

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of the Light.

KATIE MALVOURNEY

IRISH CHARACTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

BY HENRY T. KENRICK, M. D., OF PHILADELPHIA.

The simplest incidents of life assume an importance and interest when connected with certain individuals. The great law of attraction is not confined to the individual, but extends to their actions, and we learn to link the one to the other.

CHAPTER XX.

The Doctor's Reply.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your letter, with that for Edgar, came duly to hand; for both of which I receive my thanks. At present I am so much occupied that I can only send you a brief response to the postscript of your letter. It is, alas! too true that we are now in the midst of "the pestilence, that walketh in darkness" and "the destruction that walketh at noonday." Oh, the thought of the fearful responsibility that rests upon the physician at this time, fills my heart with an anxious dread. Experience has taught us that, in the beginning of this terrible epidemic, the disease is more severe and fatal than when it has expended its first deadly shafts. The popular mind has accepted the idea that all epidemics act thus because the physician does not understand the proper treatment; and when the disease seems to yield more readily to our efforts, by assuming a milder form, then they say that we have learned how to manage it.

The truth is, that there are persons in every community, whose systems are in a condition to invite diseases of this character, and for whom all treatment is of little avail. When these first victims have been swept away by the epidemic, its hold upon those who are still susceptible becomes less and less powerful, and success crowns our efforts. The first question which you would naturally ask is: "How can we protect ourselves most effectually from this disease?" How do physicians guard themselves? Our principal reply is—as you have truly expressed it—in a calm reliance upon the all-sustaining arm of Infinite Power. Where this is the case, "a thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee, because thou hast made the Lord thy refuge, even the Most High thy habitation." See ninety-first Psalm.

The physician who realizes the true nobility and God-like character of his mission, feels constantly sustained and protected by a power which is ever present, as well as by the rectitude of his own intentions. Girt about by this armor, then, he can stand firm and trusting, even amid scenes of pestilence, death and desolation. The only precautions which I take are, to avoid adding to the labors of my system by eating improper food, and to rest whenever I can find a moment to spare. I have learned that a few minutes of silent introversion, in which I endeavor to banish every thought and rest in quietness, will refresh my wearied frame more than long and heavy sleep—which is mostly experienced when we are unable to obtain regular rest. The slumber which thus comes to the over-taxed system, is often more laborious and wearisome than wakeful and earnest action performed with a cheerful and hopeful disposition.

I am glad you feel called upon to labor among the sick, and I send you, by express, some medicines which I have prepared with my own hands, a measure that I consider of much more importance than is generally understood; and, if I had the power, I would not permit any sick person to be a nurse, druggist or physician. You may think this is a hard rule, and that I am too particular; but, from careful observation, I have a strong conviction that such persons always communicate more or less of diseased magnetic emanations to the medicines and the patient, while the magnetism of a strong, healthy, well-balanced person imparts to the medicine a potency which can be obtained in no other way, and, to the patient, that which can only be thus received.

You will find particular directions upon each package, and your experience will soon teach you how and when to use them—if you are called, as I am sure you will be, to cases in which you will be obliged either to see the patient die, or put forth your powers to stay the hand of the destroyer.

One thing more, darling, and I must close, for I am now encroaching upon time that should be devoted to rest; but it makes me feel strong to write thus to you. If there is one thing more than any other to which mankind have ascribed their ears from hearing the voice of God, and have closed their eyes from seeing the coming of the glory of the Lord, it is in their want of appreciation of the value of pure, fresh air, God's sweetest, noblest gift to man. It is not so bad with you as with me. I have wept over the poor in our city—pent up in little apartments, often underground, where the bright sunlight and the free air never come, crowded together so that, even were they disposed, it would be impossible to be cleanly in their habits or pure in their surroundings. It is not surprising, then, that disease is a constant visitor to their miserable abodes, and that when it comes in a contagious form, death reaps a full harvest. Let me impress this thought upon you, for your patients and yourself also. You will be compelled, as I am, to breathe the fetid and pestilential air from the dead and the dying. See to it that

you go away from all these several times each day, and beneath the vault of heaven, standing erect, expand your chest to its utmost capacity, and take in the deepest inspirations you can of that blessed pure air. My favorite spot for this purpose is the place where I worship, and you may think me a little heretical here, for it is not in dim aisles and consecrated walls, with windows shaded and festooned with curtains to exclude the free light and air of heaven, but out in the wide, beautiful fields, and beneath the shade of some old, majestic tree, through whose branches the winds for centuries have chanted their hymns; here, breathing the pure air, and sending forth living, loving aspirations, I worship and am carried into that interior condition which rests and thrills me with joy unspeakable.

But I must stop now. A thousand thoughts crowd upon me that I would be glad to write. I am impressed that you and I are to walk safely through this terrible ordeal, which is now spreading death and desolation over our fair land, and that, however arduous may be our labors, strength will be given us to bear the burden and to do the duties which belong to a true life.

I shall be glad to hear from you soon and often. From one whose heart over beats warm and true toward you, and who is always happy to subscribe himself your friend,

HENRY T. KENRICK.

Katie's reply:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND—I perceive by the date of your letter that a month has elapsed since it was written. What a month! The varied experience of years has been crowded into it.

I do not know that I can do better now than to give you an account of some of the most prominent incidents. Your letter, with its judicious and appropriate suggestions, has been to me of incalculable value. I have used the medicines you sent me, with great success, and followed your hints; and I almost fancy myself something of a doctor, but I will be modest. The nearest physician to us is a Doctor Stubbins, who, though a man of considerable ability, lacks many of the essential qualifications of a good physician. First, he is somewhat arrogant and dictatorial, and his patients, almost all of them, fear him. It would seem that he thinks he can put disease to flight by frightening his patients. I differ with him on this point, but I am only a woman, he says. Somehow the people seem to be on my side, and I was called to see more patients than he.

Do you remember when you lost your first patient? I know you do; but you had a diploma, and were a man, and could call on other physicians to share the responsibility with you. I had none of these, but stood alone when a beautiful young girl lay before me in the cold embrace of death. Had I killed her? Was everything done that should have been done? Something whispered in my soul, "Go on, child," and I did; and soon I began to conquer the disease, and stand victorious by the side of those who rose up to bless me. And then I had compensation for all my sad and anxious feelings, and, thanking God for his manifold mercies, worked on.

Would you believe it, Doctor Stubbins, who had sneered at me as a woman, and spoken very disparagingly of my labors, having heard of my success, actually called upon me, and inquired about the manner in which I treated my patients. I read your letter to him, and told him that that and my common sense constituted my diploma. I gave him some of the medicine, and he tried it with success, and now he comes to consult me almost every day. By the way, let me thank you for the second package of medicine. It came very opportunely, especially under the circumstances. I had just used the last that I had, and came home very much exhausted from excessive labor. I said to mother, "I am so very sorry I did not write to Dr. Kenrick to send me some more medicine. I know he would be glad to do it." "Why," she replied, "there is a boy waiting in the other room with a bundle; but I would not disturb you; I guess it is from him."

I started quickly at this news, and there, sure enough, was your nice package, with the note, saying that you had no time to write, but you felt that I must need some more medicine. I never was happier in my life; it seemed so providential. I was very glad, also, to think that amid all your cares and labors, you were thus mindful of me and my efforts. That night I had two new patients—very serious cases—and they were soon relieved by the medicine you sent, and have since recovered.

You will excuse this wandering letter. I am glad to find that the cases are becoming milder and more manageable, as well as fewer in number from day to day.

Accept my most sincere thanks for your kindness to me, and believe me, as ever, your,

KATIE MALVOURNEY.

The Doctor's reply:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND—You may think I have been negligent in not answering your last letter, unless you have seen how I have been engaged, and have felt how little inclination there was to do anything, when a moment's relaxation was found amid the arduous duties which have occupied my whole time during the past two months. I was very much gratified to hear of your labors and your success. I have never wished for you more than when, wearied with the toil and anxiety of the day, I have seated myself to find rest and quiet. I am thinking now that a similarity of labors and experiences will bring us into still greater sympathy. And when you become my wife, you will be able to assist me in the cares and responsibilities of my profession, to sympathize in my trials, and share with and rejoice in the blessings and pleasures which flow from appropriate and well-performed labors. I am not at all weary, yet I feel weary all the time. Think I shall soon be better. Will you not find time to write me a short letter? They always strengthen me, and have a very soothing effect

upon mind and body. How glad I would be now to see you! I hope I shall soon.

Very affectionately yours,

HENRY T. KENRICK.

This was a sad letter for Katie. She had felt gloomy forebodings; some coming event was casting its sombre but indistinct shadow across her pathway. The clouds closed thicker and more dark around her, as she read the letter over and over again. Those simple words, "I am not sick, only weary," portended more to her than appeared upon their surface. "For what is sickness," said she, "but a great weariness of the body and the spirit? And oh! how shall he rest? Be still!" she cried to her heart, as it throbbed and fluttered like a frightened bird. Then she attempted to write, but her thoughts melted away in the fervent heat and seemed to rise up in curling vapors from her hot brain, and then were apparently lost. But it was not so. These sympathetic thoughts and feelings, like the invisible breath of the ocean, went forth on the atmosphere, and, in due time, descended as cooling showers and refreshing dews upon the wearied and parched spirit of her friend, the Doctor, as he lay far away from his loved one, and at that same hour his friends saw that rest, sweet rest, had come to him, though no one knew from where or whence.

Every physician is aware that groans and visible expressions of suffering bring relief to the patient, but they do not know how, or why, they draw this sympathy.

CHAPTER XXI.

Katie's Visit to Dr. Kenrick's.

Katie's friends saw her falling, and were sure she was sick. No one but her mother knew of the chords that were vibrating in her heart, and producing those sad notes that were shaking her being to its very centre. How hard it is to bear such an agony! It was well for Katie that her mother's heart sympathy came to her relief in this trial hour.

A few days afterwards Katie received the following note from the Bishop:

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—My son is quite ill, worn down by incessant labor in his profession, to which he devotes soul and body. He speaks of you often; and at times, when his feverish condition bewilders him, thinks he sees you, and begs you most earnestly not to leave him. His physicians, who are very devoted to him, said to me this morning that if you could come, they think it would be an advantage to him. And I am very strongly impressed that you will do him more good than any one else, and therefore I hope you will come at once, if possible. You will have no difficulty in finding our residence, and we shall all welcome you. Yours, KENRICK.

Katie received the above note about 4 P. M. The stage which passed their house every alternate day would go at an early hour the next morning. Being no fashionable lady, the thought never occurred to her that she needed more time for preparation. It was not long, therefore, before her clothes were neatly packed in a small satchel which Lind had given her. Then requesting her mother to call her early she retired, and slept more calmly than she had for some time. Even a disagreeable certainty is better than suspense.

In the evening a servant brought a letter from Lind, which Katie's mother gave to her the next morning; but as she did not feel like reading it, she put it into her pocket, and, as we shall see, kept it for some time. She had risen calm and refreshed, and as her mother had her breakfast ready for her in time for the stage, she was soon on her way. There were six persons in the coach, and as we are to ride forty miles with some of them, at least, we shall find out something about their characters. There was an elderly gentleman, with a long white wig on, who was evidently the principal man of the company. His story, as we learned it, was that he had lost his parents, two sisters and a brother with the disease. In short, the whole family had been swept away, with the exception of himself; and he, always sickly, strange to say, had escaped after a most severe illness, and was now on his way to seek a home among some distant relatives. Katie occupied the seat in front of the old gentleman, from which position she was able to watch the suffering boy. She had some medicine with her, which she kindly offered him, and he accepted it. By her side sat a strong, muscular country woman, ignorant but warm-hearted. On the front seat, facing the other passengers, were a man and his wife, who were about emigrating to America. Katie, by her intuitions, discovered all these things in less time than we have been occupied in writing them. Though her feelings were intensely interested in the doctor, she could not lose the opportunity of doing something for the poor boy. Offering him some cordial, she remarked:

"I perceive that you are very weak."

"Yes, ma'am," said he; "but I think that I should soon be strong, if I did not feel so sad and lonely."

"If sickness makes us selfish—as it surely does at times—sympathy with those who are ill often has the opposite effect. The elderly gentleman relaxed his countenance a little as he slipped a pocket note into Katie's hand; for the boy, though he said not a word. He was not accustomed to speak to such people, yet his dignity did not quite crush out his humanity. The strong woman, moved with compassion, turned aside, so that the sick boy could lay his head upon her breast, and the throbbing of the great strong heart within seemed to give life to that weak child.

The man and his wife on the front seat seemed cold and indifferent. They had brothers and sisters in America, and their thoughts, the few they had, had gone there before them.

It was a long and tedious ride; and though Katie

did not desire to have the horses driven any faster, she found it exceedingly trying, both to her patience and sense of propriety, to have the drivers spending considerable time at each place where they changed the horses in low jesting and buffoonery after everything was in readiness to start.

What a great gulf there ever must be between such coarse natures and the fine, sensitive one represented by our friend Katie, who was now constantly drawing in the delicate chords of sympathy, which extended from her inner being to the doctor. Oh how nicely did she draw these chords to the proper tension, so that she could feel the thrilling vibrations upon them, while all around her seemed confusion.

They arrived at Belfast about three in the afternoon. The strong woman had offered to take the boy to a friend's house. This relieved Katie of any further care of him, and she was free. Although an entire stranger, and not knowing one in the place except the doctor and the Bishop, she determined not to speak to the passers by, but to be guided by her impressions; therefore she walked rapidly away from the inn down a street the name of which she did not know. A sudden impression led her to turn off at a right angle, and go three or four blocks in that direction. This was leading her to the outskirts of the city. Still she went on, and coming to an open lot she walked rapidly across it, and found herself in the rear of a large building. At the gate she saw a little maid, to whom she put this question:

"Does the Bishop live here?"

"Oh yes, and the doctor, too," said the girl. "I guess it's him you are after seeing. He is so sick that he don't see nobody nowadays. You must go to Doctor Slogan's. He lives just round here. Come, I'll show ye. It's forinst that big house yonder."

"I do not wish to see Dr. Slogan," said Katie. "Do you know how the doctor is to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am, he's better; but the big doctor that tends him said we mustn't tell nobody so, 'cause they'd be after seeing him. So I tell you he ain't no better, and you must go to Doctor Slogan's."

"Won't you let me in?" said Katie, looking into the yard. "I wish to see the Bishop."

"Oh no; I've frind of old Bridget, the cook; she said I mustn't let nobody go in; but you can go in if you won't tell her you seen me at the gate. I oughtn't to be here, now." So putting her hand up to her lips as a sign for Katie to keep silent, she ran down cellar.

Katie felt quite relieved. She had found the place before night, and had reason to hope the doctor was better. She breathed easier. Passing into the yard, she walked up to the kitchen door, which stood a little ajar. Looking in, she saw old Bridget, who was much more of a character than the little Pout, as they called her, who was maid of all work and errand girl for the servants. Making a polite bow to Bridget, Katie addressed her as follows:

"My name is Katie Malvourney. I have a note from the Bishop, asking me to come here and see him and the doctor," at the same time drawing out the note and Lind's letter, both of which she had carried in her pocket.

There is a sort of reverence among this class of persons for one who can read.

"Sure and can ye read it for me? If ye does that, I'll let ye in, and call Miss Jennie, too, for to hear the likes of you note."

Katie read the note very deliberately, but Bridget was rather doubtful, and seemed disposed to fly from her bargain. "The Bishop is laying down," said she, "and mustn't be disturbed for nobody. Maggie and Jennie are both up with the Doctor. Don't you think you'd better call another day?"

Poor Katie! how hard it was to keep calm under such circumstances. At last she thought she would suggest to Bridget to take the Bishop's letter up to his daughters; but she informed her that she could not go up stairs, but Mary, the chambermaid, would be down soon and take it up. She did not think to show the old woman the cross after the signature, which would have removed some doubts from her mind, or what would have been still better, to have spoken of knowing Mrs. Sullivan, who was one of Bridget's friends. Katie was tired, and sat down; then the old woman asked her to "make herself at home." The letter was not possible under the circumstances.

