Is not human nature the origin of all evil?

A.—If you call flesh and blood human nature, we shall say no, by no means; it is not its origin. But if you refer to the life, the spirit that pervades the human form, we shall say that all these imperfect or undeveloped conditions you call evil exist only here. You see Deity through a glass darkly; and it is well that you do. You are constantly making mistakes, and that is well; for by those mistakes you leave your childhood and merge into the manhood of spirit.

Q.—What makes it necessary that evil should exist? A.—The soul must gather a certain experience from contact with mundane conditions. It can come in contact with those conditions only through inharmonious laws, for the contact of the divine with the human always produces disturbance. The elements will not mingle. Now we believe that it is absolutely necessary that evil should have an existence with you. The experiences of the spirit must be gained by mistakes which are equivalent to hard labor. You earn your daily bread by hard labor with your hands. You earn your spiritual food or experience by mistakes, which is hard labor of the spirit. The infinite hath so ordered it that that which comes to you without labor on your part, is lightly prized. You do not appreciate that which you have made no effort to make your own. It is not according to human nature. Now, then, if soul gains its experience by mistakes or hard labor, that experience will be prized by it, and will become just what Deity meant it should become—an everlasting lesson.

Q.—It has been said that stimulating drinks and opium are sometimes administered for the purpose of throwing the mind into such a state as to cause it to give forth some of the finest thoughts. Is it so?

A.—We believe it is so—nay, more, we know it is so. The spirit, when the body is under the action of these narcotics or stimulants, retires to its inner chamber, and from that it looks out into the great world beyond with clearer vision than it has ever before known, for it has less to do with the things of the mundane world. True, the key that opened the door may not be what you call good, nevertheless it has opened the door of the future, and the spirit, taking advantage of the occasion, has looked forth. Can you understand us?

Q.—Yes. If individuals employing such stimulants had let them alone and lived temperately, would they not have had equally splendid ideas?

A.—Yes, certainly they would; but we know from observation, that there is not more than one in one hundred, who does live, physically, as he should live.

Q.—What is the meaning of the so-called change of heart? A.—It means simply the abandoning of those conditions in which we have lived and moved; the changing of that course of life which belongs to the spirit. When one comes under the rule of Churchdom, and relinquishes somewhat of their hold upon material conditions, the Church says you have experienced a change of heart. Well, this is a term they use to convey a certain spiritual idea; but we think they might as well use any other term.

Q.—Then conversion is not brought about in a few minutes.

A.—There are as many different kinds of conversion as there are individuals to be converted. Some are brought under a powerful psychologic influence, and their conversion is instantaneous. Others are brought to conversion by calm reflection. They generally hold out the longest.

Q.—Forsaking evil ways and turning to paths of righteousness, I conclude is being converted. Am I correct?

A.—Yes; that is a very good explanation. Jan. 7.

### Horace L. Roberts.

I—I don't want to be in too much haste, but if I could not have come here to-day, I—I should not have cared to come any other time, because no other time would serve me as well. However, if I—I had known as much about these things before death as I know now, I should have talked a little different from what I did.

I told my acquaintances, friends and relatives, if I was killed, and Spiritualism was true, I'd manage somehow to get free from my body in less than a day's time, and report here. Pretty tough work, and you have to be pretty well acquainted to get a pass so soon. But I got it, any way—I got it.

I was a medium myself for speaking, writing, letters on the arm, moving tables, and most all kinds of manifestations you could think of. Any I ever heard of I used to get. But when one power was on me strong the others was n't there. I could n't tell the reason of it, but for weeks I'd get nothing but speaking; and then again I'd run into clairvoyance for a while, and then that power would pass off, and I'd get nothing but moving things, raps, etc. So I did n't have 'em all at a time, you see.

Well, when this war broke out I got shot up in rebellion. When it first broke out, I was in Georgia. I tried hard enough to get home—I belonged in Missouri—but I could n't do it, and I got pressed into service, and was wounded once in the early part of the war, and thought I got clear, but I soon found myself a prisoner in rebel hands. I fought 'em—I fought 'em, and told 'em I would come North, but I could n't get away after all.

