

# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

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### KATIE MALVOURNY

IRISH CHARACTER  
AND  
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.

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 X.

##### Interesting Reports.

A year passed on, and it was with no small degree of regret that we were compelled to omit a proposed visit to our Irish friends. Our sister's health having failed since the death of her child, her physician directed her to travel in the south of Europe, and spend the winter in Italy, and it became our duty to accompany her.

In the meantime we had received several letters from Miss Dunderberg, each of which contained some important events in connection with our narrative. The quiet which had hitherto existed in regard to Katie and her wonderful powers had been seriously disturbed, and we felt rather sorry that our influence might have had something to do in this matter. Her efforts with the Slogans were crowned with success. John had not only become a sober but a much more industrious and useful man. Mary discovered that she had much more influence than she supposed. Miss Dunderberg hinted at some changes in their family. Two of her sisters had married and gone to the Continent during the year; but the most interesting events were the labors of Katie with her brothers, especially Edgar, the younger.

We have said that the elder brother was of a coarse and unrefined organization, and Katie never felt attracted to him; but there was a different feeling toward the younger brother, who seemed likely to become a victim to many of the habits which his brother was leading him into, and which were calculated to make a very different impression upon Edgar's sensitive and negative nature from that which they did upon his brother. We are often very unjust in our censure of individuals, not because of the habits in which they indulge so much, as of the effects which these produce, not thinking that the conditions which render them thus influential are the very ones which would render these persons much more attractive and congenial, if the influences, which have failed to reach so effectually those of coarser and stronger natures, had not overcome them. The finest fruit is the most liable to decay, and the most sensitive and beautiful natures may often be most easily marred.

We have spoken of Edgar's negative character, under the corroding influence of crime and bad associations; this had become somewhat changed, and he was acquiring some of his brother's habits; and even in this we may see that there is no unmitigated evil. His sisters saw with regret his growing indifference to themselves, and as a means of reclaiming him, they sought the influence of Katie, feeling assured that if she could drop the anchor of her sympathetic love into the depths of his soul it would reach his better nature and bring him to a mooring. On several occasions they invited Katie to spend the day with them, hoping thus to bring them together; but Edgar, took especial pains to be absent from home. We have said he was rather sensitive; he had heard of Katie's powers of reading character, and like many others, he did not feel willing to accept such an invitation as was given by the woman of Samaria to her people, to "come and see a man who had told her all things that ever she did." This reluctance to meet Katie increased the conviction on the part of his sisters that she was destined to produce a happy effect upon him, and made them more anxious to bring about an interview.

In the visits of Katie to Lord Dunderberg's, Seelinda, or Lind, as she was always called, became deeply interested in her, and though she was a person of very different character, yet there were strong points of attraction between them. Lind was a spontaneous, natural child, full of native wit, and always ready for fun, with an inexhaustible capacity to produce it. Finding her efforts to bring the young folks together, frustrated, Lind endeavored to entertain her friend by various means. She related the following story:

"We have an old man named John, who has lived with us some time. Do you know, Katie, I have a habit of going among our servants that our folks do not altogether like; but you know, they cannot stop it. They tell me it is beneath the dignity of our family. Pshaw! I do not believe in any such nonsense. When brother John is brought home drunk, he has not a thousandth part of the dignity, or good breeding, either, that our old servant John has, who is always in his place and watches over all the other servants like a patriarch and father—as he is to them. He is a disciple of Father Matthews, and he keeps the others very well up to their pledges. You don't know how much the stability and real goodness of such a man keeps up not only the dignity, but all that makes life desirable in our house. I have been among them, and I have seen it and felt it; and in our folks know half as much about it as I do, they would never read me such lessons about dignity in keeping away from such persons as John."

And then there is old Bridget, the cook, who has lived with us many years. She is as much of a lady, save her brogue, as any one. And when

she is dressed up with her new turban and white apron, I always think of my old maiden aunt, who is about the same age, and it makes me laugh when she is taken to pieces."

"What do you mean?" said Katie.

"Why, when she gets that great, ugly braid off—which she declares is her own hair, because it was cut off by her own hand thirty years ago—her teeth out, and the paint off her face, and her foot-marked cheeks, she does not impress me with as much dignity as old Bridget, who is just as natural as God made her. For my part, I think true dignity consists in living and acting according to your position, naturally, and just as you feel; and when I get to be an old lady I am going to be one, and not attempt to make persons believe that I am much younger, and that either God or myself has made a mistake."

"You are hard on the old lady," said Katie. "I think myself it is an evidence of great weakness, to be dissatisfied with our condition, in life. It proves that we have not lived true lives, and our spiritual natures have not grown—as they should—with the physical. Don't let me be misunderstood now. It is assuming something that we are not. That is the great evil that torments and cramps the soul."

"I tell you, Katie," said Lind, "I am a real-born democrat. I believe everybody is just as good as everybody else, and some a good deal better. I often wish I was like you, and did not belong to the nobility. There is no nobility in keeping hounds and horses and in giving dinners, eating and drinking and rollicking and making dunces of yourselves, just because you belong to a certain family. But I was going to tell you a story that old John relates. I happened to hear them laughing very heartily one day, and I asked what was the cause of it. They said old John was telling a story; and at my request, he repeated it to us. He had been for many years the body-servant of Dean Swift, and for real, native, Irish wit he has few superiors even now in his old age. The story is as follows:

The Dean wanted a servant, and advertised for applicants to call at his rooms at a certain hour. About twenty persons came, and he had them ranged in a row along his hall; and there he examined each of them as to their qualifications for the position, and their recommendations, &c. Coming to the man next to the last, he found one of our countrymen, who was very full of conceit, and a great talker. He could do this, he could do that, and 'he could do everything.' Turning to John, who stood at the end of the row—

"Well, my good fellow," said the Dean, "what can you do?"

"Nothing at all, sir," said John.

"What did you come here for, then?" said the Dean.

"Sir," said John, "did not that man say he could do everything? sure, and if he does everything, there will be nothing left for me to do."

"Well," said the Dean, "I think I will try you, John."

And a most faithful and devoted servant he proved to be. He relates many anecdotes of the Dean; among others, the following:

They were traveling on a circuit, and the woods being very muddy, John did not think it necessary to black his master's boots for him. When the Dean reminded him of it, John said:

"The roads are so very muddy I did not think it worth while to do this, as they will just get dirty again."

"Very well," said the Dean.

And while John went out to get the horses ready, he called the landlady, and told her not to give him any breakfast. When he came up with the horses and the Dean was about to mount, John reminded him that he had had no breakfast.

"Never mind that," said the Dean, "you will just get hungry again."

John saw that he was caught in his own trap, and took it all in good part. They started on, but had not rode very far when they met one of John's friends, who addressed the inquiry to him:

"Where are you going?"

"Well," said John, "I presume we are going to the Kingdom of Heaven, for I am fasting and the Dean is praying."

"Oh, Katie, I wish I was as free as you are! The only thing that troubles me is, that I cannot do just what I want to."

"Why, Lind, you silly child," said her sister Maggie Ann, "there is nobody in the world so free as you are. No person ever thinks of controlling you in anything; you have not only the name, but the privilege of being one of the most free and original and independent characters. We would just as soon think of taming a hyena—not that I mean anything disrespectful by this comparison; but you are certainly the last person in the world who should talk about restraint. Don't you think so, Katie?"

"It seems so to me," she replied; "but I have learned this: that restraints in the mind, and not upon the physical alone; that we cannot judge of this by outward appearance; and then I have noticed that there is a tendency in all of us to fortify ourselves on our strong points, and to feel that as we restrain ourselves more in the direction that we would lead us, therefore we do not follow out this particular line to any great extent, and this is a natural self-deception."

"I know I am free," said Lind, rather chagrined; "just about as free as the soldiers in the French army were when Napoleon informed them that they were at liberty to go home; but the first man who left the ranks should be shot. There is not an hour of my life that I don't feel some unnatural restraint. I want to do something that I know some one around me will not like; but will think it undignified, and will bring disgrace upon the family. I often wish we had no family reputation to keep up. I really believe the most natural you become; the more obstacles you will find in your way. If I could do as some folks do, but in an appearance without feeling like a hypocrite and deceiver, I think I should be

happier. Katie, won't you tell me what I should do? When I act out my natural impulses, I think I am like old Beau; my hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against me; and if I don't act thus, I hate myself. You will not believe me when I say that I have been suffering in this way for years, with pent-up feelings that I would give the world to let out; and what seems strange to me is that the more full of fun and wit I have appeared, the more sad at heart I have been. Indeed, it has been a kind of intoxication, and it was necessary for me to have this excitement in order to keep up at all. The same feeling which exhibits itself in my elder brother, to break out into frolics, and go into his rude company, has influenced me. I can feel it coming on periodically, and if I were a man, I should go out and give the manifestations of this, as men do; as it is, it produces a hysterical condition, which, I fear, will be more than I can bear, before long. I keep up by laughing and joking when any one is present, and crying and sobbing terribly when I am alone."

This was certainly a very strange revelation, yet there was an earnestness about it that carried conviction to all present; though every one had thought Lind was one of the most pert and unrestrained children they had ever met, and her constant inclination and ability to make fun were so well known, that every one looked upon her as one of the happiest of Nature's children.

