

BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

KATIE MALVOURNEY

IRISH CHARACTER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

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

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

CHAPTER XI. Edgar's First Love.

It was very evident that, in the conflict which had been going on, in Edgar's mind during the past week, deep feelings had been awakened. The placid lake of his life had been stirred to its profoundest depths; and though the waters were still turbid, some of the better feelings of his nature had risen to the surface, and he was in a condition, to say the least, better prepared to receive good impressions and make good resolutions, which are to human character like the mortar or cement between the bricks or stones of which we build our houses, very important to keep the incidents of life within their proper places and relations to each other; and these, like the stones or bricks, when firmly held by the cement, not only retain their places, but present a beautiful appearance, and afford a strong and safe protection to the dwellers therein.

As Edgar passed through the hall, he met Maggie Ann. He remarked to her:

"I am going to see our cousins, and they are very urgent that I should stay all night with them; but I do not feel very well, and think I shall come home this evening."

Maggie Ann had seen men sick under similar circumstances. She said:

"I hope you will stay, not being aware that her sister had mentioned to him the prospect of Katie's visit. She felt afraid to mention it, lest it might cause him to stay. Turning to him as he passed out, she said:

"You must come home to-night, or we shall think you are sick."

It seemed strange to Edgar that his sister should thus express an interest in him. How little do we know how much of the real happiness of life we lose by living in cold indifference to each other. This family might be considered as possessing more than ordinary affection, and yet there were no members who entered into the secret chambers of each other's souls, and watered the flowers that bloom there, that, when properly cultured, must give out sweet fragrance to each other. So fully convinced are we of this, that we feel assured a nearer approach to each other in this department is very essential to man's salvation.

Mankind seem to stand beside each other like icebergs, casting cold, damp chills over one another; or as dark monuments, blocking up the way, instead of beautiful camp-fires, warming each other and lighting the pathway of life, passing forever among their fellows the beautiful watchwords of peace, harmony and love.

How gladly would we touch the chords of sympathy and love in every heart, and cause them to send forth sweet and loving notes of music, that would drive away discord from the world, and leave in its place pure love.

No entreaty on the part of Edgar's cousins could prevail upon him to remain with them that night. The day hung heavily upon him, and they accepted his statement that he did not feel very well as an explanation of his want of liveliness.

The girls were much pleased by Edgar's early return in the evening. Lind had said nothing about her conversation with him, and Maggie Ann hoped he would not make his appearance until after Katie's arrival in the morning, and she felt certain that he had no engagement for the day.

The next morning Edgar rose early, and went out to his favorite bower, where he had spent considerable time in meditation and mental conflict, before his sisters knew that he was up. He was sitting there deeply absorbed, when Katie passed that way, and they saw each other. After passing the compliments of the day, she hastened on to the mansion; not, however, without some strange impressions. The moment Edgar spoke to her, there flashed across her mind a positive conviction that he had heard their conversation in that bower.

She was not in the least disturbed by this revelation. She felt conscious of having performed a religious duty in the labors of that day; and she knew, too, that had she been aware of his presence, either through her intuition or from any other cause, she would have been embarrassed, and could not have performed her duty so well.

She met Lind and Maggie Ann, and they informed her that Edgar was not very well, and would certainly be at home, but he had not yet arisen.

"Why," said Katie, "I saw either him or his shadow sitting down in the grove, and we exchanged the compliments of the day as I passed hastily by."

The girls were startled. Lind ran up to him, and knocked at the door, but receiving no answer, she entered, and found that he had gone. She glanced rapidly around the room, and on the table there were some writing materials; there she saw a sheet of paper, on which he had evidently been writing, and, from the amount of writing, she thought he must have had some difficulty in finding out, to suit him. The sheet was

full. Lind took the paper up, and pushing aside the curtains, was startled at the writing. The paper was filled with names—Katie Malvourney, Katie Dunderory—Katie Malvourney Dunderory—and here and there, in very expressive proximity, Robert Edgar, Athlene Dunderory.

Much has been said about psychometry, or the power of reading character by impressions received from letters written, autographs, or even a single word. In this case, names revealed volumes to Lind. She would have given anything, almost, to have had an opportunity of being alone for an hour or two, that she might arrange her thoughts and mature her plans. Feelings of vast importance crowded upon her, and she felt a responsibility such as she had never before known. How much of her brother's destiny hung upon her judicious movements now. But there was no time now for thought. She must return. Such moments impress us with the importance of training ourselves to clear and methodical ways of thinking; and the difference between the wise and the foolish is, that the former are prepared to act in such emergencies, while the latter often make sad mistakes.

When Lind came down stairs, she was flushed with excitement—too manifest for any concealment. Fortunately for her, they did not speak to her about it. One effect of this state was to drive away every lingering feeling of regret on her part in regard to herself, which had been somewhat renewed on the appearance of Katie that morning. How hard it is for nature, that have never been schooled, to curb and overcome selfish feelings—to give up any cherished object. The same feelings of selfishness, however, now opened before her mind new visions, in which Edgar was the successful lover of her friend Katie. She had been surprised at Katie's positive refusal to become her intimate friend and confidant, but she could not for a moment entertain the thought that she would hesitate about becoming the wife of her brother. Ah! how little could she measure the greatness of that soul.

Edgar soon returned to the house, and said he did not feel well. His sisters and Katie made some nice little preparations for him, and as he lay upon the lounge, he was more interesting and attractive than ever. The girls were delighted, for they fancied that Katie was admiring him. She thought of him only as a valuable and useful man, whose influence for the good of mankind, if properly directed, must be important. He and Katie were left alone, resting near hand, as remarked:

"You make me feel much better."

Laying her hand upon his forehead, she said:

"How hot your head is. Shall I not bathe it?"

"Your hand feels very pleasant," said he.

"How kind it is for you to sit by me."

"Somehow," said she, "I like to go among the sick, especially when they are poor, and have but few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of life. I have sometimes felt that I would like to have so much of this world's goods, that I might spend my whole time in ministering to the sufferings of the needy. But I fear, if I had the means, I might be tempted to indulge in vanities and follies; and then I think it is well that I am poor, for I believe it is more in the mind that we find our ability to do good than in anything else."

Edgar was delighted; he felt that he could make her rich, and then she might do all the good she desired to, and it would make them both happy.

"That which gives me the greatest happiness," continued she, "is the cultivation of all my faculties; for in doing this, I find myself called to do good to all, and especially the poor and the erring."

How Edgar did wish he was poor just then. She saw him smile, and with a woman's shrewdness, guessed his thought. Resuming her remarks, she said:

"How I would like to enlist you in some of my labors."

"Miss Malvourney, it would give me the greatest pleasure in the world to become a conscript in your army," he replied.

She started at his expression. "Miss Malvourney!" She had always been Katie before. What did it mean? It might be because he was sick; but she did not think it was. However, her purpose was too sacred for her to be driven from it. She knew what her own feelings were, let his be what they might. She said:

"I have been thinking that I might induce you to offer some encouragement for the men who are laboring for your family, to save the money which they spend for tobacco and liquor. I know most of them and their families; and though I am pleased with the liberality with which they are compensated; most of them would be much more comfortable with the funds thus wasted, while all would be benefited by the moral influence. I would have them place this money in some fund, that would be at their command in case of sickness or extreme want."

"Why," said he, "I should be obliged to begin at home; for, according to your democratic ideas, which I subscribe to, I have no right, morally, to ask of others what I am not willing to do myself."

"Of course," said she, "if you wish to be strong you must be as consistent as you can; and I do not see any moral reason why they should abandon any injurious habit that does not apply with equal force to you. It is true, you may spend your money for these things, without causing others to suffer, as is the case where these persons take that which should go for the support of their families, for such injurious purposes as I have referred to. But it would be more noble for you to do this; make the sacrifice, if it be any, on the ground of principle. Do you not know that the man who does right simply because he is compelled by surrounding circumstances, is morally a coward, and may be just as wicked as the one who commits many great crimes?"

Edgar, Dunderory said to me, the other day, that few persons could see any difference in the motives which prompt different individuals to action. I replied, "That it was, much, more noble to do

right for the sake of right, without the restraint of law or public opinion, or even the knowledge of our fellow-men. That when we come to be true men and women, we should lose sight of these external things, and settle every question upon the ground of true morality, and according to the highest and best principles which we can realize, independent of those external, and often extraneous influences, which only weaken man's moral nature. Why," said I, "a man who does not steal, or commit murder, because the law is over him, has but little claim as a moral being. The brutes themselves are restrained in a similar manner. And did you ever think that if this is all that prevents men or women from committing crimes, the time will come when these restraints will be removed; and they will then find themselves acting out their natural feelings; and, perhaps, be very much astonished at the character of the guests they have had dwelling in their inmost natures. I am sorry there is so much law and government in the world. It would be better for mankind to live out their natures more truly, even if they committed some acts which they avoid now only from fear and restraint." He was going to argue with me on these points the next time we met, but I think he has forgotten it."

Edgar was like a fly around whom a spider was gradually spinning its web. He fancied he could overcome any one, or even all of her arguments, with ease. He felt inclined to listen, fancying that she was the one who was becoming entangled. He was, more than willing, therefore, that she should go on.

"I shall think about these matters," said he—just as if he could do anything else. "It is certainly a very pretty theory of yours—rather utopian for the present condition of humanity; could be very well carried out if everybody, or even a few, were like you; but I do not know anybody else who is just as good as you are."

"I am sorry your knowledge of the world is so limited," replied Katie, parrying the compliment beautifully. "Did you ever think that that excuse would block the way of all progress? If we are not to accept good from others, or do it ourselves, until they or we shall arrive at perfection, how and where shall we begin?"

"I never saw it in that light before," said he. "Somehow you make things very plain."

"That is because I am not afraid to look at them just as they are," said she, "and have no desire to have them appear in any other than their true light."

By this time the girls returned, and Edgar felt so much better that he proposed a short walk around the grounds to the summer-house; and then remarked, jokingly, to his sisters:

"What do you think Miss Malvourney proposes to do? Why, take me into partnership with herself."

Lind, who had said nothing of her discovery in Edgar's room, felt almost shocked at the remark. "How differently the same thought strikes different persons, according to our knowledge," Lind said to herself. "Can it be possible that they are making such rapid progress as this would indicate?"

"I think both of you might do worse," said Maggie Ann. "I am sure, Edgar, you have the best of the bargain."

"Well," said he, exhibiting a shrewdness that astonished his sisters, "is not that what we are all seeking in this life?"

Katie remained quiet all this time. He continued:

"Perhaps I ought to explain: She desires me to join her in forming anti-tobacco and temperance societies, which might be all well enough, if I were not an old soldier in the use of these things; and then she coolly proposes that I should begin the work at home."

Katie could not stand this any longer. "I did not propose this just as you say, but your own conscience has helped you to interpret my meaning; and if you choose to amend my proposition so, I shall surely accept your amendment."

"Which do you mean?" said he; "in the proposition, or in my conduct?"

"In both," said she, smiling.

"How long will you give me to make up my mind?" he asked.

"I should think," said she, "it would not require much time to settle that point, since you have proposed the amendment yourself; so I am inclined to have the question taken at once, and I shall ask your sisters to vote on it."

"Good!" said he. "All those in favor of establishing—shall we separate the question?"

"As you like," said Katie.

"All those in favor of establishing an Anti-Tobacco Society, will express their assent, by saying ay."

A shout rang from all the girls; and Edgar, as chairman, could do no less than bow in acquiescence.

"Now for the second question," said he; "all those in favor of forming a Total Abstinence Temperance Society, will express their approval by saying ay."

A still louder and more earnest shout came from all the girls, and Edgar again bowed.

"An admirable chairman," said Katie. "You would not disgrace the House of Commons by your manners."

Lind ran to the house and brought some paper, and a pen and ink, and requested Edgar to draw up the proper pledges for both.

Edgar, half in fun and half in earnest, with a view of seeing Katie's name in close proximity to his own, wrote in a large, bold hand:

"We hereby pledge ourselves that we will henceforth abstain from the use of tobacco."

"Put your name to it," said Katie.

"Will you sign yours?" said he.

"Certainly," she replied; "I am in earnest."

He wrote his name very much as he had on the sheet which Lind had seen. Katie wrote her name directly under Edgar's, in a neat, plain hand, and

the sisters, with great satisfaction, placed their names to it.

"Now for the other," said Katie. Edgar hesitated for a moment, but a glance from her dispelled all doubt, and he drew up the second document, as follows:

"The undersigned hereby pledge themselves positively to abstain from all intoxicating drinks."

He put his name to this, and Katie and the girls did the same.

Edgar was intoxicated, but it was with a purer spirit than he had ever known before; and for the first time he felt a deep loathing of that gross intoxication which he had frequently experienced of late.

Thus the day passed on very pleasantly, and when evening came, Edgar desired the privilege of waiting on Katie to her home, the propriety of which was not questioned, although it was a new experience to her, and she would have been quite willing to have dispensed with it. Edgar remarked to her, as they walked slowly along:

"I have been deeply interested in your labors to-day, and at present I feel well satisfied with our pledges, though in reality I am the only one to be affected by them. My sisters and you have no temptations in that direction."

"You the only one in reality to be affected?" said she, giving him a most searching look. "Do you live for yourself alone?"

Oh, how these words went through him with a thrill. Truth is not only mighty, but often very keen and cutting in its effects. Then in a very mild and pleasant tone, she continued:

"There are other names on these papers," which, by the way, they had given her to keep. "Think you that your sisters have no interest in you? And though they may not be called on to make any personal sacrifices on this particular plane, I am very certain that they will be willing, when the time comes, to make even greater sacrifices for you than you can possibly make in any of these matters."

Edgar was deeply mortified. He could not but feel the contrast between his own selfish, selfish nature, and the clear and beautiful perceptions of the being who stood beside him, and whom he worshipped. Said he, after a few moments' reflection, the tears starting to his eyes:

"Katie, I have no right to talk to you. I am cold and selfish, and you are all purity and love."

"Oh no," said she. "We often see things better for others than we can for ourselves. I hope you will not feel badly because I have spoken so plainly to you. The most effectual cure for that selfishness which is injurious to us—mark, I believe that true selfishness is ever calculated to promote our best interest and highest good; but there is a personal selfishness, that loses sight of our fellow beings almost entirely, except as a means of gratifying itself at their expense—I was about to say that the most effectual cure for this is to feel that there are others who are linked to our destiny, and whose souls blend with ours in all the pleasures, duties and labors of life."

They had now arrived at Katie's home. Edgar turned very kindly to her, and said:

"Would you be willing to take a ride with me next week?"

"Yes," said she, without any hesitation.

"Will it suit you on Tuesday?"

"I know nothing to prevent it, at present."

"Well," said he, "I will call for you at about ten o'clock."

"Very well," said she.

This all seemed very cool and natural in Katie, but there was a conflict going on in her mind, which these feelings did not indicate. She knew that Edgar was eager for a conquest over her feelings and affections, and while she felt willing to encourage this, to a certain extent, in order to gain an influence over him, and, if possible, draw him back from the terrible vortex over which he was now unconsciously standing, she also felt that the greatest caution and prudence were required, to carry out the plan so as not to involve herself in any wrong. She saw clearly that the step she had already taken had been a very important one; and if, by expressing her real feelings to him now she should cast him off, instead of being benefited by her labors, he would actually be in a worse condition than he was before; as was the case with the man spoken of in the Gospel, out of whom the unclean spirit had gone, for a time, but who took unto himself others, and the latter condition of that man was worse than the former.

Katie's strict morality was not a little tried at her position. She could not, for a moment, harbor the thought of practicing deception upon any one. The question was a momentous one to her, as to whether it could be right to allow another to deceive themselves in this manner. She had turned it over in her mind, without coming to a satisfactory conclusion. At one time, she resolved to ask Father Dunlevy's opinion of the matter; and then it occurred to her that there would be many points which it would be almost impossible to explain to any one, and so she concluded she had better not attempt to speak of it. In this disturbed condition of mind she retired, and in the visions of her sleep the question was solved, as many others had been.

