

# BANNER LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

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Written for the Banner of Light.

### KATIE MALVOURNEY

#### IRISH CHARACTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, 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 VI.

###### Father Dunlery.

We do not wonder that the facts set forth in the last chapter should stagger the credulity of the reader, and induce the remark that it would be impossible for so young and inexperienced a child to give utterance to such sentiments as are attributed to her. We felt just in this condition of mind until after a long and interesting interview with Father Dunlery, which removed most of the difficulty from our mind. We will introduce the good Father to you, and so far as we are able, recall this conversation.

Belonging to the priesthood of Ireland is a large class of very honest and benevolent men, with quite limited education, strong religious feelings, a blind faith in the formulas and rituals of their church, and a large love of approbation, which is stimulated very much by some of the practices of the Church, and the confiding faith and trust of the people.

Father Dunlery was one of this class: a man of about forty-five years of age, with strong natural powers. Self-educated to a limited extent, he possessed very great power over his people, because, while he mingled freely with them he ever maintained his clerical dignity, not as a means of separating himself from them, but with a view to impress them with a proper respect for religion, and to elevate them. There is no class of religious teachers on whom a greater responsibility rests. Their flock, like little children, use the holy term Father in a sense above that of the external relation in life, and approaching that which we feel toward the Supreme Being whom we are taught to address as OUR FATHER.

No true man can assume the position of teacher to a people reposing so deep and confiding a trust and faith, without feeling that a great responsibility rests upon him, and Father Dunlery felt the importance of this more than many of his brethren. Like many others in the Church, he had a double nature. When engaged in the duties of his profession, with his mind deeply absorbed in his labors, he invariably presented the character of a strictly pious man, guarded in all his movements, and with an appearance of sanctity that impressed the minds of many as an evidence of deep religious feeling. He was devoted to the rituals and formulas of his Church, accepting its creeds and dogmas with an unquestioning faith, hence he bore a most exemplary character in the world, and in the Church. His other nature, which was the more real, was seldom manifest. Occasionally he would throw off the weight of theological restraint, and in the freedom of an escaped slave, give utterance to the true sentiments of his heart. He was naturally very cautious, and but few among his most intimate friends knew of these feelings.

"Somehow," said he, "when I visit Dennis Malvoourney's family, there seems to be an atmosphere about me that for the time breaks the chains which a rigid sect has enforced upon me. There are some persons who seem to have unconsciously the power of riveting the chains more firmly around you, while there are others in whose presence they melt away as mist before the morning sun; and you feel free and cannot restrain yourselves. I perceive that you," addressing the writer, "are one of this latter class. You have just such an influence over me."

We had been much pleased with Father Dunlery, and were very glad of the man as he appeared to us, we should be disposed to deny that he had any sectarian feelings; yet we should have been very wrong in this; and how often does mankind err in drawing conclusions from limited observations, and under circumstances, perhaps, in which we may be controlling, more or less perfectly, the character which we give to another.

Father Dunlery said to us one day, "There are certain persons whom we meet to whom we are almost transparent. By some mysterious operation our whole lives seem to be laid out before them. Even our most secret thoughts are more or less perfectly scanned by these. I perceive that you approach me in this manner, and feeling that it is mutual; there springs up between us a warmth of attachment which comes in no other way, and which is measured by the perfection of this blending. I have a young parishioner, the daughter of my friends Dennis and Bridget Malvoourney, very honest and simple-minded persons, whose residence is not very far from this place. She is the most beautiful and transparent little creature I have ever seen. She has a power, at times, of reading persons' characters, as well, if not better, than they can themselves. I assure you, I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life with this little child, who is now about fifteen years of age. She has always been remarkable for the purity of her character, the dignity and beauty of her deportment."

We replied that we should be very happy to make the acquaintance of this young friend, though she may not feel much interested in us. He said, "I am impressed that something very

important, not only to you but to mankind, will come from your acquaintance."

We gave him a very impressive look, and he started back and exclaimed:

"You are a mean old bachelor. I did not think that you were going to marry her, for I am not very much mistaken, her soul is already married to the Church and the work of her Master, and no man will ever divert her from these."

"Pardon us," said we, for we felt rebuked; "you know we are a heretic."

"Never mind that," said he; "if you have not entered the Church, I feel satisfied that the Good Shepherd has the crook of his love around you, and many others, who never have been, and never may be gathered into the visible Church; and I confess to you that this belief, which comforts and strengthens me as much in my labors as any or all the doctrines of our holy Church, was received by me through the influence of this little maid of whom I have spoken."

We were on a visit to a friend who belonged to Father Dunlery's Church, and had attended service at his Church on several occasions, and frequently met him at the house of our friend. This morning our conversation had been between ourselves alone. Each of us had thrown off all reserve. He seemed so deeply impressed by the character of Kate Malvoourney, that we became quite desirous of making her acquaintance. Continuing his remarks, he said:

"I would like you to see this little maiden; and while I would not raise your expectations to an improper degree, and thus render you liable to disappointment, I feel that I had better give you some further account of my experience with this child. For several years she has been subject to what her family call 'spells,' which many more enlightened people would have been alarmed at. Thus, at prayers, sometimes, and on other occasions, either alone or with her friends, her countenance, which is very beautiful, becomes fixed, and a glow of radiant beauty illuminates it. So impressive is the influence of this upon every one who sees her, that they become inspired with feelings of reverence. This experience commenced very early in life, and continued for several years without the expression of a word. She would go through certain gesticulations, and then, placing herself in the attitude of prayer, produce the most solemn impressions. During the last four or five years she has very frequently spoken on those occasions, and though some of my good brethren have been disposed to censure me for it, I have always been pleased to witness these evidences of what I consider the power of the Holy Ghost inspiring her, and I have always sought to be with her whenever I could, and listen to the words that fell from her lips, breathing, as they do, the loftiest sentiments of purity and goodness—which, at the time, impress me that she is inspired. I have watched the effects of this condition, and am fully persuaded that while it has not interfered with her physical health, which has always been frail and tender, it has tended much to favor the development of her mental and spiritual nature. Her parents think that she is physically stronger than she was formerly, and I have no reason to doubt it; and she has at all times a singular clearness and beauty of mental power, as well as purity of life, that impresses all. I am sure that if you can approach her, as I have, and be able to enter into the inner sanctuary of her soul, you will be delighted not only with the glowing eloquence and profound truths that flow from the pure fountains within her soul, but the impressions of her purity and goodness cannot fail to make you a better man."

I have conversed with her upon a great variety of subjects, and have always found her ready to answer my questions in a manner that has astonished me. The most profound problems in metaphysics seem to her mind simple and easily to be understood. While on the scientific plane I have never found her at fault, so far as my knowledge extends. You will pardon my freedom of expression; you seem to draw it out, and I am very glad to have this opportunity to express my convictions on a subject which I cannot freely open to my brethren in the Church. Indeed, I have never before found a person to whom I could thus freely unburden myself of that which for years has been growing with weight upon me. You will visit my young friend with me to-morrow, and I hope conditions will favor your reception. I will call for you to accompany me."

Saying this, the good priest retired, leaving me in a strange reverie. Having been long interested in these psychological subjects, which he had presented to me in so strong a light, I got about forming plans in my mind for the investigation of this mysterious science, about which so much has been written, and so little is really known. I hoped to satisfy myself—if not to be able to discover something for the benefit of mankind. I had seen, on the one hand, how strong, and positive minds, with great bluster, have destroyed the conditions essential to nice psychological experiments, and then stupidly deny the existence of the whole phenomena, basing their proof upon negative conditions; and vainly supposing that because they had not seen the alleged phenomena, it did not exist.

On the other hand, I had seen blind but far-reaching credulity sweeping away into the dreamy regions of fancy, and gathering in the flimsy cobwebs, and absurd and meaningless notions that are to be found here, and mingling them in the most incoherent manner with the facts and realities that belong to the fair fabric, thus weakening the foundations of a system which open wide and interesting fields for human study, driving away from its investigation sober and candid minds.

We have often thought that these profound and delicate psychological phenomena were particularly unfortunate in being seized upon so eagerly by visionary and superficial minds. This subject has too often been stabbed to the heart in the house of its own friends, and it might well ex-

claim, "Save me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies."

But as the reader, as well as ourselves, must be eager for an introduction to Miss Malvoourney, we shall proceed at once to give an account of our visit.

##### CHAPTER VII.

###### The Writer's First Interview with Katie.

Early the next morning, Father Dunlery called upon us, and in a few minutes we arrived at the little cottage of Dennis Malvoourney. It was a very neat place. Everything was cleanly in and around it. Flowers were trained with care over the doors and windows, and in various places about the house, with so much taste, that it seemed like a bower of paradise. We said jestingly to our friend:

"You are taking us to a fairy palace."

In a few minutes we were introduced to the family, and had no difficulty in discovering at once the centre of attraction. Katie was attired in a plain, simple garb. Her flowing ringlets fell loosely and gracefully around a beautiful neck and over her shoulders. Her form was symmetrical and well proportioned. Her face was a model of beauty, with gracefully formed lines, curves and proportions. Over all, her large dark lustrous eyes, with a calm, deep and indescribable expression, threw a loveliness and beauty that was exceedingly attractive. Her long eyelashes and eyebrows gave an intensity of expression, and decision of character that was unmistakable; but the most striking peculiarity of this picture was the remarkable transparency and spirituality of expression which neither the pen nor pencil can portray, and which must be seen to be appreciated. We felt that our good friend had not and could not overdraw the picture, and we knew that we shall not be able to do so for the reader.

Her salutation, and the manner in which she shook our hand, as well as the tone of her voice—so sweet and silvery—at once relieved us of any doubt as to how we should be received. It seemed that we might have been old acquaintances, long familiar with each other; and we asked her, as soon as the way was opened for conversation:

"Have you not experienced at times, when you have met strangers, a feeling as if you had seen them before?"

"Yes," said she, "that is a very common experience with me. I frequently become interested in a person from some incident I hear in connection with them, and, fixing my mind upon them, I become familiar with their characters, and even their personal appearance, so that when we meet we seem like old and familiar friends. Sometimes my experience goes further than this, and I meet with persons whom I have never seen or heard of, as is the case with yourself, still I recognize their characters, and feel that I must have seen them somewhere in my interior rambles, as I am sure has been the case with you."

Turning to our friend, we said:

"Shall we pursue this subject further?"

"Certainly," he replied. "There can be very few more interesting or important."

"Will you be kind enough to favor us with some of your experience in this direction?" we resumed.

"So far as I have any you are welcome to it," she replied. "But I have heard the idea advanced, that in the fields of psychological research, witnesses are not reliable on the last plane to which they have arrived. I know that there is something in this; but if we carry it out entirely, we shall be compelled to go to the blind to ascertain the nature of light and the objects which it reveals. There are times when I lose the consciousness of this body, and of the objects which are around me, and seem to be controlled by the thought which is most prominent in my mind at the time this condition occurs. If a similar thought has occupied the mind of some one with whom I am acquainted, whether I am aware of this fact or not, I soon find myself in the presence of the individual, and recognize him at once. The next step is to look into the mind of my friend, and see whether he has received the idea in such a manner as to accept it, and if so, whether he has added anything to it by way of developing it—for this is the manner in which ideas grow—and I would like to tell you what I have seen in that direction, sometime."

"We shall be very happy to hear you,"

She continued:

"Sometimes I find myself in rapport with strangers, drawn thither by some prominent idea. In these cases I become so impressed with their appearance, that I would recognize them anywhere. This, I believe, is part of the solution of your question; the remainder of it will be answered, perhaps, when we have discovered how one mind finds its counterpart in another's, when they are brought into close relation to each other."

"Do you think," we remarked, "that such experiences are common to mankind?"

She replied: "No two individuals have precisely similar experiences, yet human nature is essentially the same; and this faculty, though it may be germinal in most persons, is common to all humanity, and may be cultivated. Our ignorance in reference to many of these phenomena, may have caused us to lose sight of them; and I incline to the opinion that many of them are much more common than mankind generally believe—because they appeal so strongly to our feelings when they are described, and their effects are much more common than superficial observers are aware of."