Katie had had some misgivings as to the reality of Lind's feelings, and was much better prepared than her sister for such a revelation; but what would she advise her to do? We will see. Taking her by the hand, she said:

"My dear friend and sister, I am not so much surprised as you might think, at the revelation you have made to us. What surprises me most is, that one so free and spontaneous and natural, could have kept these things so effectually from every one, as you have. You know that the great demand of the human soul is for companionship, for some intimate and congenial friend, to whom we can reveal our most secret and sacred feelings. There are few natures who can live without this, and I believe none do so well without it as with it."

One human soul is a mirror in which alone another can truly be seen; and no one can be really happy or contented with himself without more or less of true sympathy and companionship. More than this, Lind, in the battle of life there are thousands of instances in which we are just strong enough to be defeated, when we enter the arena alone. But where two souls, properly related to each other, meet the struggles of life's conflict, they strengthen each other on all the points which are required; for a victory over ourselves and the circumstances which we are striving to overcome. I see clearly that in the struggles of life, here is where you have lost your way. Your sisters are all different in feeling from you. Indeed, there is scarcely anything in common between you. You have stood alone, and instead of fighting the battles of life nobly and earnestly, you have parried off the thrusts that have been aimed at you, by assuming a character of wit and humor; and so far as the world around you is concerned, you have succeeded. No one has suspected you, and though you have concealed the loss which you have been obliged to sustain in this conflict, you may say, as a celebrated commander once said, 'One more such victory, and I am ruined.' In the conflicts of life, as in the battles of the warrior, the conquering army is often the heaviest loser."

They had been left alone. Lind found relief in tears, and the feelings which had been pent up for years began to find vent.

"Go on, go on, my sister," she exclaimed; "you have smitten the rock in my nature, and I am glad the waters are flowing. I have wanted to cry for a long time, and have not been able to do it before. You have touched a chord in my soul, and I believe you will yet attune it so that there will be some music in my discordant and inharmonious nature. I did not know that any one else had ever felt that they must have a friend in whom they could fully confide. So strong has been my feeling on this point, that I have determined several times to speak to you about it, but never could muster courage to do so."

Clasping Katie's hands very firmly, she said: "I have not one favor to ask of you now, and I hope you will grant me that. It is that you will be my friend, my confidant?"

Katie replied: "Lind, you do not know how improper that would be. I sometimes doubt whether it is right for me to be here with you; you have forgotten the difference in our stations in life. I may do something in the way of advising you, but it would not be proper for you and I to meet on that plane of equality which such a friend as you require should. It would be wrong for me, as well as you."

"Now, Katie," said Lind, "you know how it hurts me to hear you make such a distinction, for I do not. I have said I was a democrat, and I know you are, and I cannot let you off on that ground. If you think any of our family will object, I will see to it that that is all right. Do you think your father or mother will make any objections?"

Katie looked scrutinizingly to see whether there was any irony in this; but seeing at once that there was not the least, she said: "I think you had better try some one else that will be more suitable for this position."

"I know there is nobody else living that will do as well as you do for me; they cannot understand me, and I know you are too good to refuse me. Now only say that you will, and I will arrange all the preliminaries, and crush out all the obstacles that lie in the way."

This was a new experience for Katie. She had long been her friend, and felt a deep interest in her, and had Lind asked less perhaps it might have been easy to have granted it. But she felt that it would be dangerous ground to assume to

be the intimate and personal friend of one whose rank in society was so far above that occupied by her. She did not fear so much from the friends of Lind, for they had always treated her kindly and respectfully (true nobility always recognizes that which is its kindred), but she felt that her own associates would feel it more keenly; because there is a jealousy among the poorer and more ignorant classes on these points. But it was not from either of these causes that she positively declined the offer—it was from a high sense of principle, and a feeling that she would not be able to fulfill her mission in life so well.

Lind wanted her to postpone her decision, but it was already made, and she hoped some turn would take place which would lead Katie to change her mind, though she was never known to do so when it was made up on the ground of principle, as this was. Lind was honest and sincere in her desire to have Katie occupy the position she had offered her; but honesty and sincerity are not always guided by wisdom and good judgment.

It was a noble stand on the part of Katie to decline this offer. Here was an opening in the river of life, into which, had she desired, she might have turned her back, out of that quiet, humble stream in which it had been launched, and perchance, have gone forth on a mightier and more majestic stream. And who could say that with the true nobility which was innate in her character, she might not have borne the honors and responsibilities of her new position with a grace and dignity well worthy of it. But of all the dangerous steps in the journey of life, there is perhaps no one more so than to break up all the old associations of life; to change, as far as possible, the entire surroundings, and leave the old landmarks with which we are familiar, and go either to a higher or lower, a broader or narrower channel. We become like the mariner on a strange river without a pilot, and know not the shoals, rocks, and sand-bars which may be hidden beneath its smooth waters.

Katie's first impulse to decline this offer, which seemed so promising and favorable, was much strengthened as soon as she was enabled to carry out her invariable plan in regard to all important questions, of going into the quiet alone, and communing with her own soul. Few persons realize the importance of this, or know how much better we are able to measure our feelings and impulses when away from all the surging and conflicting influences of our companions in life.

She wandered silently through the fields, almost lost to external nature, in this communion; and before her arrival at home, her mind was filled with calm serenity and joy, in the resolution that she had taken to decline the proposition. It had now become a fixed conviction. She had determined to do it in the most positive but kind manner. Her mind was still exercised, for she knew it was a most delicate matter. She hoped and desired to hold her young friend just where she could do her the most good—be her saviour. She felt deeply the responsibility arising from her position, and the knowledge which she had of her friend's condition. Trials, like storms that beat upon the green earth, may throw down the grass, but they make it take a deeper root—so the soul, when thus intensely burdened, finds its roots growing deeper into the soil of integrity and virtue. This trial, severe as it was, was one of the greatest blessings to our young friend.

Her mother at once discovered that something was pressing heavily upon Katie, but to the great relief of the latter, she said nothing about it. Katie felt that in this trial even her mother could not share her feelings. They must be sacred, and she must bear them alone. She did so for days. The clouds hung heavily around her. Her friends were alarmed lest she was growing sick; but no word of complaint came from her lips.

She had promised to meet Lind alone, in a secluded grove near their house, on the succeeding Monday, a week from the time of their last meeting. At the morning service on the Sabbath preceding this meeting, many of her friends noticed that Katie was deeply affected, and her pent-up feelings found relief in a flood of tears. In the afternoon she appeared more cheerful. Still there was evidently a weight upon her. She did not desire to escape this trial; but oh how earnestly she prayed for strength to do all that was right.

In the evening a calm settled upon her mind, and in one of her "spells" she gave an interesting and impressive lecture, without the least reference to the feelings which had been weighing upon her mind during the past week. One of her sisters, who had learned to take notes, gave us the following as the substance of her remarks on this occasion:

"Brothers and sisters, father and mother—As our souls are bathed in the love of the immortal and divine, they go forth in sympathy and affection for all mankind. The warm greetings of the beautiful stream of love lift our barks above the shoals and quicksands on which they may have been stranded, and as we move down the stream of life, we feel bound to help those who, like ourselves, have been arrested in their course, perhaps beguiled by some false light, or anchored by some wrong condition. And as we are made conscious of their condition, we are enabled to point out to them a better way; and every one whose pathway is thus made brighter, casts a holy light around our own, and thus we walk more truly, and carry greater blessings to all. It may seem to you that during the past week I have felt but little interest in you, but never before have the beautiful cords that bind us together been so strong."

Then she gave a very impressive communication to each one, which was not only adapted to their condition; but which binds us still more nearly in the holy bonds of affection which have linked our family in a sweet home circle."

Writing to us, this sister said:

"The world can never know or appreciate the blessing of such a child, either to itself or to us. I am sure we do not know how God has blessed

us in this sweet ministering angel, which He has lent us, to be as a lamp to our feet and a light to our pathway."

The next day, at the appointed hour, Katie met Lind in a beautiful and secluded grove near Lord Dunderberg's house—a quiet place, with a very thick undergrowth of shrubbery, in which they believed they were shut out from all the world.