In her dream, she thought she was introduced to a young man, a physician, whose name was Henry T. Kenrick, a man of about twenty-three years of age, who, as Katie expressed it, embodied the most noble and lofty sentiments of humanity that she had ever witnessed. He said to her:

"I perceive you have a problem in your mind, which troubles you, and I have been sent to give you an explanation of it. Whenever mankind arrive at a state to appreciate truth, fully, there can be no question but that they ought to have it, just as fully as it can be given to them. But who of us has arrived there? Truth may be compared to light. There are few persons who can bear the bright glare of the noonday sun. Every one needs a screen, to take away some of the blinding glory of the King of Day. Among our profession, the ques-

tion which now agitates your mind comes up frequently before the conscientious physician; and, to continue my comparison, we see persons whose eyes are so weakened by disease, that we are obliged to protect them from the stimulus of light, by placing them in darkness. There is always a very intimate connection between physical disease and the mental condition of mankind, and we are constantly seeing cases in which our judgment fully convinces us that to state all that we know would be injurious to the patient; and therefore we must retain something to ourselves, and avoid explanations, knowing, on the one hand, that there is not a proper capacity to comprehend the truth, and upon the other, that our convictions may not be realized, and also that the expression of any conviction, as a prediction, has a strong tendency to fulfill itself, especially when the one is very positive and the other the reverse. In the case of your friend, he is so negative and weak, morally, that it would be impossible to give him a clear understanding of the truth. He must grow much stronger before this can be done. If he deceives himself, you are not entirely responsible, so long as you keep your own motives as pure and true as they now are; and then as he grows to a higher condition—as I perceive he will—you must be always careful to adapt the food to his needs. Milk for babes, and strong meat for men."

Katie woke the next morning feeling that her question had been satisfactorily solved, and resolved to keep a double watch over her feelings, and maintain the strictest morality in her intercourse with Edgar; accepting, in a very guarded manner, the advice of the Apostle, "to be all things to all men, in order that we might win some to Christ." This she understood to mean that we should not let a pharisaical spirit drive our brethren from us.

It was somewhat of a trial to Katie to keep the account of these labors from her family, and especially her mother; but a similar reason to that which prevented her speaking to Father Dunlevy, operated on her mind in reference to them.

Tuesday came. Katie had informed her mother that she had been invited to ride with Edgar, and that she designed visiting some sick friends a few miles distant from their home. Edgar was on hand punctually. Who ever failed on such an occasion! The day was very fine; and as Edgar brought a splendid equipage, and they were both in good spirits, there was everything to make their ride a very pleasant one.

Katie remarked that if it made no difference to him, she would like to call upon two persons—one living on the borders of Lake Killarney, and the other about a mile beyond. "I propose," said she, "interesting you in some of my poor friends. I would like you to visit with me the Widow Mulligan, whose husband died about a year since, leaving her in very destitute circumstances, with one child, who is now very sick."

"I will be glad to go with you anywhere you desire," said he.

They were delighted as they rode along; the birds caroled sweetly, and the air was laden with the perfume of flowers and of new-mown hay which the men, women and children were gathering. Edgar remarked that he had thus far been able to keep his pledges, and that he felt much better, both in mind and body. Turning to Katie with a very earnest look, he said:

"I know, however, that the time will come when the temptation will be stronger than I can bear alone. I have heard that when Father Matthew passed through our land, with his meetings and his pledges, he found it necessary to have the people meet together very often to strengthen and encourage each other."

Katie replied:

"You will perceive that there is a philosophy in this. We are led away into error, and our weaknesses grow upon us by association with those whose habits we imitate; and shall we receive evil, and not good, from association? Certainly not; and I would have you speak freely of your feelings to your sisters, every day, and to me, too, if you have anything to say. I hope you will be free, with me, as I may be able to give you some advice, and perhaps strengthen you, for even the weak may help the strong, if their object be good and pure, as I trust mine is. We are to be helpers and saviours one unto another, continually, in our journey through life. The Castle of Truth, Purity and Love is a magnificent temple which stands before us in our journey; its doors seem to be closed, and we think we can never enter, except by the aid of some one who is familiar with it. It is not only true that the chiming bell echoes our varied thoughts in sound, but everything around us answers us in some measure, according to our conditions. This beautiful temple to which I have alluded, and which all desire to enter, is free and open to all. Grand and magnificent as it is, we all have the keys which will unlock its doors and give us an entrance into its spacious halls. These keys are true aspiration, sincerity and determination; we all have access to these, though we may sometimes need our friends to show us that we have them, and how we shall use them, yet it will depend mainly upon ourselves whether we shall linger along life's by-ways or enter the temple, and find the rich treasures that are so desirable for all."

They had now arrived at Lake Killarney, and, stopping beneath the shade of a large tree, Katie said:

"Let me get out here. I wish to visit an old lady who is very nearly ready to pass over the river."

Allighing hastily, she left Edgar while she passed, a few minutes with the old lady, and left some articles she had brought for her. The old woman was in her ninety-third year, and very feeble and deaf. Drawing Katie's hand down to her, she screamed in a stentorian voice:

"Katie, do you remember the year ninety-three? Only about sixty years ago, and she was eighteen. Well, that is the year I was married to. Did

tendencies toward crime, you will learn a lesson to respect all men, no matter whether they wear the chains in the gloomy dungeons which you have erected, no matter whether in high places or low; and you will learn to extend the hand of charity. Oh, well, do I realize the universality of Spiritualism? The universal nature of the spiritual is realized by me, if it is not by you. Other nations than America need regeneration; and they shall have it! So fast as they can bear it, we shall give forth truths that shall startle the nations across the waters from their God-defying tyrannies, and rouse the downtrodden masses to a vivid sense of their capacities, their rights and their destiny. Oh, then shall it be grand to live on earth! For the selfishness of men shall be neutralized by the love element poured forth in popular showings from the celestial spheres; and we shall be heard in all the hamlets, dales and valleys of the startled nationalities of the Old World. The crumbling palaces, erected for selfish aggrandizement and for the belittling of the human soul, will feel the touch of an irresistible wave of spirituality and eternal justice, and they shall totter and fall. And the hopes of the toiling masses shall rise upon the ruins. And humanity shall be free! God speed the happy day! And may all who have yearning souls for nobility's great virtues, themselves answer for this glorious and beneficent work. Angels! mortals! Oh let your aspirations and your efforts flow forth unitedly for human redemption. Spiritualists of America and the world! see to it that your lives accord with the sublime teachings which are being waited for from the Summer-Land! Your duty is clear. Reform it! Look up for guidance! Behold the vast multitude, yearning with undying and angelic love for the mitigation of all human ills. Behold the unceasingness of those spiritual minds. Oh, let your own lives repeat so sublime a virtue. Let the zeal of spirit-life become your own! Determine to be free yourselves, and to exert such an influence for freedom that the downtrodden of all lands shall feel its upbreathing power. Let a purer spirituality, as day succeeds day, irradiate from your inner life; that earth and heaven may feel the blessedness of your conditions. Soon, Oh Spiritualists of America! soon shall you see yourselves rather than despised, persecuted and neglected, if you prove faithful to the sacred trust reposed in you. A power in the land, your influence shall yet be felt in the weightier concerns of governmental life. We are with you. Our labors shall never cease. A mighty host, whom no man can number, our arm of spirit is extended over the land, over you, over the world. Be strong, then, for the shield of the spirit protects, and no man can harm!

Written for the Banner of Light.

TO MY MOTHER—MRS. S. E. HOLT.

BY M. S. TOWNSEND.

Come, take up the Banner, and read, mother dear,
These lines from your wandering child;
For I long to tell you how weary I am,
While tossed on life's billows so wild.

You have fought for me, mother, the dear
How in childhood I lay on your breast;
When, weary with play, in the heat of the day,
You sang my young spirit to rest.

I remember it well, and the lullaby song—
I hear it in memory to-day:
"Hush, darling, and sleep; for the angels will
Keep watch o'er your young spirit's way."

We did not know then, my own mother dear!
How true were the words that you sang;
But we've learned in these years, oft sprinkled
With tears, when our hearts with such grief have been wrung.

You know the bright hopes I have had, mother dear,
And how, one by one, they are gone;
How my idols were shattered, my sky draped
With gloom, till my spirit could breathe but a moan.

And you know, when my grief has been hardest
To bear, how the angels have brought me release;
Have touched from the altar my soul with their
Fire, and promised the richness of peace?

And, dear mother! to-day, though weary and
Worn, I trust in these promises still;
The sunlight of gladness for me will yet burn,
For I trust in the Good Father's will.

I will work, though I'm weary and longing for
Rest, for this child is a woman to-day,
And cannot repose with her head on your breast,
While humanity sinks by the way.

I will patiently wait till they bring me release,
And give me the home I have earned;
Where affection shall rest in a dear, faithful
Breast.

That no earth changes ever can turn,
Then, mother, you'll know that your song-prayer
Was heard, that angels have guarded my way,
Though "nearly crosses, through sorrows, yet blessings
They left, that cluster like jewels to-day.

Dear mother! your love through these wearisome
Years has ever burned brightly the same;
When the ignorant have slandered, the foolish
Have scorned, your pure lips have murmured my name;

And your voice, rich with love's sacred music,
Bath me, these charmed words to my listening ear:
Though the whole world condemn you, my child,
Come to me, your mother's true heart is still here.

God, bless you, my mother! I could not have
Shined, had temptation been ever so strong;
For such love and such trust as you've given to
me.

Would shield me forever from wrong,
As the angels look down on my heart every day,
For the angels that there may be found,
Whatever I have they credit to you.

For, mother, you planted the ground!

Brief Experience of a Medium.

Four years ago I was called from the workshop
to the spiritual field, to labor publicly for the
good of my brother man; but it was not without
some doubts of success, I assure you. Mr. Balfour,
although my spirit-guides had previously, for
years of four years, sustained me, and through
my instrumentality had imparted strength to the
weak in body, and cheerfulness to many drooping
spirits. I reasoned thus: "What will my friends
and old associates say when the humble mecha-
nic lays aside his trade, by which he has so long
supported himself, and comes out to the world's
gaze and criticism as a medium? Time alone
will tell." Some passed me on the street with
respectful nods and a shake of the hand; others
bade me God-speed, and my faithful spirit-
guides have, to this day, sustained me, and ever
will, if I remain faithful to them.

During my short public career I have made many
acquaintances who have proved sincere and faith-
ful friends. I am a mere child, as far as the knowl-
edge of Modern Spiritualism is concerned. I am
only one among the many humble mediums of
the day. During the last four years I have visit-
ed five States, and thirty-one towns and cities, and
three families. Eight thousand, four hundred
and sixty-two persons have called on me at my
office, number 13 Dix Place. I have made six
thousand, five hundred and forty-seven examina-
tions. I have also officiated at thirty-eight funerals;
traveled out of town in visiting the sick, up-
wards of twenty-one thousand, four hundred
miles. Have lost but six patients who have
been under my sole care, and of those that have
been the partial cause of elevation, during those four
years, only one part of thirty-seven week-days and
twenty-one Sundays.

I have been at the bedside of the sick, and wit-
nessed the departure of the spirit to the bright
Summerland, and heard their fainting voices
bless the power through me, that had sustained them.
On one occasion I held the hand of a lady
who said: "You have made me reconciled to
death, and shall meet again in heaven." She
dropped away in peace, a week in the bright
land, without losing the grasp around my hand.
On another occasion I was called to witness the

departure of a spirit who had labored for the prolong-
ing of his life; for she knew, she said, that she was
going to hell. And yet she was a member of the
Baptist Church.

Reader, for a moment contemplate the condi-
tions of these two spirits, as they were about to
enter on the life eternal. Comment is unnecessary.
I have not given this brief sketch of my career
for the purpose of throwing out the impression
that I am superior to other mediums, by no means.
I believe our lives and deeds are sufficient to let
the world know what we are, therefore I have
never asked any one for a certificate of what may
have been done for them through my mediumship.
I am an honest seeker and firm advocate of
truth.

SAMUEL GROVER.

Boston, March 31, 1885.

Original Essays.

THE FUTURE OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which,
taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." If the
inspired author of this sentence had added to men
and things, and concluded by showing that the
failure to take advantage of the flood-tide sets the
ship back in retrogression, if not ruin, I think he
would have defined the entire order of life and
being.

Can we not read the signs of the times, and per-
ceive that Spiritualism in America is even now
surging up toward the hour of flood-tide? And
that as far as we dare act as navigators in this
wonderful movement, we are called upon to do
whatever belongs to us to take advantage of the
time, in the effort to make it more a power to the
world, a strength to ourselves, and a concen-
trated action of the spiritual and natural worlds,
to institute for mankind all the good and blessing
that grows out of it?

I am sure I need not say, in view of the great
public interest manifested in Spiritualism, no less
than in the daily experiences of its disciples, that
the demand of its present hour is more united
and systematized movement—I should have writ-
ten organization, had I not had a prudent fear of
the dismal wall this word would have called
forth from the multitude who seem unable to dis-
cern any difference between license and liberty; or
that the one is chaos, in which divine laws are
sacrificed with human, and the other, in obedience
to God, is perfect freedom from man.

Believing, as I do, that Nature, the Universe,
and all being, animate and inanimate, is the sub-
ject of stringent, immutable and irresistible law—
confident that neither Spiritualism nor any other
movement can resist the onward impulses of nat-
ural law—assured that in obedience to that funda-
mental law that evolves all things into order,
Spiritualism, to exist, must come into the domain
of this law; and standing determinately outside of
it, must melt away, become scattered and power-
less, and be driven off into crystallization in other
lands. So deeming, I venture to propose to my
Spiritualistic friends another and yet another
serious effort, in public gatherings or private cir-
cles, to reduce our broken and fragmentary lines
into something like a definite and, therefore, di-
vine natural order. To myself and many others,
who have both written and conversed with me
on this subject, (and at whose solicitation it is
chiefly that I thus write), the question is no longer
"Should Spiritualists organize?" but rather in
what form can we combine so as to attain united
strength, without fettering individual opinion?
Rather, as stated above, in answer to correspon-
dents, too numerous to be dealt with singly, than
in any purpose to intrude my own opinions as au-
thority. I would suggest that we resolve in action
upon a few definite questions like the following:

Are public meetings (periodical or otherwise)
of value in disseminating our opinions? Assum-
ing those opinions to be beneficial to ourselves,
and consequently valuable to others, supposing
the above question also settled in the affirmative,
we have next to consider the best order to be ob-
served in instituting meetings; whether buildings
purchased or erected on ordinary financial pay-
ing principles, cannot be as well and successfully
appropriated to this cause as any other. Next,
concerning the speakers to be employed, and the
opinions to be disseminated. Whether it is
deemed wise to attempt impressing the public
with orators, cultivated, educated and devoted to
the business of impressing the public, or whether
we should take chances of speakers, and either ac-
cept of any that would come along, especially
such as have no little, narrow scruples of self-re-
spect to prevent their vagabondizing round the
country, and "happening in" just when they
please, and, on the principle, "I'm as good as
you," insisting upon their right to be heard, and
take chances, also, with such speakers, how
many of the unappreciative, dull, public would
come to hear them? ergo, how much benefit such
meetings were going to be at all.

Here, again, I know I am subjecting myself to
a perfect tempest of Spiritualistic declamation
against my irreligious and material beliefs concern-
ing the perversion of "God's gifts" into money-
making uses, and questioning whether the "sac-
red gifts" of mediumship ought to be paid for in
currency or its equivalent. In defence of the
charges which I expect holy Phariseans to bring
against me in this connection, permit me to say
that I have never taken the ground that all fac-
ulties like are God's gifts; that no one power,
physical or mental, is less or more sacred than an-
other; no one not ditto, no one occupation either;
and that when it is necessary for speakers, orators
and spirit mediums generally, to work without
pay, or for prices inferior to the value of their
time and labor in other directions, as other paid
laborers in theirs, I, for one, shall advocate rail-
ways, hotel and lodging-house keepers giving of
their "godly gifts" and substance free; dentists,
doctors, painters, publishers, mechanics and ar-
tists, all tendering their "God-given gifts" of
strength, intellect, and time, on the same terms.