"We should be happy to have your analysis of thoughts and ideas."

Without the least hesitation, she proceeded to give the following:

"There are atoms and currents emanating from all bodies in nature, and each atom and current is a representation of the substance from which it flows. Floating everywhere in the regions of space are these representative atoms of all the substances in the universe; imperceptible

to your ordinary vision, but influencing your mental organisms, and in turn being subject to influences from this. One of the grandest and most exalted attributes of mind is its power to control these invisible atoms, and bring them into combinations so as to form thoughts and ideas. The nature and character of the thought will depend upon the action of the mind. Many of these combinations are imperfect and transitory in their character, and the thought will be similar. Some minds have no power to do anything more than this, and hence their thoughts are but of little value to themselves or others. Many minds whose general tone of thought is of this character, occasionally mount up to a plane on which they are able to combine grand and beautiful ideas. A few minds occupy such a plane that most of their thoughts are valuable and important to themselves and mankind."

Those who seek only to develop and combine good and useful thoughts and ideas, become better fitted for the production of these. All the combinations of thought, above a certain plane, are immortal. These we would call ideas, as a distinction between them and thought—which are temporary, and very often do not work themselves out into tangibilities. Ideas are transmitted from mind to mind, and may have existed for centuries, and been wrought upon by mind after mind, until they reach a degree of perfection which enables them to manifest themselves in the outward.

Thus how often do we see that when the condition of humanity demands a new idea, there are numerous minds who perceive the necessary idea, and one by one hint at it, almost reach it, until at last some bolder adventurer seizes upon the idea, chains it and tasks it, and it becomes the common property of humanity. As mankind moves to higher conditions, these experiences will become much more common."

Having spent the morning very pleasantly and profitably, we were delighted, as we left the house, to have a very pressing invitation to call again soon.

We walked in profound silence for some distance, when Father Dunlery broke it by asking, "What do you think of the young lady?" The reader will pardon us if we remark here that we are a bachelor of nearly fifty summers, who, having passed thus far through life's journey in celibacy, hope to find our share of happiness in literary pursuits, which have hitherto supplied, to some extent, at least, the necessities of our condition. We replied to our friend, "that we were lost in astonishment; having seen and mingled with society in all departments of life, high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, we have never before seen just such an instance as this; and therefore, while we say that we are both astonished and delighted with this beautiful child, you must wait until we have seen more of her before we can give an answer to your question."

"My design in introducing you to her," said the good Father, "was to awaken your interest in her. Knowing that you were engaged in literary pursuits, I thought it would be a useful thing for you to investigate this case, and, if I mistake not, you will find matter there for a rich and interesting volume. I took occasion," continued he, "during your temporary absence, to speak to Katie and her mother about your character and occupation, and to express the hope that you would embody the facts of her history in such a work as might be useful to the world. Her mother said she should be glad to furnish you with the facts in regard to the early history of this child. With these as a basis, and such facts and observations as you will soon be able to gather from her, you can make a very interesting story."

We had now arrived at the mansion of Lord Dunlery, with whom we were to dine this evening. Parting with our friend at the gate, we entered the mansion in a very strange mood to see company.

##### CHAPTER VIII.

###### Dinner at Lord Dunlery's.

It is as easy a matter for some persons to change their thoughts and feelings to suit the different classes with which they meet, as it is to put on the dress and costume appropriate for each company. Unfortunately for us this is not our case; and when we become intensely absorbed in any train of thought, we are unable to put on any company who expect anything from us, unless they be in a similar mood of thought, and interested in kindred pursuits.

As we have already given some description of Lord Dunlery's family, we need not repeat anything here. Maggie Ann, the second daughter, received us in a very graceful manner, and it was extremely fortunate for both of us that she was deeply interested in Miss Katie. An hour passed very pleasantly in hearing her recite many of the facts which she had treasured up in a diary, which she informed me—she was induced to keep mainly on Katie's account. And, on reading it afterwards, which she kindly permitted us to do, we found it composed almost entirely of incidents connected with her, and from which we have gleaned many of the facts interwoven into these chapters.

We felt very cautious about expressing any opinions in reference to this child. Miss Dunlery was evidently similarly impressed as we were on many points. As the dinner hour approached the family came in, and we made their acquaintance. We had met Lord Dunlery and John on several occasions, and had been introduced to Miss Maggie Ann; and it seemed very fortunate for us thus to have fallen on so rich a vein of facts as her conversation and especially her well-written diary furnished us. This enabled us to carry out our plan of writing this narrative, to which we were not only pledged, but deeply interested.

Of course many topics were introduced during the evening; but it always seemed as though

every topic introduced had something to do with our little heroine. We have noticed at times when any prominent idea has been on the mind of a guest, that each one would feel eager to respond to it, and give something interesting in connection with it. This reminds us somewhat of a story of an insane man, who had been placed upon low diet, consisting of gruel. His hallucination led him to suppose that he had all the different varieties of viands and delicacies that ever gratified the palate or injured the stomach of an epicure. But after eating an imaginary dinner of venison, with Burgundy and Hock, or a splendid lobster supper with trimmings, he would conclude that it was very fine indeed, but somehow it had a strong taste of gruel.

When a successful gold-hunter strikes upon a rich vein, he finds nothing but gold. When a botanist, after a long and earnest search, succeeds in finding some rare plant, he is astonished at the ease with which he can duplicate this specimen. So through life we never find anything without looking around to see if there is not something more; illustrating the saying, that "to him that hath shall be given." It is because some strong and positive thought draws to us like thought from others. Certain it is that every one we met during the next week seemed to have some new and interesting facts in connection with the object of our story. These were all gathered by us without any of the parties knowing that they were dropping seed into a soil in which they would soon germinate and produce a rich crop.

##### CHAPTER IX.

###### Second Visit to Miss Malvoourney's.

Our next visit to Katie was by myself alone. We must confess, however, that a new train of thought and feeling occupied our mind. We had traveled much, and seen devoted visiting shrines in Pagan and Christian lands, but hitherto had never had any conception of the feeling which actuated these, in what appeared to us to be a blind infatuation. As we were arranging for our visit, more than once the question arose as to the feelings we experienced. Were we falling back into the days of childhood, when vague fancies and dreamy notions often lead us to weak and foolish notions; or was that other and more to be dreaded condition, old age and second childhood, coming upon us? We tried to banish the feelings, as well as the questions; but in vain.

In this mood, scarcely knowing where we were or what we were doing, we found ourselves at the door of Dennis Malvoourney's house—about which already clustered so many pleasant memories. Our object in this visit was at present very indefinite; and if you had asked us at any hour between our last visit and this, what we expected to ask, in our second visit, and we had been candid, we should have given a different answer at each time. Now, reader, do not jump at the conclusion that we are in love. We had a severe attack of that disease when quite a young man, and as measles and certain other diseases act as a safe protection to the system forever after, so we know this will be the case with us.

There is no more similarity between our present condition and that referred to, than there is between measles and mumps; and as we have had both of these, we know they are not alike.

We felt, like the Genoese mariner, that we had not only discovered a new passage to the Eastern Continent, of what has heretofore been called transcendentalism, but also a new Continent which lay in our route thither, and without which we should never have been able to reach that Continent. There are various grades of intoxication, and perhaps that of the new discoverer, when success has crowned his efforts, is as harmless as any other; yet, like all other intoxication, it must give place to sober, second thoughts before our conclusions can be safely relied upon.

It was only absence from our heroine that produced this unsettled condition of mind, for no sooner had we received the cordial reception which awaited us, than

"Richard was himself again."

"How singular it is," said we, "that when we discover new acquaintances, and become interested in them, we meet with so many incidents connected with them."

"Yes," replied she, "I have frequently noticed that the introduction of an individual has thrown a flood of light upon a long train of circumstances which have not been clearly understood before for want of this one link in the chain."

We expressed our regret that this would probably be our last visit, as we expected to leave for England shortly; and expressed a hope that we might witness one of those "spells," as her friends called them—ecstasies or trances, as we suppose they were, from the description we have had of them.

"So, then, some one has been telling you of my weaknesses, have they?"

"We do not think they may be called weaknesses in your case, as they do not interfere in the least with the practical duties of life. If mankind become so absorbed in transcendental investigations as to lose sight of the practical and important duties of everyday life, it will be well to pause and consider whether they are not leaving substantial realities for empty and profitless dreams. Is there any means by which you can induce that state?"

"Not any in particular, except that I must place myself in a passive and quiet condition. Perhaps if you were to sing some soothing air it would aid me in gratifying you, which I certainly desire to do."

In a few moments we endeavored to gather in broken sentences, as memory would recall, a song that had often soothed us in the sad days of the past, entitled, "The Meeting of the Waters."

"Sweet vale of Avocha, how calm could I be,  
In thy bosom of shade, with a dream of love,  
After a few nervous twitches, her countenance lighted up with a beautiful smile, and assuming a different tone of voice, she offered us, her hand, and said, in a strange, masculine voice:











On our third page will be found a letter from Cora Wilburn, giving some further details in regard to this great humanity enterprise, which is to take place in Chicago, Ill., in May next. The Spiritualists have had a department assigned to them, and Mrs. J. S. Fuller, of Chicago, has been selected on their behalf to preside over it. All Spiritualists who intend contributing to this worthy object should address Mrs. Fuller



## Our Patronage.

A correspondent writes: "It is a shame that with five millions of Spiritualists in the United States, the weekly edition of the Banner of Light is less than twelve thousand copies." And so it is, when the fact is taken into consideration that the wealthy Spiritualists in our midst—and they are numbered by thousands—stand aloof, waiting for the arrival of the auspicious moment when Spiritualism will "become more popular," so that they can publicly endorse it "without detriment to their business!" They cannot serve God and Mammon at the same time. There are some honorable exceptions, however, to this class of Spiritualists, we are gratified to state.

Those who have stood by us during all our severe trials in the past—financially and otherwise—were not blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods; but their large, unselfish souls went into the work with an earnestness and a will that none but the angels could have prompted; and, through these dear friends—God bless them!—have we been sustained thus far. And now we have no fears but that our beloved BANNER will wave triumphantly for many years to come, dispensing good, wholesome, spiritual food to the hungry children of earth. With Truth, Justice and Freedom for our motto, we must succeed.

## Spiritual Pictures.

Mr. S. B. Foster informs us that he is about to commence a series of large oil paintings, illustrating the development and progress of the Spiritual Philosophy; showing the contrast between the old Orthodox idea of a century ago, and the more enlightened and beautiful reality which is now so rapidly becoming understood and appreciated by the more progressed minds of the age. This work will form an important era, in showing to the enlightened mind the intimate relation between the material and spiritual world, which has so often been presented to us through the lips of our public mediums, thus satisfying the eye as well as the ear, and making more clearly understood the incontestable fact of spirit intercourse.

As these paintings will be of a large size, and for public exhibition, varying in size from ten to twenty feet, it will be readily seen that they must be of an expensive character, and involve an expenditure of money far beyond his means. He therefore considers it necessary to call on those interested in the matter and willing to assist him, to request their aid to enable him to accomplish his work. As Mr. Foster has had many years experience in his profession, and also had the advantage of studying in some of the best galleries in Europe, he may be considered competent to accomplish whatever he undertakes in that way.

## D. D. Home and the Clergy.

Mr. Home has been giving readings of late in Norwich, Conn., for the benefit of the Soldiers' Aid Society, from which the sum of two hundred dollars was realized, notwithstanding the Rev. John V. Lewis published an article in the Bulletin, advising "the Christian men and women of Norwich" not to attend the readings, on the ground that by so doing they would virtually endorse the principles of Spiritualism. Mr. Home being a Spiritualist. After stating that "Mr. Home does not bring forward his peculiar notions in his readings," he makes the following admission in regard to the interest people have in Spiritualism and Spiritualists. He says, "It is undeniable that the crowd goes to hear him not because he has a fine voice, and is an excellent reader, but because he is a Spiritualist, a representative man, a famous man in that art or science, or delusion, whichever it may be."