Lind had followed the advice of her friend Katie, so far as she could, in throwing off her assumed character, and appeared as real as possible. But she had so long been false to herself, that she found it impossible to change in the twinkling of an eye. She shrunk back from herself with fear at the thought of giving expression to her real feelings. Still she was very different, and evidently felt that their meeting was a highly important one. She received her friend in a most affectionate manner, and remarked that she hoped, to have a favorable response in regard to her proposition. Katie returned her salutation in a very appropriate and dignified manner, not giving any very strong encouragement for hopes that were to be disappointed, but acting from a deep love for her friend, and a strong desire that she might be extricated from her present position and the circumstances around her, which time seemed to have hardened into an almost impassable barrier. They sat down in the pleasant shade of the grove. The gentle winds whispered sweetly through the foliage of the trees, and there was a quietness and serenity all around that seemed very appropriate for the occasion. After a silence of a few moments, taking Lind by the hand and looking earnestly into her eyes, Katie said:

"My dear friend and sister—for such I feel you to be—since our last meeting I have been walking through the waters of affliction, and my head has been wrapped about with the weeds of sorrow; and under the baptizing influence of this, I have been strengthened to give you counsel on this occasion, which I hope will relieve you from the dilemma into which you have fallen. Let it be distinctly understood, then, that the resolution which I maintained to you when we parted, to decline your very kind offer of confidence and friendship, has been strengthened by every hour's meditation; and I am so fully convinced that your own good, as well as mine, will be promoted by it, that I make a very willing sacrifice of your kindly offer, and under no circumstances could I be induced to accept the honorable position which I know and feel you would gladly confer upon me. I have said that my first impression was, to positively but respectfully decline. It is very seldom, my dear friend, that I am called to change my feelings when I have at once a clear and vivid impression, as I had in this case. Under other circumstances, I might not feel obliged to go any further; but our relations are such that I feel that I owe to you a full and free explanation. Since our last interview, I have had but one prominent thought, and that has been a desire to know exactly what was right for me to do in this matter between us. I have not had a moment's concern about myself, fully believing that if I do my duty to you, I shall have my reward. This matter rested on my mind heavily for three days, after our last interview, and on the morning of the fourth day I awoke, after the first night of calm repose, and there came before me a beautiful vision, in which I saw you and myself—first, as we now are; and then, far away in the future. If you would like it, I will tell what I saw: You were crowned with queenly dignity, moving in a circle of refined and elevated people, enjoying all the comforts and luxuries that civilization and culture can bring; looked up to by all as one of the best and happiest of earth's children. And while I thus gazed upon you, I saw that under all this you were wearing a cross of thorns that was almost crushing your spirit; yet with a lofty and noble pride, you scorned to complain, or let any one know of the corroding cancer that was eating away your best life! As thus I beheld you, there came a beautiful angel to you, and said, 'Sister, the evil that is thus wearing thy life away must be arrested, and it can be done only in one way. It began, and has continued, by assuming something which you did not realize, appearing to be what you are not, and this, which was an occasional thing, has grown upon you, so that it is the constant condition, and not a mere transitory state. You will find a companion in your own plane of life, honest, truthful and confiding, who will aid you in extricating yourself from the dilemma into which you have fallen. One thing is certain: that such chains, when once fastened upon an individual, can only be removed by the aid of another. My friend, God helps those who help themselves, and even with the assistance of another, you must labor earnestly and resolve that you will be true to yourself, and as fast as you can, throw off all assumption. Not at once can such a friend remove all the difficulties. You must grow out of them.'"

"Go on," said Lind; "it is beautiful. Only say that you will be the friend, and all will be right."

"I have already said that cannot be. Please let me go on. I see a friend coming to you, a brave and noble brother, who moves in your own sphere in society; and you remain there in your own orbit and circle, no longer assuming to be misfit and happy, but full of the most exuberant life and joy—springing from a naturally buoyant and free spirit—now watered by the gentle showers of a divine inspiration, attracted by pure and lofty aspirations. Thus, dear friend, do I see you in the coming future; scattering blessings along life's dusty road; adorning its pathway with beautiful flowers of innocence and purity; shedding light on the way of many loved ones."

"You blessed angel of peace and love," said Lind, "only say you will be my friend, and it will all be as you say."

"Wait till I have told you how I saw myself, and as I have no power either to create or control these visions, you will not accuse me of any egotism in this. I saw before me a great multitude of people—God's poor, whom Jesus declared, 'we











## A BURNING SHAME!—REFORM IT.

BY AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

During eight consecutive years of boarding-house life, I obtained a fair knowledge of that class of women who have recently laid their sorrows before the public.

They came to this city from neighboring towns and States, and on their arrival, first sought the boarding-houses. But soon discovering that their earnings would not be sufficient to pay board and furnish clothing, many of them united two and two—if unincumbered with children—hired a furnished chamber, and commenced housekeeping, dividing the labor incident thereto between them.

Of those who continued at the boarding-houses, some took their meals at the second table, so-called—i.e., they waited until the full priced boarders had left it; and slept four in one attic, with the most shabby appointments which the house contained.

Some of these women were superior coat and vest makers, and should have earned as much, or nearly as much, according to the amount of labor performed, as men. But if a man engaged in the same business could have looked into the rooms hired by them—those rooms with perhaps a sofa bedstead, that being the most genteel style attainable by them, the bedclothes of which were, during the day, kept in the closet, which contained also their clothing and the few dishes, etc., necessary for their small housekeeping, together with flat-iron, coal-hod and water-pail—that man, if possessed of one spark of manhood, must have blushed at the contrast between the earthly life of these women and his own. Yet they were his equals in all other respects, and I represent their most prosperous condition.

A proportion of these seamstresses were educated—as female education averages—being either widows, or wives of men the early promise of whose lives had not been fulfilled, and how admirable the courage and fortitude with which they bore their loss or disappointment, and commenced their life-struggle. The struggle, however, is briefer than they anticipate; for few are able to work after they are forty or forty-five years of age. The incessant sitting and stitching produces, in the majority of cases, either lung or liver complaint, long before these ages; and of those whom I knew, several returned to the country, when no longer able to sow, having laid down their lives for the enrichment of tailors and clothiers!

At the time of which I write, there were no Government contractors; and the facts which I state, and for which I vouch, are the facts of the past—of the time when sewing women made no complaint; for, by incessant exertion and a system of the most rigid economy, they were able to keep starvation at bay, and make a decent appearance before the public. But this rigid economy involved something which phases under another name. It required that the fire should be let down when not absolutely necessary to keep the fingers in working condition—because it was cheaper to rekindle it with building chips, bought cheap of the children who stole them, than to consume the coal for which the full price must be paid. If too much change were accidentally received, economy stood in the way of its restoration to the owner. The temptation and necessity combined, were too powerful to be resisted. I knew one case of unlawful detention—if that be the right name—on the part of an otherwise good woman. She had taken from a clothing store four flannel shirts to be made for eight cents each—thirty-two cents for the four. She made them and carried them to the inspector, who objected to the workmanship. She then took them home, at his order, but never visited that store again, and her children wore the flannel, altered to fit them. I heard that such cases were not uncommon, but knew of no other. The temptation must have been great in cases of extreme destitution—which existed even then, where children were to be maintained—greater than the opportunity, probably.

What has been the condition of these sufferers, recently, I have had no means of knowing precisely; but on all sides have heard that it has been infinitely worse than ever before, and that crime of a deeper dye than any of which I have spoken has been induced, and to a most alarming extent, so few are willing to accept starvation!

Thus crime is kept in existence, because, in our boasted Free States, one class of society is allowed to live in luxury upon the unrequited labor of a weaker class—the effect being precisely that produced by Southern slavery, and slavery of all kinds and everywhere, viz., crime of every description is produced and cultivated by oppression. Not for millions would I stand in the place of one of these oppressors!—these men of the delicate hands, of the polished presence, the fine estate, and the expensive pew in the expensive church, where their sins are supposed to be expiated each week. No, not for any earthly advantage whatever; for the time will surely come, and to the most human of them, even in this present life, when they will reflect with bitter and unsparring remorse, upon their selfishness; and look with abhorrence upon the unjust accumulations wrung from wretched and helpless women, causing their suffering, crime and death!

## New York Matters.

(Correspondence of the Banner of Light.)

New York, March 27, 1885.

Last Sunday evening Mr. Willis gave a brilliant discourse on "The Life and Character of Emanuel Swedenborg," to an appreciative audience. In alluding to the historic statement that Swedenborg possessed great mediumistic powers, he said that those powers did not differ materially from those of many mediums of the present day, if we judge by the manifestations given through them. The speaker related some of the visions he had seen, and spoke of the communications which had been given through himself, as an illustration of the correctness of the position assumed. In alluding to the Swedenborgians, as a body, he said they had become more sectarian on many points than any of the old school theologies; especially in regard to the theory of spirit-control, as manifested at the present day, through various mediums in all parts of the globe; and instead of working in harmony with the Spiritualists, they oppose them on this point, although there is really no difference between them in the belief of spirit communication. Harmonize this difference, and they would readily become Spiritualists.

At the close of the address, Mr. Willis, entranced, gave a fine poem on "Progress and Truth," which was very acceptable to the audience.

The afternoon Conference discussed this question: "Wherein does Modern Spiritualism elucidate the hidden and correct Theology?" The debate was animated, and most of those who participated in it had been disciples of old theology. It spoke from experience, showing that Spiritualism had been the means of correcting their false notions and beliefs, especially as regards the future life. The same subject will be discussed at the next Conference.

Wm. Black had played out at Barrum's, and leaves this week. The humming was too apparent.

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KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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## Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

## The Summer Land.

No phrase which has been used among believers in spirit-communion and the beautiful and soul-satisfying philosophy of Spiritualism, has carried with it a title of the comfort and delight which goes along with the phrase we have just written at the head of this article. The soul goes out to the large variety of suggestions that rise like pictures before it, whenever the words are employed. There is, therefore, a reason for this, and a satisfactory one. Had the place of departed spirits been used, as it is in one of the creeds, it would have utterly failed to convey so much or so beautiful a meaning with it, and never would have excited any of that hopefulness, calm delight and perfect trust which fills the whole being when we hear the simple but expressive words—the Summer Land.