Well, after I was wounded and got better, what the dev—kind of use do you think they put me to? Well, they kept me for a clairvoyant. Their powers was brought to their assistance, and I was made to tell the position of the army on this side. You see they have their spirit guides the same as you do, and when they once get power over a medium they hold it just as long as they can. Well, the rebels used me for a clairvoyant, and I used to swear to myself that I would n't give them the information they demanded, but I had to be paid.

Well, I said, I'll go back into the army and run my chances to get home. Well, that's what I wanted to do, but my spirit guides seemed determined that I should n't come North. Well, I went back and tried to push myself through and come North, but luck was against me, for I tripped up on everything, and to get an opening I could n't, to save my soul. Well, not long after I was wounded at Chancellorsville again; I got a pretty bad wound that time. Well, I kept growing weaker until they said consumption of the blood set in. I can't tell whether I died of that or not, but when I went out I told the folks I'd come back again if Spiritualism was true.

My name was Horace L. Roberts. I am from Missouri. I was twenty-two years of age, should have been twenty-three had I lived until March. I died in Richmond, Vir. [Where do your folks reside?] In Clarksville, Missouri.

Now there are plenty of folks there, down South, that believe this. I was shut up pretty close when I was not in the army. [They used you pretty well, didn't they?] Yes, they used me pretty well, but it was my spirit guides and their spirit friends that made 'em. They fed me pretty well, and took pretty good care of me, so I've no fault to find on that score; but they were obliged to do it.

Why, I've been consulted by a hundred and sixteen officers in one day, with regard to the position of the Federal army. [Did they get satisfied?] Well, they got all they wanted, I guess. I did n't want to be an instrument in giving them knowledge that would enable them to defeat you, but I could n't help it. There I was, you see, completely in their power.

Now some of them folks say they believe in clairvoyance, but not in Spiritualism; and I used to tell them spirits had done it all, but they could n't seem to believe it.

There was Colonel Fales, a good smart colonel in the rebel army, and a good man, too, if it were not for his secession sentiments, who came to see me last night, and he said: "Horace, they say you're a going to die," I said: "Yes; but I'll come back before a day's time, if Spiritualism is true." "Well," he said, "if you do, I'll believe that everybody and anybody else can come back."

Now I'll manage so that Colonel gets my paper. I'll contrive some way for him to get it. I got will-power.

er enough to drive my steam-engine through creation. I thought I'd break down because I had such a confounded lack of power when I died! but I've steamed up, and I've told God's truth, and I've done just what I said I would. Good-day. Jan. 7.

### James McGuire.

Fulth, I suppose that chaps coming here so soon makes the old saying good, "where there's a will there's a way." It seems to be; but I think myself there's very much depends upon the strength of one's will after all. Faith, I been trying the last eighteen months to come back this way. The more I try, the further I seem to be from coming.

I belonged to the 10th Massachusetts Company B. I suppose, if accounts is true, I was killed at Fair Oaks, one of the seven days' battles before Richmond.

I have, or had then—but I learned since, that my wife and family have gone into New York State—I had a wife and family here. But I suppose maybe it's as easy for me to reach them there, as it would be here. I hear about a good many coming back and making folks happy that they've left behind. Now I'd have been willing to give up a good share of my happiness in the future to come back as soon as I died. But I—I have to stay back to-day. Faith, it was an easy thing for that other chap to come back so early; for he have plenty what are much indebted to him in the spirit-world, and they lend him of his power, and bolster him up all the time while he was speaking here to-day. But you see, sir, it's not so easy for such as I am to come back.

I was James McGuire here; what I am since I left me body on the battle-field, I do n't know. I suppose that belongs to the body, and when we lose the body, we lose the name too.

I have a brother in these parts I should like to talk to if I could. He's a tailor by trade. [A Catholic?] To be sure, as I was. I suppose now the Church may be something of a high wall between us and our friends on the earth. If I can get over and shake hands with him on the other side of this high wall of the Church, then I'll do something worth doing. I do n't know as the Church prevents us coming this way, but I've heard so.

Now about me wife and family; they're in New York State, in Springfield. They were recommended to go there by a cousin of me wife, who's got some sort of an influence there; I don't know what, for I did n't know him myself. It seems he hear of me death, and took an interest in me family, and got them to come there.