Mr. Lewis's article elicited a reply from Mr. Home, when quite a sharp epistolary controversy took place between them, through the columns of the Bulletin. Mr. Home stood upon his ground as a Spiritualist, and triumphantly sustained his position against the animadversions of his clerical antagonist.

Mr. Home is at present in this city, where he will remain for a few weeks. He returns to Europe the first of May.

## Lycium Hall Meetings.

"Fatality" was the theme upon which the invisibles discoursed through Lizzie Doten, on Sunday, March 19th. We quote one significant sentence, given at the commencement of the address: "If there is any one word that we would obliterate or strike from the lexicon, it is the word *Fate*, and we would substitute therefor the word *Law*." The position taken by the speaker was well argued and clearly defined.

In the evening another discussion took place between two spirits, a third one acting as umpire. The question discussed was, "The Origin of the idea of a personal Devil; and has it been of benefit to humanity?" The debate was very interesting, and the large audience appeared to be much pleased with the many good things which were said.

Miss Doten will continue to lecture in this city through April.

## Speakers' Appointments Next Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Doten lectures in Lycium Hall, in this city, morning and evening, next Sunday; Charles A. Hayden in City Hall, Charlestown; J. S. Loveland in Library Hall, Chelsea; Mrs. Laura Cuddy in Worcester; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes in Lynn; Wm. K. Ripley in Foxboro'; Mrs. S. A. Houghton in Haverhill; Miss M. L. Beckwith in Lowell; N. S. Greenleaf in North Cambridge; Miss Emma Houston in Somerville, Conn.; N. Frank White in Willimantic, Conn.; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. A. Currier in Providence, R. I.

J. M. Peebles has gone West, and commences an engagement in Milwaukee the first of April.

J. G. Fish intends to remove his family from the West to New Jersey during this month, and will for some time to come lecture in the New England and Middle States.

## Spiritual Books for the Soldiers.

We would inform the friends who may feel disposed to furnish works on Spiritualism to our wounded soldiers in Hospital, that a reliable lady, who is attached to the Alexandria Hospital, will take charge of such books, and see that they are properly distributed.

Packages may be sent to this office for the above object, any time within the next three weeks, as the lady leaves Boston at the expiration of that time.

## J. S. Loveland.

We are informed that this able lecturer upon the Spiritual Philosophy intends hereafter to make his headquarters in this city, and will remove his family from Concord, N. H., the first of April. We are glad to learn, also, that he is to continue in the lecturing field exclusively, for we consider him one of the ablest laborers in the spiritual ranks. He is a gentleman of fine talents, and a very pleasant speaker. We trust he will meet with the encouragement he so richly deserves.

## New Publications.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, April, 1885. Among the illustrations in this number are views of Oil City, accompanied with a description of the Petroleum Regions. The following list of contents show this to be a good number: A Dog's Day Ended, with two illustrations; Where the Water was; Love at Sea; The Petroleum Region of America; Hero's Deeds of Heroic Men—Military Adventures beyond the Mississippi; Miss Milligan's Sermon; Thieves' Jargon; Pleasant Valley and Deacon Marvin; Wall Street in War Time; Mr. Furbush; Armadale, by Wilkie Collins; Soft Shinned the Moon, with an illustration; Recollections of Sherman, with a portrait; Hearts and Trees; Our Mutual Friend, by Charles Dickens; A Sermon to Servants; Monthly Record of Current Events; Editor's Easy Chair; Editor's Drawer. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have it.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, April, 1885. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The following list of contents is sufficient to attract the reader's attention to this standard monthly: Adventures of a Lone Woman; The Spaniard's Graves at the Isles of Shoals; Grit; The Pettibone Lineage; Up the St. Mary's; Robin Badfellow; Ice and Esquimaux; Dr. Johns; Our First Citizen; Needle and Garden; Memories of Authors—Theodore Hook and his Friends; The Chimney-Corner; Mr. Hosea Biglow to the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly; "If Massa put Guns into our Han's."

THE LADY'S FRIEND, April, 1885. Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia.

This number contains a very handsome steel engraving, and a richly colored double steel fashion plate, with a good variety of reading matter; altogether an excellent number.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for April, 1885. Philadelphia.

The illustrations in this number are elegant, and the literary contents in keeping with the high reputation of this favorite of the ladies.

## Clarke vs. Emerson.

The pamphlet issued by us last week, containing a "Review of a Lecture by James Freeman Clarke, on the Religious Philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by the invisibles through Lizzie Doten, is meeting with a rapid sale and exciting the attention of all denominations. The subject is handled in a very able manner by our spirit-friends.

## Cambria, Wisconsin.

Spiritualism is gaining a foothold in all parts of the West. I. F. Adams, of Cambria, Wis., informs us that he has disciples enough in that place to encourage them in holding a public meeting, to be addressed by a spiritual lecturer. They applied for the use of the Methodist Church, but, being refused, were obliged to worship at a private house. The heaven still keeps working.

## Lycium Hall Meetings—Change of Time.

Hereafter the Spiritual Meetings in Lycium Hall, in this city, will be held at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and in the evening at 7. There will be no afternoon meetings, as heretofore. Miss Doten occupies the desk next Sunday.

## Spiritual Convention in Boston.

The reader is referred to the call of Dr. Gardner, in another column, for a Spiritual Convention to be held in this city on the 30th and 31st of May and June 1st—three days. Spiritualists everywhere are invited to be present, as important questions will be discussed.

## Mercantile Library Lectures.

The last lecture of the course will be delivered before the Association on Wednesday evening, March 26th, in Music Hall, by the popular orator, John B. Gough. The subject of his address is, "Fact and Fiction." An organ concert, by B. J. Lang, will precede the address.

## New York Matters.

New York, March 22, 1885. The Spiritual Societies in Gotham have got permanently located, at last. "The Friends of Progress" hold their meetings in Ebbitt Hall, near the junction of 33d street and Broadway and Sixth Avenue.

Mr. F. L. H. Willis's Society had the offer of Hope Chapel last week, and the Committee thought it advisable to take it, for the present, and will no doubt hold meetings there hereafter. The Conference will also meet there Sunday afternoon.

Miss Hardinge's lecture on Thursday evening was not so fully attended as was expected. But she stated to the audience that she should continue the course, and give what had been given her to speak.

If Spiritualists would use a little individual exertion, they could easily increase the circulation of the Banner of Light, Friend of Progress, and other spiritual papers one hundred per cent. There are many investigators of the spiritual phenomena who would willingly subscribe for a paper setting forth the claims of Spiritualism, if some friend would but call their attention to it. By so doing Spiritualists would accomplish great good, as well as aid in an especial manner the investigator. I have conversed with many who think favorably of the subject, but have never read any of the spiritual papers or books. If investigators would read the Banner each week, they would find much in it that would enlighten their minds in regard to this great light of the nineteenth century.

Mrs. Jeanie Waterman Danforth, formerly of Boston, but more recently from Philadelphia, an excellent test medium, is now in this city, holding sittings at rooms 47 West 13th street. She is giving great satisfaction, and is daily making converts to the belief in the existence of the spiritual ranks. He is a gentleman of fine talents, and a very pleasant speaker. We trust he will meet with the encouragement he so richly deserves.

We are informed that this able lecturer upon the Spiritual Philosophy intends hereafter to make his headquarters in this city, and will remove his family from Concord, N. H., the first of April. We are glad to learn, also, that he is to continue in the lecturing field exclusively, for we consider him one of the ablest laborers in the spiritual ranks. He is a gentleman of fine talents, and a very pleasant speaker. We trust he will meet with the encouragement he so richly deserves.

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## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We have the report of a lecture delivered before the Spiritualists of Quincy, Mass., not long since by Mr. J. M. Allen, who speaks under spirit influence. It will appear as soon as our space permits.

Our New York friends will always find a full supply of the Banner of Light at the office of the Friend of Progress, 274 Canal street.

We understand that Dr. Uriah Clark is very successful in his treatment of the sick.

H. S. Brown, M. D., has issued a circular especially dedicated to Spiritualists, which he will send to any address on the receipt of a red postage stamp. It is entitled, "How can Spiritualists associate together to do the most good." His address is 648 Astor street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Read the advertisement of Dr. P. B. Bristol, a healing medium, who is located for the present at Springfield, Mass.

THE UNION SOCIABLES.—The last of these reunions for the season will take place at Lycium Hall, Tremont street, on Tuesday evening, the 28th inst.

An astrological almanac, printed in London last year, says that there will be a crisis in the money market on the 28th of March, 1885.

BANNER OF LIGHT.—This journal is the ablest and best of its class. Those interested in the matter to which it is devoted will find it worthy of their support. A new story from the pen of Dr. H. T. Child, entitled "Katie Malvoire," will be commenced in the number for March 25.—Advocate, Belleville, Ill.

The ladies are referred to the advertisement of Mary A. Lucas, who is to give a course of lectures at the Meloncon, in this city.

Jo Cose says that a man with squeaking boots sings with the solo and the understanding.

About fifteen hundred children are already attending the public schools in Charleston, S. C. There has been no parallel to this fact in the history of any captured city in the insurrectionary States.

A new gunpowder is said to have been discovered in Germany. It consists of tannic gallic acid, or the resin of commerce, and chlorate or nitrate of potash. The new gunpowder is stated to be of three times the explosive force of that now in use and one-half cheaper.

THE ANNUAL FAST.—Gov. Andrew has appointed Thursday, the 13th of April, to be observed as a day of fasting in Massachusetts.

Parisian society has been saddened by the death of a young lady of rank and fashion. On a post mortem examination it was found that her decease was owing to tight lacing. Her stays had forced three of her ribs into her liver.

SCHOOLS AND NEWSPAPERS.—To schools and newspapers civilization owes its crown of intelligence. These are the chief bulwarks of free society; the mightiest secular agencies of Christendom. Both educators and disseminators, their functions are still more manifoldly different, the schools laying the basis of knowledge, and the newspapers spreading knowledge, with unparalleled speed and universality among men.—Investigator.

A case has been tried in England which turned upon the question whether the word "team" meant a wagon and horses, or the horses only. It was decided to mean the latter, and the Duke of Marlborough, who was the plaintiff, lost the suit.

The Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City, now in process of erection, will seat 9000 people.

Gov. Bramlette, of Kentucky, according to the Louisville Journal, furnished all his slaves with free papers on the 17th.

## THE SICK CHILD.

How the trembling children gather round, Started out of sleep and scared and crying! "Is our merry little sister dying? Will they come and put her under ground, As they did poor baby that May day? Or will shining angels stoop and take her On their snow-white wings to heaven, and make Sit among the stars, as fair as they?"—(Miss Muloch.

During a discussion by two railway travelers upon the merits of an Orthodox and Unitarian clergyman, it was remarked that the latter did not go to any great depth. At this, Jo Cose, who happened to be present, essayed to put in a word, and said it was probably because he was not going in that direction. Orthodox whistled a dirge and said no more.

There are 2008 places in Boston where liquor is sold, 342 kept by Americans, 1641 Irish, 78 Germans, 19 colored, and 16 Portuguese. The chief of police testifies that a liquor license law could be enforced in Boston as well as other license laws, and that in Baltimore, under a license system, no liquor could be obtained at the hotels or saloons on Sunday.

We find, in an account of the contemplated draft at New Orleans, published in the Delta, an allusion to Capt. Wm. M. Robinson, formerly connected with the Banner. The editor says:

"The drafting will be under the immediate control of a board, of which Lieut. Col. Tisdale, of the New Orleans First, is President; Capt. W. M. Robinson, Acting Commissary of Musters, and Surgeon George W. Avery, of the First New Orleans, being the other members. Capt. Robinson we have had the pleasure of knowing for a long time, he having exchanged the pen for the sword since his arrival in Louisiana, and we know that, 'let grass grow under his feet' when there is work to be done. With such men as these engaged in the undertaking, the military authorities will have no cause to complain of a lack of energy in carrying out the provisions of the draft orders."