This is chiefly by reason of the rule of association, of course. But it is just as easy, and a good deal better in its results, to appropriate the beautiful phrase as the less expressive one. It actually does us no good whatever to be told merely that our spirits—that is, ourselves—are going down into some dark and forbidding receptacle or realm, when they leave this earthly tabernacle, there to await some further operation which is styled the Judgment. Such a faith only has the effect to cramp both the thoughts and feelings, in consequence of the low and narrow conception on which it rests. There is an actual chilliness about it that finds its way through the whole soul. More is done, for good and for evil, by the use of these phrases, than men realize. They color the life; give shape to the character; excite lofty or only ordinary sentiments; and make one great or little, according to their employment.

And there is, as we remarked just now, an excellent reason, or cluster of reasons rather, why this simple phrase is so acceptable to all who employ it and read or hear it. In the first place, it at once suggests a most delightful climate which is uniform and unvarying. In the atmosphere of summer, all the germs which have been sleeping and inert during a long and dreary winter, come forth through the soil and revive and flourish. The uniform blandness of the air invites them to it. There is no chilling wind to blow from out a sullen cloud, which is likely to kill the tenderest of plants. There is no fear of a withdrawal of the conditions upon which life and growth depend. A uniform temperature rules in the air, and invites to development in every direction. There is scarcely a human heart that does not, in some moment of its existence, send out a vague and undefinable wish, for the enjoyment, in the vast future, of a perpetual blandness of climate and a summer atmosphere that shall be perennial. The secret longing for a summer existence, where all conditions shall be most favorable for a happy one, is a perfectly natural one; and experience tells us that no healthy desire, which may be called in the highest sense natural, was intended to be entirely balked of its enjoyment.

Then, too, and as a necessary sequence to climate, the thought of a luxuriant and uninterrupted growth is allowed play, whenever the future life is denominated the Summer Land. We can none of us bear to be told that the mysterious process of vegetation must stop; and although we are told by naturalists and men of science that there is a chemical change and activity, going on with plants during their burial under the snows of winter, or under their coating of ice and sleet, yet we never can reconcile it with our belief that the winter is therefore as favorable or as desirable a season as the summer. In our own cases, we seek to wear it away as best we can with all manner of ingenious devices. We invent pleasures, and such as suggest only the summer, too, in order to cheat the dreary winter of its chilling realities. We convert our rooms into bowers, with the aid of summer warmth and summer flowers. This only shows in which direction the heart tends; it cherishes and continually hopes for the summer; it would, dwell in a land, not of ice and snows and hyperborean discomforts, but where the breezes always blew blandly, and the grass sprang green and succulent under the foot, and the brooks ran free from morning till night, and it was pleasant to walk out at evening under the shield of silver moons, and leaves, and green meadows, and the music of singing birds ever made the hours poetic and kept the soul filled with joy. There is something besides what coarser men call dreams in all this; it is what the soul craves as it craves nothing else; and certainly the soul cannot have any desires which are likely to be less strong and perpetual than those which spring from the mere impulse of sense.

The skies, too, are bright in the Summer Land, and flowers of every hue grow there unobstructed; and one can wander off in quiet contemplation, which is the most exalted spiritual condition, across the sweet reaches of beautiful landscapes, meeting with no objects which do not suggest beauty, and no company which is not filled with peaceful delight. It is not the land of the lotus, where we are to doze and dream away our existence, which can hardly be said to be an existence without activity of thought; and still, as in our own short seasons of summer, there are without doubt certain hours and days of halcyon enjoyment, always interspersed between those of energetic employment, to which the soul continually looks forward with manifest delight, and of which it fails not to make the very most.

We could not readily improve upon this happy phrase, which so completely satisfies all hearts. There is so much concealed and hidden away in these simple words—the Summer Land. It instantly satisfies the widest desires of the heart. It awakens associations from which there are none that impart such wide and permanent delight. It kindles the most heavenly thoughts in the mind, and starts the most exalted aspirations. Peace flows forth from it, as water gushes from a fountain; and streams of pleasure lace and inter-

lace it, as romping brooks make silver network in the meadows; in all its parts and relations, in every association it excites, in the prospect it raises in the mind, and the feeling it warms in the heart, it is a precious phrase, most happily adapted to the condition and hopes of the human soul.

## The Allen Boy Medium's Manifestations in Portland—Wonderful Developments—Letters from Dr. H. F. Gardner, of this City, and J. B. Hall, Esq., Editor of the Portland Evening Courier.

In our last issue we published a full account of the wonderful manifestations given at Portland, Me., in presence of the lad known as the Allen Boy Medium, and called upon Dr. Gardner—who has for a long time held to the electrical transfer theory advanced by Mr. Hall—to make public in full his views. He promptly responded; and we give below his interesting letter. We hope his suggestions for a thorough and careful investigation of this important subject, will meet the attention they deserve by competent and impartial investigators.

## LETTER FROM DR. H. F. GARDNER.

It is not often that I trespass upon your columns, Mr. Editor, or the time of your readers, to give my views upon any subject, feeling, as I do, that your space can be occupied by the writings of able heads than I am blest with; but the recent so-called exposé of the "Allen Boy Medium," as set forth in the Portland (Maine) Press, and the explanation given to the seeming dishonesty of the medium by J. B. Hall, Esq., editor of the Portland Courier, (whose explanation of the mystery I fully endorse), induces me to give some incidents of my experience and observation in these matters, hoping thereby to induce others to thoroughly test all the phenomena of physical manifestations, as exhibited through our mediums.

I have for many years held the opinion that in all cases of the physical manifestations there was formed what Mr. Hall terms an electro-magnetic hand, with which the spirit controlling performed the various feats so often witnessed, such as playing upon musical instruments, moving of ponderable bodies, the exhibition of hands; and, in some instances, of the entire human form—that the substance through or by which these are made visible and tangible to our normal senses, is largely drawn from the body of the medium; and that it is by the hands thus formed, that the intelligences controlling come in contact with and play upon musical instruments, etc., etc. In short, in all cases of the class of manifestations above mentioned, there will be found to exist a double or dual form of the medium; either in whole or in part, and it is this fact that has led so many Spiritualists, as well as honest skeptics, who have, under favorable conditions, caught glimpses of this outer form, to charge upon mediums deception and trickery, when they (the mediums) have been wholly innocent. I will mention a few cases to illustrate.

Several years ago I had in my family a colored girl, who was a medium for musical manifestations upon the guitar, and in this case the power came from her feet, instead of the hands. The method pursued was as follows: Seating the medium in a chair, and securely tying her limbs, so that it was impossible for her to reach the guitar, which was placed on the floor under a table, with the strings toward her—the company being seated around the table, in a lighted room—an accompaniment would be played to almost any tune sung. No one was allowed to look under the table, and if any one did so, the music would cease; yet occasional glances would be obtained of something resembling long rods, or fingers, projecting out from where the medium's feet were confined, and playing upon the strings. On one occasion, a lady, whose word no one who knew her would doubt, came in after the circle was formed, and seated herself outside of the circle, where she could command a full view of the instrument, and yet not be observed by the medium, when the manifestations continued for several minutes, she the while carefully watching the medium's feet, which were securely tied, and could not be moved, and observing these rods, or fingers, skillfully manipulating the strings of the guitar.

When Bly was deceiving the people with his pretended exposé at the Melodeon, a few years since, a man from Milford, Mass., volunteered to make a statement of how Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain was detected and exposed. His statement was substantially this: Four persons—two men and their wives—agreed that at a given signal a dark lantern was to be suddenly opened, thus throwing a brilliant light upon the instruments, which were suspended from the ceiling of the room, entirely out of the reach of the medium, while she remained seated. Accordingly, when the manifestations were at their height, the signal was given, and the four detectives raised their eyes in the direction indicated by the sounds of the drums, the lantern was opened, and they all declared they saw Mrs. Chamberlain standing and reaching out, playing upon the drums, and that instantly she sank back into her chair, in a fainting state, from mortification at her exposure. Now I do not doubt the entire honesty or truthfulness of these witnesses. They verily thought they saw Mrs. C., in propria persona, thus standing and beating the drums. But they were deceived. It was this double presence, before spoken of, they saw, and not Mrs. C. The skeptic asks, How do you know what you here state to be true? Were you present? I answer, I was not, and do not state it as absolute truth, but as my firm conviction, upon the positive testimony of the other members of the circle. The thousands who have attended the séances of Mrs. C., know that she is always seated at the end of a table, upon which most of the instruments are placed, and that two persons—one on her right and one on her left—are seated in chairs, which are so placed upon the skirts of her dress as to make it absolutely impossible for her to rise from her chair while they remain seated. These two persons, with the two seated next to them, place their hands together on the table, and during the entire time that the room is darkened, Mrs. C. is passing her hands over theirs without cessation. They four positively assert that Mrs. C. did not rise from her chair; nor cease to pass her hands over their own during the whole time consumed in the sitting above mentioned. Had the four first named known more of the modus operandi of which spirits produce manifestations—and two of them had turned their attention especially to the chair occupied by Mrs. C., while the other two looked steadily toward the instruments suspended from the ceiling—the result would have been different: those looking up would have declared Mrs. C. was standing; and the others would have asserted, with equal pertinacity, that she was sitting quietly in her chair; and each, taking the sense of sight for evidence, would have been certain they were right. This is my firm conviction, founded upon many years of careful investigation.