Just then a young man who was Mary's friend came into the kitchen, and Bridget made a signal by which she knew he was there. How universal are these secret signs among all classes and in all conditions of society. Katie felt pleased at the thought that love was a blessing to her. Mary came into the room presently, and started a little to see a beautiful young lady sitting there with her lover. Katie made a bow, and asked her if she would be kind enough to take the note up to the young ladies. She had written upon the outside her name, and the fact that she had just arrived and wished an interview. This was joyful news to the doctor's sisters, one of whom hastened to the drawing-room and sent for Katie to come up at once. Their meeting was a cordial one; the girls, whom we shall describe directly, loved their brother very dearly, and they had learned his feelings toward Katie, both before his sickness and since, and knowing how truly he loved her, and having read some of her letters, they were very desirous to meet this Katie of ours.

The doctor was sleeping, and they thought him better; therefore their visitor desired them to be very careful how they spoke of her to him, as she wished to avoid any excitement. Jennie told her that he had spoken of her several times through the day, and insisted that she was coming; but they were not willing to encourage the hope, for fear that he, as well as they, might be disappointed. They did not know how truly Katie's nature responded to his; and how little the conventionalities of life would lay a restraint upon her id her

desire to do all that could be done for one she loved better than her own life.

After a few minutes' conversation, Jennie ran up stairs and sent Maggie down to see their friend. When she entered the room, the doctor opened his eyes, and, seeing his sister looking very happy, said:

"I fancied that my Katie had come; I wish I had not wakened to find it all a dream."

To which Jennie replied:

"Perhaps she may yet arrive."

"Do you really think so?" he cried eagerly.

"To be sure. Did not father write for her to come?"

"All that may be," was the rejoinder, "and I know that she will hasten to my side if she possibly can; but you are aware that, with regard to many things in this world, we are obliged to act contrary to our dearest wishes; and she, I am sure, cannot always follow out her own inclinations and desires, any more than other people. Her means are limited, also, and if I had written I should have sent some money. I know they have a large family, and, consequently, many expenses."

His countenance brightened perceptibly while thinking and speaking of his beloved one, so that his father, who had been resting in an adjoining room, but who now appeared at his bedside, was much pleased to mark the change that a few hours had wrought, and to see the smile which lighted his daughter's face, though he did not suspect the cause.

"Father," said Jennie, "there is a person waiting to see you in the drawing-room."

"Do you know who it is?" he inquired.

"A lady, I think."

The doctor looked at her and said:

"Is it anybody I know?"

"I believe so," with a smile. "I heard her inquiring after you."

"Is it Katie? Oh, why don't you bring her up?"

"I will, brother, if you will be calm," and she motioned toward the door, which just then opened to admit the Bishop with Katie on one arm and Maggie on the other. As soon as Katie saw the doctor's pale, wan face, she could restrain herself no longer, and the over-burdened heart found relief in a passionate flood of tears. Mingled emotions of joy and sorrow filled her soul—sorrow to see how disease and suffering had wasted the beautiful form and features of her loved one, joy to meet and recognize in his sweet and expressive smile the deep love that burned so purely upon the sacred altar of his soul.

The doctor had slept more quietly that day than on any previous one. Could it be that Katie's approach had anything to do with it? Oh, mysterious link that binds human souls, when shall we fathom more of thy wonderful nature and power? Who shall say that the winged thoughts of love and sympathy do not reach and influence those to whom they are sent?

Katie held the doctor's hand in her own, while he lay in a calm quiet, which is more refreshing than sleep to the weak and wearied system; and, while they are resting and holding sweet and sacred communion, let us introduce our readers to the Bishop's family. The Bishop's family, did we say? Don't you know that in the Mother Church the Bishop can have no family? Very true, kind and critical reader; but there is no rule without an exception, and we will proceed to explain how our worthy Bishop happened to have a family:

Father Kenrick entered the medical profession at the age of twenty-two years. He married Miss Maguire, only daughter of the Honorable Patrick Maguire, of Belfast, and they had three children, the elder a boy—now the doctor—and two girls, Jennie and Maggie.

Shortly after the birth of the latter, Mrs. Kenrick died. Her husband, who had always been religiously impressed, after the death of his wife determined to enter the Church, and take an humble position there. He did so; but such was the purity of his soul and the power of his mind that in a few years he occupied, with great dignity and prosperity, the elevated station in which we find him. Our readers are already familiar with the position and character of the doctor. His father continued to retain a deep interest in the profession of his early life, and felt very thankful for the power and influence it gave him in his new position. Indeed, we believe that a minister should always be a physician, prepared to attend to the wants of both body and soul.

After the death of his wife, Dr. Kenrick obtained the services of a widowed sister some ten years his senior, a lady of great refinement and purity of character. It was under her care that the children grew up; and they owed much to this pious and exemplary woman who found pleasure in filling, as far as possible, a mother's place, devoting herself faithfully and lovingly to all the arduous cares that devolved upon her. She had passed into the Better Land a few years before we made the acquaintance of the family.

The eldest daughter, Jennie, was now twenty-three years of age, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, deeply attached to her father and sister, and especially to her excellent brother. The youngest member of the family, Maggie, had been a delicate and sensitive child, but, as the years crowned her, had become more vigorous in health. She had passed her twenty-first birthday a few months previous to this time.

The disease of which the doctor was suffering, was a peculiar one; it belonged to that large class which lies out of the regular domain of technology, and which neither physician nor patient can classify. It was the result of repeated losses of vitality, in a severe and long continued struggle, and as little by little he had gone down, one portion of his system after another had given way, until he seemed to be diseased almost everywhere. At times he rallied, and then hopes were raised; then he would suddenly grow worse, and new symptoms of an alarming character would manifest themselves.

The day that Katie arrived was the most en-

congrating one they had had. She requested permission to watch with him during the night, and his sisters, weary and worn from constant care and anxiety, to say nothing of wakefulness; willingly yielded their trust to so able a person.

The next day he had an increase of fever, with delirium, and spoke very wildly; he did not recognize Katie, and was continually asking for her, urging them to send for her immediately. Sometimes when she spoke, he would say:

"That is her voice, but this is not her; you cannot deceive me."

Katie feared that the excitement of her coming had had something to do with the change in his disease. The physician assured her this was not so, and that the repose of the previous day and night had been of the utmost importance to him; that there would probably be relapses of the fever, and that it was very important to keep all quiet around him, for even their thoughts would be reflected upon him in his nervous and sensitive condition. Toward evening he became more composed, and for a short time recognized Katie, to the gratification of all. This, however, was followed by a stupor, which lasted during the night.

Katie's vigilance and judgment were very important at this time, and she became a great favorite with all the family. There are no other conditions that awaken so strongly our affectional natures as those in which we are watching and waiting upon the sick.

Katie saw the doctor's spirit loosening its hold upon the physical, as the disease assumed a more severe type. She did not mention these things to the young ladies or their father. She could see that as the disease changed, the control of the spirit over the body changed also. There were times when the connection between the spirit and the body seemed almost severed. When she had these visions, her friends saw that she was in a very peculiar condition, but were entirely ignorant of its character.

There were times when the doctor was suffering from the wildest delirium, so that it became necessary to restrain him; but through all this she felt an assurance that he would recover, and that he had a work yet to do. Thus for two weeks of long and weary nights and painful days of suspense, did they watch and wait, with hopes sometimes buoyed up and then sinking so low as almost to reach despair.

At length the clouds broke, and like the appearance of the clear sunlight after a long storm, everything assumed a brighter hue. The physicians pronounced the doctor out of danger; but oh, how weak he was after these fevers and deliriums; he was as feeble as an infant, physically and mentally, and he required all the kindness and sympathy their loving natures could give him.

Katie was especially in her element, both as nurse and devoted companion. How eagerly did she watch every movement, day by day and night by night, as the fires of life, smouldering so long, began to blaze again—only flickering flames at first, but destined to grow brighter as the months passed.

The Angel of Death has been sadly misunderstood and misrepresented; it is one of the best and most beautiful of God's ministers and messengers, opening a flower-encircled door from a world of pain and sorrow, to a bright and glorious sphere, where joy and peace, and unending blossoms of purity and love are ever to be found. And when this angel only stirs its wings, as in this instance, over a loving family, though its influence may not reach so far as to claim its victim, the immediate friends are baptized in a living stream from whence they will draw more purity and stronger affection. Under such influences there go forth from the heart glowing fires of love which embrace all humanity. So was it here; gratitude for an unbroken circle, filled all hearts with a deeper devotion, and caused them to send forth stronger and nobler sympathies to the brotherhood of man everywhere.

A few evenings after this, as the family were sitting quietly in the doctor's room, Katie described a vision she had of persons around the Bishop. First, his wife, and then his mother, and afterward three brothers, each of whom had some peculiarity; and so minutely were they described that he had not the least difficulty in recognizing each of them. As it was the business of the Bishop to understand spiritual things, he had no difficulty in explaining this matter, at least to his own satisfaction. We shall give his theory, and leave our readers to judge for themselves.

Assuming the dignity which belongs to his office, and which made Katie shudder a little, he remarked:

"I have long noticed that the strong and prominently marked ideas which we carry in our minds for years, become so real and tangible as to be perceived by certain sensitive persons. Thus, for instance, the memory of my dear mother, who bore my infant form in her arms, and gave me the first embrace that awakened my consciousness, is among the most clear and vivid impressions of my mind. And the remembrance of those loving brothers, who were the playmates and protectors of my early childhood, is so deeply impressed upon me that you are now enabled to trace their very lineaments and outlines. And then the thought of that precious one, whose sweet image is ever my companion, is so constantly with me that I have no difficulty in bringing her up before you, even as Saul brought Samuel up before the Woman of Endor."

Katie did not feel like entering into an argument with the learned and venerable Bishop, but was soon made to say, in one of her spells, unconsciously to herself, for she had never heard his given name:

"Michael, I perceive that you are well satisfied with your own opinion; and I would not disturb you in it but let you remain so until you meet me on this bright shore, were it not that others are looking to you for truth. Many souls lift their aspirations to our Father through you and your influence, and I would not have you for a moment throw a cloud over the pathway of a single child of God; and for this reason I must say that your explanations do not cover the ground in question. Truth alone is able to cover itself fully, while error and falsehood always leave something exposed, and it often happens to be the very portion that it hopes most effectually to conceal. You have reversed the order of things; your mother is before you, and that which you supposed to be your strong impression, would soon pass away, or become obscure, if she left you, and so of the rest of us; but we cannot now convince you of this."

Let me say to you—and I wish you to note it particularly—that our brother James, who has been travelling on the continent for his health, is now a dweller with us in the inner temple. He passed out of the form very unexpectedly this morning, at Florence—to which place he had removed a few days previous, and after they had written to you of the improvement in his health. His death was very unexpected to his family."

You know that this child has never heard of your brother, and that you have no such thoughts as those on your mind to impress upon or bring up before her. When the facts come to your

knowledge through the outward channels, as they will, I will leave it to your honest convictions to say whether your theory will in any manner explain this."

I was with our brother when he passed over the river, and he now stands by your side, just as really as I do."

Here Katie described him, and gave some marked peculiarities by which he was identified by all present.

She continued: "It was not your thought that brought this vision of him; for I perceive that you do not feel convinced that he has passed out of the body."

Jennie made notes of all that was said, for they were deeply interested in this, to them, strange subject.

Night after night they had these sittings, and the Bishop grew more and more absorbed in the matter. He asked many very important questions, to which she readily responded. As the Doctor gained strength, he, too, sat up with them, and was also exceedingly interested in the phenomena, which, for prudential reasons, were kept quiet. The Doctor and Katie were very much pleased to witness the increasing interest with which their father entered into this investigation; and though he was quite guarded in his remarks, they were entirely satisfied, from the manner and character of his questions, that he was changing his opinions very rapidly in regard to this mysterious phenomenon. They, as well as the girls, remarked this. The latter had formed their own opinions about this subject, and they were much strengthened by the course which their father pursued. Nor did he manifest the slightest uneasiness at their confident remarks.

Every one has a peculiar belief in regard to the spiritual and interior, and though we may approximate toward each other, and be gratified to perceive a similarity of views, yet in the present state of knowledge mankind must be, to some extent, willing to hold their views on this subject for themselves, and according to the measure of their capacity. The great lesson which all should seek to inculcate is that of the most enlarged and liberal charity, which, while it accepts nothing that does not carry a clear conviction to the mind, denies nothing which another may feel prepared to accept, so long as it does not come in contact with the rights of others, or violate any moral principle. The tendency of the age to this liberal ground is the most encouraging sign of the times; and when we find the religious and scientific teachers moving beautifully into line on this question, we may hope much for the coming time, or even the near future.

There were many interesting utterances given on these occasions, of which no record was taken. One day, as Katie and the Doctor were sitting alone, she accidentally drew out of her pocket Lind's unopened letter. "There," said she, "I wonder what our friend Lind would think of me if she knew I had carried her letter unopened four weeks? But I am certain if she knew how I have been occupied she would excuse me. Do you know I think it would be just as well to read our letters only as we feel impressed, as it is to write only under similar conditions? Do not you think you would like to hear how our mutual friend is getting along?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor; "but would it not be better for you to read it yourself first? Perhaps she has written something she would not like to have me hear."

"I will take the risk of that," said Katie. So she opened the letter, and read as follows:

MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND KATIE—How I wish you were here with us this beautiful morning! We are on the Rhine, and spite of fleas and bugs innumerable, we are trying to find pleasure. I have often said life was a great humbug, but traveling is a still greater one. Oh, Katie! I have only wished once, since we left our aunt's, that I had taken your advice and remained quietly at home, and that has been all the time. But, you see, people who were wonderfully interested in our affairs, called upon us every day, inquiring whether we intended to travel, and where and when. Then others took up the question, until it seemed to be the only interesting topic of conversation to them, at least; but to us it was most annoying, even coming, as it did, from persons whom we cared nothing for. You, with your firmness and principle, would not have minded it, I suppose; but we are not like you, so it vexed us. At last, as though driven to desperation, Mr. Conant said to me:

"Lind, don't you think that we had better take this opportunity to travel? Everybody is talking about it, and some even go so far as to hint that it is only meanness on my part that has prevented our being away now. I confess I begin to feel that we shall have no rest until we do start, and that go we must, whether we desire it or not."

I did not much fancy the proposition, but as friends and acquaintances all seemed anxious to banish us, and I was assured so solemnly that it was absolutely essential that I should see something of the great world before I settled down by my own fireside, that at last I concluded that, in this instance, fate, or popular opinion, was too strong for us to resist, and that in order not to be utterly overwhelmed by the current, we must submit. Therefore, my dear Katie, imagine Mr. Conant and myself as led forth like lambs to the sacrifice, attended by a host of triumphant friends. The wearisome details with regard to the preparations for our departure I will mercifully spare you. Behold us at length started upon our expedition, with happiness and contentment left at home. Well, we traveled down through England to Liverpool, then to London, and from there to Paris. I was rather eager to reach the last mentioned city. You know I had learned French at boarding-school under Mr. Pampore, and I was very certain that I could speak it as well as any foreigner. We arrived there in the evening, and went to the famous Hotel De Ville. There we found the most stupid set that I ever met. Not one of them could understand a word of French—at least not as I spoke it. I was exceedingly provoked, for even if they did half comprehend me, they would answer in broken English mixed with French, not the pure dialect at all. Mr. Conant made himself very merry over their stupidity and my vexation, and said that he would get me a traveling companion, who could speak all the European languages. So he put an advertisement in the papers, and we soon had a host of applicants. At last, from the powdered, rouged, bejeweled and beaunced set, I chose a little creature named Blanche. The principal reason which I had for my selection was that she was small, and I fancied that I could have more control over her than the others. Many of them, I know, would have ruled me with very little difficulty. In Paris, my new maid was a perfect treasure, in spite of the spice of wit and wickedness in her composition; but since we have come up the Rhine, I have found that the all-powerful motive which influenced her to accompany us was love, and I will not be so selfish and forgetful as to complain of her. She had a letter from this dear friend of hers a few days since, and she brought it to me to read, as that is an accomplishment which she has

not acquired. It was a strange composition, being a mixture of German, Dutch and French. I managed to decipher it after a fashion, and Blanche knew the meaning of every word, or fancied that she did, which is just as well. I realize now that if we should happen to meet this person; my little maid, in spite of her apparent devotion to me and my interests, will not hesitate to walk off if he should say "come." Well, I have done the same thing, so that I can't blame her.