Horse flesh is becoming popular on the continent. In Denmark it is publicly sold, and at Vienna there are seven special butcheries, where, in 1862, 1254 horses were retailed.

Promises made in time of trouble require a better memory than is generally possessed by mankind.

Many persons, like a mocking-bird, or a blank wall, say nothing of themselves, but give back imperfectly the utterances of others.

If Spiritualists, reformers and agitators would be consistent, they must proclaim the same principles of justice in their articles of association that they do in their speeches. When this is done, known and understood, all good persons, seeing the parity of their intentions and the righteousness of their cause, will join them in establishing the rule of Equity as the guide of all people, and the only means that will bring peace on earth and good will to men.—H. S. Brown, M. D., of Milwaukee, Wis.

## Keokuk, Iowa.

Dr. L. K. Coonley writes us from Dixon, Ill., under date of March 11th. He says he has just closed a course of lectures in Keokuk, Iowa, to crowded audiences. He was followed by Dr. John Mayhew, who lectured also to large audiences. "He is a good natural speaker, and is doing a noble work in the West."

## Challenge to Messrs. Hulley and Cummings.

To the Editor of the London Standard: "In order to show at once and forever that it is not a knot of any kind, but the honest manner of applying it, to which the Brothers Davenport have objected, I herewith propose that Messrs. Hulley and Cummings, of Liverpool, shall have the privilege of fastening them with their celebrated 'Toin-fool's knot' in the presence of a jury of twelve gentlemen of position and character in London, instead of an excited and prejudiced mob the knot to be applied so as not to subject the Brothers to needless pain, of which two respectable surgeons shall be judges, and the jury of twelve report to the public the result."

H. D. PALMER, Manager.

## Anniversary Week.

A Spiritualists' Convention will be held in the Meloncon, (Tremont Temple), Boston, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, May 30th, 31st, and June 1st, 1885. The following subject will be prominently before the Convention for discussion: viz: "Can any plan be devised to secure the co-operative action of Spiritualists for educational purposes, especially to bring our children under the influence of spiritual teachings, and thus to guard them against the demoralizing tendencies of POPULAR THEOLOGY?" All Spiritualists are cordially invited to attend.

H. F. GARDNER, M. D.

Boston, March 24, 1885.

## L. L. Farnsworth, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters.

Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$2.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, Box 377, Chicago, Ill. Residence, 480 West Lake street.

Bread for the Suffering Poor. Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the suffering poor on tickets issued at the Banner of Light office.

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. F. S. PORTER, MICH.—The author is teaching the system in this city.

W. C. VINELAND, N. J.—\$3.00 received.

TO CURE DISTURBED SLEEP.—Add one table-spoonful of Dr. T. B. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink before you retire; when you rise in the morning repeat the above. If that does not make you sleep, take two table-spoons full of the Cider.

For sale everywhere.

B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington St., New York.

Hilton's Insoluble Cement. For wood, leather, crockery, and other substances, is the best aid to economy that the housekeeper can have. It is in a liquid form, and is used in the form of a brush, or by dipping the substance completely. Two-ounce bottle, with brush (stamp) 25 cents each. Sent everywhere.

Address: J. H. & C. Co., Proprietors, Providence, R. I. On receipt of 50 cents, a family package will be sent by mail.

Feb. 11—3m

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

## J. R. NEWTON, M. D.

THE HEALER. Will remain in Chicago, at the Sherman House, until April 18th, and Commence in Davenport, Iowa, Monday, April 17th, for Two or Three Weeks.

## THE CELEBRATED CRAIG MICROSCOPE.

The best, simplest, cheapest and most powerful Microscope in the world. A beautiful present to old or young. Gotten up on an entirely new plan. Magnifies nearly 100 times. Superior equal to complete twenty dollar Microscopes. The only instrument which requires no focal adjustment, therefore it can be readily used by every one—even by children. Adapted to the family circle as well as scientific use. Shows the adulteration in food, animal and vegetable, in blood, in the structure of hair, claws on a fly foot, and, in fact, the objects which can be examined directly by the eye without number, and it is a life-time. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal terms at wholesale. Send stamp for Circular. Price only \$2.50. Beautiful Mounted Objects only \$1.00 per dozen.

Also, the new and beautiful folding slide focus HELLE-VUE MICROSCOPE, which magnifies pictures large and small. Price \$3.00. Circular Sent on receipt of 50 cents. Any of the above instruments will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of the above. Address, G. G. MEAD, Chicago, Ill. (P. O. Box 1035.)

## A COURSE OF FIVE LECTURES,

BY MARY B. LUCAS, M. D.

INSTRUCTING LADIES IN THE

USE OF ELECTRICITY, MESMERISM,

AND ALL REMEDIES PROPER FOR THE

CURE OF ALL DISEASES,

TO BE GIVEN

March 28th, 29th and 31st, and April 4th and 5th,

AT 25 O'CLOCK, P. M., AT THE

MEIONIAN, TREMONT TEMPLE BUILDING, BOSTON.

Tickets to the Course, \$1.00; Single Admission, 25 cents.

April 1.

## DR. P. B. BRISTOL,

THE HEALER.

Will be at the Russell House, Springfield, Mass., March 20th till April 20th, 1885.

TO HEAL THE SICK OF ALL CURABLE CHRONIC AND ACUTE DISEASES, by practical operations of a few minutes, without medicine.

Terms reasonable for those able to pay, and all who have no means are INVITED FREE, "without money and without price."

April 1.

## 100 SHEETS NOTE PAPER

SENT BY MAIL, PREPAID, FOR 75 CENTS!

COMMERCIAL NOTE, Octavo Note, Ladies' Note and Billit, first quality, ruled and highly finished. A package containing 100 sheets of either of the above sizes sent by return mail on receipt of price. Address, G. F. BARRETT, Adams, Mass.

April 1.

DR. REYNOLDS, Magnetic Healer since 1845, is now at CLINTON HALL, Room 5, Astor Place, New York.

April 1.

BOOK-KEEPER WANTED.—For further information apply at this office.

11—April 1.

## MRS. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

THESE unparalleled Powders, known as the GREAT FEBRIFUGE, NERVEINE AND FEMALE REGULATORS, possess the most perfect control over the Nervous, Uterine and Menstrual Systems of any known agent. They are purely vegetable. In all cases they work like a charm, without purging, vomiting, nausea, or the least possible injury or effect. They are perfectly safe, gentle, soothing, and imperceptibly, as if by magic.

The following partial list justifies their claim to being the GREAT FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE!

THE POSITIVE POWDERS CURE: THE NEGATIVE POWDERS CURE:

1. All Positive Fevers: 1. All Negative Fevers: as Typhoid, Typhus, Congestive, malarial, Intermittent, Scarlet, etc. All children which precede fever Small Pox, Measles, etc.

2. All Positive Nervous Diseases: as Neuritis, Headache, Toothache, Gout, St. Vitus' Dance, Lockjaw, Fits, Bell's Palsy, Tremors, Hysteria, Colic, Convulsions, Stupor, etc.

3. Positive Female Diseases: as Menstrual Derangements, Leucorrhoea, Pains, etc.

4. All Negative Diseases: as Insanity, Stupor, Depression, Nervous or Muscular Prostration, Paralysis, Relaxation, or Exhaustion, etc.

5. Positive Diseases of the Sexual and Urinary Organs, Sexual and Urinary Organs, and of the Bowels and Bladder.

Circulars with fuller lists and particulars sent free to any address.

WANTED.—Agents, local or traveling, male or female—particularly natives of all the towns, cities and villages of the United States, and foreign countries. A LAUREL AND LIBERAL commission given.

Mail order, on receipt of the price. Circulars, 100 per box; \$5.00 for six; \$9.00 for twelve. Office No. 67, MARKS PLACE, New York City. Address: PROF. PATYON, 82000, M. D., General Delivery, New York City.

For sale at the Banner of Light Office, No. 155 Washington St., Boston, Mass. March 18.

MRS. THAYER, Medium, controlled by the spirit of Dr. J. J. S. Porter, for Medical Examinations, at No. 10 Tremont Row, (up stairs) Boston. Particular attention given to Female Diseases. Hours from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. daily.

## JESUS OF NAZARETH;



## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim 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 no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

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

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

### 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.

Prayer is the cloudless sky of Heaven,  
That knows no gloom or night;  
The great highway by martyrs trod,  
Leading to endless light.

Oh Spirit of Infinite Truth, whose Presence is everywhere, whom no soul can analyze, no mind can encompass, no depth of thought can ever fathom, thou Spirit of Time, thou Soul of Eternity, we look outward and upward into the great Eternity by which we are surrounded, and from every source we hear thy whisperings! There is no place where thou hast not an abiding place, no time when thou hast not been. Everywhere thou art, and yet the soul is ever seeking to find thee. It is because thou art Infinite, while we are finite; thou art the mighty whole, while we are but members of thy Great Soul; thou art the Sun, the Centre, the Everlasting Power, while we are thy children, thy subjects; we revolve around thee, we turn to thee ever for all our light, all our strength, all our love. We sometimes murmur that we do not know thee better. We sometimes feel desolate, and think, in our ignorance, thou hast forsaken us; but straightway we hear thy voice penetrating the solemn silence of soul, telling us thou art with us; that we are thy children, and thou art ever with us; that there is no darkness that can ever obscure the sunlight of thy love. It will shine on, and fall sweetly and soothingly upon us, whether we will or no. It is said that we sometimes wander from thee, and forget to acknowledge thee, but this cannot be; the soul knows its source; the soul knows from whence it has come, and whither it is tending. In its own interior life it ever holds communion with thee. So it cannot wander from thee, it cannot forget to obey thee, it cannot turn aside from thy laws. It is thy child, it lives in thine atmosphere, and without thee it would be nowhere, could not exist. And inasmuch as it is of itself an indestructible essence, we know it is immortal—is of thyself. Whether it be a great and mighty power, a something that we may some day understand, or a great, immutable law we cannot hope to comprehend, it is all the same. We are of thee, we feel, and thou art of us. Oh, we praise thee for the great blessings that fall like sweetest showers and softest sunlight upon us, that come soothing us in our weary journey through life. We praise thee also for the shadows that sometimes fall across our pathway, for they, too, point with fingers of love to the great hereafter, the fountain of joy; for without the shades of night we would not understand the day-beams; without sorrow we would not understand joy; without Hell we would not understand Heaven. So, Oh Great Spirit, of all places and all times, for all things, we praise thee. Feb. 6.

### Questions and Answers.

CHAIRMAN.—Dr. A. B. Child hands in the following letter, which he received a short time since from a person residing in the far West, to be answered by the invisibles controlling at this circle. He thinks the light which they may throw upon the subject will be of great use and interest to many. He has received many letters of similar purport within the last four or five years, showing the existence of a great deal of affliction of a like nature among mediums.

A. B. Child, M. D.: Dear Friend and Brother—You no doubt will think it strange to receive a letter from a far-off stranger; but I hope the conditions of the writer will be sufficient excuse for calling upon you for aid and advice. I was recommended by Mr. Leo Miller to do so. In brief, then, I am surrounded by a class of spirits most unholy in appearance and manifestation. I converse with them at pleasure, hear their voices, understand their language distinctly, the burden of which is, "G—d—n your soul to—!" "G—d—n you." My efforts have been to lead them out of that low plane they are in, but I fail to do it. They are constantly throwing their magnetic influence over me. At times they compel me to do wrong, contrary to my wishes or better judgment. Now what can be done? Will you give me advice in my forlorn case? My prayer to God continually is, that I may be "delivered from the snares of evil." But you may reply, "There is no evil." Oh, brother in spirit, explain and make it plain to me, if you can, for I am in the lowest hell. Lay, if you please, my case before the intelligences who control the circle at the Banner of Light office, and tell me what they say; tell me whether I must strive to rid myself of them, or not? I have been a believer and advocate of Spiritualism for more than ten years. I thought I knew something about it; but, alas! I find how ignorant, weak and blind I am. Still I wish to have knowledge and strength to do that which is right. I pray for more love to God and all his creatures; and I think I am a friend to all mankind. I have no ill feeling toward those spirits I speak of; still I would be rid of their influence.