Again, the Davenport mediums have had repeated "exposures," and been again, and again charged with being the veriest deceivers living. They have been tested by the same method that the

Allen Boy was recently tested in Portland, viz: by blacking the mouth-piece of the speaking-trumpet, and the neck and body of the violin—and with the same results. Around the mouth of Ira would be the black from the trumpet, and on the hand and neck of William the marks from the violin; and that, too, while they were not only securely tied, but sealed with sealing wax, and a private seal over the knots in the rope with which they were bound; and they have borne the reproach and insults of the ignorant, as deceivers and impostors, while they were entirely innocent.

The explanation of these mysteries is found in the tests instituted by friend Hall, in the case of the Allen Boy, published in your last issue. I might give a long list of cases that have occurred through other mediums; but as the above illustrates the theory advanced, they must for the present suffice. I hope that those who have the facilities for so doing, will institute careful investigation in the matter of the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, in order to arrive at the truth in regard to the mysterious law of duality of individuality, and of the electrical transfer of colors from the spirit-hand, so-called, to that of the physical hand, or person, of the medium. Let the scientists of England institute tests, of the kind referred to in the case of the Allen Boy, with the Davenport; and let those in the different sections of this country where mediums for physical manifestation can be reached, "try the spirits," and the result will be, that the truthfulness of the theory advanced by Mr. Hall will be as conclusively established as is the law of gravitation, and the opponents of Spiritualism will lose the force of the ten thousand times repeated assertion, that "Spiritualism has not given to the world any new philosophy, or any new religious ideas." Truly was it said by one of the greatest philosophers and poets the world has ever produced—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Yours for the Truth, though the heavens fall,  
H. F. GARDNER, M. D.

Pavilion, 57 Tremont street,  
Boston, March 27, 1885.

\*Allow me to say, in this connection, that to call upon the scientific men of America to institute careful and truthful investigations of the facts and phenomena of Spiritualism would be utterly useless, basing my opinion upon the experience I had with Professors Agassiz, Pease, Hensford and Gould, Harvard College, several years since, at the so-called "exposé investigation." Where is that report you promised the public, gentlemen? How were the raps made?

We give below another letter from Mr. Hall, who has continued his investigations successfully the past week:

## LETTER FROM MR. HALL.

EDITOR OF BANNER—The experiments with the Allen Boy, to demonstrate the mysterious fact that whatever soils the "spirit hand" will be inevitably transferred to the hand of the medium, are yet in progress, and thus far perfectly successful. When the instruments have been blacked with burnt cork, burnt cork has been found upon the fingers of the boy; when blacking has been used, blacking has been transferred, under a condition utterly precluding the possibility that the boy had any physical agency in the matter. Whatever theory further investigation shall demonstrate, it is, absolutely certain that the transfer is made, and it opens a new, and to me startling field for thought and research. I hope that seekers after truth, everywhere, will turn their attention to the matter, for if it shall prove true, it seems to me it is the most wonderful and startling development yet made in Spiritualism.

I shall endeavor to keep your readers posted in my own experience, and hope others will do the same.  
Yours, &c., J. B. HALL.

Portland, Me., March 30th, 1885.

Just previous to going to press we received the following additional note from Mr. Hall:

"Since mailing my letter I learn that at the house of one of our most prominent citizens the 'transfer test' was performed under different circumstances. The boy's hands being securely tied, the handle of the bell was unknown to Dr. Randall and the boy—thoroughly covered with flour. The bell was rung, the boy's hands instantly examined, and found marked with flour."

That an electrical hand is shown to the audience, by and through the agency of spirit-power, at these sittings, there can be no question in the minds of honest investigators. Our theory is this: That certain qualities are drawn from the atmosphere, as well as from the hand of the medium; that these particles or atoms have a tendency to affluence with the ink, or whatever substance is put upon the alter's hair, or on the handle of a bell; and that these affluence particles, being magnetic, must inevitably return with them to the physical hand of the medium. Thus the very means that were used by the skeptics to detect the alleged "fraud," prove to be the greatest evidence that could possibly be adduced, in favor of the truth of the manifestations.

The time will soon come, we have no doubt, when scientists will fully and satisfactorily demonstrate this occult law of nature, which is but very imperfectly understood at the present time. We claim that the hand shown in presence of the medium is a spiritual hand. The skeptic will ask, What is spirit? We answer, Spirit is embodied thought. Thus the controlling intelligence can—under the requisite conditions—show bodies, or portions of bodies, or spirit-bodies—for they are formed by the spirit. The spirit may manufacture for itself a body, and it may properly be denominated an electrical body. No more is claimed for the spirit-hand than is claimed for the tree, the grass, or the flower, or any other material thing in nature. If scientific men can advance any other hypothesis, or demonstrate any other theory, we should like to have them do so.

## Mrs. Chamberlain's Séances Again.

The musical exhibitions through the mediumship of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, resumed at 158 Washington street since her return from Providence, continue to present the same remarkable features of spirit-power over material objects, and, moreover, are attended with some new developments of the capabilities of the Indian invisibles who conduct her circles. They have succeeded in distinctly speaking in quite audible tones, but in whispered articulations, through a trumpet, so that all present could plainly hear their utterances. They have also taken the medium upon, bodily, together with the chair upon which she sat, and placed her upon the table.

After twice repeating our visit to these circles, and having become entirely familiar with the exciting display of spirit activity and skill in handling the various musical instruments placed at their disposal, we can, confidently recommend these exhibitions of spirit-power to the physical senses of feeling and hearing, as presenting the most indubitable demonstrations of spirit-intercourse with mortals that any skeptical mind could reasonably ask for; and this, notwithstanding the performance takes place in total darkness, for the evidences are so palpable, as to utterly defy a criticism that could, in the least, successfully refute them. Let all skeptics avail themselves of a rare opportunity to test the FACT of spirit-intercourse, for which these circles are designed.

## Song of the Spirit Children.

(Reported by the Banner of Light by Dr. H. F. Gardner.)

At the close of an able inspirational discourse by Miss Lizzie Dapen, on Sunday evening, March 28th, before a large audience, at Lyceum Hall, in this city, the audience changed, and the spirit Anna Cora Wilson ("Birdie") took possession of the medium, and gave the following very beautiful original song, which, the spirit said, was sung by children in the spirit-world:

Let us sing the praise of Love—  
Holy Spirit! Heavenly dove!  
Bringing, on its blessed wings,  
Life to all created things.  
Wherever its light is shed,  
Sorrow lifts its drooping head,  
And the tears of grief that start,  
Turn to sunshine in the heart.

Love divine,  
All things are thine!  
Every creature seeks thy shrine!  
And thy boundless blessings fall  
With an equal love on all.

Let us sing the praise of Love—  
Everywhere—around, above;  
Watching with its starry eyes,  
From the blue of boundless skies,  
Heeding when the lowly call,  
Mindful of a sparrow's fall,  
Writing on the flower-wreathed sod,  
"God is Love, and Love is God."

Love divine,  
All things are thine!  
Every creature seeks thy shrine!  
And thy boundless blessings fall  
With an equal love on all.

Let us sing the praise of Love—  
Fairest of all things above.  
How its blessed sunshine lies,  
In the light of loving eyes!  
And when words are all too weak,  
How its deeds of mercy speak!  
They who learn to love aright,  
Pass from darkness into light.

Love divine,  
All things are thine!  
Every creature seeks thy shrine!  
And thy boundless blessings fall  
With an equal love on all.

Let us sing the praise of Love—  
Shepherd of the lambs above,  
Nothing can forbid, that we  
Come in trusting love to Thee.  
Fold us closely to Thy heart,  
Make us of Thyself a part;  
All the heaven our souls have known,  
We have found in Thee alone.

Love divine,  
All things are thine!  
Every creature seeks thy shrine!  
And thy boundless blessings fall  
With an equal love on all.

## The Chicago Sanitary Fair.

On our third page will be found the letter Mrs. J. S. Fuller, of Chicago, Ill., who has been appointed on behalf of the Spiritualists to represent their department in the Great Fair in aid of the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home, which is to commence in Chicago, on the 30th May, soliciting assistance from Spiritualists in all parts of the country, and also giving direct how to forward articles, &c. Mrs. Fuller will be in this city during the first week in April, for purpose of personally attending to this matter, and will be happy to receive such aid as our citizens can render to help on this noble benevolence. While in this city her address will be in our office.

Her object is to receive, personally, all donations she possibly can, and appoint a committee in every city and town, either personally or by letter, to solicit and forward to the "Spiritual Department." Another object is to have Progressive Department well represented at Fair, and to have all progressive minds send that department; and if any person feels that it is not advisable to have their name connected with Spiritualists, and at the same time wish to have their influence and aid go in that direction can forward to the Spiritualists' Department, have their name withheld from print—and same effect will be accomplished in the summer. She desires anything that will bring relief from a paper of pins, to a steam engine; relics the past, and new inventions of the present—will be exhibited and disposed of.