I wish to tell you about Paris. It is grand and beautiful, a world within itself. Every condition of humanity, from the highest to the very lowest, finds its representative here. You know Mr. Conant's penchant to visit the haunts of poverty and crime. I begged him to let me go with him; so, donning suitable attire, we spent two weeks in rambling through the hells of Paris. Such scenes of squalid poverty, abject misery and terrible degradation I have never dreamed of, and I dare not attempt to tell you about them in my letter, for it would soon swell it into a volume, and the horror and agony filling it would, I fear, consume it with their fierce fires. I am not yet able to look back upon those awful pictures without a shudder.

We left Paris, and passed over into Germany, and are now going up the Rhine. The weird beauty and unsurpassed grandeur of this wonderful river have been so inordinately praised and sung, that every one feels disappointed when they find that, though it is a Paradise, yet something of the lower, even the trail of the serpent, is visible here. You know it is a great disadvantage to have your expectations raised too high. All to soar aloft on eagle's wings, and then to suddenly realize that the earth is your resting-place after all, is very annoying. I am writing this on board of a Dutch steamer, with about as disagreeable surroundings as I can well have; and when I do go out on deck to view the really beautiful scene, my mind cannot wander far away without being brought back with a shock that makes me retire in disgust.

By the way, how is the doctor? Are you and he progressing finely? I trust so, for you are so good nobody can have any trouble with you. Please give my best respects to him when you write. There, my paper is full, and I have not said half that I wished to, so you may hear from me again soon.

I am yours the same as ever, although they will persist in calling me, LIND CONANT.
(To be continued in our next.)

Original Essays.

INSPIRATION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

Behind the vast array of forces from time to time developed by man, there is a providential plan, pointing to the past as the harbinger of the future. Plain facts are rapidly kindling into prophecies from the laboratories of art and nature. Splendid conceptions, glowing images and brilliant thoughts have found eloquence in words, and deeds have risen up, stored with grand examples of energy—intellectual and creative energy—that arrests the gaze of the nations. The fact is, that Americans have become an inspired people, against misrepresentation, prejudice, and caricatures in hostile array. They have steadily advanced, until they have won an honorable recognition from rival countries; and her sons and daughters are imbued with the mighty spirit of the age, that has condensed into one vast energy an expanding vitality which must attain, in due time, the highest grade of development. Can Americans lack inspiration while the truths of the Revolution, immortalized in their History, are ever speaking to their hearts, with ever-sounding trumpet tongue, of its significance, which every school-boy rejoices to hear and celebrate on the joyful Fourth of July?

Armed with his patent from Nature, born to the majesty of a fearless heart, with the certainty of achievement by perseverance, subduing the opposing difficulties, felling the dense forests and removing huge rocks, bringing into use the lightning and the triumphs of mechanical inventions, almost with incredible rapidity cities are built, and States are organized by an indisputable sovereignty. Labor, instead of being a disgrace, has been ennobled and crowned. And from their workshops and fields, America has sent forth her noblest sons, who have immortalized themselves by their literature, statuary, painting and poetry. Nowhere else has labor indicated its intrinsic value on so vast a scale, in such transcendent connections, with such abundant and significant fruits.

It is necessary only now for the Americans, that things should progress as they have been doing for the last two centuries, and there will be settled upon this vast continent a population greater than that of all Europe, composed of intelligent, industrious, calculating men, who will be ashamed to be idle or ignorant. Inspired men pursue their work often very far apart from each other's knowledge, but they join at last, and the very merit of those inventions causes them to flow toward a common centre, as rills must flow into the ocean. In many ways these influences meet, with their valuable discoveries, long after the inventor's decease, combining as they never could have imagined.

Inspiration leads the human mind to win might and power from the progress of the useful arts. Liberty, knowledge and industry will raise society beyond the theorist's idea, in the progressive order decreed by his Creator. Familiarity with nature, through art, will bring purity and a fresher life. It has lifted men above the narrow horizon of the senses, and by faith extended their intellectual vision over the whole human family. Self love and universal love are to be harmonized into the same spirit—to be mutual helpers in advancing the welfare of mankind. It shows a prophecy in its varied forms of majesty and beauty. Like powerful chemistry, it works on for centuries mighty results for man, elevating his condition, augmenting his strength for profound applications to useful and practical ends.

Men inspired like Palissy, Newton, and Led-ward, will give noble examples of truth, and lofty devotion, and encouragement to all enterprises of a humane and spiritual philanthropy. The past fifteen years have seen American literature exert an influence across the Atlantic, especially that relating to modern Spiritualism. This shows that the public attention is turning toward this country, and stimulating to still further exertions among its writers and reformers. Inspired lecturers are the most valued. A fine composer may not be able to speak so as to awaken the interest of his hearers. Euphonious sentences fall on unheeding ears from the absence of vitality and meaning. The speaker's brain may be quivering with the spirit of his ideas and emotions, but wanting the inspiration, he cannot express them, while another, with not half his knowledge, will entrance his audience, by glowing descriptions

of sublime ideas and comprehensive valuation. Hence the popularity of our spiritual mediums. They speak ideas as they receive them, and those often radiating from great minds, giving us lessons of wisdom that sink deep into the heart, and become to us as lights in dark places—strength in weakness—confidence, when the mind is trembling in doubt and fear—inspired words, that find their way surely along those mysterious avenues, which lead to the inner recesses of the soul; and the listener feels that he is face to face, with spiritual qualities, which shine by their own light, warm by their own heat, breathing love and tenderness toward all, through streams of poetic beauty and divine sympathy.

The inspiration that has arisen in the hearts of the brave defenders of freedom, is of mighty import, powerful enough to crush out all rebellion, free the slave, and snatch our promising young men from the immorality and effeminacy that was increasing to a fearful degree among them. War, with all its horrors, has some redeeming qualities. It brings to light hidden talents, native bravery, and arouses every sense to patriotic energy; renders the careless, rigid disciplinarians—urging them to high purposes and to great achievements. Inspiration has brought out from private life, Generals, whose knowledge and tact in commanding our armies, has astonished all Europe—officers, whose bravery and forethought seem incredible to beholders, springing at once into perfect warriors. And words cannot depict the courage and discipline of our private soldiers, their bravery, patient endurance of fatigue, illness and separation from home comforts and enjoyments that they hold most dear, their devotion to their country and cheerful compliance with her demands. God bless all those who go forth to establish her freedom, to defend the Union, and protect its rights. May strength be given to enable them to hold on, with a firm grasp, the dear old flag, with its emblematic stars and stripes—a beacon light for ages yet to come.

RELIGION BASED ON SCIENCE.

BY S. C. CASE.

War's confusion is giving place to visions of sunny smiles around the home circle, where kindred and friends will meet, to "go forth to war no more." It is now a fitting time to commence in earnest some great and noble work—some work that shall challenge the attention of the world. The mind of man cannot remain inactive. When the excitement of war is quelled, what shall next attract the public mind?

I am glad to see that Spiritualists are awake and active. Shall their beautiful philosophy be the next grand idea to attract thought? They have already called a convention to consider the great question of how children can best be brought under the influences of pure religion? The theme is grand, and worthy the attention of our most educated and talented minds. It calls in question the placing of Spiritualism upon a scientific foundation; for that is the most effectual way of bringing the mind of the young to behold its preeminence as a religion. In the prevailing systems, science and religion are at war. If Spiritualists are the first to bring them into harmony and companionship, surely they shall have the reward.

Those who have been born under harmonious conditions, and possess healthy organizations, may be habitually virtuous, or easily guided into the true path; but those who are otherwise, need a good share of physical or scientific knowledge to show them the full force and beauty of spiritual, or religious truth. In other words, the latter must know, from a scientific standpoint, that one course of life can only bring pain, while the legitimate effect of another course will tend to happiness. When they see and understand this, it will be more easy for them to do the right.

Oh, that the world knew the importance of founding schools upon an educational basis, where children could be progressively taught, from the first steps in physical knowledge to glorious heights in spiritual truth. There is a true way, where every step forward and upward will cause the mind to expand according to its own laws. There is a method of building up, a going from the known to the unknown, which has for its object the calling into natural action all the functions of the body and organs of the mind. This method should be adopted.

I will at this time go no further than to say the study of ourselves should be a far more prominent feature than it now is, in an educational course. Every pupil should be well acquainted with the physiology of his own being; should better understand the laws of health, and the relation his body bears to physical nature around him, as well as the relation it bears to his own mind.

Founded upon physiology, he should study to understand his own mind, and the laws which govern it. This he can now easily do by taking up the new and beautiful science of phrenology. Is he alone, and without a teacher? Let him purchase O. S. Fowler's "Education Complete," and begin. Thus laying a strong and sure foundation in physical and mental science, in connection with the unfolding laws of magnetism, a glorious and God-given religion will naturally arise as a superstructure, which shall elevate, refine and bless; an angel religion, which shall teach man of the happy home which he is seeking, and learn him how to clothe his spirit in angel vesture, while he yet remains an inhabitant of earth. God will hasten the glad day, and let us not be idle. Let us seek the pure light of heaven, and bask in its sunshine, that we may be happy.
Nashville, Tenn., 1865.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCHES.

NUMBER ONE.

BY MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON.

It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Banner to hear some extracts from my notes of travel bearing on the above subject. Facts do not lie; and these are our weapons against all opposition.

What is most generally acknowledged by the human mind, as supported by the evidence of the senses in the present day, and confirmed by the testimony of truthful historians in all ages, needs no argument to support it. Still it is especially pleasing to all who have seen the light, to find the scales falling from other eyes also. And one can sit very contentedly for an hour, or even two, and follow an excited and prejudiced representative of the old school through a long and tangled, if not contradictory, recapitulation of old, stale objections and charges against modern Spiritualism, when conscious it is all sound, without substance. We can afford to be tolerant, in the same spirit in which the old Quaker met his swearing brother, "Swear away, swear away, John," said he, "and get all that bad stuff out of thee." As thunderstorms clear the atmosphere, so mental disturbances clear the unhealthy conditions, and enable us to accomplish what was otherwise impracticable. Sitting of an afternoon in the reception room

of Mrs. Whitefield in Newark, a dozen ladies or more called to obtain sittings with her. Some had been before, and told me what convincing tests they had received of spirit identity, and all manifested unshaken faith in the genuineness of her gifts; but not one of these persons, as I could learn, were open advocates of the philosophy, but remained wedded to a ceremonial worship. A corresponding fact I have observed with all test mediums.

Not only the laity, but ministers and their families frequently consult the despised oracles of the new faith. Said a clergyman to a friend of mine, "Can you not get some medium, or spiritual lecturer, to come into our place and give a course of lectures? I am very anxious to investigate, and would offer my church, but it would not do. If any one will come, and risk an opening, I will do all in my power to assist, though compelled to act privately. I know there is a great truth here, and am anxious to learn."

Another Methodist clergyman wrote me, "No one would hail this truth with more satisfaction than myself, were I convinced it were not a delusion. I am open to conviction, and will gladly investigate."

One Sunday morning, recently, I entered a Methodist church. The text from which the discourse was drawn was, "Are they not all ministering spirits?" &c. The speaker was a young man, and I afterwards learned he was quite diffident and retiring in company. Not long had I sat under his ministrations before I perceived a light encircle his head, and forms were faintly visible as standing around, and a little above him. I shall never forget that discourse. Step by step he scaled the heights of inspiration, pouring down upon the heads of his hearers the boldest of arguments in favor of the angelic theory—higher and higher he ascended, like the eagle soaring toward the sun, and as rapidly letting himself down to the vales of human life, in illustrations of "benevolent ministries," and closed his sermon, at last, with an unreserved avowal of his knowledge (not belief) of spirit guardianship. Said he, emphatically, "The phenomena of the present time are not to be overlooked."

He held his audience spell-bound, and many dressed in the tall-tale garb of mourning were bowed in silent weeping. Spiritualism was not in any point contradicted, but the whole philosophy thereof was in general and distinctive terms admitted. I have no doubt, however, had this gentleman been questioned in his normal condition, he would have repelled the claim of direct spirit control or communication through the vocal organs of a human instrument, and in common with his brethren of the evangelical order denounced modern Spiritualism as demonic and dangerous. I was really surprised to see such a congregation, for numbers and intelligence, by their presence and attention, assenting to the spiritual faith within the walls of their own Church, and by a duly ordained minister of the gospel of Orthodoxy; but I left the house with a new light on my pathway, for something said to me, "The heaven is working where the doubting least expect it."

Now lest I make this article too long, I will reserve other facts of similar nature for a future paper.

Spiritual Phenomena.

An Hour with a Child Medium.

In all the various phases of mediumship, or spirit development, with which the press teems, and the minds of thinking men and women are now engaged, perhaps none engrosses deeper or more startling interest than that known as the physical, when given to us through the media of little children. It is reported of Jesus that he once said, "Suffer little children to come unto me"; and it would seem, by rapidly accumulating circumstances, that our spirit-friends are to give to the world the strongest and most tangible evidences of an existence in a state, or condition, by the immortality part of our being—which, I claim, is all there really is of us, after those ties or bonds which connect us with the casket, our temple, which we now inhabit and possess, and call our own, have been rent in twain—through "little children," who are thus becoming great instrumentalities. Skeptics have more faith in that which is given through children than older mediums, for the simple reason that they consider there is less ability, as well as less desire, to practice trickery and deception in the child than in the adult. How important it is, then, that physical manifestations through this class of mediums should be encouraged and the facts made known, in order that investigators may be enabled to push their inquiries to a successful issue.

It has been my good fortune to spend several evenings with one of the favored little ones, and at a sitting recently, I made a minute of the proceedings, which I now lay before the readers of the Banner.

Laura Ellis is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Ellis; and was born the third of March, 1853. She was first developed as a tipping and rapping medium about one year ago. Last fall a drum was beat in her presence by the invisibles, a voice was heard speaking through a trumpet, and various other manifestations, which were improved upon, and the number increased by others during the winter. These demonstrations of spirit-power at first took place in a dark room; but the medium now occupies the ordinary style of cabinet, the room in which it is placed being brilliantly lighted, the light being so arranged as to fall directly upon the medium when the door of the cabinet is open. The cabinet is two and one-half feet deep, four feet eight inches wide, and five feet high.

On the evening of April 3d, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Dwight and Emma, brother and sister of the medium; Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stebbins, Mrs. E. T. Blackmer, and the writer of this article. The medium's hands were securely tied with a strip of cotton cloth, after which she entered the cabinet, and took a seat facing the door, when her hands were stoutly fastened to a ring in the back of the cabinet. Another strip of cotton cloth was wound twice around her neck, and tied. The door was now closed, and in twenty-five seconds the voice of what purported to be the spirit of Leon Blake was heard; the door was opened, when the string was found to have been untied and removed from her neck, and thrown upon the floor of the cabinet. The same was repeated twice, each time occupying only fifteen seconds. The string was then hung loosely around her neck, the door closed, and three knots tied in fifty seconds. This was repeated with only two knots, in thirty, eighteen, and eight seconds. It was now put around her waist and tied, the door closed, and the string untied by the invisibles in thirty-five seconds. The string was then laid in her lap, and six knots tied in forty-seven seconds. Four knots were next tied in fifteen seconds. It was again laid up in her lap, when the unseen intelligence took it up, placed it around her neck, and tied it in thirty-five seconds. This was repeated, in thirty-five and twenty-three seconds. A comb was next placed upon her head, bottom

side up, and was turned by the spirit three different times in seven seconds each. A brass ring, or hoop, ten inches in diameter, was then placed upon her neck, the door closed, and the hoop removed and placed upon one of her feet in six seconds. It was returned to her neck in four seconds. The same was repeated, occupying three seconds each way.