Ans.—The idea embodied in the last clause of the letter, tells its own story; or in other words, informs us why the dear friend is so troubled—why he cannot enlighten the intelligences that throng around him, or rid himself of their influence. It is because he is unconvinced to the condition in which he seems to have been placed by an all-wise Father. He says, "I would rid myself of the presence of these intelligences." Now, friend, we beseech you to love these intelligences, in the largest sense of the term love. You will hardly wish to rid yourself of their presence if you do this, for you will know that inasmuch as they have been sent to you, they come for good, for a wise purpose; they have been sent hither by an all-wise God, who never does anything by halves. Now, then, strive by all the powers of your being to cultivate sympathy for these intelligences—that spirit of sympathy, of charity; that spirit of true love that is so necessary to your happiness, and to their happiness; also, remember that they come to you asking for light, notwithstanding their language. They may curse you a thousand, or ten thousand times, but at the same time their purpose is to gain happiness; that is the purpose

of all individual spirits. All are seeking for heaven; some in one way, some in another. Now, then, once more we beseech you to earnestly cultivate a spirit of resignation and true charity. Be willing to serve these unfortunate intelligences, and not merely will you do this because it is your duty, but you will learn to love that duty; and when you do, the entire atmosphere will be changed, and these unfortunate will be baptized into a higher life, through the change of this atmosphere.

Q.—Is it not in the power of these spirits who annoy that gentleman, to express their desires and wishes to him in some other words, instead of the language they use?

A.—People do not always use the highest expressions of power. They are doubtless possessed of power to express themselves in a different way, if they saw fit so to do; or in other words, if their inclination tended that way. But it would seem, from his story, that they do not.

Q.—Are the evil spirits in the other life restrained by a power superior to themselves, or are they cast into caverns or places of punishment for breaking divine laws?

A.—Not in any such way, for they cannot transgress those laws. All divine laws are untransgressable.

Q.—Are they not permitted to express their love of indignation, love of tormenting others?

A.—Certainly; and not go beyond the boundaries of law.

Q.—What is the mode of punishing such evil-minded ones in spirit-life?

A.—The judgment-seat is within themselves, and the place of chastisement also within themselves. When they shall have outgrown their evil propensities, and learned there is a better way, they will regret having taken the way which was not as good. Through this regret, or remorse, come suffering and chastisement. You cannot punish the soul; it must punish itself. Your curses will fall like flakes of snow upon the soul that needs punishing. But that which is born of its own life, is the sword which shall cut off the head of error.

Q.—It is a whim, or a well founded idea, with many people, that Friday is an unlucky day of the week to commence any industrial enterprise or new business transactions. Can you inform us if this idea has any other foundation than mere whim?

A.—It was a favorite belief with a certain class of ancients that the God of Destruction ruled on that day, which is equivalent to Friday with you, and that whatever was created on that day would be speedily destroyed, would be short-lived. It was also believed by them that all children born on that day were non-immortal—that the gods did not favor them with immortality. Now this, to us, very foolish belief, has come down through posterity, although in a little different form, and lives with you to-day. It is a child of past ignorance, and you nourish it, and cherish it, and abide with it, many of you, just as though it were a something sacred and holy. We would advise you to rid yourselves of this, what may be called favorite superstition, for it is nothing more.

Q.—How did the idea of Friday's being an unlucky day originate among the ancients?

A.—Well, that we do not know. There are many suppositions concerning its origin, but they are, after all, only suppositions. Some say that they have their origin in certain positions of the heavenly bodies, and some in certain manifestations of the vegetable kingdom. It was declared by certain ancients that all earthquakes took place on Friday, or a time equivalent to that day; that all serious disasters that fell upon mankind happened on Friday.

Q.—Do you make any distinction between acts that spring from natural goodness, and those that are the result of virtuous consideration?

A.—Well, we really cannot see any difference between the two.

Q.—To us there seems to be a difference. A.—We cannot agree with you. Virtuous considerations and natural goodness seem to be synonymous.

Q.—They are not so considered, I believe.

A.—Well, you consider a great many things very strangely. A short time ago you considered that your earth was made in six days by some personal God or Deity, who rested from his labors on the seventh day; that the earth was but six thousand years old. Geology comes, with her unmistakable language, and you cannot point your finger upon a time when your earth did not exist.

Q.—Spurzheim makes a distinction between acts performed through natural goodness, and those through virtuous consideration.

A.—Very well; he may make a distinction, but we cannot. He may draw a dividing line, but we see no space for it. Well, motive is in natural goodness all the same. They are so closely wedded, that I doubt very much if you could divorce them.

Q.—Are there not seasons when nature seems to be more destructive than constructive?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—Was not that the origin of the ancients' belief, that the God of Destruction ruled on Friday?

A.—Well, we so stated in the beginning of our remarks upon the subject—at least we meant to. Destruction and reconstruction is the order of life everywhere.

Q.—If we could learn the seasons, should we not be able to make our plans in harmony with the operations of nature?

A.—Most certainly you would. Knowledge, either material or spiritual, never comes amiss. Knowledge is the key of heaven. He who is truly wise is truly good; and he who is truly good is truly happy.

Q.—Have the planets any influence over the acts of individuals?

A.—It is so believed by many intelligences. For our own part, we believe that as all things in the world of matter, as in the world of mind, are so connected, so the changing of a single atom must affect all other atoms more or less. This being true, the changing of the position of the heavenly bodies must affect all atoms, according to be sure, to the position, relative position, of the atoms to the world changing. In this sense, if in no other, we believe you are affected by planetary influences.

Q.—Is it a matter of knowledge in the spirit-world, that the diameter of the earth has increased or diminished the last ten thousand years?

A.—Well, it is believed by many that it has increased, by many that it has remained ever the same. For our own part, we believe that so far as the law of progress is concerned, it has increased; but we cannot believe it has in any other sense.

Q.—In the case of the gentleman before alluded to, is it right for him to resist those evil spirits that throng around him?

A.—It is always right to overcome evil with good. It is never right, in our opinion, to resist evil, for resistance is another condition of the same evil. In other words, it is not potent enough, not strong enough, not powerful enough to overcome the greater evil. That which is of itself resistance, is not strong enough, spiritually speaking, to over-

come evil. All evil, in order to be done away with, must be overcome by goodness. It is right always to do this.

Q.—Can we do this by yielding?

A.—No, certainly not. Every time we yield to the lesser good we lose; our own strength becomes more or less identified with that lesser good or evil. Seek to overcome the lesser good by the higher good. Life is a great battle-field, everywhere.

Q.—Some modern astronomers consider the diameter of the earth to be decreasing, in consequence of the cooling of the interior surface of the earth.

A.—We certainly do not agree with them.

Q.—Do you entertain the opinion that the earth's diameter is the same as it has always been?

A.—We know it. It is not a matter of opinion, but of knowledge.

Q.—Was not the diameter of the earth millions of ages ago, when the earth was a vaporous mass, larger than it now is?

A.—We have no evidence that this was so. Nothing in or around the earth would tend to prove it. All bodies are identified, so far as form is concerned, before that form becomes distinct and positive to human senses. We have no evidence that the earth's diameter was any larger when it was in a state of chaos, or a floating mass of vapor, than it is to-day. So much of space it must occupy and none, for, if it did not, it would infringe upon the law of some other planet, and by so doing, put confusion throughout the universe.

Q.—Do not all bodies become denser as they cool? For instance, if this room should be filled with steam, which suddenly condensed, it might not occupy more than a pint of water.

A.—Yes, that is true.

Q.—Does not the same law apply to cosmic vapors?

A.—No, we do not think it does; and, so far as the foundation of worlds are concerned, every world must occupy a certain place in the universe. If this were not so, you might say that this small ball on which you live once filled the entire universe. We believe that it never occupied any more space than it occupies to-day.

Q.—Or that it ever will?

A.—Or that it ever will. Feb. 6.

### Serena Elizabeth Brown.

I was born in 1823, in Kingston. I died in Providence, R. I., in the year 1845. My name, Serena Elizabeth Brown. It is twenty years and near four months since I parted with the dear friends, who, many of them still remain on the earth. After a twenty years' absence in form—but certainly not in spirit—certainly not as a presence—I return to inform those dear friends that I live, that I love them still; that my spirit yearns sometimes with great power to manifest its presence to them. I want them to know for a certainty that there is a life after death; and more than that, the soul can return, and, under favorable conditions, manifest to the friends it says good-bye to here at the hour of death.

I ask, will they meet me? will they talk with me? will they learn something of the home to which they are fast coming, which I have dwelt in these twenty years? If they would, let them avail themselves of the opportunities provided by the great Father of us all. And if they do, they will not be disappointed, or regret the steps they may take. Farewell, sir. Feb. 6.

### John H. Davis.

John H. Davis, sir, of Waterville, Maine, member of the 23d Massachusetts Company C; died at Newbern, of yellow fever, last August. I was not very much acquainted with this spiritual idea, but I have friends who knew more about it than I did; and there was sort of an agreement between us, that whoever went first should report across the river of death—should report, if they could.

I have preceded some, and I'm very glad to be able to report that some of the stories that are told are true, and some of them are a little wild. I am very well satisfied with my new home, although it's not as I expected, and if there's any way that I can enlighten those that have got to come, I should be very glad to. I don't want to force the matter—don't want to call upon any one to come and talk with me who has any fear and thinks it's not going to do them any good. But I should really like to have a free ticket over the road, to come back and forth when I please. What I mean by that is, a passport to all my friends. I do not expect to always be blessed with the privilege of coming back. I should like to be blessed with the knowledge that I should be understood and welcomed when I do come. Good-day, sir. Feb. 6.

### Marian Elizabeth Kinderfeld.

I was killed at the battle of Cedar Creek. I was twenty years of age. I was the daughter of Dr. Joseph Kinderfeld. My name, Marian Elizabeth Kinderfeld. I besought my father to let me adopt a suitable costume, and follow him as his assistant on to the field. At first he refused; but I told him unless he gave his consent I should go without it in some other capacity. He at last gave it, and I followed him; and, as he or others will tell you, I tried to make all comfortable who were suffering.

At the battle of Cedar Creek my father charged me to remain at the rear until the wounded were brought in. I thought the firing had ceased—my father had gone to the front to assist in removing the wounded—and then I thought there could be no danger in following him there, and a strange bullet from either one side or the other—I cannot tell which, for I don't know—overtook me, and I passed on to the home of the angels.

My father is a firm believer in the guardianship of spirits, disembodied spirits. Although he makes no avowal of his belief in Spiritualism, he believes in the return of the departed, and that we are continually watched over by them at all times. He often said to me, "My child, if I am taken by the cruel hand of war I will watch over you all the same, will guard you and guide you, and perhaps I shall be better able to guide you in wisdom than if I had remained here. He little thought that I should go first, that he should remain and I would pass on.

Although I didn't promise to return, not expecting to go first, yet I have returned—and returned to tell him there is much truth in his belief. I bring kind wishes from my two sisters who are in the spirit-world. I bring blessings from my mother, from my grandparents, from many dear ones who came to the spirit-world long years before I entered that new life. I would ask that any friend who may chance to know my father; that may possibly receive my letter, will be kind enough to forward it to my father. He is still moving with the army, sometimes here, sometimes there. I have a firm belief that my communication will reach my father—cannot tell why I am so confident—and when it does, I ask that he will avail himself of the privileges offered him, that he may find what he seeks for, that I may talk with him as I do, with you. [Do you know where your father is?] He is with General Early. I thank you. Feb. 6.