Until that blessed community system is fully in-
augurated, I, for one, shall raise my voice and
wield my pen to show that the question of speak-
ers for Spiritual meetings will no longer be (in
view of our power to analyze and define the uni-
versality of Religion) whether (as Warren Chase
so truly writes) "we shall wait to be starved out
of the field or not," but rather whether it is worth
while to employ such speakers as the public care
to hear, or merely such persons as care to speak.
And next, what shall be the character of that they
speak? or shall it have a "character at all?"
Or, again, having this as a prerequisite, shall it be
such as the world calls bad, even if the Spiritual-
ist insists that it is "all right?"

Also, we have started from the fundamental
base that the soul of man is immortal, that it can
speak and communicate with earth; and that in
the life of immortality certain actions, popularly
called right and wrong, produce certain invariable
results as to position and happiness in the spirit-
world; shall we make these essential parts of our
teachings; or at least starting-points and articles
of confederation? or shall we build halls, hire
speakers, enter into innumerable expenses, and
go to infinite pains to get up public meetings for
the purpose of allowing any one and every one

to ventilate their theories, or blow off gas and
steam, to the injury, if not the very annihilation
of the doctrines, facts and phenomena from which,
as Spiritualists, we have an existence at all? I
know it sounds very liberal for Spiritualists to put
themselves to great expense and trouble to get up
meetings; where anybody may talk anything in
the vague but grandly unconservative name of "a
free platform;" but it may still be a question to
a Spiritualist, like myself, whether it is quite
worth while to buy an axe for my neighbor to
chop down my own tree with.

Then, again, come the questions of educational
associations, charitable, hygienic and scientific
combinations: Spiritualists profess to have dif-
ferent views on all these subjects of the rest of
the world: Can they promote them for them-
selves, their children, or their better, without as-
sociations in which to teach, practice and define
them? And if, again, these questions should be
answered in affirmation of the necessity of such
movements, the same reason, natural law, and
common-sense views of action, must prevail in
this, as in the choice of public speakers, and the
subjects of public speaking. And because associ-
ations for the search after and propagation of
these truths are the only modes by which they
can grow, strengthen, and become a power, does
it follow that we must needs narrow truth down
to that point up to which we have traced it, and
whilst acknowledging that it is infinite, and its
search must be eternal, can we fall into the de-
structive folly of limitation? I think not; and I,
for one, never fear that we shall do it, or that the
spirits of fear, who are unquestionably, to my
mind, the authors of this movement, will permit
us to do so without some of those catastrophic
disruptions that have ever broken up narrow
creeds, and enlarged the boundaries of petty sys-
tems, yet never disturbed the unvarying action of
eternal laws.

Now if Spiritualists dare discuss these ques-
tions, without being actually choked down into
silence by those who insist upon speech being "so
free" for themselves, that they won't allow any
one to hint even at organization—if they may
venture to propound the unpopular theory that
the world will only consent to be moved by some
oratory, and not by "other some"—if they will
cater for the world according to its appetite and
acceptance, venture to define their position as far
as they know it, leaving an infinity to grow in,
and an eternity to progress in, consider how far
it may be worth while to practice a little in char-
ity, and teach our children what we believe in
ourselves, I think we may do all this without any
fear lest some of us may set up for Popes, or oth-
ers will be turned out of our Church, or that the
said Church will be too narrow to admit all man-
kind, even if we do press the walls of decency,
order and common sense around it.

And once more, I close as I have begun, by re-
minding our friends that the time is fully ripe for
this movement. Wherever my observation, or
the reports of others have directed my atten-
tion, I find the law of order felt, and the effort
to effect it in progress. That the public do
and will support us, let our mediums in their over-
crowded benches, testify. Test mediums and
speakers alike confirm my own experience in both
these statements; and notwithstanding the report
of your New York correspondent, that my meet-
ings at Cooper's Institute were "not so full as ex-
pected," together with the luminous critique on
my speeches there, that I announced that "I
should give what was given me to say," myself
and my friends feel that the attendance of some
fourteen hundred people each night, despite a
heavy storm, and the excitement of the draft, and
most cheering and hearty applause throughout, is
some proof that a despised Spiritualist can hold
her own in Lyceum meetings in New York, where
so much occurs each night to compete with any
such meetings; whilst for our spiritual meetings,
after six weeks at Sansom-Street Hall, Philadel-
phia, I have had the pleasure of taking leave of
my friends there with a benefit lecture at the
Academy of Music, for the Women's Temporary
Home, to two thousand people; and at our hall,
last Sunday, to nearly as many outside and stand-
ing, as were accommodated with seats within.

Such is my own experience of the public inter-
est in Spiritualism, and it is this, together with
hourly evidences of a steadily increasing interest
in this cause during my eight years' experience of
its working before the public, that convinces me
it needs only workers as able, zealous, faithful
and practical as the spirits themselves, to make
the future of Spiritualism the religion of the
world.

8 Fourth Avenue, New York, March 29, 1885.

"THE SPIRIT-LAND."

BY WILLIAM A. BOARDMAN.

In the Message Department of the Banner of
Light of Feb. 18th, 1885, it appears that a written
question had been addressed to the controlling
spirit of the circle, by Mrs. J. L. G. of Albion,
Mich., as follows:

Question—"Spirits teach us that there is a spirit-
land, an emanation from this earth, outside of the
earth-atmosphere. If so, will the controlling in-
telligence please tell us if said spirit-land revolves
in harmony with this earth? If not, how do spirits
always find the precise spot where they wish to go,
in returning to earth?"

Answer—"The spirit-land is within you, not out-
side of you. You are not compelled to go sixty or
seventy, or even a thousand miles, to find your
spirit-land. It is within you; consequently it is
in harmony with you and your universal sur-
roundings."

It seems to me, with all due respect, that the
answer evades, or does not answer the true, ob-
jective intent and meaning of the question.

I understand, and I presume the author of the
question does, and also, perhaps, most persons
who have given the subject of spiritual existence
profound thought and attention, that there is both
an objective and subjective of existence; hence in
the subjective sense, not only is the spirit-land
within us, but also the heavens and the hells are
within us; that the capacity, to be conscious in the
ideal, or subjective sense of all external things in
the outside universe, is within us, and is in har-
mony with our universal surroundings; that the
outward and objective, is the local and material of
existence, and is always in time and space; while
the subjective and ideal consciousness of outward
and local existence in us, is the immaterial and
spiritual, and is not, therefore, in time or space;
and in this sense, I think the answer is correct.
But the question was asked, most evidently, in
relation to the objective, or supposed objective, of
the spirit-world.

To illustrate: I have the capacity to be conscious
that there is such a city as Boston—so have others
the same capacity; hence in the true subjective
sense, the city of Boston is within us. And if we
had not this spiritual capacity to be conscious,
ideally, of the city of Boston—or any other local-
ity—we could never know there was such a city,
though we dwell in it bodily.

Now suppose a person should ask me, here in
Illinois, the distance, and the best road to travel
to Boston, and I should answer by saying, "Why,
my dear sir, or my dear madam, what are you

talking about? Do you not know that the city of
Boston is within you, and that you have not to
travel a thousand miles to reach it, but it is al-
ready within you, and in harmony with your uni-
versal surroundings?" I should thus answer the
truth, in the subjective sense, but should not an-
swer in relation to the objective truth, the very
sense in which the question was asked.

I have long entertained the idea that there is a
local and objective to the spirit-world, consisting of
a sphere of imponderable matter located beyond
the earth's atmosphere; and this, so far as I know,
or am informed, has been, substantially, the teach-
ing of the spirits. A seeming exception to the al-
most universal agreement of the spirits on this
important subject, is found, I think, in one or more
of the discourses given by Mrs. Hatch. But even
this exception seemed, to me, rather a psychologi-
cal technicality, than the affirmation that there
was, to the spirits, no objective existence; for
there is a sense in which it may be philosophical-
ly argued, that all material and objective exist-
ence is simply caused in appearance, by the psy-
chological power of the Infinite Mind.

Now I should be highly pleased, and I presume
others would, to have a further explanation, or il-
lustration of said question, from the controlling
spirit of the Message Department, so that if the
spirit does mean to teach that there is no local or
objective to what we usually term the spirit-world,
and that all consciousness of the spirits is only
subjective; or if there is an objective, that there is
no special sphere, or home of objective life, in the
so-called spirit-world, that the same may be so
stated to us in direct terms. I care nothing about
terms or technicalities, so that we can get the true
idea of what is intended to be taught.

For myself, I feel conscious that the spirit of
man is immaterial, though acting, on one side of it,
in the local and objective in this and in other
worlds; having a body of gross matter here, and
in the spirit-world proper, a refined body of im-
ponderable matter, and hence always having a
body, and a material side, so to compare it, of ex-
istence. Yet, that the spirit is immaterial, hav-
ing capacity and power to image within its con-
sciousness the objective universe; but greater than
this, having a capacity to be conscious of the ab-
stract and positive existence of life and being;
the capacity to receive the demonstration of the
infinite, mathematically in itself, beyond, out of
time, space or location; and that by the aid of the
psychological power of infinite, or controlling
spirit of the universe, we may become conscious—
if I may so term it—of a species of omnipotence
and omnipresence, so that all possible local exist-
ence of all worlds may be appreciated in the
grand, subjective consciousness of our being;
hence that consciousness is the effect of and lies be-
tween—so to compare it—the two mighty and in-
finite polarities of being, the immaterial and the
material; hence that there is no change, nor ever
will be, in the principles of our consciousness and
existence, though we should pass through indefi-
nite numbers of changes in the modes of objective
or subjective manifestation; though we sleep or
wake, our consciousness or unconsciousness is ever
acting and reacting on the same principle, from
and to eternity; that Man and all the universe
has existed from eternity, with the Infinite Mind.
Waukegan, Ill., March 23d, 1885.

Correspondence.

Rapid Progress of Spiritualism in Colorado Territory.

Believing it might be a matter of interest to
you and other friends of the Banner of Light, to learn
that the new and beautiful philosophy of Spiritu-
alism is shedding its benign influence over the
minds of the rough and hardy pioneers and miners
of the gold districts of the Rocky Mountains, I
feel a pleasure in communicating the fact, and
giving you a slight idea of its progress here.
Weekly public and private circles have been held
in this city during the last four months. There
are several mediums residing in the neighborhood.
The most conspicuous of these is a Mrs. Briggs, a
travelling spirit medium, who has been in the city
last November for public circles on Sabbath eve-
nings, and has continued them regularly since.
At first the attendance was small, and met with
ridicule from those that feared to investigate, or
were preaching other doctrines. But the dis-
courses through her were from a high order of in-
telligences, and began to attract the attention of
inquiring minds; and as the intelligences and num-
bers of the audience increased, the medium's pow-
ers expanded, and a higher sphere of intelligences
began to communicate, on both religious and sci-
entific subjects.

A series of discourses upon the past, present
and future condition and progress of man on the
earth, was announced by the committee of spirits
on subjects for the circle. Three of these dis-
courses had been delivered, when the private
room, though large, could not accommodate more
than one-third of those seeking admission. The
theologians took alarm at the thing, and their
audience and commenced a series of misrep-
sentations, and denunciations against mediums,
Spiritualists and their doctrines. So bitter and
false were these slanders, that the communicating
spirit felt it necessary to postpone the great sub-
ject he was interesting us in, and devote an eve-
ning to the defence of the mediums and believers
in this new philosophy. This brought on a dis-
cussion between a Dr. Phinney, a retired parson,
and the communicating spirit, which lasted two
evenings. A public hall was procured, and that
was found to be insufficient to accommodate the
audience.

The following extract from the Daily Mining
Journal of March 13th, shows the outside opinion
of this discussion:

"The discussion on whether or not spirits return and com-
municate to mortal through mediums, held at Apollo Hall,
last evening, by Dr. Phinney and Mrs. Briggs, was largely at-
tended, and is said to have been quite interesting. Mrs. Briggs
was in a clairvoyant state, and spoke well, having the affirm-
ation of the spirits, and also, by the general verdict of the
crowd, the best of the doctors. They say that the discussion
is to be resumed at some future time."

This short sketch of Spiritualism in the Rocky
Mountains will show you that there are progress-
ive minds even in this remote region of the coun-
try.

Central City, C. T., March 15, 1885.

Letter from Mrs. Wilcoxson.

I closed my labors in the city of Newark the
19th of Feb., and sought the genial climate of this
place, and a rest to restore my exhausted physical
powers, which were getting quite low. I learn by
correspondence that the meetings were still kept
up, and hope that speakers having the good cause
at heart will not forget that there is much new
ground to be broken yet, and many striving, ear-
nest souls to be comforted and sustained in the im-
portant city of Newark. Since the 1st of Septem-
ber I have spoken there twenty-two Sundays, or
more, and at the close of my lectures found the in-
terest unabated.

For the whole period of my labor there my
body was given me by Mr. John L. Stowe and
body, who, in his humble circumstances and de-
pendent upon the proceeds of daily toil, have freely
and unostentatiously cast many a mite into the
treasury of Spiritualism. Their self-denial and
the liberality of some two or three gentlemen, and
the earnest cooperation of the Board, has, in the
main, carried our meetings successfully along.
The most of our audience was composed of a class
intermediate between avowed Spiritualists and the
Churches, able to assist in supporting the
cause, but not yet disposed to transcend the limits
of the more humble and unpopular one of spiri-
tual reform. Still, there is much to encourage the
true worker who is not seeking the popular favor
so much as the PEOPLE'S good.

In the villages of Cranefield and Wheatheaf I
found some earnest minds courageous enough to do
their own thinking and move with alacrity in in-
troducing the Spiritual Philosophy. These vil-
lages, in Linden Township, Railway, are settled

largely by a class of thrifty farmers, and the right
class of workers will find the latch-string out and
a hospitable board proffered by some of the citi-
zens of the place. Address Mr. Edward P. Hand
for particulars, or Mr. William Barnett, directing
to Newark, N. J. But it must be remembered New
Jersey is not at present the place for lecturers
to expect large prices; and one should take hold
of the plow here expecting to turn up gold. The
soil must first be cleared off—its deep wealth of
material laid bare to the sunlight of a true inspi-
ration—the grasp of a strong pro-slavery element
made to loosen its hold upon the hearts of the
people—and comparative ignorance must bend to
the onward march of truth and reason. Then gold
may be coined, but not till then. New settlements
must be built at great individual sacrifice and
much outlay, before New Jersey will become the
garden it is destined to be. And this is just as
true in regard to spiritual progress in this State.
We must have workers willing to dress and live
plainly, to be instant, in season and out of season,
to look not so much for pecuniary benefit as the
general good. Such souls will not starve, or go
naked, for their labor will be appreciated by the
able few who are ready to cooperate and share
with them whatever they have of this world's
goods.

During May, June and July I propose laboring
on the line of the Central Road in Pennsylvania,
from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and on to Mead-
ville. Friends on the route wishing my services,
will please address me till May 1st at this place.
I am engaged for the month of June.

Fraternally, M. J. WILCOXSON.
Hammonton, Atlantic Co., N. J., March 20, 1885.

What New York Needs.