A tambourine was now placed in her lap, the medium holding it with her mouth by a strap attached to the instrument. In twenty-five seconds after the door was closed, beating with a drumstick was heard upon the tambourine, which kept accurate time with a Jew's-harp, which was played upon outside of the cabinet. A dinner-bell was now rung, a triangle played upon, and a drumstick thrown out of the hole in the door of the cabinet.

An intermission was now had, after which, the medium being securely fastened, as before, a ring belonging to Mrs. Stebbins was placed in the pocket of the medium, and the door closed. In twenty seconds the door was opened, and the ring found to be upon the medium's finger. It was then returned to her pocket in twenty-five seconds. It was again placed upon her finger in fourteen seconds, and returned to the pocket in seven. It was again placed upon the finger in five seconds, and the door being again closed, in the almost incredible short space of one second the voice called, "Come in," when the door was instantly opened, and the ring found to be in her pocket. The spirit then put it on the medium's finger, then in her mouth, returning it again to her finger, each in three seconds. The medium then took a block of wood in her mouth, and, while holding it there, the spirit conversed with us in a clear, loud and plain tone. The medium could speak but imperfectly at the time.

Much interest is added to these sittings, from the fact that the spirit was almost constantly employed in conversation upon different topics with some one in the room, and always notified us when to open the door.

I hope that the manifestations which are taking place in different portions of the country through little children may become more general, and the knowledge of them made public. This practical part of our philosophy is destined to play an important part in the drama of Progression, and its light should not be kept from the world.

Chilcope, Mass., 1865. JAMES G. ALBEE.

The Phenomena of Dreams.

The article by Cora Wilburn, "On Dreams," in your interesting journal, recalled to my mind a strange dream I had in my youth. Since the time of my dream, I have read a great many books and essays, with the hope of solving this phenomenon of Dream Land; but as I have never yet seen a similar one recorded, I am still in the dark, and I hope I shall not trespass on your time by relating it, hoping to get a solution from some one.

At the time my dream occurred, I was on a whaling voyage in the Pacific ocean, and had just got snug between the blankets for a midwatch snooze, when, presto, I was on the Battery in New York. The time seemed to be early morning, in summer, and I appeared to be on a visit home; and what was very strange, I thought my time was limited to my watch below, viz., four hours; so I started up Broadway on a quick walk. Never was reality more natural than this dream; for, as I walked, the streets, that were at first lonely and silent, began to teem with early risers, plodding along to their work; carts rumbled about; the shop-keepers came out to open their shops. As I arrived up town, I began to meet familiar faces, but passed on with but a nod of recognition. When I came nearer home, friends would stop me to ask, "When did you get home?" but I would not stop to talk, as I felt that time was precious. At last I came within sight of the house (a small store). I wondered at the shutters being up, as our folks were early risers. While I was thus wondering, an old schoolmate came up and shook me by the hand. We talked of the changes that had taken place since I had been away. I mentioned the circumstance of the shutters. "Oh," he said, "your mother has been very sick; and when you get in you will find a new sister." Just then the watch was called, and I was brought back to reality and the South Pacific ocean.

Now the most remarkable circumstance is, not that the birth of my youngest sister was told to me, but that on working up the longitude and turning it into time, I found that, after allowing half an hour to get comfortably into bed, it would be about five o'clock in the morning in New York. Now what I should like to know is, whether you think it was a dream, or did I really visit New York in spirit? I do not yet believe in Spiritualism; but as strange things have happened to me lately, I seek for information from journals and books on kindred subjects.

HUGH McKAY,
85 Greenwich avenue, New York, 1865.

Church and Henry's Seances.

In No. 24, Vol. 16, you published a communication from me in reference to what I witnessed at Church and Henry's seances, at Springfield, Illinois. A few days after the seance referred to in that communication, I again was present at another seance, where about the same manifestations took place, with this addition: A spirit, calling her name Miss Lockhart, who claims to have been in the spirit-world many years, materialized herself sufficiently to converse, place her hands upon my head, imprint a kiss upon my lips, and, at my request for a lock of her hair, she asked me to let her take my knife; I did so; I took my knife out of my pocket, and opened it; it was taken out of my hand as readily as if it had been light—we were in total darkness. I, and all present at the seance, about a dozen, heard her cut off a lock of hair, which she placed in my hand along with my knife, which she returned as readily as if it had been done by mortal in perfect light; at the same time she said it would remain as perfect as any other lock of hair; said she was then on the material plane of life, as much as we before she passed to the spirit-world, and that a lock of hair, severed while in that materialized condition, would remain so, like any other lock of hair. I have the lock of hair now—beautiful brown hair.

The same precautions were taken to guard against imposition as stated in my last communication to you.

My own senses being the Judge, I know there was no deception, it was a veritable reality. But I am willing to confess had I not myself been present, and used my own senses to guard against imposition, I should have doubted the power of spirits to do what I now know they can do. It is a new feature of manifestation to me. I had not for a long time doubted the power of spirits to materialize themselves; but, until recently, I did not suppose they could do it so perfectly, that if a lock of hair was severed while in that condition, it would remain natural. But as it is, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

St. Charles, Ill., March 4, 1865.

Yours, fraternally, S. S. JONES.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY E. LOUISA MATHER.

Another spirit hath gone home to thee,
Oh Father-God! unto thy perfect rest,
Thine all-embracing blessedness and love.
A mighty spirit, with a noble heart,
Tender, and true, and faithful, loving all,
Even his enemies. The Nation mourns
Its Father and its Head; the Nation vast
Is bleeding to its centre, and the tears
Are springing fast in many a manly eye
United to weeping. And the tender soul
Of Woman is stirred up to wallings sad
For him—our Country's pride, and hope, and joy.
E'en little children feel the sombre pall
That falls around us, and their earnest eyes
Are eloquent with innocence and grief.
All nature is in mourning; from the soil
Where old Penobscot rushes to the sea,
Beyond the waves of Mississippi's tide,
Where western rivers mingle with the main,
Sad tears are shed. Old Niagara's voice
Is hoarse with weeping; and the mighty hills
Seem waving back the sunshine from their fronts.
As all too joyous and too beautiful.
His dirge is chanted in the mountain pines
Of his dear North; and flower-bells, bending low,
Mingle their grief with chimings of the wave;
And at the South, the pendent moss that clings
To the old oaks, a funeral banner makes.
The Nation's tears embalm him, martyr true
To Right and Liberty. A-down the years
His name shall be emblazoned like a star
Shedding rich light and glory on his path.
Oh, cruel hand that dealt the deadly blow!
Far more accursed than Cain, the fratricide.
Shall not his blood—our Country's Father's blood—
Cry up against him from the very ground?
Oh! in the future annals of our time
His name shall be detested—shall go down
With that of Judas, Nero, Arnold, all
Apostates, traitors, liars, murderers—all
Abhorred and hateful beings of our kind.
But, oh our God! watch o'er our Country dear,
So lately jubilant with songs of praise,
Now changed, alas! to dirges sad and low.
Guide it through seas of trouble, storms of pain,
To sit on highest hills of promise fair,
And view the rising sunlight stream and pour
Over a land of freemen, and no slave
To clank his chain in mockery of right.
Then shall a rainbow glory-span our land,
And the Atlantic and Pacific waves
Shall murmur on in ceaseless melody,
"First in the vanguard of the human race!"
East Haddam, Conn.

The Lecture Boom.

A Lecture—Delineation of Character.

Since the arrival of Mr. Wilson in this city, Spiritualism has received a new impetus. For a considerable time prior, its opponents had been quite jubilant over the seeming decline of what they called an infidel innovation upon their old established, true Gospel, reckoning it a high sin, even to attempt to be "wise above what is written." Mr. E. V. Wilson, of Wisconsin, came here the beginning of February last. Since then he has lectured twice each Sunday, making sixteen public lectures, besides giving, at intervals during the week, several public delineations of character of individuals taken indiscriminately from among the audience, some of which we shall give a synopsis of at the close of this communication.

The lectures of this gentleman have been characterized throughout as being influenced by intelligent spirits who have left the form, and still hover near the plane of our Earth, determined to yet aid us in our labors of love—for which we are truly thankful, as we stand much in need of their services. The eloquence, fervor of language, close reasoning and healthy advice, coupled with the constant invocation of real Christian charity in all the discourses, gave evidence that we were not forgotten by our spirit-friends. Brother Wilson speaks under inspirational conditions of a semi-transcendent character, with his eyes open.

The closing lecture of the course, on Sunday evening, March 20th, was an able treatise on "America, the Cradle of Ideas." The lecturer proceeded to show that knowledge had been long confined to the Eastern portion of our globe, but, with the discovery of America, and through the medium of the Printing Press, knowledge has found its way across the Atlantic, traveling with lightning speed, and, by means of our glorious and free institutions, has taken such deep root on our soil that all the combined opposition in the world cannot prevail against us. Although at first sight, said the speaker, the Monroe Doctrine might appear tyrannical upon our part, yet there was a great truth underlying the whole; so much so, that, in looking at the past history of the world, we could not but feel that the "petty quarrels about petty things," their deluging with blood that fair portion of God's heritage, all in the face of Christian civilization, too—it was no wonder that the American people invoked the Monroe Doctrine to put an end to such ravages. All intelligent men applaud it, and look to America as the only nation capable of stopping such outrages, and bid her God-speed! Nay, more, the whole civilized world is looking to America as the harbinger of universal peace and good.

The speaker dwelt upon our success in the fine arts, and our progress in Agriculture, showing that, in the latter, we are capable of feeding and clothing the whole world. The wonders of the Magnetic Telegraph, as an American discovery, were next noticed—steam-railroads—all contributing to the wealth of this great Republic. Naval Architecture was another of the ideals of American greatness. In this we hold the balance of power. The navies of the Old World are feeble, compared to ours. None of the Governments of the Old World ever dreamed of raising an immense navy of six hundred gunboats in the short space of four years.

The vast armies, too, which we have brought into the field at the shortest notice, have astonished the world. Well may the great masses of the people set America down as their natural protector. Before next May, said the speaker, the last great battle in America will be fought, and before 1866 America will contain a population of two hundred millions.

The lecturer also adverted to the rights of woman, about which so much has been said of late years, and so little understood. But the time is coming when she will be fully appreciated. At present she is not awake to her own importance to humanity, as teacher, wife and mother; but when, by proper education, she shall come to know herself, then every right that is hers will be fully guaranteed to her.

The speaker then adverted to the cruelties and uncharitableness engendered among the different religious sects, both in the Old World and the New, as being the cause of most of the wars in the Old, and a total want of that Christian charity, so much talked of but seldom witnessed, in the New. The various Christian sects came in for a full share of the speaker's attention, for their desertion of the true principles of Christ, as manifested in the Gospels, particularly in the United States. First the Presbyterians; when they obtained secular power they persecuted the Baptists as heretics; then the Methodists, by the two former combined; then the three chimed in against the Universalists and Unitarians. Then came the turn of the Spiritualists. These latter are looked upon by others as the worst of all. It is not a little singular, too, that they are classified by our modern Pharisees as quite akin to the early disciples of the Nazarene, on account of the wonderful things taking place in our midst, through means of spirit agency? Christ was accused of "casting out devils through Beelzebub, the Prince of the world of the devil," by hypocrites, and "Jehonabab" by Pharisees. But all such reproach amounts to nothing, for the truth is spreading rapidly. The speaker here gave an account of the history of this New Religion, as it may well be called, from its advent fifteen years ago in Rochester, N. Y., to

the present time. And this new Gospel of Truth and Righteousness has spread so rapidly among us, that now we have upward of five hundred lecturers in the field, and more than three million of hearers, all anxious inquirers after truth. No wonder we are evil-spoken of by the Orthodox; for ours is the Religion of Common Sense, as taught by Christ, without creeds, and money and without priest; this is the only true religion of Christianity, and all based upon genuine Christian charity.

Had the great body of the people in the South been as well educated as the North, this infamous rebellion could never have taken place, because they never would have submitted to become the dupes of a mere handful of base conspirators against their country's liberties—aye, against the rights and best interests of humanity. To ignorance, therefore, may be imputed this civil war. They never could have raised an army had it not been for the ignorance of their people.

This led the speaker to observe that when present strife shall cease, and upon the return of peace, charity should be our ruling principle—charity for those who erred through ignorance—charity for those who were dragged to lift up arms against their country by a comparative few restless, designing men. America could afford to be thus charitable and forgiving to all included in the amnesty, without need of our ambitious President's charity even extended to the leading conspirators themselves, by granting them their lives, which they had justly forfeited to the country, by the misery and desolation which they had brought to many a hearth, by banishing every one of them from the country for life, and confiscating their property.

DELINEATIONS OF CHARACTER.

We will now give one or two delineations of character by Mr. Wilson, selected indiscriminately from the audience. This is not done phenomenically, but by touch of the hand, thus putting himself in rapport with the individual. He not only gives the character correct, but gives some of the bygone incidents in the life of the individual, with the dates accordingly. May heaven forgive our suspicion of some charlatanry on the part of the medium, having seen such things before attributed to psychology; but when it came to our own turn to be examined, and the medium told us of incidents which we had long forgotten, we found ample reason to alter our too hasty opinion.

In a public meeting at Odd Fellow's Hall, a young man came forward for examination. "You are predisposed to commit suicide," said the medium, and will have to guard against that closely in your nature. There is a spirit now at your side, named Henry; he is your cousin (describing him); says he was killed in battle five months ago from this present February." This the young man confirmed, with all the circumstances then stated.

On another evening Dr. B. came forward as a test character, with several others. The doctor conceded that Mr. Wilson had given his life history literally correct, with dates and incidents, and asked how he obtained these facts? Mr. Wilson replied:

"Your spirit-friends give them to me. There are two here with you now. One is a young man who studied with you in college. He was nineteen years old when he died. His death was occasioned by poison. While assisting in the dissection of a female corpse, you being present, the scalpel slipped and cut the index finger of his left hand. Though but a mere scratch, he died from the effects of poison which had entered his system." Here the medium described him, and said his name was "Charley." The medium, in continuing:

"The other spirit is that of a girl, who was intimately acquainted in your father's family and with yourself. She was not your sister, nor do I believe she was any way related to you. She appears to me not to have been over sixteen when she died; if older she does not look so. One feature you must recognize—she had a most remarkable head of hair; color, a bright, dark, glossy brown; very long and very new. She is, I judge, that she was in the habit of doing—that is, she it does shake it out by shaking her head. It thus hangs over her shoulders like a dark cloud, reaching to her heels. She died very suddenly of some acute disease, and in your presence. You were twenty-three years old at the time, and the effect upon you was as if you were in the embrace of some powerful anacardium squeezing the very life out of you! You staggered under the influence, and dropped into a chair. Its effect upon you was like that produced by a blow, or sudden distraction. Do you identify any of these things?"

Answer: "Yes; it is true to the life, including my individual traits of character. The incidents all occurred at the time mentioned. The two spirits I identify; I knew them. The young man was nineteen, and died, as you have told, from the poison taken from a female corpse. His name, too, was Charley. The young lady I knew; she was the daughter of her father's true to the letter. She had the finest head of hair in the State of Maryland. She was engaged to be married to me in a short time, when she died. I was twenty-three; she was nineteen, but did not look over sixteen."

Cincinnati, O., April 3d, 1865.

(From the Boston Universalist.)

An Extraordinary Persecution.