## The Holy Sepulchre.

The Empress Eugénie of France has set on a project for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. She makes it a point of religion. There has been a long, and often a bloody, dispute as to who should keep the key of the Sepulchre. The dome over the holy place has long been repairing; so as to protect the pilgrims who go there to pray. Greeks and Latins have been war, one with the other, about the rights held each in the place, so that neither would permit the other to make the necessary repairs. Her party insists on inscribing its own mottoes andblems on the walls. At this point steps in the Eugénie to reconcile differences. She simply the queens of Europe to unite in an universal scripion, for the raising of a fund, not to rebuild the dome, but to "entirely rebuild the church the Holy Sepulchre on a new plan, and on a large scale, so that it might afford accommodation all communions." The world does move. many years ago, this proposal would have received no attention whatever in any court of rope.

## Sherman.

This great General still marches on, although he has late had more obstacles to overcome than at any time since leaving Atlanta. "His rear has been a truly wonderful one. John has laid 'an army across his path and came to the upper waters of Cape Fear River, disputed his advance in four sharp engagements. But by his junction with Schofield at Goldsboro, Sherman has compelled Johnston to fall back before him, the entire rebel force, not amounting enough to cope with so formidable a combination. Where the great battle-ground will be, or the series of final battles is to begin, it is not to say; but it is likely to be somewhere along course of the Roanoke or the Dan.

## More Witches.

A correspondent informs us that Bro. J. G. and Elder Miles Grant had another séance which took place in Worcester, for five evening ending Sunday evening, April 1st, on the Spiritual Philosophy, and the Adventist's theory of immortality. The interest manifested to hear discussion was very great, and the hall was full every evening. We have no fear for the of Spiritualism in the hands of so able an agent as Bro. Grant, although Elder Grant has addressed the ablest defender of the Adventist doctrine in these parts.















## Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we daily see  
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."  
(Lionel Hunt.)

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;

OR,  
MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND JOE.

## CHAPTER V.

This visit to town kept Marianna's and Willie's tongues busy for many a day. Willie talked of everything except the monkey. He thought he would like very much to live in town; that it would be far finer to see the shops full of fine things, than all the beautiful sights about his home. But Marianna said the hills were grander than the houses, and she liked the oak trees, with their glossy leaves, far better than brick walls. She thought, too, that there was more sunshine in the country than in the city, for there it seemed to creep around the corners as if half afraid; while in the country it shone as if it loved to. She thought the sunshine knew who loved it, and that it went where it was most loved.

Susie grew more and more feeble every day. By the last of May she could not sit up, but lay still and pale on her bed. Marianna went to see her every day, and she hunted the woods for every fresh springing flower, that she might see Susie smile on it. One day Mr. Tom said to Marianna: "Should you be afraid to see death?"

"I do not know," said Marianna, "but I guess I should if it came on a great white horse, as Mr. Clarke said it did; or if it had a great sword."

"Oh," said Mr. Tom, "that is not death. Death is a beautiful angel, that takes the spirit to a beautiful home, away from all pain. That angel is coming for our dear Susie. She is to be a bright spirit, and to live in a celestial home; but we shall miss her, and shall feel very sad sometimes; but we must think where she is, and how happy she will be."

"But why can't we visit her, just as we went to town," said Marianna.

"Because we are not all spirits yet," said Mr. Tom, "and cannot enter the spirit's home with our bodies. We must live on earth until our bodies will hold the spirit no longer, and then we shall go, too, to the spirit-home. But Susie can visit us sometimes, if we are very good and loving."

"Will she come in a carriage?" said Marianna.

"No. Spirits move as they wish, and just like your thoughts. When you are at home, and think lovingly of Susie, your thought comes to her and blesses her. When you become a spirit, you will move like your thought."

"Oh, I wish I was one now!" said Marianna.

"I am sure I am not afraid of death now," said Mr. Tom, "when Susie goes to the spirit-world, I shall send for you to bid her goodbye; and we will try and make her happy as she is leaving us. If we were to cry, we should show ourselves to be very selfish, because we should trouble her. If your mother had cried the day we went to town, would it not have destroyed much of our pleasure?"

"But she expected us back," said Marianna.

"And so we will expect Susie back. If we cannot see her with our eyes, we can feel her in our hearts."

After Marianna went home, she remembered every word that Mr. Tom had said. "How very strange," she thought to herself, "that my thoughts can go to some one else! Now if I always have sunshine in my thoughts, then I go out like a bright light; but if I am cross, then my thoughts must be like shadows. I always wished that I was like the sun; now I see I can be. My thoughts are little streams of light, such as come in at our window between the leaves of the rosebush."

The next morning Marianna rose early and ran down past the oak grove, to see if the Solomon's Seal was yet in bloom, for she wanted to carry the beautiful white blossoms to Susie.

"Now," said she to herself, "how glad I am I heard Mr. Tom say what he did about my thoughts, for I am going to try and send Susie some very bright sunshine to-day. Here are the flowers; oh, how beautiful, with their little white blossoms! If I could only always be as beautiful, then what bright thoughts I'd have." So she thought of Susie, and the flowers, and her good wishes, until she came to Susie's bedside.

"Oh," said Susie, "I've been having such a nice time; I thought I was down by the oak grove, and I saw white flowers, and heard sweet voices, and the sunshine was so bright that I did not feel sick any more."

"Now," said Marianna to herself, "I've found out what my good thoughts can do. I did send them, bright and glad, here to Susie, and made her feel happy."

"Before that," said Susie, "I had another dream. I thought I saw a beautiful lady, like the great picture in the parlor, that Tom calls mamma, and she showed me six white lilies; and first one faded, and then another, till the sixth, and that she kept holding, and it did not fade, but grew brighter and brighter. What did it mean, Tom?"

"I think your days are like the white lilies, pure and sweet, and they are fading; but the sixth will never fade."

"Then I shall be well," said Susie.

It was a beautiful summer's day, the sixth after Susie's dream of the fading lilies, when Mr. Tom came over for Marianna to bid Susie good-by.

"For," said he, "the gate is opening to let her into the beautiful spirit-home."

"Where is it?" said Marianna; "I don't see it."

"Oh, it is not a real gate that I mean," said he; "but as Susie leaves us and her life here, she enters a more beautiful life; so it is like going from a green pasture into a lovely garden. And the passage through, I called a gate. Do you not see, Marianna, how bright the sky is in the west? Now it sometimes seems to me as if I could almost see the beautiful spirit-home through that golden light. We would not keep Susie here longer, would we, when she has so beautiful a home to go to?"

Marianna did not answer; she was thinking whether she felt glad to have Susie go, and whether she could bear to think that she should see her sweet face no more. They found Susie lying very still and pale, with her beautiful sunlight shining brightly from her eyes, alone as a light brighter than the sunlight. She spoke so low that her voice seemed like the low whispering of the summer wind; but she looked so earnestly about her, that her eyes seemed to speak with her voice. "I am going with mamma, very soon," she said; "but do not cry, for I am soon coming back to bring you some of the beautiful flowers, such as mamma brings to me. These are beautiful roses, Tom."

"Yes, darling," said he.

"And mamma has little girls with her too. Oh, I am sure I shall have a nice time. And Marianna, will you come and live with Tom, and be his dear sister, and have all my things? May she, Tom?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then I can come and see you both together. And we will all go down in the meadow, and by

the brook, for I shall not be tired then. I am not tired now, Tom, but feel just like a bird."

She lay looking through the open window for a long time; and Marianna looked, too, at the golden sky where the sun had gone down, and she thought it must be that the glory of heaven was shining there to show Susie the way to her beautiful home.

"There!" said Susie, "how beautiful mamma looks as she holds out her hand to me; and see those little girls, and hear them sing; I will learn that song and sing it to you. Now may I go to sleep Tom? Put your arm under my head, and call me your dear angel. Good-night, Marianna—it grows dark—the sun has gone, and all the light. Good-night, Tom; I'll wake soon—just when you kiss me," and she closed her eyes, and slept a long, beautiful sleep.

Marianna sat a long time very quiet and still, feeling to waken her, until the sunset light had faded, and the evening star had come out like a beautiful eye gleaming with love. Then she saw Mr. Tom lay Susie's head down gently on the pillow, and he kissed her forehead and gently smoothed her hair. Then he took Marianna by the hand and led her out into the fresh air.

"Our little Susie has gone to the spirit-home," said he. "She has left only the body behind, just as the butterfly left its chrysalis shell, and she is to live a more beautiful life, in a more beautiful home, with a body that is not sick and tired. We will try and be happy as she was when she lived, and then she will love to come to us, and bless us, and help us to know about heaven and the angels."

Marianna felt as if she ought not to cry before Mr. Tom, and so she did not speak and tell him what she thought, that she should want to see Susie's pleasant face and hear her gentle voice. She was very glad when he led her to her home, for she felt as if she must cry every time she remembered that Susie had gone from her sight.

As she lay down on her pillow, she thought of every word that Susie had said; how she had told of the little girls singing, and the flowers, and her beautiful mamma, and she said to herself:

"I am sure I had better cry for myself than for Susie, who is to live in the beautiful sunshine of heaven, while I find it so hard, sometimes, to keep a little sunlight in my heart. I wonder if I could see heaven if I was as good as Susie?"

And thinking thus, she fell asleep and dreamed she went to visit Susie, who was at play in a garden full of roses and violets.