### Invocation.

Holy Spirit, here in the presence of witnesses whom no man can number, we send upward, and outward our petitions to thee, and our thanksgivings, also. We ask, Oh Father of our souls, that thou wilt baptize us anew with a quickening spirit of divine truth. Let thy children put off their old garments and put on these new and more beautiful robes thou hast given them. Show them that life means something more than a dream—a brief summer's day; something more than a sunbeam or shadow; that life means eternity, and eternity is thy best gift to thy children. Teach them there is no reason of rest save that rest which is found in action, in work, in perpetual work. Let us by our love for humanity so be able to inspire thy children with greater thoughts and holier deeds that they shall return to their several homes making new resolves, forming higher and nobler purposes for human action. Oh, let thy children find happiness through good deeds, which is thy way to heaven, which is thy way, if not ours. Oh Spirit of undying Love, we would not ask thee to love us, neither to bless us or remember us; for thou hast loved us with thy great, everlasting love; thou hast blessed us in all the past, art blessing us in the present, and we know thou wilt continue to bless us in the future. Yet there is a something deep within the soul that ever and anon wells up and forms a petition to the Great Spirit of all Life, asking for this blessing and that blessing, praising the great Author of Life for this gift and that gift; yet it is all in accordance with thy holy will, thy most sacred law. Oh, our Father, to thee this hour we commend all the petitions and desires of these thy children. We know that thou wilt treasure within thy great heart all these thoughts, that not one will be cast out, not one forgotten, but all remembered and answered. So then to thy name be all honor, and glory, and power, forever and ever, amen. Feb. 7.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider the inquiries of your correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent, A. M. F., of Genesee, Ill., asks the following:

Q.—I would ask the controlling spirit of your circle to give us the central points in Christ's parable of the rich man and Lazarus, viewed in the light of Spiritualism?

Ans.—It is possible that we may consider that the parable is without centre or circumference. It is possible we may consider it simply an emanation of fancy, a picture that in reality never had an existence. Now, then, standing upon such a foundation, we certainly can find no point to start from, and, therefore, our answer must end at its beginning.

CHAIRMAN.—H. McKinley, of Kenosha, sends two questions to be answered at our circles:

Q. 1st.—What can the spirits do to elevate the lower classes of humanity?

A.—What can they not do? Their mission for this part of God's children is unbounded. Having no limit, they can do everything for them. Their mission is more to the lowly than to the lofty.

Q. 2d.—What can men and women do to elevate the lower classes of spirits?

A.—That is a question which they themselves, in individual life, can better answer.

Q.—Last Sabbath the intelligence, through Miss Doten, was understood to affirm that the souls of all had ever existed. If so, how is it to be reconciled with the text given, which was: "Before Abraham was, I am." Will the controlling intelligence of to-day please enlighten me on this subject?

A.—It was said that Jesus, the founder of the Christian faith, declared that he existed before Abraham existed; indeed, it was said of him that he many times affirmed that he had ever been in existence as an individual spirit. He told a great and mighty truth, which was not better understood, then than to-day. The intelligence speaking through the organism referred to, last Sunday, told you that the soul had ever existed. There never was a time, in their opinion, when souls were not. Now, this is a truth mighty and grand in itself, but, like that of a similar nature spoken of by Jesus, you do not seem to understand it. Your vision is very short; you are prone to believe that you are brought into existence—created at the natural birth. Now, this being true—which we do not believe—presupposes a time of destruction, a time when you will cease to exist in any form. Then, as a matter of course, you cannot be immortal. If the soul ever was created, it must have had a beginning, for what has a beginning must have an ending—it is non-immortal. The soul itself ignores such a belief, for it finds it in no way worthy of credence. You, as individuals, as soul entities, are perpetually repeating yourselves. You are moving on through the universe in cycles. It is so with all forms of life, and as far as we are able to learn, ever has been so. Decay and revivified life is the order of life under all circumstances; and yet we find no place in all God's vast universe where souls are cast out of existence, or where they are created. We may as well endeavor to fathom the beginning of the Infinite as to fathom ourselves. Inasmuch as we are immortal parts and portions of that Great, Eternal Principle whom we call God, we never could have been created, never can be destroyed, but must live on perpetually, passing on through every degree of life, and repeating its own degrees throughout a never-ending eternity.

Q.—I would also ask if, after the soul has left the mortal body, it comes into a remembrance of its preexistence?

A.—There are instances wherein the soul, after leaving the physical form, becomes possessed of a remembrance of a preexistence, of having lived and acted on the stage of human life prior to the condition just passed from. Sometimes the soul falls to take cognizance of its past experiences for a very great length of time, but eventually it becomes possessed of all facts relating to its past experience.

Q.—What would be the best means to improve the condition of the lower orders of society?

A.—Deal justly with them.

Q.—How can this be done?

A.—Do by them precisely as you would have them do by you.

Q.—How can I, when my interests are opposed to it?

A.—Ignore your interests, and do your duty. Learn to worship God more, and Mammon less.

Q.—Did Christ call the spirit of Lazarus back from the spirit-world when he raised him from the dead?

A.—To begin with, we do not believe he ever raised him from the dead. The spirit, as such, is ever in the spirit-world, certainly; but the case in question presupposes a something outside of natural law. It presupposes the death of Lazarus, a separation having taken place between the spirit and the body. After this separation had ceased for four days, we are told, then Jesus called the spirit again to inhabit its former body. Now this is a very good story to tell, but it has no foundation in truth whatever. Lazarus was not dead, in the usual acceptance of the term; could

not have been; for Jesus obeyed natural law, and this law Jesus was said to have broken was one of the Father's. He did not break it, could not break it, had no desire to break it.

Q.—In what form or condition did the soul exist prior to inhabiting the human form?

A.—Well, supposing we should tell you, we could give you no satisfactory idea concerning its form or shape, or its locality. You can only conceive of soul as it manifests itself through the human organism. Now it is very possible that your soul, your immortal part, did live and manifest itself through some other organism in ages long past. But by-and-by you will learn to understand it, and then its mystery and strangeness will disappear. Feb. 7.

### Mrs. Anna Field.

You dwellers on the mortal shore can hardly realize the intense anxiety that possesses the newborn spirit to return to those it has left. Sometimes the desire to return is so all-absorbing that the spirit loses sight of all else, and bends its entire energies in that one direction. And so it may seem to stand still, become exempt from the law of progress; but in reality it never changes; its course is onward, though it moves in a circle.

When I first became aware I was no more an inhabitant of earth, I could not have found language to have expressed my sorrow. I was overwhelmed with grief. I felt that the whole universe was one vast system of woe. True, I met with friends who were very kind to me, and who endeavored to console me, but I was inconsolable. I had suddenly been wrested from earthly friends without warning, without time to give a parting blessing, or to offer a prayer to the great Infinite Father.

When I first learned that spirits could return again and manifest themselves to those they had left on earth, then I began to be reconciled; began to feel as though there might be some sunshine left yet; but I have toiled for two years almost incessantly for the privilege of returning. Like many others, I have bent all my energies in this one direction; and so to-day finds me precisely where the hour left me that recorded my passage by death from the earth.

Life to me possessed many charms. I felt that I was unwieldy and unfitted to exist as a disembodied spirit. I thought, oh, had I only been sick, had I only suffered, only known what was before me, I should have been more reconciled to my fate. But now all the joys of the beautiful spirit-land are sorrows to me, and I know of no heaven into which I could be ushered that would be such to me.

I was travelling in company with friends near and dear to me, when suddenly we met with an accident which separated me from them in almost an hour. They lived in the earth-life, and I in the spirit-land. I was by occupation a school teacher, in Brooklyn, New York. As you may have inferred, I came to my death by an accident, and yet they say there are no accidents in Nature. So I am to suppose that my death was not one, but it was such to me, judging, as I had been educated to judge, of such things.

I left a dear husband and many friends, who are all, to this day, unconscious of the fact that spirits can return. Oh, I do earnestly pray that they may listen to the voice that comes to them from across the river Jordan, asking that they give their attention to this beautiful Spiritual Philosophy. Learn all you are able to of this new religion, and if you find it false, then you will have lost nothing surely, if you have gained nothing. Oh, I beseech of you to seek to know whether these things are true or false. [Do you know where the accident took place?] Yes; on the Hudson Railroad.

Say that Mrs. Anna Field comes, beseeching her husband, Thomas W. Field, for a hearing. Let him give her the privilege of speaking to him as she speaks to-day to strangers. [Had you not recently been married when you met with the accident spoken of?] But a few hours before. Feb. 7.

### Pat. Welsh.

I suppose the first thing I am to do here is to report me name, &c., and as much of such things as I can well remember.

Well, sir, I am, or I was, and I suppose I am now, Pat. Welsh, of the 24th Massachusetts Company E, who died at Salisbury, N. C. I was taken prisoner about the 1st of August, and I suppose I parted company with my body about October, and here I am to-day; now what are you going to do for me? I lost me life in fighting for you who stay at home, so what are you going to do for me? [Help you send a message to your friends.] Yes, sir. Well, I want to know, in the first place, can we come again, if it's so we don't succeed this time? [Yes.]

Well, now, sir, I've got many things to settle. I don't know anything about how much I can do, but I want to do as much as I'm able to, and the most I care about is to let my folks know I can come. I want 'em to know, sir, I can come back, and if I get the loan of a body like this one, I can speak to them. If I could write, why, I should be very glad to, as well as speak. I didn't make myself very well acquainted with that when here, and, I suppose I'd not do so well at writing as speaking.

Well, sir, I want me folks to go to one of these mediums, and I'll come and tell 'em how I was sick, how I was took prisoner, about me sickness and death, about the money—well, all about the things that concerned them and me; that it's no sort of use to make public, you know. I want them to give me a hearing.

See here: suppose I ask that Jim Welsh give me a chance to speak with him, and through him I'll get all the rest. [Is he your brother?] Yes, sir.

Well, sir, I'm pretty well contented somehow, considering I was as much disappointed as any one could be. I'm pretty well off. [Do your family reside in Boston?] Me family? what do you mean, sir? [Have'n't you a family?] No, sir; but I've got a plenty of folks, I tell you. If that's what you mean by a family, it's a big one.

Well, sir, I would pay you had I anything to pay with. I was skinned as clean as ever you'd skin an eel before frying it, down there with the Rebs. I had n't much to begin with when I was took, they skinned me of all I had. That's a way they have of helping themselves. Well, they tell us it's all right; but so far as an Irishman is concerned, he can't see it. Good-day, sir. Don't forget where I died. Feb. 7.

### Charlie Graves.

I am Charlie Graves, sir; nineteen years of age, belonged to the 15th Georgia; captured by your folks; died at Fortress Monroe.

Now if you are disposed, sir, to aid me in any way, I'd like to get a letter through to my mother, if I can, like to have it go through to Mrs. Jane Graves, in Montgomery, Alabama. Tell her that I died in the hospital at Fortress Monroe; was very well cared for—didn't suffer much. Have been dead about four days. They said I died of hemorrhage.



**A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST**  
50 School Street, next door East of Parker House



## Pearls.

And quietude, and peace, and love, long,  
That on the earth's surface, all the time  
Sparkle forever.

## PLANT BLESSINGS.

A wonderful thing is a seed—  
The one thing deathless forever!  
The one thing changeless, utterly true—  
Forever old and forever new,  
And fickle and faithless never.  
Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom;  
Plant hate, and hate will grow;  
You can sow to-day—to-morrow will bring  
The blossom that proves what sort of thing  
Is the seed, the seed that you sow.

Let us remember that as earth-life leaves us,  
eternity will find us, mentally and spiritually.

## SPRING VIOLETS.

Under the green hedges, after the snow,  
There do the little violets grow;  
Hiding their modest and beautiful heads  
Under the hawthorn in soft mossy beds.  
Sweet as the roses, and blue as the sky,  
Down there do the dear little violets lie;  
Hiding their heads where they scarce may be seen;  
By the leaves you may know where the violets  
hath been.  
—[Rev. John Moultrie.]

While one man pins us to the wall, with another  
we walk among the stars.

## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Our time is flying. The years sweep by,  
Like flitting clouds in a breezy sky;  
But time is a drop of the boundless sea  
Of an infinite eternity.  
As our veins are spanned by the arching skies,  
'Ninth the presence of God that ocean lies,  
And though time may fall in life's shallow bay,  
Eternity's deep is not passing away.

The main point of conversation is to state one's  
own opinion without exaggeration or platitudes.

## ACT TO-DAY.

That which to-day is not begun,  
Is to the morrow still undone.  
—[Goethe.]

The soul ever has and ever will exist.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,  
192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily are  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
—[LARGE HEART.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;  
OR,  
MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND JOE.

## CHAPTER IV.

The days of the spring wore on, and Marianna and Willie grew strong and rosy, while Susie grew weaker and paler every day. Mr. Tom sometimes carried her in his arms over to see Marianna, but often Marianna and she went over to spend a few hours with her. She could not run and jump about, but had her easy-chair and her pillow; but she always kept a sweet smile on her face, and was patient and gentle.

"I should think you would be so tired, sitting in that chair all day," said Marianna to her.

"Oh yes," said Susie, "I am tired; but if I fret Tom looks so sorrowful that I feel worse than tired; and then when I see the sunshine I think of all the beautiful things in the woods; and when you bring me flowers, I forget that I am shut up in the house. I keep looking at them till I seem to see something coming right up to me out of them. What do you suppose it is?"

"I guess it's what smells so sweet," answered Marianna.

"Well, I think it is the flowers talking to me. Don't you remember what we heard the brook say? And then I am sure sometimes nights, when it is very still, and Tom is asleep, that I hear voices; and oh, they are so sweet and low, that I am sure they are violet voices."

"But," said Marianna doubtfully, "I never hear anything."

"That is because you are so well and strong," said Susie. "But you know I am getting closer and closer to heaven every day. Tom says so. I'm real glad they have flowers in heaven, aren't you?"

"I didn't know as they did," said Marianna.

"The minister asked me one Sunday, at Sunday School, if I'd like to have a golden harp, and walk the golden streets, and wear a golden crown. And I told him I'd just as soon have dandelions. And he said, 'Poor child.' So I suppose he meant, 'Poor child, you can't.' And I asked mamma about it, and she said she didn't know; so I supposed it was all as Mr. Clark said."

"Well, it is n't," said Susie, "for Tom says it is n't; and he says there are beautiful flowers there, and gardens, and fountains of water, and brooks, and singing birds; and I expect I shall go there some day."

"Oh I wish I could go," said Marianna. "When shall you come back? And won't you bring me a singing bird?"

"And me a chicken?" said Willie.

"Oh you may have my Willie," said Susie. "I can't feed him any more, and it is a nice chicken."

Just then Mr. Tom came in and said:

"Well, children, to-morrow is May-day, and we must have a little celebration. I think I will take the old pony and drive you all to town, and we will have a fine day of it."

Marianna and Willie had never been to town, and they were delighted. Willie fancied that it was the place that Susie had said she was going to; and Marianna was in such a hurry, that she wished to go immediately home and get ready. Willie stopped to take Susie's chicken, Willie, of which he felt very proud.

"Oh dear," said Marianna, when she reached home, "I wish I could go to but visit."

"But there is Willie's supper to get, and the wood to bring in, and the hearth to brush up, for I must finish this piece of work to-night," said her mother.

"Oh dear," said Marianna, "it's always do something. I wanted to take down my dress and get ready to go to town."

"Where is the sunshine now?" said her mother.

"If it will but come back again, I will do all the work and sit up late to-night."

Marianna felt, too, how the light had faded from her heart, and perhaps if she had not been expecting a great pleasure the next day, she would not so soon have been able to turn from her selfish thoughts, and desire to do right. It always seems easier to do right when we are expecting to be pleased and amused; but real goodness shines the brightest when we expect no reward. As it was, Marianna busied herself, and soon accomplished all her mother wished.

The next day was as beautiful as they could have desired for an excursion, and the soft sun-

light lighted up the valleys and threw a blue mantle over the hills, and made each separate flower seem like a smile of love, so that no wonder Willie thought they were riding to heaven, and should see all that Susie had told them about.

The bright, pleasant parlor, with its blooming flowers and their ornaments, looked very elegant to Marianna, and she thought all their brightness was because of their furniture and fine carpets. The good gentleman of the house came forward to welcome them, and his smile was so pleasant, and his manner so cordial, that Willie thought he must have seen him before, and put his arms out to hug and kiss him.

"Truly this is a beautiful May-day to me," said Mr. Werter. "Little children have come to visit an old man. I have no children, and live here by myself."

"But you look as if you had children," said Marianna.

"Well, so I have, in my heart, a great many," he replied, "and there is room for a great many more. I take them in every day, and thank God for them all. But come, you must be hungry. I was just ordering my dinner served out in the garden, under the maple trees, that I might remember dear Germany this beautiful spring day; for I get homesick, little ones, sometimes."

It seemed very beautiful to them all in the garden, and Susie looked so radiant that she seemed almost well. After dinner Mr. Werter took them into the music room, where was a fine organ, on which he made such sweet music that Susie felt asleep in her chair and Willie on the floor. When Willie awoke Mr. Werter gave him some pennies, and told him that he might go out with Marianna and spend them himself. Oh how fine it seemed to him to have pennies of his own, and how gay the shops looked. Of course Willie wanted to buy everything he saw, and yet turned from one thing to another so rapidly that he fixed his mind on nothing. Presently there came along an organ-grinder with a monkey. Willie was so delighted that he shouted for joy. He thought the music was much finer than Mr. Werter's, and the monkey seemed to him the most wonderful creature in the world.

"I shall buy that, Marianna," said he, "with my pennies. I want the monkey more than the candy." So he held out his hand with a penny in it, which the monkey saw, and ran toward him with a low bow, taking off his little scarlet cap to receive the penny. Willie laughed, and placed the penny in it, and the monkey immediately carried it to his master. Willie took out another, and the monkey repeated his performance. Willie took out others until the monkey had them all. Willie thought he had made a fair purchase, and demanded the monkey, which only chattered at him, repeating his bows. Willie began to be very much vexed, and presently cried heartily. A crowd of boys had collected, and they all laughed at him, which made him very angry. Marianna tried to soothe him, but he cried only the more earnestly.

Meantime the organ-grinder took up his burden, and the monkey jumped on his back, and they walked off. Willie cried, "Stop, stop, you've got my money!" but all in vain. The boys shouted at Willie and ran after the monkey, and Marianna succeeded in leading Willie to Mr. Werter's door, where, with his eyes all swollen, and his face in a frown, he met Mr. Werter and Susie.

"Highly mighty, my little man!" said Mr. Werter, "what's the trouble now? What storm has arisen in our dear sky?"

Willie was still so vexed that he could hardly talk, but after a time he gave a history of his adventures. When it was ended Mr. Werter took him on his knee, wiped his tears, and said that he would tell him a little story from his own boyhood.

"When I was a boy I lived in beautiful Germany, and I had a dear mother and a sweet sister and a pleasant home, and I was like other boys—I had my troubles and my pleasures. I remember well that I was walking out with my mother, and I cried because she would not buy me a horse. I remember very well, even now, how I shook my shoulders and pulled away from her as she wished to lead me home; for it is true, children, that we keep pictures of all those disagreeable things for many, many years. How much do you suppose I would give now, an old man, as I look back, if I had never troubled my dear mother, but had been gentle and kind to her?"

When we reached home, she took down from the library a book with bright covers and golden-edged leaves. It was a book that I only saw on holidays, and one of the greatest treats I could have as the privilege of looking at its fine pictures, or of hearing one of its wonderful stories. I remember the story well, and the sound of the sweet voice that read it to me. I will repeat it to you as nearly as I can.

There was once a Prince who had great power, whose name was Gottlieb. There was also a poor boy, who lived in a miserable hovel, whose name was Rudolph. One day Gottlieb was riding out on a splendid horse, and Rudolph ran to behold him. Just then the Prince chanced to drop his riding-whip, and Rudolph, picking it up, handed it to him with his eyes filled with love, and so pleasant a smile, that Gottlieb was charmed. He stopped his horse, and asked Rudolph his name, and where he lived. When he had told him, he said:

"Here, take this ring, and while you wear it on your finger everything you ask for shall be yours."

Rudolph kissed the flowing robe of the Prince to express his thanks, and with his eyes filled with tears of joy, he ran toward his humble hovel. It contained but one room, and had but a chair, a table, and a tin porringer for its furniture.

"What shall I do?" said Rudolph to himself; "I can have everything I ask for. I will have my room full of gold."

He had not much sooner said this than there began to fill into his room great bars of gold and golden ducats and golden florins. They came so fast that he soon had scarcely room to move. They crowded him into one corner; they put out his little fire, so that he began to be chilled; they filled his bed, so that he could not lie down; they covered his head, so that it was harder than a board; they blocked up his door, so that he could not get out.

"Oh, dear, dear!" said he, "what shall I do? I cannot eat gold, or sleep on gold, or keep warm with gold. I wish it was all away, and that I had my comfortable fire, and my porridge, and my bed; and it vanished as soon as it had appeared."

"Now," said he, "I can wish again, and I will do better, very much better. What a fine horse that was the Prince Gottlieb rode! I wish I had an hundred; then I should not have to walk the streets, or carry home my brush-wood for my fire on my back. Yes, I wish I had an hundred horses."

Hardly had he uttered his wish than there came prancing through the field an hundred horses; but they had no riders, and they were so gay that they pranced wildly, and leaped the low fence that guarded the little garden in front of his hovel. Here were the flowers that Rudolph had desired

all summer, and here were the vegetables that he expected for his winter's store. The horses trampled all down without mercy. His bright pansies were under their feet; his blooming asters were all destroyed; they eat up his nice cabbages, and put their noses into his door, and tipped over a bucket of water, so that his earthen floor was one mass of mud.

"Oh, dear, the hateful horses!" said he. "I wish they were all back where they came from, and I was alone in my little garden;" and the horses vanished as quickly as they had come.

"Now I will surely do better this time," said Rudolph; "let me think. I will wish for a great organ, such as I heard the other day in the cathedral."

Soon there stood the beautiful key-board, white and glistening, of a splendid instrument. But Rudolph's hut was not high enough for the golden pipes, or for the great pillars that supported its front, and the roof disappeared to give room for the instrument. Just then it began to rain, and the wind began to blow. The rain drenched his bed, and the wind blew his hair over his eyes, and drove the smoke into them until he was ready to cry.

"I don't want the organ at all!" said he; "let it go quickly, and it disappeared. 'But I know what I do want.' I will have my porridge, and go to bed; and I wish, for my pretty garden, and for my asters, and pansies, and cabbages; and to-morrow morning the first thing I shall do will be to carry the ring back to the Prince."

So he ate his supper and went to bed, and was soon asleep.

The next morning he presented himself before the palace of the Prince, and waited until he came out to ride with his retinue. When Rudolph saw him he said:

"Here is your ring. I like my room with its little bed, and its brush-wood fire, and my pretty garden better than all else."

Gottlieb took the ring, and said:

"First learn what to ask for, and then it will bless you; foolish wishes only bring us trouble. You are a wise and an honest boy to return the ring, and if you work well in your little garden, and are contented and happy in doing the best you can, then after a time you will need no Prince Gottlieb to fulfill your wishes, but you will have, all good things that you need in your own power."

Now, Willie," continued Mr. Werter, "you are like Rudolph: you want everything that seems amusing or wonderful to you. If you could have purchased the monkey, it would have tormented the life out of you. It would have stolen your cap and hid it; it would have put your shoes in the fire; it would have eaten up your supper, and have given you more trouble than Rudolph's hundred horses. You must first learn wisdom; that is, you must learn what will really make you happy before you fret for what you have not. Now go; but don't forget to be a wiser boy the next time."