Having recently become enlightened to the glo-
rious truths of the doctrine of Spiritualism—thanks
to the angel-world—you will excuse me for man-
ifesting the zeal of a young convert by presuming
to trespass upon your time and patience; but be-
lieving that if "there is joy in heaven over one
sinner that repenteth," there is also joy on earth
among heavenly minded men when a fellow-be-
ing is brought out of darkness into the marvelous
light of the new dispensation. I could not refrain
from testifying of the fact, and attributing to the
Banner the source from which I have obtained
much light, and I know of no better medium
through which to publish the glad tidings, and to
which, at the same time, God-speed in its heaven-
directed efforts to ameliorate the condition of ig-
norant, superstitious, priest-ridden, downtrodden
humanity.

Although, with the exception of two or three
small cliques or societies, there are no public de-
monstrations of an extraordinary nature, or suit-
able place where spiritual "pabulum" is regularly
dispensed in this city, yet I am amazed at the ex-
tent to which Spiritualism is progressing in this
great metropolis of the New World, and trust the
day is not far distant when ample preparations
will be made to accommodate not only our own
citizens, but the thousands of strangers constan-
tly in our midst who are seeking the truth, and
heartily endorse the sentiments expressed in the
leading article of your issue of April 1st, as every
way applicable to the city of New York.

Why cannot all parties interested in this vital
subject lay aside all prejudices and animosities, and
unite in erecting a suitable edifice, and providing
able expositors of the sublime truths of the gospel
of "peace on earth and good will to men?" If
they appreciated the conditions of hundreds and
thousands of despairing, starving souls, both in
and out of the churches, for the "bread of life," I
feel confident they would exert themselves to ex-
tend to others the facilities for obtaining the bless-
ings they so richly experience.

I know it is a cardinal point with many Spiritu-
alists that the divine messengers will, in due
time, bring the truth to all who are qualified to
receive it; but that does not mean, as they pre-
sent, that they are to wait until the day of the
condition more congenial by preparing the way
for the lodgment of the seed, as the first fruits
of the great harvest which is certain to follow
properly directed efforts.

The hearty and united exertions of Bros. Davis
and Willis's Societies, with such assistance as
could be easily procured from thousands who
have not openly espoused our belief, but who
could not only be induced to attend, but to give
means, but also encourage the cause by their pre-
sence in some accessible edifice, would soon enable
the Spiritualists to place themselves on a social
equality with any religious society in the city.
Cannot some one suggest a plan by which an ob-
ject so devoutly to be wished can be speedily ob-
tained?

Although not blessed, myself, with a great
abundance of this world's goods, I will pledge one
thousand dollars as a starter. I trust that this
little heaven will continue to work until the whole
lump is levanted, and the stigma of reproach
which is heaped upon Spiritualism on account of
its apparent poverty, is wiped out by the erection
of a place of public worship second to that of no
other sect or denomination in the city, not even
excepting the great "cathedral" which is not in
process of erection.

The signs of the times portend great events soon
to occur in this country in the pulling down of the
strongholds of the powers of evil, and the build-
ing up of the new Jerusalem, and the shining of
the wise to have their altar-fires burning constan-
tly, as beacon lights to the harbor of safety to the
tempest-tossed mariners on life's tempestuous sea,
where, after their frail bark is securely moored,
their released spirits may find that haven of rest
so vividly portrayed by the good and exemplary
Nazarene, and the hosts of ministering spirits of
other just men and women made perfect.

Yours in the cause of Truth,
New York, March 29, 1885. J. N. P.

Notes from the West.

Having occasion, dear Banner, to visit Chicago
some four or five weeks ago, and while there as-
certaining that meetings were to be

The Boy Medium in Maine.

That the readers of the Banner may be kept posted in the march of events in this city, I will say that our investigations with the "Allen Boy" are progressing finely, and with satisfactory results. We have succeeded in getting good manifestations in his presence, with his hands uncovered. I have sat with him recently, when I have watched both his hands resting in plain sight on my arm, while an electro-magnetic spirit-hand was laid on my right hand, as I held it above my head. While I have held his right hand in mine, and his left hand in sight, powerful manifestations have taken place, and a large hand held distinctly not a foot from my eyes.

The theory of the electro-magnetic transfer has been satisfactorily demonstrated. I read Dr. Gardner's letter with much interest and pleasure, and I hope all who have investigated, or may hereafter investigate the matter, will give to the public the results of their experience.

I notice in the Boston Investigator a communication from "E. R." in which the theory of the electro-magnetic transfer is discussed somewhat, and the writer thinks that Mr. Colby, Dr. Gardner and myself are in a "tight place," and using a very lively faith to get out of it—and then says:

"I wish to ask them a few questions: In whatever the spirit-hand touches is transferred, or is printed on the hand of the medium, why are not the musical instruments on which it is said spirit-hands play? Why, also, is not the umbrella? And, lastly, why are not the shawl and clothes-horse? Mr. Hall's theory won't work; for if lamp-black can be transferred to a medium's hand, so can the other articles which it is said are moved about a room by spirits."

The questions are pertinent, and I will in a few words give my impressions in the matter. What- ever the spirit-hand touches that will soil it, will mark the instruments if the same hand touches them after the soiling substance is touched. But I think that in the course of a single sitting these hands are organized and dissolved many times, and each time the "transfer" to the hand of the medium must be made. There is a constant magnetic current existing between the electro-spirit-hand and the hand of the medium, and the slightest movement or change on the part of the medium or persons sitting with him, will cause the hand used to be dissolved. Thus on the night of the alleged detection of the "Allen Boy," in this city, it is almost absolutely certain that the "transfer" was effected many times before the discovery was made.

"E. R." says that "Mr. Hall's theory won't work." Mr. Hall's theory does work; and whatever substance is handled by the electro-spirit-hand, be it burnt cork, blacking, flour, powdered opium, paint—no matter what—will be immediately transferred to the hand of the medium. The idea advanced by "E. R." that if this transfer of substances adhering to the "hand" takes place, articles moving about the room must also be transferred, is so absurd and ridiculous that it requires no notice. If "E. R." will candidly investigate, he will find there are more theories in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy. Yours, in haste, JOSEPH B. HALL.

Portland, Me., April 6, 1865.

DEAR BANNER—Since the excitement in regard to the so-called exposure of the "Allen Boy" in Portland, he has held two sittings here, which, to most of the persons present, were satisfactory. The "transfer test" was very mysterious, and all reasonable people are convinced that it was utterly impossible for the "boy" to ring the bell, as his hands were tied to the arm of the committee, and the end of the rope held by one of the audience. There is much interest manifested among some of our citizens, and gentlemen holding high official positions encourage him, and desire him to return here and remain longer, having satisfied themselves in regard to the honesty of the medium, and being deeply interested in the strange and wonderful manifestations produced.

Yours for truth, ANNE LINCOLN.
Augusta, Me., April 2, 1865.

Miss Belle Bush's New Book—"Voices of the Morning."

Not very far from the City of Brotherly Love there are three Bushes, and, as inspiration is a fire, they are burning Bushes, though like that one so renowned in story, before which Moses stood with awe, they are not consumed.

One of these Bushes, with a musical name that rings out sweet notes of sympathy to cheer the weary children of earth, is a poetess, and oft has this Belle rung out its sweet notes of melody.

But, dropping metaphors, let me say that the excellent publishing house of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. has recently issued one of the nearest little brochures of poetry, written by our friend, Belle Bush, of the Adelphi Institute, Norristown, Pa., that has ever been put forth from their establishment. The neatness and taste manifested in this little work remind me of the saying, that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

But not and attractive as is the volume, it is its intrinsic merit that will commend it to every lover of living poetry.

The author introduces the book in a very pleasant and attractive style, and, with an earnestness that is truly refreshing, gives us her definition of poetry, in comparison with which the dry and crabbed definitions of the book-worms who make dictionaries sink into insignificance. Surely it is the poet's right and duty to define what is the living fire of poetical inspiration. I have often admired Shakespeare's definition of poetry, where he says—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth—from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth the form of things unknown,
The poet's pen turns them to shape,
And gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

But this does not equal the definition given by the author, who says—

"All are poets—all are poets,
Little acts of kindness prove;
He alone is chief of poets
Who whose deeds show most of love."

"There is poetry in motion, poetry in painting and music, and why should there not be the poetry of good deeds? Have we not had many noble examples of men and women whose whole lives have been poems—some, epic, some comic, some tragic, and some so resplendent with the light of religious faith and devotion as well to deserve the name of sacred poems? And shall they not be called poets, whose words and deeds were in such beautiful harmony that both seemed to flow in one stream from the same harp, and were like precious pearls strung together on one cord?"

But we cannot do justice to this admirable introduction, and we need not say much in reference to the poems to the readers of the Banner, who are all familiar with them. Many of them have appeared in this and other papers, still they come out in their new dress like sunshine and spring flowers, and are ever new, ever attractive. There are some original poems, fresh from the living fountains of inspiration, all of which, I have no doubt, will be heartily received by the thoughtful reader who feels in this busy bustling world, where all seems to be striving and hurrying, that it is well at times to draw into the quiet, and on such occasions as these, the literary notes of true poetry

often calm the soul, and fit it for communion with nature and the invisibles, who come with noiseless tread when our hearts are attuned to sympathy and love. Such seasons as these, as our sister has well said, fit us for that higher poetry of noble deeds and heroic actions that are the poetry which all may aspire after, and, to some extent, at least, attain.

The name of this book—"VOICES OF THE MORNING"—indicates, as the writer says, the hour at which most of it was written. We know of no hour so fitted for communion with nature and the angel-world as this, when the flowers are sparkling with diamond drops of dew, and sending forth their richest fragrance, and all nature seems renewed and prepared for a new life and earnest labor.

We think no one can rise from the perusal of this book without better resolutions, and a more firm purpose to lead a true and noble life, and we thank the author for her contributions to this end.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

634 Race street, Philadelphia.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL, LONDON, ENGLAND.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

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 a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe, and the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

The Middle Walk in Life.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches"—is a Scripture quotation oftener employed, we fear, than heartily subscribed to. Yet it contains the essential principle, or kernel, of earthly happiness. To take just that care for accumulations, which are supposed to be the fruit of industry—which shall suffice to gain one's independence of others pecuniarily, and yet to avoid that slavery to riches which is not one whit better than the slavery of poverty itself—is without doubt the soundest and healthiest theory of working and saving which can be stated to the popular mind.

All men want independence, to begin with; and as soon as they can get it. They must be free from the tyrannical demands of other men, in order that the conditions of their own true advancement may be met and complied with. So long as Mr. Such-an-one can send you or me to do his bidding, for no better reason than because it is for his interest, and our necessity compels obedience to his will, we are, in the real sense and meaning of the term, his slaves. He has us in his power, and he knows it. He can give our families food, or take it from their mouths. He can make our inner spirit barely cringe before him, so that we shall take pains to please all his whims and humors, while in our hearts we are despising him and himself, too. His hearing toward us is that of a master, and we unconsciously take on that of a servant, temporarily owned by him, and born to do his bidding. There certainly can be no individual independence of character where such a feeling exists, nor, of course, can there be room for the growth and expansion of the nobler qualities of the soul.

It is worth while, therefore, to mend such a relation as this; and it can be done in no other way than by industry, frugality, and patience, the angels of heaven continually helping us. But there is no dispute that the condition should be worked out of at the earliest day possible. Not until then can a man emerge into the sunshine of a condition where his better nature can be warmed, and his higher faculties glow with the pleasure of the activity which they require. To this end, we commend and enjoin constant labor and saving. Not a day should pass without a renewal of the resolution to become one's own master, so far as the ownership and use of one's better powers are concerned, at the earliest time possible. Then the condition of existence is at once changed; and so changed that it lies in one's own power to say if he shall become more than he now is, or not.

If, however, having begun to save and accumulate, the man gives himself up to that business— if he finds himself moving on a course upon which it is difficult, or impossible, for him to regulate his own action, and he gives himself up altogether to working and saving, leaving no margin of time to himself and the higher uses of life, he becomes guilty of the fatal error of mistaking the means for the end, and is content to take up with the instrument rather than to reach the real purpose which that instrument was designed to subserve. In such a case he is just as much a slave as the other; the only difference being that he is serving a different master, though none the less a severe and exacting one. He set out with a project of independence, but ends with servitude again, after all.

Now we can see the sense of the quotation with which this article was begun, the happy man which secures personal independence, but keeps off the heavy hand of anxiety—whether on account of poverty or riches—is the only earthly condition which may be called desirable. Within those safe parallels of feeling, life is truly enjoyable. The sleep at night may be sweet and unbroken. The love of family is permitted to break out in a genial warmth over the whole heart, and there is no fear of "the wolf at the door," on the one hand, nor any distress of mind, on the other, about our children's impatience for an exit from the theatre of action. Within these parallels all those plants flourish and bear fruit which confer the truest happiness on the lot of humanity. To ask for more than this, is to make an unreasonable demand; it is reaching out for more than mortal can really enjoy, and that is the sort of fruit which turns to ashes on the lips.

In the middle walks of life, or at least of fortune, flourish the great mass of the virtues which adorn human character. The soil is here best adapted to them, and the climate best suits the conditions of their growth. Look around us in what direction we may, we shall find this to be one of the most striking facts of our social existence. The virtues of the character are not nourished by poverty, to whose cold soil they do not take kindly; nor do they acquire vigor and strength in a soil which is overflooded by the burning sun of worldly prosperity. They must have the right conditions for growth, or they die.

They flourish best where they find people still humble, and true-hearted; and full of spiritual longings, yet where these very terms are secured and protected by the assurance of one's being above the consuming anxiety of want, and the exacting demands of pecuniary servitude.

Hence the true theory is, to strive for independence, but not for riches. The former is necessary; the latter are not. The one is the sole condition of our producing the fairest fruits of which our lives are capable—the other tends to choke all the divinely beautiful plants in the character. With the rank growths of soul weeds. If we only knew and realized what genuine happiness lies in this middle walk of life; how much more one can delight in his children, in the little garden which he tills with his own hand, in the heartiness and unquestioning faith of his friendships, in his social and neighborhood relations, and in the sunsets and sunrises, in his solitary walks across the lots and through the woods—he would never pass by the treasure, which every one can have for the mere reaching out and taking it, though he knew he was to be worshiped and fawned upon for his riches by all who came in contact with his person.

Life here is short, and many insist that it has but little to give us. It is certain that we do not accept all its offers, nor even a small fraction of that all. The wheat we pass by, and take infinite pains to pick out all the chaff and treasure it away. Happiness grows for us by the wayside, being as common as the sweet-breathed ferns, and the blue blushing violets, and the everywhere sprouting grass; but we confusedly believe that what is common cannot of course be good, and so go off in a tiresome and ceaseless pursuit after the distant and the impossible, and so lose the very object for which such endless desires fill our hearts.

The End of the Rebellion.

It swells our heart with a joy it has not known in the experience of a lifetime, to be permitted to congratulate our readers on the fall of the rebel capital and the overthrow of the rebellion. Richmond fell into Union hands on the morning of Monday, April 3d, and was first entered by a force of colored Union troops. That fact alone seemed to have a strong tinge of poetic justice in it. The rebel leaders had all deserted their capital—President, Cabinet, Congress, all were gone. Lee's army had been driven out of their works around and beyond Petersburg on the day before, and were crippled and broken, a dispirited, divided, and demoralized mass. At least twenty-five, and probably thirty thousand rebel troops had been killed and put out of the fight during the four or five days' operations. Lee at once took himself off with the remnant of his army, for safety—while Grant and Sheridan started in hot pursuit. It is useless for us to speculate on the chances of his final escape, or of his being overtaken by Grant and forced into a losing conflict; the news, as it comes, will outstrip and render useless whatever the pen may write.