Several months since, the Chicago papers gave the particulars of a most extraordinary persecution, with accompanying details of refined cruelty, which was being meted out to a young lady, named Mrs. E. P. W. Packard, late an inmate of the insane asylum of the State of Illinois. That Mrs. Packard was a victim of a foul and cruel conspiracy I have not a single doubt, and that she is, and ever has been, as sane as any other person, I verily believe. But I do not now feel called upon to assign reasons for my opinion, in the premises; as the case of Mrs. Packard was fully investigated before an eminent judge of our State, and after a full and careful examination she was pronounced sane, and restored to liberty.

Still I repeat, but for the cruel conspiracy against her, she could not have been incarcerated as a lunatic in an asylum. Whoever reads her full and fair report of her case, will be convinced of the terrible conspiracy that was directed toward a truly God-fearing and accomplished lady—a conspiracy worthy of the demonic spirit of ages long since passed, and such as we should be loth to believe could be practiced in this enlightened age, did not the records of our court verify its truth.

To a kind and sympathizing public I commend her. The deep and cruel anguish she has had to suffer, at the hands of those who should have been her protectors, will, I doubt not, endure her to you, and you, I trust, to her your kindest sympathies and protection.

Craving through her much suffering the public will become more enlightened, and that our noble and benevolent institutions—the asylums for the insane—will never become perverted into institutions of cruelty and oppression, and that Mrs. Packard may be the last subject of such a conspiracy as is revealed in her books, that will ever transpire in this our State of Illinois, or elsewhere.

Very respectfully,
S. S. JONES.

St. Charles, Ill., Dec. 2, 1864.

The above is not all. Mrs. Packard has shown us a paper signed by sixteen citizens of Waukegan, and certified to by J. C. Bidlecom, Clerk of the County Court, confirming her statements in all the essential particulars. Further, the Chicago papers took the responsibility to treat her statements as reliable. Further still, one of her pamphlets has a responsible imprint, namely, "Times Steam Job Printing House, 74 Randolph street, Chicago."

In view of all these corroborating testimonies, we do not feel at liberty to prejudge the case against her on the score of intrinsic absurdity. Such testimonies certainly make it the duty of the accused parties to come out in explanation and self-defence. Their silence, under the circumstances, is significant.

Assuming, as in view of all the facts it is our duty to do, the correctness of the statements made by Mrs. Packard, two matters of vital importance demand consideration:

1. What have "the rulers in the church" done about the persecution? They have not publicly denied the statements; virtually on the principle that under such extraordinary circumstances silence gives consent; they concede their correctness. Is the wrong covered up? the guilty party allowed to go unchallenged lest "the cause" suffer by exposure? If they will explain the matter in a way to exculpate the accused, these columns shall be prompt to do the injured full and impartial justice. We are anxious to know that they have to any in the premises. If Mrs. Packard is insane, liable to arrest, and to be placed in an insane asylum! We have a personal interest in this matter.

2. Read carefully Judge Boardman's statement as to the bearing of "common law" on Mrs. Packard's case. If a bad man, hating his wife and wishing to get rid of her, has enough to fabricate a charge of insanity, and can find two physicians "in regular standing," he can "prove" the "common law" places her wholly at the mercy of her brutal lord. Certainly the statute should interfere. Humanity, not to say

Christianity, demands that special enactments shall make impossible such atrocities as are alleged in the case of Mrs. Packard—atrocities which, according to Judge Boardman, can be enacted in the name of "common law." We trust that the case now presented will have, at least, the effect to induce Legislative bodies to such enactments as will protect women from the possibility of being seized, which, we are led to fear, ecclesiastical bodies had rather cover up, than expose and rebuke to the prejudices of sectarian ends—the "sacred cause."

(From the Philadelphia Daily Press.)

Proposed Home for Poor Outcast Women.

LETTER FROM MISS EMMA HARDING.

To the Editor of the Press:

SIR: I beg to remind my friends in this city that in a public address made here some few years ago, I presented a plan for the foundation of a Home for Poor "Outcast Women," on what I then thought and still deem a more practical basis than any other at present in operation in this country. At the meeting in question I solicited subscriptions in aid of a fund for this purpose, and the collections made in this city, in addition to others contributed at and through my public lectures on the subject, amounting to about \$1,800, being now invested in a somewhat different way to the object for which they were solicited, I beg to call the attention of contributors to the following statement, one which I make in justice to myself on the resignation of the trust I undertook on the occasion of the meeting referred to.

When I first commenced lecturing in this cause, I proposed to build a home in the country on a self-sustaining plan. My scheme required for its accomplishment a commodious house, with land for a large nursery ground, laborers to work the ground and persons to teach the inmates horticulture, seed preparation, herb drying, pickling, preserving, fruit-dressing, and various other branches of industry, all growing out of country housekeeping. I argued the prospective benefits of my plan, on the ground of the remunerative, as well as healthful and instructive character of the employments, and the moral and physiological benefits to be derived from them. I took the best counsel I could obtain on the subject, and presented what I deemed would prove a highly practical plan, requiring, however, for its completion, at least \$50,000. To obtain this sum I devoted a large share of my own slender earnings as a speaking agent, just as I had done in the case of collecting about \$1,800, and enlisting the sympathies of a large and zealous body of practical friends in Boston, completely paralyzed my efforts in every direction. For nearly three years after this disastrous period I worked incessantly, but almost alone, to carry out my plan, even on a small scale. I risked all I possessed on earth of my own private means in the purchase of a small estate in the country, which I hoped to conduct into the arms of my home, but found it required an income to cultivate, put into order and keep up a country home far beyond any which I could earn.

I have spent months in searching for estates and getting up petitions to the citizens of different places to purchase and loan such estates to me to try my experiment with, but unwilling to risk the money I had collected, I have never withdrawn one cent of it from the Boston Savings Bank, where I deposited it with trustees, bearing all my own expenses, and paying all the interest on my own private cost. Three winters since I presented petitions to the New York Legislature, accompanied with a bill seeking to obtain an appropriation for a State Home, founded on the plan I proposed. After many weeks of the most arduous efforts of my life, I succeeded in getting my plan fairly before the Committees on State Charities, and, in their printed report, myself and my entire scheme were most warmly commended to the approval of future Legislatures, although the exigencies of the war rendered it inexpedient at that time to lend me, personally, any aid, or commit themselves to any promise to adopt my plan. Finally, I have spent upwards of one thousand five hundred dollars from my own narrow means in my efforts. Personally, I nearly wrecked my health, devoted a large share of five years' labor, and, finally, so wrought upon my mind by anxiety and fruitless efforts, that I finally, and almost alikely determined "I must stop." For the last fifteen months I have been absent in California, endeavoring to recruit a mind and body almost wrecked by my exertions, and a purse so depleted that I had not the means to carry me out of the States without borrowing my traveling expenses. I return to find the war still raging, the same obstacles to my success as formerly, existing in greater force than ever, and many of my kindly co-siders, friends still urging me on to further efforts in the same direction as formerly. This counsel I have determined to reject for the following reasons: All my experiences of the unhappy and problematical condition of those for whose benefit I am laboring, have convinced me that it is an evil that far outstrips the reach of private philanthropy, and must be dealt with by the State.

Twenty thousand of these unfortunate women live and practice their infamous and ruinous trade in and about New York city. One private institution and one hundred benevolent individuals may reach and benefit the few whose peculiar cases require the tender and delicate treatment of secret philanthropy, but the main bulk of the evil is too vast to be thus reached; too atrocious to be much longer neglected as an item of municipal government. A thousand reasons exist, which my largely varied experience has shown me, why this vast evil must be dealt with on a large scale. My own plans are only adapted to extraordinary movements, and despite of the sneers of those who have never wandered with me through the night cellars and other dens and haunts of infamy, to practically learn, as I for years have done, its working, but who philosophize at home on the Magdalenae of engraving, and the reforms which never get beyond theory, I am convinced that small and individual efforts may benefit a few, but will leave the gigantic evil, its cause and effects, untouched. My second reason is: utter exhaustion of private funds, determination not to appropriate any collections to any expenses, or the daily demands of a missionary in such a work, together with physical and mental incapacity for its further prosecution, and the absolute necessity of my going back to Europe with as much speed as the awkward condition of the currency and the expense of English money will permit. These are my reasons for temporarily suspending my efforts to establish my proposed home for outcasts. When the condition of the country justifies another appeal of some of its Legislatures, I shall need no spark from theoretical reformers to urge me on to a renewal of my labors—all things else combining to favor my work. Meantime, being unwilling to permit the money I have collected to lie idle, or only draw small interest, whilst thousands are suffering for the very necessities of life, I have determined to bestow the money on the Temporary Home for Women and Children, the noble institution in Philadelphia, differing only from a refuge for Magdalenae in the fact that it is a preventive rather than a cure. It affords shelter to poor, homeless women, provides them with places of work, prevents, and has prevented thousands from pining or starving, and now, in these calamitous times when thousands of desolate women are cast upon the streets in the dreadful bereavements of war, its demands are so great as imperatively to call for the support from all who love their country, would do justice to the martyrs who have died for it, leaving victims to mourn their loss, or who would stretch out a hand to rescue despairing virtue ere it is driven to crime to save itself from perishing.

I cannot trespass on these columns further, by a description in detail of this institution, and have only to conclude with a brief statement that the money I have collected, after paying interest for nearly four years, amounting to the sum of \$2,500, has been bestowed by me, first in \$2000 on the Temporary Home for Poor Women and Children, Philadelphia, and the rest in the hands of Mr. M. B. Dyott, of that city, as trustee

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for the same institution, when they (the managers) shall have added, at my suggestion, a laundry, workroom, and other buildings now in contemplation. I have, accordingly, to repeat the statement with which I commenced this address, that I make it as a resignation of the trust confided to me by those who have contributed towards the fund. A list of their names and donations, together with the charge of banking the money, was kindly undertaken, at my earnest solicitation, by Phineas E. Gay, Esq., of Boston, and the Hon. J. S. Ladd, magistrate, of East Cambridge. Both these gentlemen are amongst the largest contributors to the fund, saving myself, whose collections, as shown by our papers, amounted from my own earnings to about \$1000 of the gross amount. As the three principal contributors then agree in the useful disposition of this sum, which I am now making, I trust all others interested by donations in the matter will feel satisfied likewise. To the grumblers, whose only contributions are intrusive advice, I can only say go to the Temporary Home, see these poor houseless wanderers rescued from the streets, and determine for yourselves whether it is better to wait till the taint of sin and degradation is on them before we stretch out the hand of pity to save them. My own mind is made up on this point, even if the logic of events had not compelled my decision by an arbitrary necessity. What I now write is not an excuse kindred to operations, but simply in justice to myself and my kind allies in my long and onerous labors to make this public statement of a trust, publicly confided to me in public contributions.

EMMA HARDING,
8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

The managers of the Temporary Home Association of the city of Philadelphia for women and children, hereby publicly acknowledge the receipt of two thousand dollars from Miss Emma Harding, the said sum to be appropriated for the uses and purposes of the said institution.

Signed by direction of the Board of Managers,
SHIRLEY ANN LEWIS, President.
EMILY S. STACHHOUSE, Treasurer.
ANNE C. PARKER, Secretary.

Philadelphia, May 8, 1865.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD,
CAMDEN, N. J. THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND
OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1865.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
Room No. 3, 1st STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous divine inspiration in man; it aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritualist.

Spiritualism vs. Old Theology.

The Religious Press feels impelled, quite frequently, now-a-days, to run a tilt against Spiritualism—as the widening skirts of her progressive garment are quietly but rapidly superseding the fashions of the ancient swaddling-clothes of stolid ecclesiasticism—and ventilate their wonted ignorance of spiritual things by misinterpreting, and therefore utterly misrepresenting a new development of Nature, which is so superior to their own procrustean theories, that their native element of bigotry entirely prohibits them from appreciating its truth or its logic—much less comprehending the liberal scope of its sublime religious philosophy. The adherents of "Old Theology" having for centuries satisfied their spiritual cravings by indulgence in the indigestible pabulum of mystery, and having eked out a specious life of spirituality upon the "miraculous" mania of SUPERNATURALISM, have become totally unfitted to intelligently apprehend the "System of Nature" as seen from a spiritual standpoint, even after it has been literally translated into the plainest and most comprehensive language of human thought.

We were led to the above reflections by noticing in a recent number of the *Central Christian Advocate*—published at St. Louis, in the interest of the Methodist persuasion—an article which displays the usual characteristics of "Christian" onslaughts upon Spiritualism, and which is creditable neither to the intelligence nor the morality of the writer: to his intelligence, seeing that he pretends to know all about Spiritualism, and signally fails to present scarce a single one of its vital principles, or sensibly portrays the remarkable features of its external evidences—which are amply set forth in our various publications, to which he doubtless has had access; to his morality, inasmuch as, manifestly having met with a better report of Spiritualism than he deigns to reproduce in his affected comparison of its teachings with the "Christian" scheme, he outrageously distorts the external phenomena of spirit-manifestation, and maliciously and meanly falsifies their—in themselves—truly wonderful aspects, as the essence of our spiritual Philosophy and Religion!

This astute little exhibit altogether too much ability—however little it may be comparatively—to know better than (as per example of St. Paul) to lie, in order that the glory of his God might so much the more abound. He doubtless did know that a *manful statement* of the easily found claims of Spiritualism would prove a burden for his feeble shoulders that he was unwilling to risk the responsibility of encountering in public; and he therefore proceeded to set up his "man of straw" for a target, and aimed the heavy guns of his bare assertions to its demolition and annihilation. The substance of his effusion is the merest,rodomontade and twaddle, and is totally unworthy of a respectful reply, *seriatim*; and the only reason that induces the present reference to it, is, to endeavor to set our "Christian" opponents, elsewhere and anywhere—who may possibly be influenced by its want of candor and positive untruthfulness—a better example of liberal and honest dealing with an adverse Faith, than they every now and then exhibit through some clerical gladiator of the Press or Pulpit, or unfeigned bantling of a "religious critic," not having before his mind's eye the fear of a trial by jury at the bar of common sense. The "odor of sanctity" shall not save such supercilious blots from merited rebuke and exposure of their pettifoggish counsels to mislead and deceive the unwary, by forestalling the ultimate popular opinion and judgment, through the quasi-authoritative channels of the Religious Press.

Spiritualism challenges candid investigation and criticism, and many of its representative votaries are even ambitious to cross swords with the ablest adversaries that can be pitted against them, in open field, well knowing, from ample experience, that the verdicts of even unsympathizing public audiences will afford them such measure of justice, as to prove that there is an intellectual, a moral, and a religious power in their cause,

when truthfully presented, as to command the most respectful hearing, if not the ready assent as to the genuineness of its spiritual claims.

While we have but little confidence in the efficacy of the best arguments or statements of facts quietly disseminated through our books or our press, to "convert" the sectarian presses or preachers, their readers or hearers, to the bonds of our Faith as Spiritualists; and while very many of the unchristian notices that are volunteered by them to bring us into bad notoriety, excited our contempt and derision, still we are not unmindful of the baneful influences which ignorance, misrepresentation and downright falsehood originate and scatter abroad among the less thoughtful, the less reading, observing and intelligent, to the discredit and positive detriment of new and unpalatable truths; and we feel it to be a duty we owe to a glorious cause and work, to continually repeat the arguments which to our sense are logically sound, to enlighten the mysteries of a hitherto inscrutable subject, to advise of the new phases that are constantly being developed to swell the category of occult, spiritual psychological phenomena, and even to occasionally administer a wholesome castigation to the small-souled oracles and pyrotechnic scribblers, who will not allow the Almighty any larger field of activity and manifestation than is embraced in their own limited horizons of vision, and contracted circles of thought; and who confidently believe that, with the aid of a little brimstone and theological greek-fire, they can produce a conflagration that will devastate in speedy ruin any presumptions "philosophy" or "religion" that militates against their own chosen Faith!