The next day, Mr. Tom called to take her and Willie down to the Spring Brook, that they might gather the pink and white anemones. They found them, with their clusters of blossoms, filling the woods with their sweet fragrance.

"Let us sit down," said Mr. Tom, "and rest a little before we gather the blossoms, for I have a little story to tell you."

There grew, in a green pasture, beside the quiet, still waters, many lovely flowers—beautiful white daisies—with their clusters, fit to crown a queen on her bridal day; and violets, with the dream of heaven shut up their blue petals; and the wild strawberry blossom, that seemed ever to be thinking of the red luscious fruit that it would make after the days grew longer; and golden cowslips grew close to the waters, and white crocuses, that seemed like tiny boats set afloat among the green leaves.

These flowers seemed to have but one thought—to drink in the beautiful sunlight that in the morning shone on them, and the rest of the day to let it shine forth out of their own cups. There came, sometimes, a still hush, when the waters sang, and to see the fishes play. Then the flowers said among themselves:

"Let us shine so bright that these little ones may take home whole hearts full of love and light. Sometimes old men come to dream under the branches of the ash and maple; then the little flowers said:

"Let us show them how much beauty can live in a little flower, and then they will take in all the beauty they can, and go back to bless the world they live in."

The beautiful sunlight looked tenderly on all these flowers, and said:

"Oh my children, you are very dear to me, and I love to see you blooming in beauty. I know you love each other, and try to show your love to the little ones and to the aged. But there are beautiful gardens that I also shine upon, that need your beauty to make them full of gladness; therefore I must choose some of you to be transplanted thither."

The violets looked about among themselves to see who they could spare, and they saw not one. Each little plant seemed needed by some other plant. And the daisies also looked, and at first they thought they would send one of their loveliest plants to the blooming garden, but they soon saw that they could spare not one. And the cowslips did the same, and the fair water-cresses. They all said:

"We need all that are here; we shall send no flowers to the blooming garden, oh sun! If you are our best friend."

Then the sunlight said:

"By-and-by the great gardener will take you all; but if you all go at once, who will be left to tell of the sunlight to the little ones, and of beauty to the aged? By-and-by the cold frosts will come, and you will be so afraid; and the storms will arise, and you will be troubled; but all those that are in the garden will be sheltered from the frost and the cold winds by the trees."

Then the violets said:

"Oh, take our beautiful ones, that they may not feel the frost, and our little ones, that the storms may not trouble them."

Then the sunlight glowed brighter than ever, because the violets were so unselfish. And the daisies said:

"Here are our fair ones; keep them from storms and ill, and we will brave the rough tempest without them."

And the cowslips said:

"We will let those who love the best for the clouds even now tell of dark, gloomy days."

And all the flowers answered:

"Take what you will, for we would rather brave the tempest and cold days alone, while we think of our beloved ones safe in the shelter of the beautiful garden."

So the loving sunlight chose those he would. He shed his brightest beams upon them, so that they glowed with more than earthly beauty; and this made their little flower cups wider, so that when those came that the sunlight sent to transplant the tender plants they knew just which ones to take. And the violets, and cowslips, and cresses, and all the flowers in the fresh green pasture, beside the still waters, lovingly gave up their loved ones, while they themselves remained, saying:

"Let us bloom with still greater beauty, for by-and-by, when we, too, are transplanted, we shall not wish our beautiful ones in the garden to fear our coming to dwell beside them, because we are dull, lifeless plants. Let us put forth daily more and more lovely flowers, so that the beautiful sunlight may bear messages from us to those who dwell in the garden, and so that in the glowing light we, too, may catch the reflection of the beauty of our beloved ones."

Willie did not understand this story at all, but Marianna knew that Mr. Tom meant that Susie was the beautiful flower transplanted to heaven, and that if they were not selfish, they should be willing to let her go, while they remained to bless the world with love, and to bravely meet the storms, while the beautiful blossoms of love glowed brighter and brighter in their hearts, making the world a better and brighter place to dwell in. They gathered the beautiful azalea blossoms, with many a loving thought of Susie, and Marianna said to herself:

"Now I must be like the blossoms. I must fill myself with sunlight and beauty, so that I may become like Susie in the gardens of heaven."

[To be continued in our next.]

## Answer to Puzzle.

Another answer to the Puzzle in the Banner of March 11th, 1885:

Upon an Alp you must have stood,  
And found your footing frail,  
Which was the reason, I conclude,  
You turned a little pale.

Of course that did not help your case,  
And so a leap you made,  
The danger was avoid,  
Upon that foreign land.

A pleasant sound, upon my word,  
When peril is at hand,  
And lastly, if I am not wrong,  
A dead should now be made.

That my response is now so long,  
Where little need be said.

## Correspondence in Brief.

## Mrs. A. A. Currier in Chicago.

I believe I am not yet quite a Spiritualist (though some of my friends think I am in a "hopeful condition"); but it is certain that I watch for the arrival of the Banner as eagerly as the maid waits for the coming of her lover, and thus is why I would send you an item from this vast whirlpool of railroad, politics and speculation.

I am in the habit, occasionally, of going to "spiritual meetings." There have been times when I have been forced to listen to what was "flat, stale and unprofitable"; but often, I am happy to say, I have heard discourses of a decidedly superior kind.

Being informed, a few Sundays since, that a famous speaker and medium was making her debut, and having an intense curiosity to see what was imported from Yankee-land, I went to the place. At length the name of Mrs. Augusta A. Currier was announced, and the lady stepped forward, and took her place on the rostrum. Figure, medium sized, and remarkably well proportioned; complexion, between a blonde and a brunette; features, comely enough, and indicative of good health and good humor. Certes, there was nothing in the face or form to suggest ghostly proclivities—nothing in the dress and stylish air to remind one of Puritan antecedents.

The subject of the lecture was stated, "The Conflict of Religious and Philosophical Ideas," something like it. Well, Mr. Editor, I was expecting to hear an average discourse; but to say that I was at all prepared for the powerful, brilliant, classic effort which followed, would be going far beyond the truth. I have since had the pleasure of hearing this lady lecture several times, but cannot decide what is her forte. At one time she astonishes you with her close reasoning and wonderful powers of analysis. At another, she leads you away in one of her weird, but sublime spiritual flights, until you get dizzy, and forced to return to earth long to fly upward, and to breathe the pure ether of the Summer-Land. Her sarcasm is scathing—I had almost said merciless—yet always given in refined and courtly phrase.

Somebody says of Jeffrey, as a writer, "His is a fine lance, with a sort of Arab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye, before he has time to close his helmet." The same applies to Mrs. Currier, as a speaker, only she seems to delight in fencing, weaving, and utterly confounding the hearer before she reaches the "concluding" line. Then, again, her deep insight into politics, and her acquaintance with men and measures, I have never seen equaled, except by those who were practically familiar with the secrets of legislation. To be sure, her politics are just a little too radical for one not deeply tinged with New England sentiments; but let that pass. On the whole, I shall be echoing a very general opinion when I say that the public is indebted to the enterprise of the gentleman of the Spiritualists' Committee for one of the finest series of lectures ever delivered in Chicago.

I cannot close without referring to Dr. Newton, who is here, doing wonders which would be deemed incredible, were it not that the facts are open, palpable, and will stand the severest scrutiny. Let the good work go on. Let the priestless utter her inspired oracles, and the healer exercise his beneficent gift. "So mote it be."

Chicago, Ill., March 20, 1885. OBSERVER.

## Washington Matters.

The interest in our cause still increases in Washington. During the past Congressional season, more Congressmen have investigated Spiritual Phenomena, as given through the different media, as well as by attendance on our lectures, than ever before.

Mrs. Hyer is more than acceptably fulfilling her engagement for this month (March). She is one of the very best speakers before the public, and always attracts the largest houses.

The Spiritualists are now holding their meetings in the new hall, corner of D and Ninth streets—more convenient and better adapted to the business of the city, and having been forced to leave our old place of meeting for want of room to accommodate the increasing audiences. The end of March will close the engagements made by the Lecture Committee of last season, which has been one of great success. The new Committee will continue the lectures, probably, as long as the weather allows.

Miss Jennie Lord has given a number of her sances at Judge Horst's residence. A large number of investigators are always in attendance, who, in not confined to the origin of the wonderful phenomena exhibited, are at least satisfied that there is no trickery used.

Miss Ada L. Cenn has also been holding sances at the same place, and given some most conclusive tests. Engagements for sittings have to be made days in advance.

Yours for Truth,  
ALFRED HORTON.

Washington, D. C., March 24th, 1885.

## Acknowledgments.

Allow me to use a brief space in our dear Banner, for the purpose of acknowledging the receipt of various sums of money, sent me by kind friends and acquaintances, in aid of the cause of Spiritualism. I would gladly give the names of individuals, but it is impossible, as many of them gave no names or initials; therefore I will give you the names of the localities. If any friends have made remittances which I have not received I would wish to be informed of it by them.