We do not know that we can recall the time when so much popular joy has manifested itself. The occasion was a new one in our experience as a people. Every heart was full to overflowing. Business came to a standstill. Gold ceased for the time to be bought or sold, and the markets were without interest or movement. The expressions of joy were nowhere kept down, but leaped to the lips, the eyes, and the hand of every man in the streets. Flags floated and fluttered everywhere. The day was a most auspicious one out of the dome of the heavens, fully answering to the welcome character of the tidings. The bells were rung in almost every steeple and tower. In Boston, a half-holiday was given the scholars in the public schools. But the jubilee was limited to no particular city or locality. Everybody was glad everywhere. The phrases of hearty congratulation were flashed over the wires from place to place and person to person, and were read to public audiences and posted in public places. There seemed, in truth, to be no end to the outpouring of the joy with which every heart overran.

And well might it be so, for the tidings of the fall of Richmond and the defeat and flight of the rebel army were equivalent to the tidings of an assured and established peace. The fall of the rebel capital meant nothing more nor less than the end of the rebellion. The leading Richmond journals had openly declared, only a few weeks before, that it meant just that, and therefore deprecated the purpose of abandoning the place with all their stock of energy. The Richmond Examiner said that "the evacuation of Richmond would be the loss of all respect and authority toward the Confederate government, the disintegration of the army, and the abandonment of the scheme of an independent, Southern Confederation. The hope of establishing a Confederacy and securing its recognition among nations, would be gone for ever." Knowing this material fact, it was natural enough that the final evacuation should be hailed with such wild huzzas of popular delight.

The form and body of the Confederacy are gone. The machinery is broken up. It can no longer call together its legislatures, pass its laws, levy its contributions on the population or property of the rebellious States, compel either obedience or respect, or claim for itself a local and established existence. There is not a single State under its power to-day. It has no political life in it whatever; the military life being gone, the rest is dead also. Even its army cannot suffice to save it whole, for no government is entitled to a moment's serious consideration which travels from place to place, and all the while seeks its safety in flight; such a concern receives, as it merits, the contempt of all who know anything about it.

There may be further trouble with what is left of the rebel armies, but every struggle which they make will be but a struggle of death. The leaders will soon find themselves deserted by their men, and no provost marshals or conscript officers will avail to bring them back to the broken ranks. This bloody and protracted contest will soon be over forever.

As we go to press, the telegraph brings news that our pursuing army overtook Lee some thirty miles from Richmond, when a battle was fought, which resulted in another defeat and rout of the rebels, who lost some half a dozen generals, thousands of men, cannon, &c.

Maximilian.

The new Emperor of Mexico seems not at all inclined to seek the special favor of the priests, and has broken with them outright. He tells them that he can give them more information from the Pope and his Holiness' wishes than they can give him. He volunteers the intelligence that although he considers himself a good Churchman, he intends to be a wise and liberal ruler. He thinks it is the Church Party that has brought the country to its present low state, and that they should venture to meddle with politics no longer. He certainly betrays the points of an intelligent and courageous mind, and it is possible that he may be employed as a powerful and timely instrument in the redemption of the country over which he has been set.

Spiritualists and the Sanitary Fair.

As our readers have already been informed, the "North-Western Fair of the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home," is to open in Chicago, Ill., May 30th next. Departments have been assigned to the various religious societies and denominations throughout the country, including the Spiritualists. Thereupon the Spiritualists of Chicago met and appointed Mrs. J. S. Fuller, of that city, as Chairman to represent them at the Fair; and the officers of the Fair gave her a certificate, bearing the seal of the Fair, authorizing her to solicit aid of the Spiritualists in behalf of this great charity. Mrs. Fuller, who is a lady of influence and great perseverance, immediately set about the arduous task assigned her, without remuneration or hope of any, other than the satisfaction it will afford her of having done a good work for the relief of our poor wounded and suffering soldiers—whose necessities are calling loudly on those who can help them, and for whose welfare and safety they have been brought to so sad a condition.

She is now at the North, for the purpose of meeting with the friends, and requesting them to appoint Committees to cooperate with her. She met with the Spiritualists of New York, on her way to this city, and was cordially welcomed, and her efforts heartily seconded. She came to this city last Tuesday, and on Thursday evening conferred with the Spiritualists, in Fraternity Hall. Dr. H. F. Gardner, Chairman of the meeting, introduced her to the audience, when she briefly addressed them, setting forth the objects of her mission. She particularly alluded to the "Soldiers' Home and Rest," located in Chicago, for disabled soldiers, from whatever part of the country they may happen to belong; said it is a national institution, not a local one, and is supported by voluntary contributions. A portion of the proceeds of this Fair will go toward the support of "The Home." She spoke of the proceedings of the Spiritualists of Chicago, of her appointment as agent to act for them, and exhibited the following official credential, given her by the Board of Managers of the Fair:

To the Spiritualists,
NORTH-WESTERN FAIR OF THE
SANITARY COMMISSION AND
SOLDIERS' HOME, Rooms 66
Madison street, Chicago, Ill.,
March 2, 1865.

To the Spiritualists of the Union: Mrs. J. S. Fuller, of Chicago, has been chosen by the Spiritual Society of this city to represent the Spiritualists, as Chairman of their Committee to solicit contributions of fellow members of that Society for the forthcoming North-Western Fair of the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home. Mrs. Fuller is thus commended by that Society to aid in their behalf for the Fair among those of her own religious persuasion, and with her known zeal and energy, she will doubtless succeed.

THOS. B. BRYAN,

Chairman of Executive Committee.

After brief remarks from several gentlemen, a Committee was appointed to nominate a Committee to cooperate with Mrs. Fuller, in procuring contributions. In money, or any kind of saleable articles which can be disposed of at the Fair.

The Committee selected the following named ladies and gentlemen to act as a Committee in cooperation with Mrs. F.:
Phineas E. Gay, (Manson & Co., 22 Fulton street).
Chas. E. Jenkins, 44 Chester square.
Geo. W. Smith, 409 Federal street.
J. R. Bassett, 98 Pearl street, 503 Tremont.
Wm. White, Banner of Light.
Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street.
L. B. Wilson, Banner of Light.
Mrs. Daniel Farrar, 14 Hancock street.
Mrs. George Staples, 24 Temple street.
Mrs. John Woods, 66 Carver street.
Mrs. J. B. Severance, 62 West Cedar street.
Mrs. M. A. Ricker.
Charlestown—Col. C. H. Wing, 40 Russell street;
Mrs. A. H. Richardson.
Chelsea—Dr. B. H. Crandon; Mrs. J. V. Mansfield, 62 Chestnut street.

Cambridge—Messrs Henry Potter and Isaac Fay.
Roxbury—Allen Putnam; Mrs. Allen, of Granite street.
Somerville—Dr. A. B. Child.
Malden—T. D. Lane.

The above named committee are all responsible and reliable persons, and will receive any donations in money or goods which the generous public may offer for one of the noblest charities of the day, and will remit the same to the Fair, to the care of Mrs. Fuller. We trust our friends will not be backward in this matter, but give with a freedom characteristic with their principles and well known liberality.

Any donations sent to this office, from citizens in town or out, will be faithfully transmitted to the Fair.

We wish here to state, for the benefit of Mrs. Fuller's friends in the West, that the letter she forwarded to us for publication, just after her appointment, giving the particulars in regard to the Fair, did not reach this office, which will account for its non-appearance in our paper.

Mrs. Fuller left our city on Saturday for Providence, R. I., on the same mission. From thence she goes to Philadelphia.

Over Fort Sumter.

The identical flag will be raised over Fort Sumter, on the 14th of the month, which was hauled down from its staff four years ago by the overwhelming power of the rebel batteries that encircled it. It is perfectly right that this should be done, and that it should be done, above all, by the same Major Anderson who was forced to the humiliation by rebel cannon. The exercises are to be of additional interest by an oration from Henry Ward Beecher, who declares that, now the hour for forgiveness and active charity is come, he feels more sadly serious on the subject than he ever thought he could before. It is a noble sentiment to which he gives utterance, and will be shared by truly noble hearts everywhere.

A Grain of Sense.

Even in the best of purposes it will not do to trust blindly to the character of the purpose itself. Prudence and wisdom and sense are just as much to be exercised in good causes as in bad ones. Fanaticism is going too fast; and true reform consists rather in natural growth and a healthy development, than in using force and violent measures. We have recently seen this truth strikingly illustrated in the case of the zealous who sought, in the Legislature, to overthrow the security of the jury system for the sake of trying to enforce a favorite and proper measure. Gov. Andrew has headed them off, however, and taught them a lesson some of them will remember.

California.

From the San José Mercury we learn that Mrs. C. M. Stowe, the well known lecturer on Spiritualism, delivered an address in that city on Sunday evening, Feb. 12th, to a large and intelligent audience; that she spoke rapidly, but distinctly, and very earnestly, and without any apparent effort, for over an hour, and was listened to with profound attention. Her discourse was replete with thought, and eloquent in diction. She certainly possesses remarkable powers.

The Fine Arts.

Our readers are familiar with the name of Burnside, who has contributed many pictures to our columns, for several years; but they do not all know that he is a very fine artist, also. He has landscapes and portraits rank high for beauty and artistic skill. The editor of the Ogo, N. Y. Com. Adv. thus speaks of the poet and his works. In commenting on his picture he alludes to "an afternoon scene on a small lake, with all the hazy atmosphere of Indian summer. The leaves hang listlessly upon the trees, and the water has a warm look as the shadows from the foliage on the beach are reflected. It reminds one of beach bathing in mid-summer. The day seems to be waning; we should judge the coloring and by the fitful shadows that scene is near twilight. Set in a gilded frame hung where the full light of a bay window fall upon it, the picture would be a gem. It gem as it now appears, under all the difficulties of dust and shade. Of the group of pictures, he considers the most meritorious. A river about as large as the two hands, is next to the merit. The river flows smoothly along, in its manner, reflecting all manner of shrubbery, flowers on its placid, mirror-like surface. The picture is in a small gilt frame, which does it justice. . . . The next picture is a script of the 'Voyage of Life,' which the rest of the group. It is not sufficiently worked, but the characters in the boat are very life-like and the picture would not look bad as a piece of the hall. There is also a view of Oswego from the upper bridge, which is a valuable for an Oswegoian to hang on his walls. The fine view of the iron bridge, of the elevated and of vessels in the harbor. There is also a landscape, with a fine perspective river in distance. It was a difficult piece to paint, perhaps as much so as any we have described."

The editor further remarks that Mr. Burnside has been a resident of that city for over twenty years, and though possessed of genius as a land and portrait painter, he has eked out a painful existence with his pencil. Quiet and unpretentious, he does not attract the attention and patronage that the less meritorious meet with. "Health, then," says the writer, "we find this of genius, possessing a refined taste and a disposition, even in tribulation. If better paid, he would paint more and better. But paint dries on an artist's pallet, unless he can find enough of paintings to buy them. He is in nature suffice for painters, and if not patronized they care not to transfer them to canvas. . . . Mr. B. also colors photographs with great taste. We trust our friends will not allow this by whose soul is inspired with the beautiful, as the spiritual, to suffer for material support when they can so easily prevent it by purchasing his truly meritorious works.

"Liberal Christianity."

We clip the following suggestive paragraph from the Haverhill Tri-Weekly Publisher of week. It has reference to an attempt made to give the Society of Spiritualists from the Music Hall, the place where they now hold meetings. The light and truth of Spiritualism spreading with such rapidity in the thriving of Haverhill, that even Music Hall is not enough to always hold the people who go to the exponents of our philosophy; and this is seriously troubling the adherents to creeds, who, falling to "put out the light" by means of slanders and sneers, now endeavor close the doors on those who are seeking to the truth, and are willing to listen to it as it is revealed from the angel-world through the mentality of inspired speakers. We all hold the great family of humanity, and are aiming the same boon—a knowledge of the truth, guard to the eternal world to which we are wending our way, and must eventually reach, and the more light we have, no matter how tainted, the better will be our condition; therefore it is useless and unwise for any or set to arrogate to themselves all truth knowledge, and deny that new revelations have been made and more are yet to come. As well they attempt to dam up the Mississippi with snow, which would only melt away, as well they the ungodly opposition to the progress of truth, as revealed by modern Spiritualism.

"LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.—We learn the main parties connected with some of our churches made an application to the proprietor of Hall building, this week, for a three years of the large and small halls in the same avowed object being to shut out the organic worshiping there. The application was successful."

"Voices of the Morning."

This book of Poems, by Miss Belle Bush, just been issued by Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. We expected to have had the work long ago; as we were informed we should have parties immediately interested. But owing to causes beyond the control of the publishers, delayed until this time. Our readers—our course have been the readers of several of Bush's superior poems which we have published in the Banner—will doubtless hail the advent of this book, "Voices of the Morning," with pleasure. The orders that were sent us some time since, will now be filled. The book is sold at \$1.25 per copy, instead of \$1.50, as contemplated; postage fifteen cents. We call the attention of our readers to a notice from our able correspondent, Dr. H. T. Child, Philadelphia, who speaks in the highest terms of these poems.

Gen. Sheridan.

Few Generals have made so distinct a mark so brilliant a record for themselves as this dashing Union commander. He is a man of genius of a very high order. But for his indomitable effort, and the inspiration of his superior genius, the battle of Gettysburg (the 1st) would, in all probability, have been lost to us altogether. He himself, at the head of the very same troops found it next to impossible to make any headway before; and that made it easy for him to precipitate his whole line upon Lee before he could recover from his confusion, or patch weak spots in his army. Saturday's work of the whole. Lee saw it, after the successful assault of Sunday, and made off in all haste, every night.

"Be Thyself."

We announced a few weeks since that a lecture by Prof. William Denton, recently published in our paper, would be issued shortly in pamphlet form. We are informed by Mr. Denton's friends that he intends publishing, in book form, a number of lectures, and wishes to include the one which we have mentioned. It will not be issued, however, until the Prof. is now engaged in a tour on Geology, which will be followed by a series of lectures, which will be issued in pamphlet form immediately after which he will publish his book of lectures. Those who have been disappointed in the pamphlet will be turned to this.

JESUS OF NAZARETH;

MRS. THAYER, Medium, controlled by the Spirit of Dr. J. STEARNS, for Medical Examination No. 110 Tremont Row, (up stairs), Boston. Particular attention given to Female Diseases. Hours from 10 A. M. to 2 P. M. daily. \$w lid. - March

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit who gave it, and bears the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. O'Connell.

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

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

Invocation.

Like the sound of many waters,
Like the distant thunder's roll,
Like the incense from earth's altars,
Like the music of the soul,
Comes the power to guard and guide us,
Through temptation's lonely night,
Comes that deep abiding presence
Ever leading to the light.

And yet, oh Spirit Eternal, the soul perpetually questions concerning thee; yet surrounded and permeated as it is by thy life, it perpetually stretches out its hands seeking to grasp thee, and taxes forever all its powers to fathom and analyze thy being; yet forever and forever is it surrounded with mystery. To-day it hopes that tomorrow it may know more of thee. In the present it prays that in the future it may understand thee; and when that future becomes its present, it knows no more of thee. It has fathomed, no more of thy depth. It has analyzed no more of thy mystery, for thou art infinite, while soul is finite; thou art the mighty whole, while we are but atoms; thou art the Soul, the Body, the All of Life, while the finite soul is but a grain of sand or a mote floating in the sunbeam. Oh God, yet forever and forever we aspire to understand thee. Notwithstanding the experience of ten thousand times ten thousand ages have informed us that we cannot comprehend thee, still we seek on, still we press forward, still we climb mountain peak after mountain peak, soaring on toward wisdom, and yet never knowing thee. Oh God, we are conscious of thy presence; we are conscious of thy love; we are conscious of thy power; we are conscious of thy greatness and our own littleness; we are conscious that thou art the Infinite Presence in which we live, by which we are moved, and to which we turn. Oh, for this consciousness we would lift our souls in glad thanksgiving; we would turn and tune all the powers of our being to praise thee; we would chant a new anthem for the soul that knows no death, that has won the victory over all sorrow, all fear, all that can make the soul tremble before thee. Oh we know that thou wilt treasure up all the praises and petitions of these thy children, and in the future we are sure. Therefore we leave them with thee, and we trust our own souls with thee, singing glad halleluhs because of thy life, forever and forever.