With a few extracts from Sir Bonham's of the *Christian Advocate*, we will endeavor to present a brief parallel between Spiritualism and "old theology," which will be apt to put quite a different aspect upon both, and admonish this writer—as well as others who may incline to his method of treatment, by wholesale denunciation and stigmatizing of God's latest and most glorious revelation to man—to take heed to their disposition for licentious vituperation, and to withhold their foul and venomous slime for a more legitimate prey.

He says of Spiritualists: "They have discovered that this thing of a hell is all 'boosh,' got up to frighten ignorant people; that Jesus Christ was only a great healing medium; that regeneration is only mesmerism, and holy living a sham: that all Christians are either weak-minded or hypocrites; and that atheism is only another name for a man who is more talented and wiser than his neighbors!" • • • The idea of the Spiritualists' future state—"If it be such a state as they represent it to be—is incomparably meagre in all that constitutes excellency, with that which the Christian by the eye of faith explores." And this future is represented as the indulgence of spirits through eternity, (and by implication, as this alone) in "visiting the earth and choking the native spirits out of their living bodies, taking possession of human brain and tongue, and in bad grammar speaking such words of wisdom that the utterances of Jesus are the merest twaddle in comparison: crawling into the brain of some silly woman, and uttering such incomprehensible nonsense that neither intelligences in this world nor the world to come can understand it." • • •

"Spiritualism is inconsistent with past known and believed truth." • • • He makes A. J. Davis, in his Harmonical Philosophy, promulgate the sublime conception, that "there is no God, and no soul in man, except a secretion from the brain!" &c., &c., &c.—summing up his crude and rank digest—the more ridiculous portion of which is so wretched as not to deserve notice—by saying, "And yet this is Spiritualism!" I will pass this absurd trash of obfuscation by without present special comment, not desiring that such chaff should come too directly between the wind and the nobility of our sublime philosophy, and proceed to our main purpose.

Modern Spiritualism is founded on a new unfolding of heretofore obscure or hidden principles of matter and mind, and upon the development of natural laws of spirit-essence, of which the human mind has, in the past, possessed little or no definite and practical knowledge; and, in its scientific, philosophic, and religious aspects, is based exclusively upon spirit intercourse with human beings. Those who, with any show of noteworthy interest, oppose Spiritualism, mainly, at this present stage of its progress, aim the shafts of their criticism at the religion which it inculcates; and, although not yet allowing, by any means, that spirits do communicate with us in the flesh, still they seem to tacitly admit that the phenomena we allege to spirit-intervention do actually occur, and, if spiritual in their origin, are the works of only bad spirits. So little have they now to offer, to disprove the supermundane evidences, that, were these to confirm their own spiritual doctrines and theories, they would make no difficulty whatever in readily gliding into a full acceptance of all we claim for the activity of disembodied intelligences in our midst.

The fact of spirit communion with the world has been fully and satisfactorily demonstrated to us, and we feel that we have only to exercise our unprejudiced reason in examining the revelations which are made to us from the spiritual state, and, after acquainting ourselves with the laws of the new intercourse, and their *modus operandi*—in the light of modern attainments in the principles of human magnetism and psychology—that we can and should bring our understandings to bear, and sit in judgment to determine the truthfulness and acceptability of the teachings of spirits, regarding their own estate and that of the earth from which they have bodily been separated; and thus settle confidently upon such as are worthy to establish genuine authority for human guidance and government. And it behooves us to exercise the nicest discrimination in the selection of the choicest means for the conduct of our investigations: for the spirit-world is made up from the heterogeneous elements eliminated from this world, and, like our own, exposed to a like variety of opinions, and diversity of mental perceptions of truth.

We ought surely to allow, since spirits of the departed have convinced us of their ability to return and hold intercourse with us, that they should be capable of shedding an abundance of light upon those mysterious realities in regard to our future state, that have been only so faintly foreshadowed to feeble human vision in the past: more especially those, who, by a long sojourn in the higher life, have outlived their earthly prejudices, and now with clairvoyant eyes and unclouded perceptions behold the very *arcana* of Nature, which constitute the familiar elements of their unfolded life. And when, moreover, the unmistakable utterances of our best and loving kindred and friends, who have but recently left us, greet our newly educated senses—and in overwhelming demonstrations of identity—with the intelligence of their translated condition, we ought to feel all the more blessedly assured that the kingdom of Heaven has been let down to earth, and that angels are descending and ascending freely from one to the other. Is it strange, then, that we should call upon our souls and all that is within us, to rejoice, and joyfully turn our listening ears to catch the

welcome sounds of celestial thought; that the Creator Father has in loving wisdom vouchsafed to be thus wondrously transmitted to his earthly children?

From the well-ordered and critical investigations and comparisons of experience which have been abundantly instituted, and pursued untiringly for months, and even years together, an exposition of corroborative revelations has been attained, which systematically acquaints us with a reliable compendium of the philosophy of life on the earth, and life in the upper sphere, as beheld from a spiritual standpoint—free from all mystery, and as easily comprehensible by the human mind as its own higher earthly experiences. Let us take a cursory view of some of the principal revelations—that more immediately concern us—which have been afforded us from spirit-life, and contemplate the contrast they present to the accepted theories and beliefs of popular religious philosophy. These latter need not be specified, except incidentally—they are full well enough known already.

It may be premised that these revelations are, mostly, neither strange nor extraordinary—in themselves considered—for they are but the confirmations of man's highest and most natural intuitions. The mind naturally gravitates to the grand simplicity of truth, when allowed free exercise, and the fearless activity of all its faculties and powers; and all ages furnish us isolated examples of interior illumination that, undisturbed and undimmed by the influences of external conditions, has reflected the light of highest truth upon the prevailing obscurities of the spiritual life. It is the very naturalness of the spirit revelations that constitutes their acceptableness, their beauty, and stamps them with the broad seal of divine authenticity and authority.

I. God is an Infinite Principle of Intelligence, impersonal to our perceptions, for human conceptions of personality imply, necessarily, limiting lines of form in space, which, of course, would nullify the idea of infinity. Spirits "see God" no more than do we, and their idea of Him is no more complete than their own development is perfect; nor do they ever expect to behold the Creator, except in their enlarged perceptions of his attributes, as apprehended in His creation. Yet do they acknowledge Him as immanent in all the sublime immensity of His universe, and as becoming, eternally, more and more manifest to the eternally progressing soul.

II. All planetary orders of created intelligences have been developed from the lowest and simplest forms and activities of matter as pervaded by the universal principle of life, which is but the activity of God working the grand law of eternal progression to illimitable spiritual ultimates. Retrogradation, nor Evil, as principles, find no place in the procession of the divine plan and purpose. The soul of man, being the individualized and only personal expression of the essence of the Infinite Soul, is unchangeable, indestructible, and immaculate as its divine original. The life of the soul, or, rather, its spiritual manifestation through its varied experiences onward from the birth of the body, is subject to misdirection of Nature's progressive tendencies and purpose, and is only responsible for its conscious departures from the instinctive promptings of the law of righteousness, though, nevertheless, subject to legitimate penalties for ignorant violations of the laws of unfolding life.

Although the soul is always perfect, the manifestations of its individualized life are exposed to all the imperfections of its external surroundings; and its failure to wisely appreciate and healthfully employ the unnumbered variety of impelling forces of development in Nature—in the centre of which every individual constantly exists—disobedience to the promptings of its inborn spiritual instincts—often times latent in the heart to almost inertness from untoward circumstances it may not easily control—constitute all the "depravity" for which it is accountable. Indeed the admission of "total depravity" as the inherent character of human nature, would be nothing less than forestalling the utter damnation of God's highest and only representative handiwork; the absolute denial of the "Good" which He is represented as pronouncing upon the resultant of His creation. "Original Sin"—the essence of which, according to the inventors of the dogma, is nothing more, nothing less than an *inborn desire for knowledge*—is but a foul and blasphemous stigma upon God's "perfect work," translated into its logical significance. And yet what direful consequences to the race has obedience to the impulse of this only element in man's being capable of instigating the soul to spiritual progression—the attainment of the condition of individual happiness—originated, and everlastingly entailed!

If God had "made" man, and placed him upon the earth a perfect being, should not the earthly life eternally suffice for him? Because, no higher aspirations than he was created with being possible for him—for he was "created perfect"—the earth being, in the wisdom of his Creator, a fit abiding-place, at creation, must ever continue to hold all the needed supply of means for the eternal satisfaction of his entire nature! Therefore any higher life for man could never have been contemplated in the divine plan. How absurd!

III. Man having been created imperfect, as a spiritual being, i. e., the being he was destined to become, though entirely perfect as a rudimentary organism, endowed with powers and faculties adapted to the first stage of the soul's development—the earthly life—was left comparatively free—though under the necessary restraints of a relatively imperfect sphere of life—for this life was not to comprise all of his existence, but typify the possibilities of an eternal future; and he was made so far responsible to the "divine government," as his own will to morally elect a "righteous" or a "sinful" course of conduct might prescribe. He was appointed the exclusive and supreme cultivator of the divine heritage—the garden of his own soul. There were no "rewards," as such, for righteousness, nor no "punishments," as such, for sinfulness; but instead, legitimate fruits of happiness or misery—relative in extent and duration—naturally outgrowing under the imperative and inevitable law of Cause and Effect, from his own chosen acts of obedience to, or dereliction from Moral Law. Rewards and punishments are peculiarly human institutions, and the spirit of neither is truthfully typical of God's "dealings" with His children.

The "whole duty of man," therefore, is comprised in individually serving himself and his fellow-men, by conforming his every action and thought to the superior attractions of God's loving inspirations, which, as the sun-warmth and light develop the hidden beauties of the flowers from the secret interiors of the rooted germs, shall expand the spiritual perceptions of the soul to apprehend the loving nature of its divine progenitor, and allure the spiritual, affections of its heart of hearts to responding worshipful allegiance and devotion. Spiritual worship is man's need, and not God's mandatory requirement. In truly serving himself and his kind, man is obedient to the highest behest of his Maker, and is thus only fulfilling the development of his own spiritual nature. God's commands to his creatures are only

the revelations of his unbounded Love and Wisdom, for the attraction and guidance of their earthly lives; into and through the spiritual avenues that conduct most directly to Spiritual Freedom.

IV. The most important revelation—in a scientific point of view, at least—and the one, in the light of which alone all others from the spirit-world could be intelligently alleged to their real source, is the elucidation of the "Mystery of Life." The solution of this problem lifts from off the face of Nature the veil which has, in all the past, concealed from the keenest perceptions of mortals the mechanism and physiology of their own spiritual organisms. We are now enabled to behold, with clairvoyant vision, how we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," in our immortal part, and how immediate a relationship subsists between ourselves and disembodied intelligences. We know that there is a spiritual body within the material body, which is indestructible, and completely identifies us upon resurrection to the higher life, and eternally preserves our personality, our individuality; and that all Nature is pervaded by the same indestructible Life, the same grand principle of spirit-essence, however differently it may be manifested in the lowest and highest forms of matter. For spirits have succeeded in establishing a perfect telegraph of communion between themselves and our own spiritual organisms, and have, by their own aural and psychological powers, developed in a vast number of mortals the hitherto latent spiritual senses, corresponding with the external, the material, and have thus brought a multitude into immediate rapport with their own condition of life. Hence the mystery of life has in good measure been dispelled, and we have come to learn how naturally and intimately the spiritual world is linked with our own, and in an everlasting bond of union.

However shallow may be the depth of our present penetration into the *arcana* of spiritual principles and realities, as perceived by spirits, we are abundantly assured that we have at least entered the vestibule of the grand laboratory of Nature's mystical processes, and have become duly initiated into the long-hidden secrets of all so-called MIRACLES—which far back in the centuries have ever been a mighty stumbling-block to the progressive development of the race; have raised up and nourished into giant life, among all nationalities, the dark and blighting Genius of Superstition, that has degraded and enslaved the nobler impulses of humanity, and cast a funeral pall over man's highest spiritual instincts and hopes of Immortal Life. Miracles and Mysteries are no longer inexplicable, in the vocabulary of the Spiritualist; for the spirit-world has become his Teacher, and the universal World of God according to Nature is the only sacred and authoritative text-book for his completest earthly education in preparation for the life to come. Naught to him, even as to the world of spirits, is supernatural, save God alone. And He is the unific, omnipresent Spirit, of whom all Nature is but the manifestation; the central Sun of the Universe, vivifying all spiritual creatures unto a sphere of eternally progressive happiness. Not much longer shall Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant Christian, offend the "moral sense" of the spirit-world, by holding over the devoted heads of mortals the terrors of a God of Wrath, dealing out eternal damnation to the misdirected sinner. Not much longer shall the name of the mystical Jesus, joined with the other two of the Infinite Personalities of the universe, whose Wisdom and whose Love are only now becoming truly revealed to the minds and the hearts of his earthly children, through the abounding radiance of spirit enlightenment.

It is no special virtue in the Spiritualist, to behold God and his creation, and human destiny, in the light of spirit-counsel and tuition—no more than to acknowledge the radiant light and cheering warmth of the natural sun in the firmament. It is only coming out from the darkness of the caves and the shadows of the valleys, to which the terrors of superstition and the degradation of ignorance have driven him, and standing upon the broad, open plains, or ascending the hill-sides, and even unto mountain-tops, where the unobstructed light and glow of Truth may shine into the receptive soul, and consume the effete rubbish of error there: only—in simpler form—obedience to the primary impulses of the laws of intelligent life.

Spirit-eyes have beheld no Christ, the Son of God—in the ecclesiastical acceptance and understanding of his nature: but those who have been favored with the vision of the glorified spirit of one Jesus, who once dwelt in the flesh as a human being, and no more, represent him as transcendentally beautiful and lovely; and as crowning his earthly mission, in spirit-land, by inspiring, with his matchless example and celestial wisdom, all gradations of spirits beneath him, with heavenly missionary zeal to reach the spiritual interiors of the children of time, to expand their souls for the receptivity of highest truth, and the unfolding of their immortal affections in responsive sympathy with the all-pervading, all-inviting Love of Father and Mother God.

V. And now, finally, what of the Spiritualists' Future—whose Hell, our Western defamer has discovered, (and on the authority of Spiritualists themselves) to be all "boosh," and whose Heaven, to be "incomparably meagre in all that constitutes excellency with that which the Christian by the eye of faith explores?" The most "reliable information" from beyond the Jordan of this life assures the Spiritualist—were his own intuitions inadequate to the apprehension of the truth—that the future existence is constituted, primarily, to every individual, of the spiritual life that has been unfolded in the experiences of this world. Just what the earthly man has made himself he at once commences to be, upon translation to the world of souls, and continues to be, until the universal law of progression—working with lessened obstructions in his quickened nature—purifies his affections, eradicates his errors, and thus expands his capacities to apprehend and enjoy a sphere of being which is as unbounded in its capabilities to afford complete spiritual happiness, as the wisdom of the Creator is perfect, and His being eternal. The spiritual world being the truly IDEAL, and consequently the only real world, is to the spirit emancipated from material life, the sum of its own spiritual perceptions and affections. And, according as these are obtuse and vitiated, or clairvoyant and holy, will be the spirit's real condition of Hell or Heaven: the intensity of either condition is in adequate proportion to the intensity of the spirit's earthly life. A willfully vicious life on the earth merits, and will inevitably gravitate the soul to a fully compensating Hell: an indifferently good or bad life will attain an equally indifferent spiritual condition, neither of abounding happiness, nor unmitigated misery; but the soul that has thrived for spiritual wisdom, and has guided its affections by the "higher law" of its being, shall enter upon a life of unmeasured freedom, and shall become recipient of the holiest joys to which it may aspire.