I hear this Spiritualism is not in the dark, but is all around everywhere. I do n't know how to get at my folks any better way than by coming here. [We guess you are on the right road.] So they told me. They said I'd get a chance to come here and make myself heard by me friends if I called loud, and that the ones who came here generally called loud enough to be heard by their friends on the earth. [We publish what you say.] Yes, sir, so I hear.

I got nothing to say about the traps I left; I do n't care a fig about them. I know very well me folks will get along. I do n't have no fears on that account, but I'd like to talk with 'em and show 'em something about this new light. [Do you entertain the Catholic faith now?] Oh, yes, sir. I entertain it in this way—I think it's very good for eyes that can't bear any brighter light. [Would n't it be a good light for your friends to live by?] Faith, I suppose it would. [They might have Truth for a light and have less of it.] Very well, then there's something of Truth in the Catholic Church, just as much as they can hear.

[Are the Catholics in the spirit-world made aware of the recent death of Archbishop Hughes?] I did n't know it myself; maybe some others did. [He's gone to the spirit-world.] Well, I suppose there's no better heaven for him there, than there is for the plain fishman, and maybe one not so good. Oh, the Church is very well in its place. It gives just as much light as the masses that take refuge under it can stand.

Well, Mr. President, I got nothing in the way of money to pay you with now, but when you come on this side, I'll fish up some currency and square up. Good-day, sir. Jan. 7.

### Mary Smith, or (No. 64.)

I died at the Catholic Institution in Worcester street, Boston, three years ago, in October. I was sick with consumption almost eight months, and was nine years old.

I promised the sisters—Sister Agnes—I would, if the blessed saints permit me, I would watch over her after death. I thought perhaps should I come here and tell her how I could speak, and how I could come to her this way, she would like to have me, and perhaps would go where I could come and speak.

My father and mother died the year before I was taken into the school. I was Mary Smith, or No. 64. The children goes by numbers there.

Maybe Sister Agnes will ask me to come and speak to her. I shall tell her much about this beautiful country; and there are four or five of us who've died out of the institution, that are waiting to come to her. She is the sister having charge of the Infirmary, and she's very good to the sick. She administers, sometimes, the rites of the Church when the priest is not by.

[Can you give the names of your companions?] I forget their names here, sir, for your names are not now what they used to be, and I might make a mistake in their numbers. Two of them was not there when I was, but died before I was taken into the institution. They lost their names when they lost their bodies. I did mine, but they said I must remember it, else I would n't be known here. [Are you in company now with those little ones, in the same sphere?] No, sir. I do n't know what you mean by the same sphere. [Are you ever with them?] Sometimes. We don't dwell together. Fare



## LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this list perfectly reliable, and in order to do this it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecturers. Lecturers will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments, as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Mrs. HULL will speak in Boston Feb. 21; in Charleston March 6; will answer calls to lecture in New England. Address: Boston, Mass.

Mrs. LIZZIE DOTEN will speak in Providence Feb. 21 and 22; in Chelsea March 15; in Portland April 8 and 9; in Worcester April 15 and 16; in Quincy May 1 and 2; in Milford May 3; in Philadelphia during October. Also in Newburyport Wednesday and Thursday evenings Feb. 10 and 11. Address, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND will speak in Chicago during Feb. in Quincy March 9 and 10; in Boston March 20 and 21.

Mrs. SOPHIA L. CHAPPELL, of New York, speaks in Taunton Feb. 21 and 22; in Providence March 6 and 13; in Portland March 20 and 21. It is arranged on the first two evenings in February, and is at liberty after March. Address at the BANNER OF LIGHT office.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON will speak in Marlboro', N. H., Feb. 21; in Lowell, Vt., Feb. 22; in Lowell during March; in Plymouth April 5 and 6; in Portland, Me., April 17 and 18. Address Brandon, Vt.

J. M. FRENCH will speak in Rockford, Ill., the first two Sundays of each month. Address as above.

Mrs. EMMA HOUZEUR will lecture in Bangor, Me., till July 31. Address as above, or East Stoughton, Mass.

Mrs. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Philadelphia during February; in Stamford, Conn., during April. Address West Killington, Conn.