Feb. 14.

Questions and Answers.

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

CHAIRMAN.—Isaac Fisher, of Walpole, N. H., desires an answer to the following question:

Ques.—Do any of the spirits who have left their earthly bodies study or make any use of the sciences—such as Arithmetic, Geometry, Algebra, Logarithms, Astronomy, Geology, Chemistry, Magnetism, Electricity, &c.?

Ans.—The sciences that belong in one sense to the earth-life, in another and a higher sense belong to spirit-life. In a word, you have but the rude outline of science here. In the spirit-land there is more perfection, science is more unfolded, consequently we have the soul of what you have the body of here.

CHAIRMAN.—Are not new sciences being developed in the spirit-world?

A.—No. Strictly speaking, there is nothing new. There are sciences innumerable, new to human comprehension, because the human has not become sufficiently unfolded to comprehend them. But in the strictest sense of the term, there is nothing new in universal life.

Q.—Are they not new also to many spirits?

A.—Surely the disembodied spirit is but the disembodied spirit. It has simply lost its external mechanism.

Q.—A few weeks since a spirit came here purporting to be that of Alfred Taft, of Louisiana, who was accidentally shot by his pistol falling from his side two days previous, and was desirous that his mother, Mary Taft, of Montreal, should be made acquainted with the fact. Accordingly I addressed a letter to Mrs. Taft, stating particulars, and requested an answer. Nothing having been received in answer, I would like to know if any such person as Mary Taft resides in Montreal, and whether she received the letter. If so, why it has not been answered?

A.—We would say that such a person does indeed exist in such locality. We are not at liberty to declare why the letter in question received no answer, but we may suppose that it arises from the fact that the lady does not wish to be identified with your Spiritual theory. This is the case with thousands.

Q.—If a certain person has pursued a particular branch of study here, will he not continue the same study in the spirit-world?

A.—It is our opinion that he will.

Q.—Will not our employments be similar to what they are here?

A.—They will.

Q.—A lady asks where the spirit's home or resting place is.

A.—Here—everywhere.

Q.—Why is it that any of the persons present claim to be mediums?

A.—We are not sure but that there are many present who are mediums, possessing, to be sure, different degrees of mediumship. If you can tell us why God has made of all humanity an infinite variety, we can tell you why all persons are so different in the same way.

Q.—Do you ask me that question?

A.—Because the circumstances attending their life are so different.

S.—Is there nothing behind even that?

Q.—Nothing that I can discover beyond physical circumstances.

S.—Is it possible that your vision is so exceedingly limited that you cannot go beyond that?

Q.—I have always found that the higher, the more perfect the organization, the more complete the intellectual manifestation.

S.—Yes, that is true. There are certain combinations, both of the physical and spiritual, that are absolutely necessary to the perfect medium of spiritual ideas. All thoughts are more or less united, but the thoughts flowing through your human subjects are, so far as human comprehension is concerned, foreign to them.

Q.—What are the essential qualifications for good mediumship? Is not good health one?

A.—No, by no means. Some of our best mediums are those who are almost perpetually laboring under what is called disease—some physical derangement.

Q.—I have never met with a medium with full vital force, and I have made this subject a study for the past thirty years.

S.—In that respect your experience corresponds to our own.

Q.—Why are there more female mediums than male mediums?

A.—Simply because the female organism is more intuitive, more plastic, more susceptible to spiritual influences, easier molded into that peculiar condition called mediumship.

Q.—You do not consider good health an obstruction to mediumship, do you?

A.—No, but it so happens that all our mediums—we may say all—are laboring in some one or more particulars, under some organic difficulty. We cannot say how it would be in the case of full, free health; in all probability the mediumship would be good.

Q.—Then would you not infer that good mediumship depends upon the very happy combination of faculties, rather than upon the condition of the body?

A.—Yes, it most certainly depends upon the combination of the physical and intellectual faculties.

Q.—Then you would not have us infer that good health is an obstruction to mediumship?

A.—No, we did not so affirm.

Q.—Is not a nervous temperament favorable to it?

A.—Yes.

Q.—If the spirit has a spiritual body, where is that body when it returns to earth, manifesting?

A.—Sometimes it is outside the physical body, sometimes absorbed in it, sometimes the powers of absorption in an individual case are very great. Sometimes a constant repulsion is kept up, and in that case, the spirit is obliged to take up its quarters outside the physical body, and form the connection from an outside source.

Q.—In that case the spirit throws its influence upon the brain.

A.—Yes.

Q.—Upon one occasion we asked of the intelligences at this circle if children's dying early was not detrimental to their progress as disembodied spirits? and were told that it was. At a subsequent time, we received the answer that it made no difference whatever to the disembodied's progress in spirit-life. Now how would you reconcile these two contrary opinions?

A.—If you are not aware of this fact, we will inform you of it: that all spirits, either embodied or disembodied, do differ in opinion concerning all subjects. Now one might absolutely suppose it to be necessary for the disembodied infant to return and gather its nourishment from the maternal breast. Another person might, in all honesty, declare it was all nonsense, that there was no need of any such course, that though it might do so, yet it was not absolutely necessary. Now for our own part, we must tell you that we have never been able to discover any unhappy or unfortunate results in spirit-life arising from the early decay of childhood. We find the infant spirit, in the spirit-world, quite as well off as those who have lived to three-score years and ten. We cannot believe that God, or Nature, or the Supreme Power controlling in all things has made a mistake in this. We cannot believe he would suffer the infant to pass on before its time. It is our firm belief that God doeth all things well, and this as all others.

Feb. 14.

A. J. Burroughs.

I must inform you at the outset that on earth I was no believer in Spiritualism, but, like many thousands, I am very glad to avail myself of the inestimable privilege of return.

It is possible I may not have fully considered my surroundings; that I may not be in a condition fit for return; but I find myself so intensely agitated, and so powerfully attracted to this, my former home, that I instinctively obeyed, trusting to God for the consequences.

I am here, not for the purpose of vindicating my own course, but rather that I may set at ease, and possibly aid in some respects, those who are left tolling in this way of Time. I can but feel that for them I have something to do; that while I am surrounded in my present home by kind friends who passed on before me, who with words of cheer are constantly giving me strength, it is my duty to return and shower down something of my strength upon those whom I know are in weakness. Again I repeat it, I am not here because I care for myself, but I am here because I care for those dear ones I've left on the earth, because I have pity for them, because all the powers of my soul go out in sympathy for them.

When I became conscious of the blessed truth that I could return, I think I offered a prayer to the Infinite Presence that rules all things, such as I never offered before. I felt conscious it was a something that would lead me eventually to heaven; a something that would liberate me from hell. The time, I know, is very short since I held control of my own body, since I lost that body by violent means; but short as it is, I have seen more in that space than I saw in all the years that were given me on earth.

I believe, sir, it is your custom to receive the name of those who return and speak here. Mine was Andrew J. Burroughs. Doubtless you have been made acquainted with the conditions attending my departure, so you will spare me the misery of rehearsing them again.

It has been said by some persons, and is believed, that I dealt wrongfully with the lady, to whom I am indebted for the loss of my body; who suddenly introduced me to the spirit-world. As God is my witness, through the angels, I solemnly declare that I never, in thought, word or deed, mistreated the lady. That I was sincerely attached to her, I do not deny; and I so declared to her at the time I left her. I think her reply was something like this: "I am sorry, but I am young, and must obey my parents, and they don't like it." In a word, I was discarded by the lady, and I conducted myself accordingly.

In the course of time I made the acquaintance of another lady, and united myself to her according to the laws of the land, and was also discarded by her. I endeavored to maintain all thoughts of my former attachment, except so

far as I could word or deed assist the lady, who was in peculiar circumstances. I was ever ready to aid her ready to counsel her, and I know of no time when I would so far have forgotten myself and duty to God and humanity, as to deal with her as I supposed I did deal with her. It is false, sir, so.

I feel nothing; the intensest pity for the lady, and I want her to know that all I can do from my present point to save her, I will do. I will give her of strength, I will give her of all that charity the angels have bestowed upon me, for I know that that last act, she—poor child—was acted upon by influences from the outside. She is not responsible for it. The same organization that, under favorable circumstances, might have made this child a brilliant light in the mental world, she is a murderer. Yes, that poor child was medium, and, under the circumstances—which have been laid before the public mind—she took physical life, or the influence through her. It is not to blame, and I earnestly beseech of those dear friends, who are feeling unkindly toward her, to be friends to her, to pity her, to sympathize with her, for I shall, as God gives me strength.

One word to dear spirit who is my wife: I have no forgiveness to ask, for there is nothing for you to forgive. Deal honestly, uprightly with you, as God is judge. Oh give me but an hour in which to talk with you privately, and I'll unfold much to you that I cannot in this way. To all those friends who are interested in the unfortunate lady, I say, continue your labors of love, for God, through his angels, will strengthen and bless you. Farewell.

Feb. 14.

Bert Whiteford.

My name was Robert Whiteford. I lived in New York; was seven years old. I have been in the spirit-land for weeks.

I want the full to go to some place where I can talk where I can talk to them, I mean. I've found out something I didn't know here, and I'll tell them what it is, if they'll give me a chance to. Heard about Spiritualism before I was sick and bed, but never seen any of it. Won't you please put my letter in? Say I come back, and I want the folks to go so I can speak to them, will you? Who do you want to go to? Well, I should like my uncle Thomas to go most of all. [We will direct our letter to him, so he'll know who you mean. Yes, I should like him to go most of all, because I reckon he'd know about this. Then I'll tell him all about what I want. Good evening, sir.]

Feb. 14.

Thomas P. Buckley.

I hall, sir, from Camp Sheridan, Virginia. I'm from New York. Thomas P. Buckley. [New York City?] Yes, sir. 1634 New York, Company C. I died at Camp Sheridan in January.

Now I should like to know what's the chances of my sending some word home? [Good, if your friends will receive it.] If they don't, what then? Well, I can throw out my line, can't I, whether I catch a trout or a pollywog? That's all the way we can do, ain't it?

Well, one point settled already is, that I'm dead; the other one to settle, is the fact that I can come back. Now I want them to know that I've risen again—been resurrected; that's so, sure. The resurrection day has surely come to me, and I summons them to the tribunal. I'm going to sit in judgment upon myself, and I want them to come and talk with me alone, and if I do n't prove to them, beyond a doubt, that I am Tom Buckley, I'll knock under. Age? Oh, yes—twenty-six years old.

Well, now, here's see here, Mr. I how do you rank? [Very low.] Oh, you're private, are you? [Yes.] Then I ain't doff my hat to you. Well, Mr. Private, then you purpose to print what I say here in some kind of a newspaper? [Yes.] I was told this much, and that I must watch the machine, and when it comes round so as to grind out my message, I'm to see that it reaches my folks; and if it don't, I'm to come here and shove another through the hopper. [Yes.] Well, I'm ready to perform my part of the work.

Well, now, see here; I want my folks to give me a chance to come and talk with them, and if I do n't convince them I'm alive, it's my fault, not theirs. Just give me a chance—go to some good place where it's understood that we dead folks come and talk, and I'll be there.

Well, send my letter to Benjamin Buckley. Now, you see, I'm just bound to push this thing through. I'm not one that's apt to give out because I get a slap in the face, or a cold shoulder. I'm going through with it, lift or miss. Well, private, good-day.

Feb. 14.

Julia Mosely.

When the night of death overtakes the soul, unless it has some well grounded idea concerning the condition into which it is passing, it generally falls into a state of slumber, or into a dreamy condition, not being fully conscious that it lives as a disembodied spirit, or that it has really passed through the change called death.

I had no fixed ideas concerning a hereafter. I hoped and tried to trust in the promises of the Christian faith, but somehow or other they failed to satisfy me. During my passage from death to life, I felt strange misgivings concerning the reality of the Christian faith. I felt that things might not be as we supposed, and sometimes I even drifted out as far into the wide, unknown future, as to believe that the soul had no existence after death, that with the yielding up of the body we were no more. So, in consequence of my surroundings and my belief before death, I have remained in a semi-unconscious, or dreamy state, for near two years, as high as I am able to judge; but I have an indistinct recollection that I was separated from my friends, that I should be reunited to the friends I had left. I seemed to have an indistinct idea that my friends were not with me. But it was all indistinct and undefined. But recently the bright sun of infinite truth has poured its rays upon me, and, like a flower in spring, I have budded and bloomed into life—life, conscious, real and active life.

I am here to-day, that I may, if possible, stretch my hand across the field of battle, and death, and shake hands with those that I've not forgotten—that are still twined around my spirit by innumerable chords of attraction. Yes, my friends live on Southern soil.

I am Julia Mosely, niece of one whom I know you do not revere. I have parents in my Southern home; I have brothers, or one at least, has come to me from the battle-field. My mother has indistinct ideas concerning the return of the spirit. I hope, but how, I know not, to reach her. I want to assure them, one and all, that I live; that life here is a reality; that I can now answer the question that I could not answer when I was changing worlds. It was this: "Julia, do you know us?" Julia, are you conscious? Do you fear to go? Have you faith in God? I know them; I was conscious but could not reply. I have faith in God. I was sixteen years of age and twenty-two days. My disease, the kind, was consumption; I presume it was. Farewell, sir.

Feb. 14.

Invocation.

Father, Spirit, thou who hast folded us in the arms of the Infinite through all the past as in the present, we can trust thee, we can love thee, we can serve and worship thee in spirit, and in truth. Though we may never know thee, save through thy wondrous laws, though we may ever fall to comprehend thee, yet we can worship thee, we can praise thee, we can send out toward thee the silent adorations of our being. Oh God, we can praise thee as the starbeams praise thee. We can worship thee as the flowers do with their fragrance. As old ocean praises thee, so can we. As its wild billows dash forever and forever upon the shore with a mysterious sound, worshipping thy law and thine Almighty Presence, so, too, can we thy children, thy subjects of love, worship thee. Oh our Father, as these thy children are enabled to gaze into the dim vista of the past, as they gaze through History and Science, into the far, far-off past, and can know somewhat of the present, we do not wonder that they stretch out their hands toward the unknown future, asking to know of its life, asking where they are, and whether they are tending? Oh God, did we ask any special blessing in their behalf, it would be that the stone might be rolled away from the sepulchre of every soul, that they might look into that future and see somewhat of its glory, somewhat of its divine reality. Oh, we thank thee, Great Spirit of Life, that midnight is passing away; even now the mists of the morning are beginning to disappear, and souls are coming up out of the ignorance of the past, crowned with wisdom and praising thee because of Infinite Truth. Oh God, all life praises thee, from the smallest atom up to the soul in its grandeur and power. Everything that thou hast fashioned praises thee in its own way. All turn to thee alike with thanksgiving. The murderer, they who have traveled down the steep of misery and crime, who have quaffed from the cup of human degradation, oh God, even they praise thee; in the inner sanctuaries of their souls they sometimes praise thee. Oh, the angels see it; though men in human form cannot. So, oh God, as all things praise thee continually, we, too, must ever praise thee. Father, Spirit, our life, our strength, our divine inheritance, we render thee infinite thanks for all thou hast given us; we praise and adore thee for all that which is to come.

Questions and Answers.

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

CHAIRMAN.—W. C., of Spring Valley, Minn., writes as follows:

Ques.—I wish to ask at your Free Circles, if a vein of water under ground attracts a twig of willow or hazel in the hands of some person? If so, what is the philosophy?

Ans.—We cannot believe that a vein of water passing under the surface of the earth can attract a twig of willow in the hands of one person any more than another. Indeed, we ignore the idea altogether.

Q.—A correspondent from Kelloggville, Ohio, wishes to know whether the doctrine held forth by a preacher in that place, Sunday, Jan. 22, 1886, that all souls of the unconverted when they die progress so rapidly when they enter the spirit-world that in a short time their torment is so increased that it will be equal to the torment of all the damned souls that have been there, and that that torment will increase to all eternity, is true or false?