If the "Christian's eye of faith" has "explored" any more rational condition of future life, than in very general terms hinted above, it must abide

in the private seclusion of his own soul: for we have been wont to hear only of a material heaven and hell, as "revealed" to "this class of religionists; the former, 'a land flowing with milk and honey,' having a great city called the New Jerusalem, whose streets are paved with gold, and whose walls are precious stones; the constant and only occupation of whose inhabitants—that we have ever heard of—is, singing to the accompaniments of golden harps, praises to the Most High God, who 'sitteth upon a throne surrounded by the Heavenly Hosts, that never cease nor tire in their musical adulations of the 'King of Kings' the latter, a sulphurous lake of unquenchable fire, that, under the infernal management of the Devil and his fiendish conductors, is made to eternally burn the souls—or rather the bodies—of such unfortunately organized and developed beings as had, in the earth-life, provoked the wrathful displeasure of an 'avenging God'!"

The truth is, the Christian religionists have never had a rational idea of the future state, its heaven, or hell: for all their "revelations" of this stage of being are confined within the limits of the Bible, the really spiritual part of which, bearing upon this point, they have never even professed to understand. And whenever any of the Christian teachers have been so fortunate as to approach any genuine conception of the nature of the world of souls, they have only been obedient to their own native intuitions, have only heeded the prophetic announcements of their own spontaneous spiritual instincts. If a spiritual future is to crown the present material life, that soul who has made a true preparation for such a state of being, by living a truly natural spiritual life, will, without any miracle, intuitively perceive the essential characteristics of that future: for Nature is always prolific in resources to meet the highest as well as the lowest needs of humanity, and the soul's very "longing after immortality," under wise self-enlightenment, cannot fail to anticipate the elementary condition of its ultimate destiny.

Spiritualism has now made its indelible record on the historic page, and spite of all the senseless prejudices opposed to its acknowledgment; is surely and speedily destined to vindicate the blessedness of its mission to the race. For it comes, the true benefactor of man, to solve all mysteries of supernaturalism; that have been the bane of his spiritual enlightenment, and to open a broad highway that shall conduct the aspiring soul directly into the *penetrals* of Nature's treasury of knowledge, lead it up to her Heaven-canopied Temple to worship her God in the beauty of holiness, according to the Heavenly revelation of His glory shining in clearer and diviner effulgence through the crystalline openings of the spiritual firmament. A new order of things has been successfully inaugurated, and the native progressive tendencies of the human mind must ultimately insure its universal acceptance, and allegiance to its divine authority.

We will conclude our somewhat desultory reflections upon a subject whose simplest aspects, in contradistinction from the accepted teachings of popular Life Philosophy, would require a volume to do them justice, by quotations from the able expositions of representative Spiritualists, that will, we trust, present an intelligent summary of the nature, purpose and spirit of the new Spiritual Dispensation.

I. Who are Spiritualists? Those who believe man is an immortal spirit; that human spirits exist after the death of the body, and can and do come back—so to speak—manifesting themselves, and communicating to mortals, in the use of various methods, demonstrating immortality, the reality of the spirit-world, and tangible intercourse with the inhabitants of the earth. All who recognize the fact of spirit-intercourse may be regarded as Spiritualists in theory, without reference to life, character or profession; while practical Spiritualists, the true, the genuine, the reliable, are those who seek to make their lives, characters and professions in harmony with the teachings and inspirations of the purest spiritual intelligences communicating with mortals, and the divinest standards of the unfolded soul. • • •

The Spiritualists' creed is summed up in the Golden Rule and the Christian commandment of love to God made manifest in love to man, and is enfolded in the solemn obligations which belong to intelligible beings made in the image and dignity, the divinity, the eternal and undivided destiny of the human family.

II. What is Spiritualism? It is a System founded on the cardinal fact of spirit-intercourse with mortals, embracing all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny: all that is now known or can be known relative to other spiritual beings, and the occult laws and forces of the universe. It is thus catholic and comprehensive; and Spiritualism, in short, may be regarded as the cultivation, the essence of all truths, inspirations and revelations brought down to the present age, and demonstrated by unmistakable manifestations of spiritual power and intelligence. These demonstrations are in direct conflict with the evangelical doctrines denominated "The Fall of Man," "Total Depravity," "Vicarious Atonement," "The Trinity," "Future Judgment," and "Endless Punishment"; the majority of Spiritualists repudiating these doctrines as they are stated by the sects; and endeavoring to reveal from the spiritual world the teachings they receive from the spiritual world, the law of human progress; the natural tendency to good in humanity; the need of retributive justice mingling with mercy, instead of a scheme of vicarious salvation; the certainty of present judgment, rewards and punishments, administered according to natural law of cause and effect, and continued no longer than is necessary to subserve the aims of benevolence in the reformation and consequent holiness and happiness of the transgressor; the divinity of Christ, as a type of the divinity; God as stamped on all his children; and the mission of Christ as the mission of the truly unfolded spiritual man, without any intervention of the so-called miraculous; the unity of the God-head in contradistinction to the Trinity; and finally, a method of interpreting the Bibles of all past ages, precisely like the method adopted in the investigation of Modern Spiritualism. The spiritual Gospel, therefore, cannot be confounded with any one species of philosophy, science, deism, atheism, pantheism, or dogmatic Theology, however noted may be the advocates, party spirit, or whether they are materialists, or so-called disembodied spirits; none are recognized as infallible authority, though each may afford some truth belonging to Spiritualism.

The grand aim of Spiritualism is the quickening and unfolding of the divine nature in man, to the end that the animal or selfish nature shall be overcome, and all evil or disorderly affections rooted out: in other words, that the works of the flesh may be supplanted in each individual by the fruits of the spirit, and thus mankind become a brotherhood, and God's will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

III. Spiritualism reveals the culture of the soul, the revelation, reason, philosophy and religion; and, without seeking any direct antagonism with seemingly opposite systems, seeks rather to recognize the good and the true in everything, and to harmonize all things according to the laws of eternal progress, as under the guidance of Him who governs supreme, through men and angels, over all worlds and intelligences.

Constant communion with the spirit-world, peopled by myriads of all past ages, adds man in becoming more conscious of the culture of the soul, and of divinity in the human nature, enables him to throw off false, external authority, and to stand up, heeding the voice of God within the temple of his own being. This communion keeps alive the holiest affections for the living and the dead or departed; and enables us to realize the whole family of man, as one on earth and in the heavens; it awakens the deepest religious emotions in oneseness with the Father, the Holy Host, the Christ, and all Christ-like spirits coming on "errands of mercy, meekness and love," and, in the fires of truth, they are melted into a new angel through sympathy with the race, and singing songs of joy over one sinner that reformeth.

MEM. 1944-1945

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with 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.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Invocation.

Oh God, thou who art the Jehovah of soul; thou who art all of Time and all of Eternity; thou who hast turned the leaves of Life's volume for us, one by one; thou who art firmly leading us through all avenues eternally; thou who art the Infinite Source of all life, accept our praises. And while we praise thee, oh Eternal Spirit, we also would offer our petitions unto thee only for a new baptism of thine own Divine Spirit. Since we have heard thy voice sounding over the rough waves of life; since we know that voice and have answered its call, oh Spirit of Truth, hear thou us, and answer thou our call. Baptize us anew with thine own Divine Spirit, and let us feel that the Spirit of Truth is holding us closely in its embrace; let us know that the midnight of error is passing away; let us see the stars of the morning; let us behold the first rays of the morning light; let us hear the sweet songs of spring birds; let us drink in the fragrance of spring flowers; let us feel, oh Spirit of Truth, that thou wilt soon give birth to the child of peace. Oh, fold to thy bosom this sorrow-stricken people. May their hearts be ready to receive the child of peace. May they cease to expect to find strength and power in the sword or cannon, in harsh words or blows. May they turn to thee, Father, and expect fully that thou wilt give them power and strength. Oh, wrap them, Great Spirit of Love, in thine own mantle, and write upon the brows of thine American children, the words liberty, justice and eternal truth. And while each section of this sorrowing country bows before thee as a God yet unknown to them, oh, may they turn within the sacred temple of soul, and there ask if liberty, if peace and happiness, which is heaven, can in any sense be born of the sword, or the loud-mouthed cannon? Oh Spirit of Truth, even now we hear thy still, small voice, saying to us, "I am here, I am here, I am here; hear my voice, trust my voice, trust my presence, understand my law, and dwell in the kingdom of heaven." Oh, we commend them to thy keeping, knowing that thou wilt tenderly care for them. We can trust them all with thee. We feel that thou wilt walk with thine American children through the fire, through the deep tempest of affliction, and bring them out upon fairer shores of liberty. Though many a heart shall contain its green grave, and many a soul shall be wrapped in mourning, yet of all this desolation, from this midnight fury, this dark, tempestuous hour, there shall come a child of peace, of truth, of love eternal.

March 21.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider the inquiries of your correspondents.

QUES.—What is the divine meaning of the "word made flesh?"

ANS.—"And the word was made flesh and dwelt among men;" or, in other words, the Spirit of Truth is incorporated in these fleshy bodies. The great Jehovah claims each one of these fleshy bodies as his temple, and he preaches therefrom, each according to their own capacities, over external lives. Though there is but one God, this God has many members, and each member is an absolute individuality of itself, capable of enunciating with or giving forth the word through the flesh.

Q.—Are not all things, material or earthly, in simple and natural correspondence with all things spiritual?

A.—Yes; or in other words, everything having material form, has also a spiritual form, or is surrounded by a spiritual atmosphere that takes the form of the material.

Q.—Are the religious institutions of the day a hindrance or aid to progress in spiritual truth?

A.—All the religions of the past and present contain within themselves something of truth. This truth will continue to become more apparent, and in that sense will seem to grow greater. So, then, your religious institutions are not a hindrance to spiritual philosophy.

Q.—Does it retard it in any way?

A.—No.

Q.—If you say that the spirit is not marred in any degree by disease of the body, why should some spirits, in returning, manifest so much pain and anguish through this medium?

A.—So far as their external is concerned, they are affected by the ills of human life; but when resolved back to their primary principle, which we contend is the God-principle, it cannot be affected by the conditions of time. The spirit, as a spirit, carries with it from this sphere all its leading characteristics, and it must outlive those characteristics; in the spirit-world those human tendencies must pass beyond them. The spirit, for a time, is affected by them, controlled by them, as it was in earth-life. For instance, the miser will be the miser still; the benevolent man will be benevolent in spirit-life.

Q.—Why should the spirit be made responsible for being punished by others? What constitutes its responsibility?

A.—It is responsible to its own internal self only. There is the judge and there the juror. No one, externally, has a right to condemn for anything. It matters not how great the sin, how heinous the offence, no one outside of self has a right to condemn. We know you often assume that right. You lay violent hands upon criminals and thrust them into the spirit-world; but we know, also, that when you understand the laws governing spirit more fully, you will cease to do so, for you will have learned a better way.

Q.—What distinction do you make between suffering innocently and actual punishment?

A.—The suffering that comes to the soul when the soul is not conscious of having produced it, is more upon the external than the internal. The little child who is left in the street, or the individual who is conscious of having brought upon himself his own suffering; then the disturbance extends to the inner, consequently is more intense.

Jesus felt this calm repose at all times, knowing that his sorrows were of the body. He felt an inner consciousness that he was doing right, consequently all the sorrows that were thrust upon him by the benighted Jews during his earth-life, were only felt by that part nearest to human nature; while in spirit, in the inner part, there was peace, heaven, repose at all times. He could look up when sorrow was surging through every fibre of his physical frame—when hanging upon the cross—and earnestly beseech his Father in spirit to forgive those who had brought this sorrow upon him. This clearly proves that there was peace within.

Q.—We hear of martyrs singing songs at the stake. Could they have been unconscious of physical suffering at the time?

A.—In their external they were suffering, but in their internal there was peace and joy, a holy transport filled all their internal, while in their external they were suffering all the pangs of hell—for hell is but a condition of suffering.

Q.—What enabled them to repel this suffering?

A.—The consciousness that they had not brought the suffering upon themselves; the consciousness that they were doing right.

Q.—Then those who suffer innocently will be likely to have this consolation given them, will they not?

A.—Always; it cannot be otherwise. How often do you hear persons condemned to lose their physical bodies exclaim, "Well, I know I am innocent. I have the consciousness of Innocence." Now here is an expression of their internal peace, while in the external they might be suffering the keenest mental anguish, or physical, either.

March 21.

William Smith.

I am in hopes to be able to send news of my death to my folks; that's what I'm here for. I can't tell you what I did with, because nobody has told me; but as high as I can tell, in the first place I had a fever, and it ended in consumption. I—I was taken sick—was first sick at Libby Prison. I was moved from there to a place they told me was Salisbury. When I was going to be moved, they told me that Salisbury was a better place, and we'd get some attention there. But it was from bad to worse. I was n't able to sit up a day after I got there. I had the floor to lay on, and the remnants of my overcoat and cap for a pillow, all I had; by the time I got ready to die, I had n't much. I was pretty bad off every way. I tried to get up and go to the window and get shot—four of 'em got shot in that way; they went to the window to get a little air—and I tried to go, but I couldn't fetch it.

My name was Smith, William Smith. I was born in the State of Maine, in Camden, Maine, but I was out in Indiana at the time I enlisted; I went out with the 3d Indiana.

I left a wife and little boy, and brother and sister. My sister is married, in California. They heard of my being captured; don't know I'm dead. I didn't succeed in dying till long into December—it was last December.

I wish you'd be kind enough to tell 'em I am dead, according to the ideas of folks on your side. I should be terrible glad to talk with the folks. I can do it, if they'll only give me a proper person to do it through. I don't know when I shall ever go home now. I looked forward to the time, when here, when I might be exchanged and get home; and I thought if I did, whether the Union was saved or not, I'd not go again. I thought I'd done my share, and I should n't have gone again. I didn't have a chance to go home, but got the chance to come here, so near it.

Now, if my brother James would only think enough about me to take my wife somewhere where I can come and talk to her as I do here, I should like it. They'd better not condemn Spiritualism too soon. They must wait and see whether it will do them good or not.

I'm somehow very weak here. I lost all the flesh I had before I died, and I was the most perfect sample of a skeleton you ever saw. And when you get pretty low there ain't much attention paid to you. Well, about once or twice a day, they come round with a pail of dirty water for you to drink. Oh, it's a tough place, Cap'n. If you do n't believe it, go down there and try it. One of the boys of some New York regiment was dead alongside of me some time. Well, I guess he'd been dead much as three or four days before they took him away. I tried to take him for a pillow once. Oh, it's a pretty hard place, Cap'n.

I was thirty-six years old, and, as high as I can tell, I was about eight or nine years old when I moved out West. [Where do your brother and wife reside?] They're in Warren, in Indiana. Oh, my brother's somewhere near New Orleans. At last accounts he was in Morganza. [Living there, or in the army?] Oh, in the army, sir; but, I do n't know, I take it his time's about out now—his term of service.

Well, Cap'n, if you ever go down to Salisbury, give my respects to the fellow they used to call Joe. I never knew him by any other name. About every day he used to come round and speak a kind word to me. He wished to God he could do something for me, he said. He two or three times chewed up a little bit of orange or apple, and put it in my mouth. He was kind of good in a good many ways. I thought I should like to send a little bit of word to him. [It may reach him now.] Well, I hope it will. I feel kind of weak. I kind of thought what I'd gone through with here was all done with, and the first thing I knew I was feeling just that way. Well, Cap'n, God bless you. Good-day. March 21.

William Fuller.

I was on my way home on a furlough, and, unfortunately, we had a smash-up on the railroad, and I got killed. And I thought, if you'd no objection, I'd just like to send a word or two home; to let 'em know I could come and that I want to come. I started from Washington on the 6th of March, and—well, I'm blessed if I can tell you what happened. We started all fair enough, and the first I knew I was nowhere; that is to say, I was outside, you know. I found myself looking after myself, and when I found myself, it was not myself any more.

Well, now, the myself that was, bore thena me of William Fuller. I was attached to the 69th New York. But the myself that is, is nameless. Now, you see, it's only a breath since I left the earth, but I went forth strong and I come back strong, and I'm ready to talk with the folks. I did n't know much about Spiritualism. I heard of it before I went out, and rather thought there might be something in it. But I little thought I should participate in it so soon, this way. But I'm here trying to reach my folks. Now, there's plenty of these sort of mediums in New York. Select some one, go to them, and William Fuller will come and manifest and identify himself.