Mrs. LAURA DEPOSEN GORDON will speak in Old Town and Bradley, Me., during February. Address as above, or at Providence, R. I., care of Capt. C. H. Gordon.

Mrs. MARTHA L. BUCKWORTH, trance speaker, will lecture in Stamford, Conn., during February; in Taunton, Mass., during March; in Chicago during April; in Springfield, Mass., May 1 and 2; in Lowell during June. Address at New Haven, care of George Beckwith, Reference, H. B. Storor, Boston.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN will speak in Philadelphia during March. These lectures are for a series of lectures, and address her till March 1st at Cleveland, O.; after that, care of H. T. Child, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., half the time till further notice; in Randolph Feb. 21. Address 82, Johnbury Centre, Vt.

Mrs. LAURA CHASE will lecture in "Harmonical Hall," Dayton, Ohio, every Sunday evening at 7:15 o'clock, till further notice. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Conference at the above hall every Wednesday evening at 7:15 o'clock.

AURORA B. SIMMONS will speak in East Bethel, Vt., on the second Sunday of every month during the coming year. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

Mrs. A. B. WHITING will make a tour through the Eastern States next spring and summer, speaking at Providence, R. I., the Sundays of April. Those desiring her services should address him at 100 N. Main, Mich.

Mrs. HELEN, of Lockport, N. Y., will speak in Lowell, Mich., the first Sunday in each month; in Otisco, the second; in Laphamville, third; in Alpin, fourth.

Mrs. ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 422, Bridgeport, Conn., will lecture in Bridgeport, Conn., during February. Intends visiting amount in March, and will receive proposals to lecture in that State during the month.

Mrs. NELLIE J. TEMPLER will speak in Portland, Me., during February.

Mrs. SUSAN M. JOHNSON will speak in Chelsea, Mass., Feb. 21 and 22; in Portland, Me., March 6 and 13; in Quincy, Mass., April 10 and 17, and desires to make engagements for the coming year. Address, Chelsea, Mass.

H. B. STOROR will speak in Foxboro', Mass., March 6 and 20 and April 8.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Kingsbury Hall, Chicago, Ill., during February. He will receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

W. K. RIGBY will speak in Stockport, N. Y., during February, in Somers, Conn., April 17 and 18; in Lowell, Mass., May 15 and 22; in Little River Valley, Me., June 2 and 9. Address as above, or Snow's Falls, Me.

Mrs. OLIVER A. FIELDS, trance medium, will speak in Palmyra, Me., the two first Sundays in February. Would like to make engagements for the vicinity the rest of the present winter. Address, Palmyra, Me.

Mrs. LAURA M. HOLMES will speak in Stockton, Me., the first Sunday in each month.

Dr. L. K. COOKLEY will speak in Harrisburg, Pa., during February. Agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT, and also for the sale of Spiritual and Reform publications.

Mrs. ANNE A. CHASE will speak in Dedworth's Hall, New York City, during February; in Baltimore, Md., during March. Will receive proposals to speak in the East during the summer months. Address as above, or Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. E. A. BATES, of Springfield, Mass., will speak in Springfield Feb. 21 and 22; in Lowell during March; in Chelsea, Mass., April 8 and 10; in Chelsea April 17 and 18; in Plymouth May 1 and 2; in Quincy May 22 and 29.

J. G. FINE speaks on his "Sundays at Battle Creek" in Springfield Feb. 21 and 22; in Lowell during March; in Chelsea, Mass., April 8 and 10; in Chelsea April 17 and 18; in Plymouth May 1 and 2; in Quincy May 22 and 29.

Mrs. SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Old Town, Me., during February. Address as above, or Claremont, N. H.

Mrs. E. M. WOLVERTON will speak in Leicester, Vt., Feb. 21; in East Middlebury, Feb. 28; in Lowell during April; in Dover, during June; in Old Town and Lincoln, Me., during July; will make no engagements for August; in Providence, R. I., during September.

Wm. DENROE is desirous to deliver his Geological course of six lectures in any of the towns of New England, or neighboring States, and would engage with parties to that effect. He may be addressed to the care of this office.

ADDRESSES OF LECTURERS AND MEDIUMS.