A.—False in every sense. At least so far as our experience goes, it is false.

Q.—Will the intelligence please tell us how we may be of service to the mediums? The answers characterize the answers of letters written to our spirit friends. I have communicated twice, and each time have asked the same question. At one time the answer was very distinct; the next time—although the same words were written—I received a very incorrect reply. Both times I wrote to the same friend?

A.—Simply because the disembodied spirit in answering the ideas, did not simply take cognizance of the writing, but of the ideas. Now, if they were confused, why then the answer would partake of that confusion. If they were clear and distinct, rest assured that under favorable circumstances the answers would be correspondingly clear and distinct. Sometimes such questions are asked out of mere curiosity. Under such circumstances, the answers may possibly—and will very probably—correspond to the questions.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent from Buckfield, Me., desires us to present the following questions to the controlling spirits of our circles:

Q.—Dr. Child has somewhere said, and I think the same has been advanced by the controlling spirits of this circle, that whatever we may do of evil in this life does not in the least affect the soul. We are again told by spirits that *intemperance does materially affect the soul*; that persons addicted to intemperate habits in this life, on being disembodied, experience the same desire for drink; and in consequence of that desire and the effects of drinking upon the soul, their progress is retarded. What is your opinion?

A.—The soul is a term used to convey the idea of God incarnated in the flesh. Now if this same soul is God in the human, it follows that whatever that human may do, it cannot contaminate the God-principle. If it is not God, then it is not immortal. Now it has many times been affirmed by disembodied intelligences that the soul cannot be affected by human conditions. This is true in the best, broadest and divinest sense. The manifestation of soul must of necessity correspond with the machine through which it manifests; but the soul itself, as a divine, God-given essence, is ever perfect and entirely pure.

Q.—A. J. Davis says in his Harbinger of Health, that all disease originates in the soul-principle. How then are we to believe that pain and suffering consequent upon disease ends when the body dies? If disease can originate in the soul to-day in earth-life, why should it not to-morrow in spirit life? For the same author says, "Death makes no change in the soul." Also that the body without the soul has no sense of suffering which we know. Suffering then must belong to the soul. How can it be otherwise?

A.—Hear your correspondent is laboring under another very great mistake. The soul is incapable of suffering. You cannot burn it, you cannot freeze it, you cannot drown it. It is a part and portion of divine life. A. J. Davis, of the intelligences through him, desires, no doubt, to convey this idea to the mind in human, that all disease was projected from the spiritual into the physical; the spirit being the power by which all in harmony, as all harmony, is attracted to itself. Now the body, as a body, could not be diseased if it were not inhabited by a living spirit. What A. J. Davis, of the intelligences through him, meant to say was, that disease originated in the imponderable forces pervading the body, not in the body itself.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent, H. L., writes from North Iowa, as follows:

Q.—It is stated in the Banner of Feb. 4, 1886, by the presiding spirit at your circle, that the "life, mind, or spirit" is God; implying that life, mind

and spirit are all veritable terms and are God. In a former issue it was stated that the suffering manifested in the flesh was of the spirit, that the material part had no feeling but that derived from the spirit. Again, that the soul is not affected by suffering, or sorrow, or by sin. Will the said spirit be so kind as to give such an explanation of these apparent discrepancies as will enable us to form a just conception? It appears to me, from the above, that the soul, being incapable of suffering, and the spirit being the source of it, they must be distinct existences. I have been led to the conclusion, perhaps erroneously, that life is inherent in matter. That life and mind were one, but could not come to any satisfactory conclusion about the soul and spirit, but inclined to consider them as identical. The assertions above stated coming from such a source, have thrown confusion upon my mind on this subject. Please throw light upon it, and oblige an earnest seeker for truth.

A.—That question has been already answered.

Q.—Is the soul affected by its surroundings?

A.—Not as a soul.

Q.—What is it, then, that we suffer pain from when we are dissatisfied with our surroundings?

A.—You do not suffer in your soul surroundings. The body, the external body, is the garment of the spirit. That suffers through physical life, by virtue of the action of soul-life upon it, and so on all through the long line of externalities through which the soul is always surrounded, ever attended. The soul itself cannot suffer. You might as well talk of God's dying with typhoid fever.

Q.—Are departed spirits sensible of what is going on around their earth-friends?

A.—They are.

Q.—If soul, or life, is God, and governed by God's laws, will you explain how?

A.—No, that we cannot do. You have exhibition of the governmental force law by which you are surrounded; and continually every day and hour of your being, you are held in the unswerving grasp of law, forever. You cannot escape it.

Q.—Then law is God?

A.—Well, you might call it so.

Q.—Then soul must be governed by itself, if it is God?

A.—Surely it is. We have never been able to discern any difference in the principle of life that pervades all animate, and so-called inanimate objects whatever. To us it is the same. The manifestations only are different, the external, the body, or the clothing. Music is music, whether projected through a flute or organ. The vibrations of sound are different through different instruments, but it is all music. So it is with soul life. Deity may exist in the blushing rose, or the majestic human body. It is God all the same.

The same power that controls the world's rolling in space, controls you and I; and if it controls us, it is part of us.

Q.—What is the condition in the spirit-world of two persons deceased, the one being mortal, the other immortal?

A.—Well, so far as their surroundings are concerned they differ as much there as they did here. The immortal man, immediately after the change called death, has lost nothing by the change except the physical body. You may expect to find such spirits, after death, where life in the physical leaves them. They are just the same, when you consider that immortality was a part of that spiritual—not the material—belonged to the spiritual. It is very natural to suppose that the spirit took its wardrobe with it.

Q.—Is there any difference between the term soul and spirit?

A.—Well, they are used to convey different ideas. By soul we mean that divine essence that makes you an immortal being, allies you to God. By spirit we mean the surroundings of the soul, the atmosphere, the aura, the body through which it manifests.

Q.—That being so, why, in consulting a medium, does a person ask if their spirit-friend is present?

A.—Because you are more conversant with the term than the other. It makes no difference whether you call it spirit, a ghost, John or George, or whatever you will. If he succeeds in identifying himself to your satisfaction, it matters not what raft he comes.

Q.—Are conditions in the spirit-world counted by spheres?

A.—Well, no, they are not. Spheres are merely conditions of mind, or spirit. You might as well count your conditions by spheres here, as in the spirit-world. You all exist in different spheres even here; and you are just as much in the spirit world proper to-day, as you ever will be. No, that, no doubt, is a very mysterious assertion; some, but it is true, nevertheless. You are living, acting in the spirit-world to-day.

Q.—Can you tell me the name of any spirit that surrounds the speaker?

A.—No, we cannot.

Q.—Are there a number present here to-day?

A.—Yes, there are many.

Q.—Will you give any explanations?

A.—No, we do not wish so to do. That question is of a personal nature; entirely too much for publication.

Q.—Under what influence did Miss Doten appear last Sabbath?

A.—Under the combined influence of many intelligences; not one, but many.

Q.—Whose voice was imitated by her?

Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we daily see
About our little, angelic, that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LORD BYRON.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;

OR,
MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND JOE.

CHAPTER VI.

It was many weeks before Marianna could forget to watch for Susie's pleasant face in the sunny parlor. Sometimes, when she went down by the oak grove, or into the meadow, she thought she could hear the sweet tones of Susie's voice, and then everything seemed beautiful to her, and full of glorious life; the flowers seemed glowing, and the grass and trees looked like the reflection of something brighter and more lovely than themselves. When she told Mr. Tom of this, he said:

"It is Susie's spirit speaking to your spirit, and helping you to see her beautiful home through the lovely things of earth."

Marianna had found out one thing, that when she was glad in herself, through her own love and goodness, everything else seemed beautiful. But if she felt ill-natured and fretful, and had no joy within herself, nothing about her seemed good or beautiful. As the bright sunlight warmed up the earth, and made everything radiant and lovely—even the dull rocks and the dark soil—so the sunlight of her spirit made everything full of beauty.

It was arranged as Susie wished, that Marianna and her mother should give up their home in the humble brown cottage, and live with Mr. Tom. Mr. Werter had kindly offered to take Willie to his home in town, and educate him as his son. Willie was very much delighted with the idea of going. It seemed to him very fine to live in so nice a house, and to be so near the grand shops full of wonderful things. He did not know that nothing is so good as dear and loving friends, and that he should miss his mother and Marianna far more than he now missed fine carpets and furniture.

And now, as the bright summer wore on, every day was full of gladness, and yet Marianna began to feel as if it was not quite so pleasant to leave her humble home as she thought. As the sun crept around the corner, and entered the window and lighted up the rose-bush, she thought that it was a more beautiful ornament than fine curtains or carpets. Here, too, was the place where she had tried to grow good and loving. Here was Willie's bench, that he had so long called his stage-coach, and the old clock that had ticked so faithfully; here was the old table, with its round top, and around which they had had so many pleasant talks. Indeed, everything seemed good to her now that she thought of leaving it, and she was not quite sure that any place would ever be so dear as her own simple home.

When she thought of Willie's going, she wished she had never been freed to him. She remembered how she had fretted because he would not do just as she wished, and all the memories of her kindness to him were sweeter to her than any selfish pleasures she had gained.

"Shall you like to think of me when you are away?" said she to him.

"Oh yes, of course," said he, "when I get time; but you see I shall have a great many things to think about—monkeys and—"

"Monkeys before me? Oh Willie!"

"Oh no, not before you; but, then, monkeys are very funny, and I do mean to save up all my money and buy one for you; then you won't miss me. Do not laugh, Marianna; I do mean to, and I'll send it home in a basket, and you can teach it to sit in my chair and make bows."

Everything looked more fine to Willie in town than before, for he thought to himself, "Now I am almost a man, and am to live like other men in this great city." He took leave of Mr. Tom, who had brought him to the city, like a hero, and greeted his friend Mr. Werter like a gentleman. He was quite too proud to cry when he found himself alone, but he was very glad when bedtime came, and he could go to sleep while thinking of the sunshine and flowers of Oakland.

Mr. Werter was very kind to Willie, and never spoke harshly to him; but he loved his books and music, and would sit for hours reading or playing on his fine organ. Sometimes Willie would wake in the night and hear the sweet sounds, and he fancied that the angels filled the room, and that they came through the great pipes of the organ; for these pipes were too high for the room below, and so an opening had been made into the room where Willie slept. He fancied in his dreams that the sweet sounds were living things that floated about his bed, and kissed his forehead and smoothed his hair; and he told Mr. Werter of this, who took him gently by the hand, and bade him sit down while he told him a true story about music.

"When I was a little boy, there came to visit my father a great musician. As I told you, I lived in beautiful Germany, where every one loved music; but this musician not only loved it, but he lived it. You do not understand what I mean, but you will as I go on with my story. He seemed to love everybody, and to wish every one to be good and loving. I was a very cross, ill-natured boy at that time, for I was born sick, and as my father and mother thought that the way to treat sick boys was to let them be very selfish, I had grown so petulant and fretful that no one knew how to live with me.

This gentle, loving musician watched me for many days. He played sweet airs to me on his fine-toned violin; he told me interesting stories, and I grew to love him very much. I was very fond of music, and was never happier than when he imitated the storm on his instrument, or the whispering wind, or played the songs of the different flowers. But my happiness did not last very long, and I soon began to fret again at my mother and my dear little sister.

One day, my friend the musician called me to him, and asked how I would like to have a concert at his house. I was delighted with the plan, and thought I should be able to be very good and loving until the time; but I shook my sister in half an hour after, because she would not get down quickly enough and give me a seat that I wanted. And I screamed and kicked because my mother thought it best that I should not eat a whole rich cake.

As this musician was very much beloved by all the people in the country for his goodness, he was able to assemble for his concert all the great players near and far; but only loved the music of sweet sounds, but all other kinds of music, he had no room for. He was very kind, and he arranged them with so much taste, that I think no other could have been so beautiful. I remember that he said to me, 'The sunshine is the

great musician who makes the flowers and the leaves and the grass play such beautiful melodies. If you are good enough, you can hear the songs of the flowers on any bright sunny morning.'

We had, too, many children present, and he ordered them dressed in various colors, so that they looked like flowers themselves. Oh the beauty of that summer's evening I shall never forget! It was a cool, starlight night, and the fresh air came in at the open windows, moving the wreaths of flowers, so that they sent out their most delicious fragrance; everything seemed to me like heaven, for I was not cross just then.

When the company had all assembled in our large parlors, the musicians entered, each with some flower pinned on his breast. The leader had a white rose and a violet. The concert commenced—oh, what a gush of sweet sounds! I could not sit still for delight. I thought of all the beautiful things I had ever seen or known. I imagined the flowers were singing, and the stars; and when the sweet sounds died away, I cried because they had stopped. Then followed other pieces, and I grew so happy and still that they thought me asleep. But just at the close, I heard the beloved musician untune his violin. The closing piece commenced, but oh, what horrid sounds! He played altogether out of tune. My ear was so sensitive to sweet melody that this made me really distressed. All the rest of the company went on with their grand harmony; but this one violin grated and jarred until every one was half crazed. What did it mean? Had the good man gone mad? Still he played on, making most discordant sounds, until I felt really angry. I forgot all the sweet melodies I had heard, and I seemed to be filled with a dreadful sense of pain. Finally, all the musicians quietly untuned their instruments, and there was a jargon of sound most dreadful to me. They continued to play until I could bear it no longer, and I screamed and turned pale, and I believe, fell on the floor.

The concert closed, and the company dispersed. The musician laid aside his violin, took me in his arms, carried me to his room, and held me in his lap, and gently smoothed my hair. At last, when I was quiet, he said:

'You did not like our concert?'

'What did you do it for?' said I; 'it was very bad in you. I don't love you much now.'

'There was once,' said he, 'a beautiful home, and everybody in it was loving and good, except one—that is, they all made sweet music in their lives, except one, who played out of tune very often, and so spoiled all the sweet harmony.'

'Oh, you mean me,' said I.

'Yes; you are just like my untuned violin,' said he. 'You can make the sweetest of melody, but you play out of tune; you make dreadful discords where might be most glorious harmony. I wanted you to hear yourself. Every day since I have been here, I have heard that same tune played, and it was you who made all the jars. I thought if you knew about it, you would tune up your violin—that is, you would make your heart give forth the sweet music that lies within it—the music of love, of patience, of goodness. And then you heard the horrid sound of all the instruments out of tune. That was like some of the discords of this world—many people hating and injuring each other. Was it not dreadful? Now if I had tuned up my violin, and then could have made the rest do so, we should have had the sweetest of melody. Just so it always is: if we keep our own hearts loving and true, we do not make discords; and if we can cause others to become loving and good, then we are like the great Musician—the great all-loving Father, who wishes us continually to play in harmony, and give forth the sweet sounds from our hearts.'

'I wish I could be good,' I said, at last. 'I hate bad sounds; I don't want to be the bad sounding violin.'

'There is a place they call heaven,' said he, 'but there no one makes discords; all have loving hearts, and in that heaven all is like grand music. There are loving angels there that know all that we wish, and they know if we desire to be good. They come to help us all keep our hearts in tune; and we, too, can become like angels, by helping others tune their hearts so that they may make sweet melody. If you grow up to be a man, try and see how many you can make join the sweet music of heaven; but be sure that you join it yourself. Be sure that your violin is always in tune.'

And then he began to sing to me, and I fell asleep. The next day I remembered all he had said. I began to tune my violin—that is, I tried not to be cross or ill-natured, but to see how loving and good I could be. I found it very easy to make music, instead of discord, and soon I lost my fretful ways, and they called me a loving boy; and ever since I have tried to see how many hearts I could make give out sweet melody. Like the sunshine, that causes the flowers to grow, and everything to become beautiful, so a loving heart can make gladness everywhere.