March 21.

Robert B. Mackenzie.

I'm Robert B. Mackenzie, son of Alexander Mackenzie. My father was born in Glasgow, Scotland. My mother was born somewhere in

Delaware. I was born in New York. I was ten years old and some better than a month. I had inflammation of the brain; that's what I died of.

My father is a painter, and he's been painting for Government; took a contract for Government to paint the vessels. My father is a Presbyterian; so is my mother. My grandfather, James Mackenzie, what I never seen here, is the person that brings me here. He says he's tried in various ways to reach my father, but he has never been able to, only impressionally, and that has n't been so tangible as he could wish. And when I come to this spirit-world, he said, God willing, I should be an instrument to enlighten my parents, and give him joy, too, because he was so anxious to have them know about Spiritualism, and the spirit-world. He was here most all the time, and could n't do much of anything else.

I have n't any brothers and sisters. I wish my father would let me come home, and let me speak, and find me a medium. I've tried ever so many times to come and talk to him, but it ain't been so I could—only to come here. I'll be much obliged to you, sir.

March 21.

Louisa A. Dale.

I promised my friends, did I find this Spiritual Philosophy true, I would return. I have no wish to travel again the stony paths of my earthly existence, even in rehearsing brief portions of that existence. I only wish to give enough that I may be recognized by those who were near and dear to me, and to whom I made the promise of return, should I find this Spiritualism true.

Circumstances that I seemed to have no control over led me to the city of New Orleans two years ago. I went thither in company with four friends. These friends had some spiritual proclivities, a partial faith, perhaps, in Spiritualism, and to them I made the promise when it was known that I must pass on. I took a fever, the result of exposure and over exertion, and died on the 17th day of August last. I was twenty-two years of age. My name, Louisa A. Dale. I have many things to tell the dear friends I have left, but this is no place. I can only speak of things that are of a general nature, and cannot speak of them that are nearest and dearest to me and them.

That Spiritualism is true, is proven by my return here. I know it, and they must, as far as humanity can know spiritual things before passing through death. Dear friends, I would say, you dear ones who watched over me in my sickness, to whom I am still tenderly attached:

But in the land that knows no sadness,
In the land where angels dwell,
There your sighs shall turn to gladness,
There your soul no more rebel.

March 21.

Invocation.

Our Father, do thou baptize us with that baptism that is born of the conception of truth. May all our thoughts be wrapped in thine own mantle of Divinity. May each aspiration be born of our divine natures, not of our human; so that we may not be confounded or disappointed in our answers. Teach us, oh, Eternal Spirit, how to measure ourselves and read the book of our own natures; how to understand the law by which we are governed, for then we shall understand thee, then we shall come into a nearer understanding of thine own Divine life. We know that thou hast placed no limit upon our souls, for soul is not a child of Time, but of Eternity, and encompassed, as it is, by the living realities of the material world, born, as it is, of the great heart of Eternity, it must revolve in an atmosphere of wisdom and truth. Notwithstanding its externalities, notwithstanding the discords to which it may be subject in the external, in its own life it is divine, is perfect. So, oh our Father, in spirit we would render thee the deepest, the holiest, the most sacred praises the soul can conceive of; that song of thanksgiving that is born of true worship, that springs from the soul, and rises like a sacred incense from the holy altar of soul, and goes upward and onward toward its God-Source perpetually. Oh Father, Spirit, may thy children learn something of the things of the spirit-world. May the stone be rolled away from the sepulchre of men's souls. May the graves be opened. May the dead be raised. May sweet songs of liberty and truth fill all their being. Oh Father, Spirit, may they know that they are dwelling this day, as they have dwelt in all the past in eternity, in thee; that they are guided by thy law; that thy most holy law frames every act; that they are responsible to the interior; that in the interior there sitteth the Judge, and there is the apothec throne. Father, hear our praises. Give us still more and more of the knowledge of thee. Wrap us closer and closer in the mantle of thine own holiness, and forever we will sing these praises and utter deepest adorations to thee.

March 23.

Questions and Answers.

CHAIRMAN.—W. R., of Ohio City, Kansas, sends us the following questions:

QUES.—Will you explain the meaning of the text relating to the great gulf between the rich man and Lazarus, which is recorded in Luke, sixteenth chapter and twenty-sixth verse?

ANS.—To us it is merely an allegorical picture, a something existing only in mentality, and not in the external of life. There are many Lazaruses and many rich men at the present day. The position of each is shadowed forth to each one of you. You meet with such in your walks through life, almost daily. Now, if they furnish you any lessons, Heaven grant that those lessons may be of use to you.

Q.—Is the present intelligence capable of prophesying the success or failure of any plans national or individuals may lay?

A.—All true prophecy comes of positive knowledge concerning certain effects that will be born of certain causes, that are in existence at the present time. That which comes not of this positive knowledge is not prophecy. We might speak prophetically concerning the affairs of your nation, and other nations as well, did we see you would profit thereby.

Q.—Will you give your opinion in regard to the mode of instruction and discipline of our present school system, as to whether it is best adapted for the normal growth of the youthful mind?

A.—The institutions of learning that have an existence in the present day are the very best that the present day can have. Inasmuch as they have been born from the heart of the people, inasmuch as they are for the use of the people, inasmuch as they are controlled by your best minds, they must be in place, and not out of place. Your institutions grow as you grow. As the great mass of mentality rises, passes on from one degree of intelligence, or wisdom, to another, your laws will become modified, your systems of education become changed, spiritualized. They are certainly taking higher steps, but this can only be effected as you grow mentally.

Q.—Is not the young mind overtaxed now by the number of studies that are required by the teacher?

A.—In some instances it is so, but in many others it is not so.

Q.—Do you think the time will ever arrive when

politicians will hold the claims of country paramount to party?

Q.—There were many politicians in the past, and some who live in the present—who hold and still hold the interests of country paramount to party. We know there are many who possess such great selfish natures, that so long as they are aggrandized, their pockets are filled, and they would not care if nations and individuals and worlds were steeped in shame and ruin. But these are the exceptions, thank heaven.

Q.—It has been asserted that this is an age of physical degeneracy. Is the remark a true one?

A.—Yes, in a certain sense it is true. Your physiological records will prove that as the spirit grows strong the physical grows correspondingly weak.

Q.—Is the average age of this generation shortened, as compared to the one that preceded it?

A.—No, not when taken as a whole; but when the rule is applied to individual human life, it is shorter.

Q.—Will you explain that law? how it is that in proportion as the spirit grows strong, the body grows proportionately weak?

A.—Allow us to illustrate: Supposing, for instance, you are an engineer running a locomotive at a speed of sixty miles an hour, don't you suppose that that locomotive would wear out sooner than one that is run at a speed of thirty miles an hour? Certainly your own judgment will tell you that it would. So it is with regard to spirit. As you grow in spirit, as the spirit becomes strong and able to project more and more of its own strength, through physical life, you will grow weaker in body, and consequently wear out these physical machines very rapidly. The faster you live spiritually, the shorter are your human lives. These physical bodies are but things born of atmospheric life. And so is the locomotive. This is a very strange assertion to make, but it is true. There is nothing in the physical body that is not in the locomotive also. They are very closely related; and if mind can wear out the locomotive by running it very fast, surely mind can wear out these physical bodies by running them fast also.

Q.—Do you think it is exactly right to call these human bodies machines?

A.—They are nothing more than physical machines.

Q.—The process of repairing the human body and the locomotive are very different.

S.—How much?

Q.—Considerably different.

S.—If your locomotive is out of order, you call in the advice of a mechanic that is used to repairing such machines. If the physical machine is out of repair, you do the same. What is the difference? Your physicians repair human bodies. The builder of the engine repairs the engine.

Q.—But they are repaired somewhat differently.

S.—How much?

Q.—When one is worn away, the loss cannot be supplied without procuring new materials and rebuilding the whole machine. With the human body the law of compensation is such that any waste, or loss in the system by disease can be supplied by bringing back ourselves to the same modes of living that were observed by us before such waste took place.

S.—So you can, for a limited time, but that time is very limited.

Q.—This machine, as you call it, can wear a hundred years. But we know of no piece of mechanism that would not be condemned as very old and unfit for use long before that time.

S.—We think our comparison is just, perfectly so, and quite as logical as the theories you offer. We have affirmed, and we still affirm, that these bodies are mere machines; and it depends very much upon the superior knowledge of the engineer as to the length of time they will wear. If you understand the law, and in understanding it obey it, you may continue to dwell in the body for perhaps a hundred and thirty or thirty-five or forty years. But very few possess this knowledge.

Q.—Then you admit the possibility of the thing?

S.—Certainly, it is possible. And so by the same means it is possible to hold in use the engine for a hundred or one hundred and thirty, or forty, or fifty years. It only needs patching up, just as your human machines need patching up. The law of compensation reaches the engine, just as much as the physical body. The application is only a little different.

Q.—Some of my friends tell me that these spiritual manifestations are all imagination. Is there, in reality, any such thing as imagination?

A.—In our opinion, it is a word without a soul. You never think of anything that is not, in a certain sense, a reality. Then imagination, as such—as it is considered and understood to be by many spirits dwelling in the form—is a nonentity, a something without a soul, having no life whatever. Why not ask your friends to define the word? They who make such broad assertions should certainly understand them.

Q.—Is not every thought and every idea imprinted upon the brain of childhood?

A.—Certainly it is.

Q.—Will these pictures be revived in spirit-life?

A.—We believe they will, sooner or later. Memory is an attribute of the soul, and therefore it belongs to eternity. All the conditions through which, as a soul, you have passed, sooner or later you will remember.

Q.—Does the brain always retain these things through life, even though it apparently forgets them?

A.—The physical brain retains all the experiences through which soul has passed relating to human life, but that alone. The soul cannot fully and clearly impress the circumstances by which it is surrounded in its true physical condition; only impresses those that belong strictly to the sphere to which the brain belongs, namely, human life.

Q.—Are there such intelligences called angels, and if so, do they visit earth?

A.—You are all angels, every one of you. But we know of no separate class of intelligences that may be called angels more than another. With regard to that class of intelligences recognized as having an individuality before human life, in them we have no belief, for we know that intelligence ever manifests itself in one direct line, and that it always passes, sooner or later, through the human, else the law would be broken, and confusion exist in the universe.

March 23.

John Towers.

I am strangely impelled to make some sort of communication to my friends across the water.

I was born in Stirlingshire, Scotland. I lived on the earth fifty-eight years, and it is only about two months since I was liberated, after a brief sickness of eight days. I have lived in the city of New York for a good many years, and I have many friends there; but I am strangely impelled to send something concerning my condition to my friends in England and Scotland. I have n't time to those I have in London, I would here say,

won't they make it a point to visit some place where these things are given, and let me manifest.

To those I have in Glasgow, if there is any of these persons, so-called mediums, seek them out, and give me a privilege of speaking through them. I am happy. I am well; but I am somewhat mystified about religion and God. It is not as I have thought it to be, but I suppose it is right; let it be as it will. John Towers.

March 23.

Thomas Shales.

I was killed in battle, sir, in Winchester, in September. [Last September?] Yes, sir. My name, Thomas Shales. I got the privilege to come here, to send a little word home to my mother; if I could, sir. I hailed from Ohio, sir, from Dayton. I belong, sir, to the 6th Ohio. My mother has said many times since my death, could I have only sent one word home to assure her that I didn't suffer much in dying, she would be reconciled to my death. This is to inform her that I was shot through the head, and suffered nothing, or little. I suppose I went out almost instantly.

I have met my brother Edward in the spirit-world, that died of consumption four years ago. He's been a great help to me, and has brought me here to-day. If I can see her privately, I'll give her information concerning my father which would not be well to give here.

There's no need of mourning for me. I'm well off, quite happy, satisfied with my condition, and now that I've been able to bridge the gulf I shall be still happier. And if I can open direct communication with my mother, I'll be glad to. So I rather think I'll get along very well, and if my promotions continue to increase as fast as they have since I've been in the spirit-world, I shan't have any reason to find fault. I am much obliged, sir; that's all I have to give.

March 23.

Anna Louisa Downs.

I died of scarlet fever. I'm Anna Louisa Downs. I'm eight years old. I lived in Provincetown, Nova Scotia. I was born here in Boston, and my mother was born in Provincetown. My father was killed in the cars when we lived here. He was killed on a Buffalo train, on a train from Buffalo to Troy; and my mother had to go home, and I went, too. My father wants to tell my mother to write to his oldest brother, and tell him to restore to her what rightfully belongs to her. She don't know anything about it, but he does. It was in my uncle's—in trust of my uncle, because my father was in debt. And when my father was killed, he never said anything about it. My mother is poor, and wants it bad. I died of the scarlet fever last winter, but I ain't sick now; haven't been any more, only then. I'm going home now. I'm going home now. March 23.

Edward Brown.

I am Edward Brown, son of Alexander—Honorable Alexander Brown, of Virginia. I died on the 10th day of August. I have made many vain attempts to communicate with my father and other friends since then, but to-day is the first time I've been able to.

I was twenty years of age, in my twenty-first year. I entered the Confederate army, sir, from choice, not from compulsion. I fought against you because I wanted to, not because I was compelled to do so. I honestly believed that you were wrong, and I was right; so one's opinions that are born in honesty certainly should be respected, if not heeded.

I hope my dear father and friends will lay down all their prejudices concerning this return of the spirit, and be willing to let me speak to them privately. I feel somewhat restrained here. I am like a stranger upon a strange shore. Though I am not insensible to your kindness, though I fully appreciate the privilege granted me here, yet I can but feel that degree of restraint that I should have felt had I visited this part of the country when in the body. So I ask my father, and all other dear friends, to give me the privilege of speaking to them as I do here. I do not find the spirit-land at all the place theologians have told us it was. It is in no way like the spirit-world we have heard of. As yet I have found no heaven or hell outside of myself. There the law of mine and thine is entirely ignored, and all have as much as they need, as much as they wish. Everything is free there, and the soul knows how much it requires.

Shortly after I was ushered into that new life, I met the Reverend Peter Ainslie, one of my old tutors. He kindly informed me that the spirit-land could return, that we could under certain circumstances, manifest to friends; but for himself, he had never dared try the experiment. I made up my mind that he was still a little "old foghorn"; there, as he was before he changed spheres. So I thought it would n't pay to wait for him, but rush ahead, and if I found myself standing on Yankee ground, so be it; I would trust to their liberality, their kindness of heart.

There are many ways by which I am quite sure I fully identify myself to my friends, if they will, only give me the privilege of communicating with them as I do here. I am but a novice in this spiritual philosophy, but novice as I am, I know enough to tell truth, and I am in all respects myself, for aught I know. To be sure, I appear in a lady's garb, and inhabiting a lady's body, but for all that I am myself, and not a lady. If I should ever be so circumstanced that I could repay you, I will, most gladly. Good-day. March 23.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, March 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Timothy Burke, to friends in Warren, Ind.; Annie Henrietta Farnce, to her father, Rev. Thomas A. Farnce, of Warren, Ind.; Virginia, to her friends in New Orleans, to friends in Charleston, and to her brother Peter, and family, in Springfield, Mass.

Friday, March 27.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Alvin Jones, of the 18th Ohio, Co. A; James Fabens, of the 6th New York, to Dick; Ann Maria Clark, to her father, Alexander Clark, prisoner in Boston Harbor; J. J. Fontaine, of Boston, to his son.

Saturday, April 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Col. Thomas L. D. Perkins, former proprietor of the Hancock Hotel, to his friends; Emma Stacy, to her mother, in 4th Avenue, New York City.

Sunday, April 5.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Mary Catherine Gerry, of Virginia, wife of Col. Wm. Gerry, to her father, Col. John Gerry, of New York; to her sons, to her two