From Boston, Mass., I have received five remittances; from Plymouth, Roxbury and Cambridgeport, one each; from Bridgeport, Conn., one; from Philadelphia and Clark's Green, Penn., one each; from Rochester, N. Y., two; from Pultneyville, Wolcott, Brooklyn, Malton, Haverhill, Shil Creek, New York, Cato, Camillus, Cortland, West Windfield, Batavia, Byron, Homer, Big Flatts, one each; Cincinnati, Ohio, one; Atlanta, Ind., one; from "J. L.," of Monmouth, Ill., one; from Lawrence, Kansas, one.

Friends, words are powerless to convey the thanks I feel in this receiving your material aid. It has enabled me to supply the necessities of a sick room. By it I feel my earthly life has been made more comfortable, and I am enabled to devote more of my time to the cause of Spiritualism. I thank you, also, for the kind words many of you have written. May the infinite love of the Father, and the pure angels, ever be yours, is the prayer of your grateful brother.

Geo. M. JACKSON.

Prattburgh, N. Y. March 18, 1885.

An appeal was made in aid of our sick brother by the controlling intelligence at one of our Public Circles, as will be seen by reference to the report on our sixth page; and we are happy to say, was responded to liberally by the audience. Bro. Jackson's disease is consumption, and he is conscious that he will ere long pass to his eternal home in the Summer-Land.

## "Playing Spiritualism."

I will relate an incident that occurred in this place a few weeks ago. Several young ladies had assembled at a neighboring house, in the northern part of the city, to while away the hours of evening amusement, it was proposed to play Spiritualism, and bring the spirits, all being unbelievers. Accordingly they seated themselves around a table, the mistress of the house being of the number. They had not been long seated, when Mrs. — called to her husband for a pen and paper. He, wishing to humor the pleasantry of the company, did as desired, when she commenced writing out communications purporting to be from spirit sources. That which was a joke at first, proved a serious matter, and as different tests were given, seriousness began to take possession of the ladies, who were more astonished than the lady through whom the writing was given. After she returned to her normal state, (for she had been writing in an entranced condition,) she inquiringly looked around upon the company, and asked what had happened? what the matter was?

One of the tests was as follows: A near neighbor had passed to the spirit-land but a short time previous. A few moments before leaving, he attempted to say something to the family, but failed in his attempt, and left the sentence unfinished. This spirit claimed to be present, and after giving the words which had been spoken at his departure, finished what he had wished to say.

As you can easily imagine, the company dispersed under the impression that it was strange, passing strange. Some of the company are cautiously, yet I think candidly, inquiring for "more

light." This is our cause in this place—silently at present, but surely extending and permeating every avenue of society. Yours fraternally,  
Philadelphia, Pa., March 24th, 1885. J. J. B.

## The Onward March of Truth.

Every intuition of spiritual growth and progress should be made manifest, for the benefit of the unbelieving and skeptical. Surely in this broad blaze of light that is already penetrating the murky atmosphere of this lower world, there are none but the willfully blind but can perceive that the tide of truth cannot be stayed, and must flow on and on, until every mire and cesspool of old theological superstition and intolerance has been cleansed from off the face of our fair earth. Even now it requires no prophetic eye to see, not far in the future, a day of glorious dawn for every living soul—a day radiant with the light of eternal truth, ay, when justice shall prevail, when God's great law of love shall control every thought and every impulse, and move the mind of man. Oh, yes, when this bright morning is ushered in upon us, how soon will wars and strife and discord cease, and the saying become verified, truly that "the lion shall lie down with the lamb," and peace and good will and Heaven be restored upon earth.

A small circle of loving hearts, and truth-seeking minds now meet occasionally in Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., for spiritual investigation, and have been attended with some success. A good test medium is much needed here, and I believe an interest might be awakened in this vicinity by the holding of such a series of lectures, as did the first series of Union guns in Tennessee.

H. BARTER.  
Nashville, Tenn.

## Spirit-Message Tested.

In the Banner of March 18th, is a communication purporting to emanate from the spirit of J. W. Garley. The main facts are correct. He died in Germantown, on School street, at the residence of his parents. I have not been able to discover whether his parents were of German origin or not. The person in whose employ he had been two years previous to his death, knew but little of his family, except that they were members of the Society of Friends. There is a mistake as to the time of his departure. The communication is dated Jan. 30th, and he says, "I have been in this condition about two months." He died Jan. 8th. He was 27 years old, instead of 22. There is no record of his death in the city. He was buried in the Germantown cemetery, at the request of Mr. Garley, and have forwarded to his parents a copy of the Banner containing the communication.

In this connection, allow me to say, that if those who are residents in neighborhoods pointed out by spirits in your Message Department, would make an effort to prove the truth or falsity of these communications, and report to you, the interest of that part of your paper would be greatly enhanced, and the cause of Spiritualism be benefited.

Philadelphia, Pa., 1885. JAMES TRUMAN.

## Meetings in Vineland.

I have been flying from place to place for the last two months in search of health. Stopping here for three or four days, I feel strongly impressed to write you a few lines about this new and progressive place. It is indeed progressive, in every sense of the word. Three years ago it was a mere wilderness; now it contains a number of fine buildings; also, a spiritual hall, large enough to accommodate seven hundred persons, with a Progressive Lyceum. My friend informs me that they have speaking every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Last evening I listened to a discourse delivered by Mrs. M. L. Barclay of Philadelphia. She is quite a brilliant speaker, and all who hear her must feel that she is a good and true woman. May angels bless her in this mission, which to her is a new one.

HATTIE L. MASON.

Vineland, N. J., March 20, 1885.

## Note from Mrs. Kellogg.

DEAR BANNER, messenger of light and truth, whose waving folds and broad columns of wisdom have brought to our home-fires the richest and most precious boon of consolation to the bereaved heart that can possibly be offered, we hail thy coming with great gladness, feeling that there is one ray of life and hope that has strayed from those flower-enriched realms of summer life to gladden our home.

I spent a few days in Hamburg, Conn., and found many true and earnest souls laboring for the cause of our beautiful Philosophy. Within each home the Banner was a welcome guest, and when the tolls of the day were ended, it greeted them with a rich harvest of knowledge.

ANNA M. KELLOGG.

## Try Him.

I wish to call attention to a worthy young disciple of our faith, who, through the stern discipline of severe opposition, has been quickly laboring and developing for the past six months in Columbia and Greene Counties, New York.

M. H. Houghton is about nineteen years old, of the same temperament of our much admired co-laborer, O. A. Hayden, and possessing the same earnest, energetic manner of speaking. He is a trance medium, willing to sit in circles when deposed, and is sufficient for us to say, "Try him for one or two Sabbaths." He may be addressed at my care—until further notice—at Foxboro, Mass.

W. K. RIPLEY.

Fraternally,  
Malden, March 24, 1885.

## Louisville, Ky.

Why don't lecturers and mediums visit this city? We have had none here but the Davenport Brothers. They only incited wonder for the moment. What we want is earnest men and women, who will set the community thinking. You would be surprised to find how little is known or thought of Spiritualism in Louisville—a city of 100,000 inhabitants.

THOS. W. GINSON.  
March 18th, 1885.

## Spirit-Manifestations.

I had the pleasure last week of witnessing some remarkable tests of spirit presence, through the mediumship of Miss Jennie Barwick, of Hannan, Mo. I have seen spirit-lands and faces, and heard spirit-voices, and had my hand grasped and heard gentle whispers, telling me they were my little children. I ask myself, "Can it be indeed true?"

E. O. D.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Opposite—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont-st., (opposite head of School street), every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, and evening at 7 o'clock. Admission free. Lecturer engaged—Miss Lizzie Doten during April.

BOSTON SPIRITUALISTS' CONFERENCE will meet every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, at Lyceum Hall, Tremont-st., corner of School street. The public are invited. Admission free. Question for next meeting: "Fatalism, and the power of the Human Will."

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday at Lyceum Hall, corner of Tremont and School streets, at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Bicker, at 10 A. M. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Bicker, Secretary.

THE SPIRITUAL FREEDOM will hereafter hold their meetings at Girard Temple, 654 Washington street.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 2 o'clock. The public are invited. Speakers engaged—Charles A. Hayden, April 8 and 15; N. G. Groomed, April 22 and 29; Susie M. Johnson during May; A. B. Whiting during June.

CHESAPEAKE.—The Spiritualists of Chesapeake hold meetings at City Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Groomed, Chesapeake, Mass. Speakers engaged—J. S. Loveland, April 8; N. Frank White during April; N. Frank White during May; N. Frank White during June.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—Meetings are held in Bruce's Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged—Mrs. A. A. Currier, April 12 and 19; Mrs. J. A. Byrne, May 21 and 28.

ROCHESTER.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel, Service at 10 o'clock, and in the afternoon at 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. A. Bicker, April 12 and 19; Mrs. J. A. Byrne, May 21 and 28.

PITTSBURGH, Mass.—The Spiritualists hold meetings in Lyceum Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speakers engaged—Miss Martha L. Beckwith, May 4 and 11; Mrs. M. A. Bicker, May 11 and 18; Mrs. J. A. Byrne, May 18 and 25; Mrs. Emma Houston, June 1 and 8; Mrs. J. A. Byrne, June 8 and 15.

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Laura Currier, April 12 and 19; Mrs. J. A. Byrne, May 21 and 28; Mrs. Emma Houston, June 1 and 8; Mrs. J. A. Byrne, June 8 and 15.

Providence, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speakers