When you think that you feel the sweet sounds about you, then you may be sure that the angels are playing some of their divine melodies, because your heart is in tune. Try, Willie, to be a great musician, and to keep the world about you ever in tune.

I must not forget to tell you," added Mr. Werter, "that we had another concert, and it was full of melody, and no one untuned their instruments. And I was permitted to sing, with my little sister, a song composed by the musician; and then we had dancing, and a great feast, and they called it the birth-night of my soul; and for many years we celebrated it with music and flowers, until my dear mother went to live with the angels, and my sister also; and then I only kept the birth-night in my heart, by trying to do good deeds, and by listening to the sweet songs of heaven. Now, Willie, do not forget the untuned violin."

[To be continued in our next.]

To Correspondents.

We must pray the indulgence of several friends, whose letters have so long been unanswered. There are seasons when cares and experiences come rapidly, and when the hands are tied by new and strong bonds; but nothing binds the heart, or prevents the course of loving thoughts. They have gone out these spring days to the many who send us love and good wishes. Next week we trust to resume our correspondence.

EDUCATION.—Without knowledge, without science, without education, a nation cannot long be free. A humble village schoolhouse, with the unpretending schoolmaster and ragged urchins, are more terrible to the despots than legions of armed soldiers. Rear your children in ignorance, and they are ready to be made slaves; educate them, teach them how to be free, and no power on earth can enslave them.

A little six-year-old "down eastern," on hearing his father congratulate his friends on the fall of gold, cried out in glee, "Oh, that's splendid. I guess cotton balls won't be two cents apiece now!"

The first fair manufactured in Maine was sold by auction in Portland, Saturday, 16, brought from \$6 75 to \$7 per barrel.

Correspondence in Brief.

Spirit Pictures.

Allusion was made some weeks since to spirit pictures, and it may be interesting to the readers of the Banner, I propose to give you some of the results.

Mr. Mary Wood, the medium, was formerly a bitter opponent of the spiritual philosophy. About four years since, she was induced to attend a Spiritualist's lecture to be delivered by Miss Rosa T. Amesley. She went, hoping that if there was anything in spiritualism she might be made to know it this evening. Miss Amesley was entranced, and was Mrs. Wood, who, at the close of the lecture, was led half-unconsciously to her home. A severe sickness ensued, during which it was ascertained that for some time spirit-friends had been trying to get control, but they were unsuccessful until, and that in order to more fully accomplish their object—that of making her a medium—it was found necessary to cause this embodied state of health. From that time she has been more or less under their guardianship.

At first she was controlled to make straight marks; then to write mechanically, and soon there was found at the close of her writings features of persons; and this, step by step, she was led, until now the pictures are 18 x 14.

The medium is unconscious most of the time while painting. Occasionally she is permitted to see the picture for a few minutes, and then is conscious until they are finished. The room is darkened, but not entirely dark at all times, though such has been the case; and even on one occasion, when the medium was suffering from erysipelas, and both eyes polluted, she was made to get up and paint a picture.

At first, directions were written concerning the tools and materials to be used, and water colors were tried; but the spirits being dissatisfied, direct colors, and they have been used since.

One would think the pictures, and I will no longer tax your patience. Are they recognized? I answer, Yes; but not always. I have two. The first contains, in the center, a picture of my sister, whose countenance and dress I at once recognized. On the right and left, is represented an old gentleman and lady, the gentleman holding a child—probably his grandchild—the lady smiling at an old spinning-wheel. I was quite sure they were my father and mother, as they resemble the family very much. This picture has been affirmed by two mediums. The second picture represents, in part, a graveyard. On the right is one grave, with two on the left. Near the graves upon the left there are several children, and among them I recognize two little boys that were buried in the town of W. One of them was very fond of tomatoes, and the little cherub of the summer-land is represented holding one of these love-apples to his mouth.

I have buried two children in W., and one in Plymouth. These graves are on the right and on the left, and to represent the two places. I consider them excellent tests.

That none may expect too much, let me repeat that we do not always get what we want. There are several in town, none of which are so positively identified as my own, yet all are handsome pictures. One friend has a group of ten, none of which he recognizes; also a very handsome landscape, given as a symbol by his spirit-friends.

Mrs. Wood is at present located in West Haverhill, Mass.

Yours for Truth and Humanity,
Plymouth, March 20, 1865. D. A. DUNLAP.

Worcester, Mass.

Enclosed find five dollars, for which you will please send me your Light for another year, and the balance you can apply to the good of our cause wherever you please. Direct to L. Eaton, Worcester, Mass. I have been a reader of the Banner for some time, and a Spiritualist twelve years.

The Spiritual Philosophy is gaining ground here fast. Brother Fish and Elder Grant are holding their discussion, with great profit to our cause. Our Association has just completed the organization of a Children's Lyceum, with good prospects of success. High hopes are entertained of its usefulness as a helper in the spread of spiritual truth. By the choice of Dr. Richards for their leader, the friends of the Lyceum have secured an earnest soul, honestly dedicated to the work of progress, and the current year is ended we may fairly expect to see the list of names to our Lyceum largely increased, and also a proportionate increase of the members of the Spiritual Association, of which the Doctor is President.

April 3. L. EATON.

Home, Pa.

Jacob Wickes says, after an absence of twenty-six years he has returned to Rome. "In my youth," he says, "not a ray of light from the spirit-world gleamed on the dark and benighted minds in this community. . . . But now light begins to dawn at last on the rising generation, and with especial potency on independent minds. We have an excellent and earnest circle of Spiritualists here, and a very prominent and fine speaker is here. There is a cry set up against Spiritualists here by sectarians, the ignorant and superstitious, that they repudiate the Bible. This led me to attempt to show, in a few discourses, the similarity between ancient Spiritualism, as recorded in the Bible, and modern Spiritualism, as recorded in the Banner of Light. My audiences were attentive and respectful, and I trust that some minds have been enlightened. In every community where I have been, I find persons anxious to know more about the Spiritual Philosophy, and feel that we have much to encourage us to labor on with patience."

Spirit Pictures.

Declining health has compelled me to resign my office of Examining Surgeon for Pensions, and I therefore, in withdrawing retirement, return to my former home, Haverhill, Mass. I propose to devote my remaining working days to painting, and supplying the demand for photographs of the "Descent of the Angels," and the "Prophet." Of the first I have three sizes—small size, to go by mail, fifty cents; medium size, two dollars and fifty cents; large size, five dollars. Of the Prophet, small size to mail, fifty cents; medium size, two dollars. The many letters that I receive in return assure me that no one is disappointed in these pictures.

My address hereafter will be, Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y.

March 30th, 1865. C. D. GRISWOLD.

Michigan City.

Samuel Eddy writes, under date of March 21st, that the good people of that place had been favored with three lectures, through the mediumship of Mr. W. A. D. Hume, whom he considers one of the best trance speakers he ever heard, and deserves to be well sustained. He bids him God-speed wherever he goes on his divine mission.

Some idea of the astonishing improvements made in printing presses, and the immense rapidity with which papers can now be printed, may be gathered from a statement recently made in the London Standard, from which it appears that there are now in daily use on its premises four most powerful machines by Messrs. Hoe & Company, and one by Messrs. Dryden; but, owing to the steadily increasing demand for the Standard, it has been found necessary to augment still further the machinery of the establishment.

The proprietors have, therefore, contracted with the Messrs. Hoe for a new machine, with all the latest improvements, which is already on its way from New York; and put in operation, will so augment the printing facilities of the proprietors of the Standard, as to enable them to strike off eighty-five thousand copies per hour of that paper.

During the examination of a witness as to the location of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him: "Which way do the stairs run?" The witness very innocently replied, "One way they run up stairs and the other way they run down stairs." The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

A young fellow once
"Friend," said he, "I thought to kiss a Quakeress;
by 'Jove, but 't must," said not do it." "Oh,
friend, as thee hast sworn, the youth. "Well,
thee must not make a practice of my do; but
as you can, so that you can carry them yepce
and not let them annoy others."

Remember! pack your cases in as much
as you can, so that you can carry them yepce
and not let them annoy others."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont-st., opposite the school street, every Sunday afternoon, 2 o'clock, and evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission, ten cents. Lecturer engaged—Miss Lizette Doty during April.

Boston Spiritualists' Conference will meet every Thursday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, at the Lyceum Hall, Tremont-st., opposite the school street. All are invited. Admission free. Country within a radius of one mile. Address, B. J. Ricker, 24 and 26.

The Bible Christian Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in the Lyceum Hall, Tremont-st., opposite the school street, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular lecturer. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, 24 and 26.

The Spiritualists of Boston have hired a hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. B. H. Cranford, Chelsea, Mass. Speaker engaged—Mrs. F. W. Graves, during April; Mrs. M. A. Ricker, during May; Mrs. S. J. Byrnes, during June.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Meetings are held in Bruce's Hall, every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged—Mrs. A. Currier, April 23 and 30, and June 4 and 11. Mrs. S. J. Byrnes, May 7 and 14; Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, May 21 and 28.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Church. Services in the forenoon at 10 A. M., and in the afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock. The Spiritualists hold meetings in Quincy Hall, regularly at 2 and 7 1/2 P. M.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Leyden Hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, one-half the time. Speaker engaged—Miss Martha L. Beckwith, May 6 and 13. The Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee street Church.

"The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 10 A. M. The following lecturers are engaged to speak afternoon and evening, during April: Mrs. A. Currier, April 23 and 30; Mrs. M. A. Ricker, during April; Charles A. Hayden, during May.

Haverhill, Mass.—The Spiritualists and Liberal minds of Haverhill have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Sarah A. Horton, during April; Mrs. W. A. Currier, during May; Mrs. E. A. Currier, June 4 and 11; Mrs. Emma Horton, June 18 and 25.

WORCESTER, MASS.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—Mrs. Lizette Doty, during April; Mrs. A. Currier, during May; Charles A. Hayden, during June.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, West street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. A. Currier, April 23 and 30; Mrs. M. A. Ricker, during April; Charles A. Hayden, during May.

PORTLAND, ME.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday, in Congress Hall, Clapp's Block, forenoon, afternoon and evening. Free Conference in the forenoon and evening, at 7 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. A. Currier, April 23 and 30; Mrs. M. A. Ricker, during April; Charles A. Hayden, during May.

OLD TOWN, ME.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milford and Upper Mills, hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Meetings every Sunday. Speaker—F. L. H. Willis.

THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.—The Spiritualists of New York hold their meetings at Ebbitt's Hall, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. The Spiritualists of New York hold their meetings at Ebbitt's Hall, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. The Spiritualists of New York hold their meetings at Ebbitt's Hall, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every day in Upper Library Hall, Market street, at 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized, and hold regular meetings at Music Hall, corner of Ninth and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

DAYTON, O.—The Spiritualists of Dayton, O., hold meetings every Sunday in Harmon Hall, Post Office building, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Spiritualist Meetings are held every Sunday, in the new hall corner of D and 9th streets.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves lecturers and teachers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.)

MISS LIZZIE DOTY will speak in Boston during April; in New York City during May; in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice. Many correspondents will note the above announcement. Address as above, or Pavilion, 67 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

J. S. LOVELAND will lecture in Chelsea, April 9. Address, Boston Light office, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. LAURA CURRY will lecture in Worcester during April; in Malden during May; in Bangor, Me., during June; in Haverhill during August; in Portland, Me., during October. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice. Address as above, or Pavilion, 67 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Williamstown, Conn., April 18; in Hartford, April 23 and 30; in Haverhill during May; in Lowell during June; in Portland, Me., during October. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice. Address as above, or Pavilion, 67 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.

DR. L. K. COOMLEY will lecture and heal in Chatsworth, Elkhart, Pa., during April; in and vicinity from the 10th to the 15th of June. He will receive no remuneration for the Banner of Light. Address, care of J. C. Stone, 100 N. Main st., Haverhill, Mass.

M. H. HOUTON will speak in Malden, Mass., June 18 and 25.

MRS. HULL will speak in Paw Paw, Mich., April 13 and 18; in Adams, April 30; debate with Elder Stephen May, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, and 1st of May; in Haverhill, June 11, 18, and 25; in Coldwater, Mich., June 18 and 25.

A. B. WHITMAN, of Michigan, will speak in Providence, R. I., during May; in Charleston, Mass., during June. Will receive no remuneration for the Banner of Light. Address, Albion, Mich., till May 1st; afterwards as above.

Mrs. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER will lecture in Providence, R. I., April 16; in Worcester, Mass., during May. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. MARY L. DEWEY, trance speaker, will lecture in Lowell during April; in Plymouth, Mass., June 6 and 13; in Portland, Me., May 20 and 27, and during September. Address at New Bedford, care of Geo. Beckwith.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Charleston, April 16; in Providence, R. I., April 23 and 30; in Lowell during May; in Worcester during June.

Mrs. M. B. TOWNSEND speaks in Troy, N. Y., during April and May; in New York City, during June; in New Bedford, during August. Address as above.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the first Sunday in Bridgeport on the second Sunday, and in East Bethel on the fourth Sunday of every month during the coming year.

WARREN CHASE will lecture during April in the City Hall, Syracuse, N. Y. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. SARAH A. NUTT will speak in Portland, Me., April 16; in New Bedford, Mass., during May; in Woodstock, Vt., during June, 11, 18 and 25, and July 9, 16 and 23. Address as above, or Clarendon, N. H.

J. M. FERRIS will speak in Milwaukee, Wis., during April. J. M. FERRIS lectures in Memphis, Tenn., during April. J. M. FERRIS lectures in Memphis, Tenn., during April. J. M. FERRIS lectures in Memphis, Tenn., during April.

Mrs. P. O. HYZER will lecture in Baltimore during April; and in Washington during March. Address, 861 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md.

ISAAC P. GREENELEY will speak in Lowell, Me., April 16; in New Bedford, Mass., during May; in New York City, during June, 11, 18 and 25, and July 9, 16 and 23. Address as above, or Clarendon, N. H.

Mrs. A. P. BROWN will speak in Danville, Vt., every other Sunday until further notice. She will attend funerals if desired. Address, 81 Johnson street, Vt.

Miss SUSIE M. JOHNSON will speak in Belfast, Me., April 16; in New Bedford, Mass., during May; in New York City, during June, 11, 18 and 25, and July 9, 16 and 23. Address as above, or Clarendon, N. H.

Mrs. LYDIA ANN PARALL will lecture one-half the time at Utica and Washington, Mich., until further notice.

Mrs. S. A. HAZEN will speak in Haverhill, Mass., during April; in Haverhill, Mass., during May; in Haverhill, Mass., during June; in Haverhill, Mass., during July; in Haverhill, Mass., during August; in Haverhill, Mass., during September; in Haverhill, Mass., during October; in Haverhill, Mass., during November; in Haverhill, Mass., during December.

Mrs. BUNN A. HURCOMB will lecture in Cincinnati, Ohio, during April. Permanent address for the present, Syracuse, N. Y.

J. G. FINE will speak in Philadelphia, May 7 and 14. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address, Providence, R. I., care of Dr. B. H. Cranford, Chelsea, Mass.

W. K. BIRLEY will speak in Stockport, N. Y., April 16, 23 and 30; in Medina, May 7, 14 and 21. Address as above, or Clarendon, N. H.

W. A. D. HUME will speak in Elmville, Wis., April 16 and 23. Will make no other engagements to lecture until further notice.

Mrs. EMMA HOUTON will lecture in Somerville, Ct., April 16; in Somerville, Ct., during May; in Somerville, Ct., during June; in Somerville, Ct., during July; in Somerville, Ct., during August; in Somerville, Ct., during September; in Somerville, Ct., during October; in Somerville, Ct., during November; in Somerville, Ct., during December.

Mrs. ALMA M. L. FORTY, M.D., of Philadelphia, will lecture upon spiritualism, physical and mental, and dress reform, through the medium of a clairvoyant, in New York City, during April. Address, 485 State street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. A. L. GALE, trance speaker, will receive calls to