[Under this heading we insert the names, and places of residence of Lecturers and Mediums, at the low price of twenty-five cents per line for three months. As it takes about words on an average to complete a line, the advertiser can see in advance how much it will cost to advertise in this department, and remit accordingly. When a speaker has an appointment to lecture, the notice and address will be published gratuitously under head of "Lecturers' Appointments."]

Dr. H. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston will answer calls to lecture.

Mrs. EMMA HARDING, San Francisco, Cal. all-1-yr

OSMA L. V. HATCH, Present address, New York. Jan 23-3mo

Dr. RAYMOND, Cooper Institute, New York. Jan 23-3mo

Mrs. SUSAN M. JOHNSON will answer calls to lecture. Address, Chelsea, Mass. Dec 23-3mo

IRA H. QUINN speaks upon questions of government. Address, Hartford, Conn. Dec 23-3mo

Mrs. E. ANNE BURNES, trance speaker. Address 25 Commercial street, Boston. Dec 23-3mo

FANNIE BURKETT FRETTON, South Malden, Mass. Nov 23-6mo

Dr. A. P. BURNES Spiritual and Medical Lecturer, will answer calls to lecture, or attend funerals. Office, No. 7 Myrtle street, Boston. Feb 23-3mo

E. ANNE BURNES, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture, and attend funerals through the West. Address, P. O. Box 5505, Chicago, Ill. Nov 23-3mo

ANNE LORE CHAMBERLAIN, Musical medium, No. Malden, Mass., care of T. L. Lano. Jan 23-7mo

Mrs. LIZZIE M. A. CARLEY, Inspirational speaker, care of James Lawrence, Cleveland, O. Will speak week evenings and attend funerals. Dec 23-3mo

Mrs. F. F. STRANGE lectures at Jonestown, Mich., alternate Sabbaths for the winter. P. O. address, Jonestown, Mich. Dec 23-3mo

Mrs. O. M. STONE, lecturer and medical clairvoyant, will answer calls to lecture, or visit the sick. Examinations by letter, on receipt of photograph, \$1. Address, Janesville, Wisconsin. Dec 23-3mo

W. WHEELER, Mattawan, Van Buren Co., Mich. Dec 23-3mo

Mrs. J. L. BROWN, trance speaker, will make engagements for the coming fall and winter in the West. Address, Prophetstown Illinois. Will answer calls to attend funerals. Aug 23-3mo

Mrs. L. T. WHITTIER will answer calls to lecture on Health and Diet. Reform in Wisconsin and Illinois. Address, Whitewater, Wisconsin. Jan 16-1-yr

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES, formerly Miss Sarah A. Macdonald, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 87 Spring street, E. Cambridge, Mass. Dec 23-3mo

Mrs. LIZZIE DOTEN will answer calls to lecture. Address Portland, Me. Jan 23-3mo

Mrs. M. S. TOWNSEND, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm B. Hatch. Dec 23-3mo

BENJAMIN TODD, Janesville, Wis., care of A. C. Stone. Oct 23-3mo

S. S. LOVELAND, will answer calls to lecture. Address for the present, Waterville, Conn. Jan 23-3mo

JOSEPH HOLL, Danville, Mich. Jan 23-3mo

F. L. H. WILLIS, Address, New York, care Herald of Progress. Jan 23-3mo

Mrs. ANANDA M. SPENCER, New York City. Jan 23-3mo

LEO MILLER, Worcester, Mass. Jan 23-3mo

Rev. ANDREW JACKSON, Hopkinton, Mass. Jan 23-3mo

J. J. PARRIS, Cincinnati, Ohio, care Dr. N. B. Wolfe. Jan 23-3mo

W. F. JAMESON, trance speaker, Paw Paw, Mich. Jan 23-3mo

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“don't he cure me, if he loves me? Why don't  
stop this dreadful pain, if he is good?”

Faith spoke softly to him, and took cool water and  
bathed his head; she smoothed his pillow, and laid  
some fresh green leaves beside him. Then she asked  
him about his mother.

“Was she good and kind?”

“Yes; she was an angel in goodness and love.”

“Well,” said Faith, “when you were a little boy

bake in a hot oven till well browned.

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