"I was thinking," said Susie, who sat in the arm-chair listening, "of the time when I came to town before. I saw a beautiful globe sparkling in the sun, and I wanted it. It was bright golden, and I thought it as handsome as anything I had ever seen. I asked Tom to buy it for me; but he said it would cost a great deal of money, and do me no good, but I might have a new pair of slippers instead. But I said I didn't want the slippers, and would have the globe; so he bought it, and when I was carrying it home I let it fall and broke it, and inside was a lot of tinsel and sand, and silly things that were fixed so as to sparkle and shine; but they did not look half as well as the sand at the bottom of Spring Brook. And then I was ashamed, and cried; but Tom said it was a good lesson for me, and I would know now that it was best to understand what was really good and would make me happier, before I cried for it."

"Well," said Willie, "I'm glad I didn't get the monkey!"

[To be continued.]

## Correspondence in Brief.

## Spirit Paintings.

In taking up the Banner some time since, my eye caught an article from the pen of Dr. Dresser, giving an account of his having had a picture taken of a sister who had been in the spirit-land some twenty-eight years. Having myself lost a child some time ago, and never having had a likeness of her while living, I felt a strong desire to obtain one if it were possible. I accordingly wrote to the artist mentioned by Dr. Dresser, asking him if he could take a picture of my child. I received an answer in due time, stating he could do so; I therefore gave him an order for one. In a few days I received a letter from him, from which I make the following extract:

"Your picture is commenced. You will get a double picture; that is, the child and guardian spirit—a female, I am not informed who she is, but an impressive and sister of either you or your wife; and oh, so beautiful! I never realized the poverty of art until I tried to paint the dear ones that are in the summer-land."

Again, Jan. 20th, I received the following: "Your picture is progressing, and will be done in two or three weeks. The spirit-child is attended by her guardian—a most beautiful creature—who holds the child in her arms. The child is in the act of throwing you a kiss from her little hand. I know not who the guardian spirit is. Perhaps you can tell when you see it."

I received the painting Feb. 21st. I will not attempt to describe my pleasure on first beholding it, it so far exceeded my expectations, not only in the splendor of the painting itself, but in the striking resemblance between the spirit-child as the artist saw and painted her, and as she appeared while among us. The guardian spirit is recognized by those who knew her while in the form, as an aunt of the child's, on the mother's side, who has been in the spirit-land twenty-one years. The painting has caused quite a sensation. A great many have seen it; among others an artist of some note, who, after a thorough examination, pronounced it a magnificent painting—perfect in all its parts. For myself, I will only say I am perfectly satisfied with the painting. If I should attempt a description of it, I should fall far short of doing anything like justice to it. It is with pleasure I recommend the artist to the notice of any who are desirous of obtaining a picture. Address N. B. Starr, 35 Milton street, Cincinnati, O.

Your friend,  
BENJAMIN WILBUR.  
Fall River, Mass., March 13th, 1865.

**Support of Mediums.**  
I am much obliged to Bro. Samson, of Hammon, N. J., for his answer in the Banner of this week to my question why such mediums as Brittan, Tiffany, Foster, Newton, etc., are not employed by the Spiritualists, while scores of less competent ones, who have no families to support, or do not support them if they have, are kept in the field on half rations, some of whom are self-sacrificing devotees to principle, and some may stay as long as they get any rations, for the very reason that they are not employed by those named, but which I think has been and is the means of keeping those he would not employ, and losing those he would have. I may be wrong, but for one I would like to see our oldest and ablest speakers and writers in the field, and well sustained. For myself, I have no word of complaint; for I have worked enough all the time in this cause for at least five persons, and only wish I could get part of it on others, who could do it satisfactorily for each, pay as satisfies me. My call is to the field, and I feel again as the Spiritualists to rouse up and call back the able speakers and writers to help us, for the harvest is ripe and laborers few. Great and important practical movements are starting from Spiritualism as a

source, or motive power, and require much more talent than we have now employed in the field. Many of our friends are in the employ of the government, but can be spared better there than by us. Can you not, or will you not, pay them, or do you not want them? Is it my question, not satisfactorily answered by friend Samson.

WARREN CHASE.  
Philadelphia, March 17, 1865.

**From Missouri.**  
E. Underhill, writing from Medora, under date of March 12th, giving an account of the devastations which have been perpetrated in that section of the State by lawless bands, says:

"The consequence is, a vast many people are moving to sections of the country where there is some security for life and property. There will no doubt be some stout hearts and daring spirits that will move in to take their places, but to those that prize peace of mind and comfort of life above filthy lucre, I would say, remain at home for the present. Rich agricultural lands, contiguous to our railroads, can now be bought for one-quarter their former value, and I trust the time is not far distant when Eastern enterprise will be richly rewarded in our State."

When that class of men who have been hostile to the Government find by their acts and deeds that they are heaping coals of fire on their own heads, I think they will turn from the error of their ways."

The act of emancipation passed by our State Convention grates hard on the feelings of the rich and influential portion of our inhabitants; but when they can be brought to realize that the law of progress requires personal sacrifice for the benefit of humanity, perhaps they will be more reconciled. We are in hopes our people will profit by the past, and a combination of influences be brought to bear that will in a measure at least restore peace and quiet in our State."

**Rochester, N. Y.**  
Spiritualism in Rochester, N. Y., is advancing; the public mind is turned toward it; investigation is increasing; many of our best minds are leaving the influences of the churches and appearing in public settings to partake of fresh spiritual food. The Banner is sought for, much inquiry is made for good mediums, and we have had of late evidences of speaking mediums being developed. At the funeral of an elderly lady friend a few days since, and after two friends ministers (Quakers) had spoken very satisfactorily, a young woman, now being developed as a speaking medium, was entranced, and gave utterance to a poetic prayer, in style of language and sublimity of sentiment rarely surpassed. Her name is withheld for the present, in accordance with her wishes, but she will soon appear before the public as a speaker, and will prove to be one of the best family, is of Quaker parentage, well educated, and a natural and accomplished lady.

So much, dear Banner, for the birthplace and cradle of modern Spiritualism.

JUSTIN GATES, M. D.  
Rochester, N. Y., March 15, 1865.

**Parkersburg, West Virginia.**  
Dr. Wm. Arthur, writing under date of March 14th, says:

"I have lived here over two years, and no lecturer or public advocate of Spiritualism has, during that time, visited this benighted place, with the exception of Mrs. Brown, from Cleveland, O., who delivered three lectures in the Court House, which was completely filled, and much interest thereby awakened on the subject of Spiritualism. I am sorry to state that I do not know of any avowed Spiritualists, except myself and wife, and one man, in this town, so that to engage a public advocate is out of the question; but at the same time, I know, from the success which Mrs. Brown met with, that no one need fear of being sustained. I have no doubt that if a lecturer, or a medium for physical manifestations, was to visit this place, they would meet with success. The general outcry of the people is, 'We have heard much, and now we want to see something.'"

**Dr. H. P. Fairfield going to Kansas.**  
Dear friends and co-workers in the East—I cannot for the present answer calls to speak for you. I have labored long and faithfully with you for the spread of our glorious Gospel, and have had the pleasure of seeing its saving and regenerating influence among the people. You have now grown strong and become powerful in love, truth and wisdom which cometh from above. Be faithful. "Where much is given much is required." I am now called to labor with and for humanity in another part of the vineyard. God bless you and keep you in the use and enjoyment of all those graces which belong to our pure, spiritual Gospel. I will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

DR. H. P. FAIRFIELD.

**Announcement.**  
This timely notice is due the correspondents of the West, and "Friends of Reform" elsewhere, who have written to me in view of lecturing engagements, that owing to circumstances which have recently called me from the field of labor to that of a domestic character—the physical death, or spiritual birth of my husband to the brighter home of the angel-world—I am necessarily compelled to suspend my lectures for the present, and all those graces which belong to our pure, spiritual Gospel. I will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

ALONDA WILHELM, M. D.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**Russellville, Ky.**  
Mr. J. H. Holland writes that the people of that place are anxious to investigate the Spiritual Philosophy. He wants a good test or healing medium to visit that vicinity. He wishes some one would correspond with him on the subject. He says they would be well paid.

**A Good Subscriber.**  
John Racklyft, of Seely Creek, N. Y., in a note enclosing the money, says, "My better-half has agreed with me to send five dollars per year for the Banner of Light, while we are able to work and you need the same." Such noble souls will surely receive their reward.

**Cleveland, Ohio.**  
Spiritualism here is in a very thriving condition. Mrs. Wiltale, a very fine speaker, fills the desk this month. I hold a public séance to-night for tests. I have been here about one week. I am going further West in a week or two.

A. P. MUDDERT.  
March 13.

**NOTICES OF MEETINGS.**  
BOSTON.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont-st., (opposite head of School street), every Sunday forenoon at 10 A.M. and evening at 7 P.M. Admission, 10 cents. Lecturer engaged—Miss Lizzie Doten during April.

BOSTON SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION will meet every Thursday evening at 7 P.M. at Lyceum Hall, Tremont-st., corner of Province street, Boston. All are invited. Admission free. Question for next meeting: "Totality."

THE SPIRITUAL FREEDOM will hereafter hold their meetings at Grand Temple, 34 Washington street.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 P.M. The public are invited. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Hayden, April 2, 9 and 16; N. A. Greenleaf, April 23 and 30; Susie M. Johnson during May; A. B. Whiting during June.

CHILMARK.—The Spiritualists of Chilmark have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Cranford, Chilmark, Mass. Speakers engaged—J. S. Loveland, April 2 and 9; N. Frank White during June.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Meetings are held in Bruce's Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—April 2, N. A. Greenleaf, April 9, N. A. Greenleaf, April 16, N. A. Greenleaf, April 23, N. A. Greenleaf, April 30, N. A. Greenleaf, May 7 and 14; Mrs. Dyma, May 13 and 20.

QUINCY, ILL.—Meetings are held in Rodgers' Church, Services in the forenoon at 10 A.M., and in the afternoon at 2 P.M. The public are invited. Speakers engaged—April 2, N. A. Greenleaf, April 9, N. A. Greenleaf, April 16, N. A. Greenleaf, April 23, N. A. Greenleaf, April 30, N. A. Greenleaf, May 7 and 14; Mrs. Dyma, May 13 and 20.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall regularly at 2 and 7 P.M.

WATERTOWN, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—April 2, N. A. Greenleaf, April 9, N. A. Greenleaf, April 16, N. A. Greenleaf, April 23, N. A. Greenleaf, April 30, N. A. Greenleaf, May 7 and 14; Mrs. Dyma, May 13 and 20.

WATERTOWN, MASS.—The Spiritualists and liberal minds of Watertown have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall, speakers engaged—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton during April; N. Frank White during May; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, June 4 and 11; Mrs. Dyma, May 13 and 20.

WATERTOWN, MASS.—Meetings are held in Watertown Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—April 2, N. A. Greenleaf, April 9, N. A. Greenleaf, April 16, N. A. Greenleaf, April 23, N. A. Greenleaf, April 30, N. A. Greenleaf, May 7 and 14; Mrs. Dyma, May 13 and 20.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, 708 South Main street, Providence, R. I., every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 and 7 P.M. The public are invited. Speakers engaged—April 2, N. A. Greenleaf, April 9, N. A. Greenleaf, April 16, N. A. Greenleaf, April 23, N. A. Greenleaf, April 30, N. A. Greenleaf, May 7 and 14; Mrs. Dyma, May 13 and 20.

9, 8 and 16; Charles A. Hayden, April 23 and 30; A. B. Whiting during June.

NEW YORK.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings at Congress Hall, 111 Broadway, every Sunday forenoon at 10 A.M. and evening at 7 P.M. Admission, 10 cents. Lecturer engaged—Miss Lizzie Doten during April.

NEW YORK.—The Friends of Progress meet every evening at the Scientific and Progressive Lyceum, 140 Broadway, New York. The public are invited. Speakers engaged—April 2, N. A. Greenleaf, April 9, N. A. Greenleaf, April 16, N. A. Greenleaf, April 23, N. A. Greenleaf, April 30, N. A. Greenleaf, May 7 and 14; Mrs. Dyma, May 13 and 20.

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