

Literary Department.

THE LAW OF LIFE.

(An Inspirational Poem, given by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the close of her lecture in Mercantile Hall, in this city, March 10th, 1867. Reported for the BANNER OF LITERATURE BY H. P. Gardner.)

Deeply musing
On the many mysteries of life;
Half exalting
All man's seeming failures in the strife;
Through the city
Did I take my lonely way at night;
Filled with pity
For the miseries that met my sight,
In the faces, sickly, sad and sunken,
In the faces, meager, mean and shrunken,
Wanton, leering, passionate and drunken,
Which I saw that night,
Passing through the city—
Saw them by the street lamps' changing light.
Burning brightly,
Looked the watching stars from heaven above;
As if lightly
They beheld these wrecks of human love.
"Oh how distant!"
Said I, "are they from this earth apart."
How resistant
To the woes that rend the human heart!
Countless worlds! your radiant courses rounding,
With your light the depth of distance sounding,
Is there not some fount of love abounding?
Oh thou starlight night
Brooding o'er the city!
Would that truth might as thy stars shine bright."
Very lightly
Was a woman's hand laid on my arm,
Pressing slightly—
And a voice said—striving to be calm—
"I am dying,
Slowly dying for the want of love;
Vainly trying
To believe there is a God above.
For I feel that I am sinking slowly,
Losing daily faith and patience lowly,
Doomed to ways of sin and deeds unholy.
All the weary night,
Through this cruel city
Do I wander till the morning light.
"Hear me kindly,
For I am not what I would have been,
If most blindly
I had not been tempted unto sin.
I am lonely,
And I long to shriek in anguish wild,
Oh if only
I could be once more a little child!
See! my eyes are weary worn with weeping;
Sorrow's tide across my soul is sweeping;
God no longer holds me in his keeping—
I have prayed to-night
Wandering through the city,
That I might not see the morning light."
Breathless, gazing
On her pallid and impassioned face,
How amazing
Was the likeness that I there could trace!
"Sister!" "Brother!"
From our lips as by one impulse broke.
Not another
Word, for a brief space of time we spoke.
But the sweet and tender recollection
Of our childhood, with its fond affection,
And at last, the broken, lost connection,
Came afresh that night,
Standing in the city
Underneath the street-lamps' changing light.
Pale and slender,
Like a lily did she bow her head.
Low and tender
Was the earnest tone in which she said—
"Oh my brother!
Tell me of our father—" "He is dead."
"And our mother?"
"And she, also, rests in peace," I said.
Only to pay grievous words replying,
By a long-drawn, deep and painful sighing,
Sinking downward, as if crushed and dying,
Did she seem that night,
Standing in the city
Underneath the street-lamps' changing light.
Wherefore should I
Thrust her from my guilty heart away?
Ah, how could I!
Whatsoever the righteous world might say—
She, my sister,
One who shared in mine own life a part—
Nay, I kissed her,
And upraised her to a brother's heart.
And I said, "Henceforth we will not sever,
But with faith and patience falling never,
We will work for truth and right forever.
Ministers of light,
Watching o'er the city!
Guide! oh guide our erring feet aright!"
Gently o'er us
Came a breath of warm and balmy air,
And before us
Stood a man with silvery, flowing hair.
How appearing
From the murky gloom that round us fell,
Mild and cheering
In his presence, I could never tell.
But I say with solemn assertion,
That it was no fanciful creation,
Beating to this life no true relation,
Which we saw that night,
Standing in the city,
Underneath the street-lamps' changing light.
"Children!" said he,
"One of life's great lessons you are taught;
Be then ready
To apply the teaching as you ought.
All are brothers—
All are sisters in this lower life."

Many others
Make sad failures in the weary strife;
But each failure is a grand expression
Of the law which underlies progression,
Which will raise the soul above transgression.
Yes, this very night—
All throughout this city,
Every soul is striving toward the light!"

"Bruised and broken,
Many hearts in patient sorrow wait,
To hear spoken
Words of love, which often come too late.
Lift their crosses,
And their signs—the heaviest load of all—
Bear their losses,
And be patient with them when they fall."
Then he vanished, as the shadows parted,
Leaving us alone, but hopeful-hearted—
Gazing into space where he departed
From our wondering sight,
In that mazy city—
Vanished in the shadows of the night.
Sacred presence!
Dwelling just beyond our mortal sense,
Through thine essence,
Fill our beings with a life intense.
By creation
Man fulfills a destiny sublime,
And salvation
Comes to each in its appointed time.
In that region of celestial splendor,
Where the angel-faces look so tender,
Human weakness needeth no defender.
In the perfect light
Of the heavenly city,
Souls can read the law of life aright."

PICTURES OF REAL LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light, by Mrs. A. E. Porter.

CHAPTER IV.

Aunt Betsey in the City Churches.
Mrs. Horner was so desirous to get settled in her new lodgings, that she had her own and James's trunk packed by daylight, and before noon started to take possession. The little doctor was standing by his trunk, ready for departure, with the key of the rooms in his hand, which he delivered, and with a very sweet smile, that displayed his teeth in all their brilliant whiteness, and a low bow, he bade Aunt Betsey "good-morning," saying that he was going to Philadelphia in the next train.
The old lady, finding herself alone, locked her doors and went to work. She first threw off the white bed-spread, when, to her surprise, instead of nice blankets, such as covered all her beds at home, she found, first, an old cloth coat cape, next, a soiled, worn hearth rug, and then came two pieces of muslin just torn from the web for sheets. A cotton mattress was below this, resting on slats, one half of which were broken. The good housekeeper stood aghast: "What will poor Jim do?"
The dust of many months lay thick upon the bedstead. This roused her a little, and she went to work vigorously wiping it away, and while doing so, she recollected that she saw a carpenter's shop near the corner of the street. She would call him in to repair her bedstead. A good shaking of every article out of the open window raised a cloud of dust in the little back yard, and not a little remained on the shaker. "Never mind," she said to herself, with head tied up in an ample handkerchief, and dress protected by a huge apron, "plenty of warm water and soap here." Then she examined the old cape and hearth-rug critically, and shaking her head ruefully, exclaimed:
"They'll never do—never. Pahl! How strong they smell of tobacco!"
She then took off her head-gear and apron, shook the dust from them, and went into the bathing room. It was very cold. She turned one of the faucets—the little stream was icy cold; the other, of the same temperature. She stood beside them as they both ran; no change of temperature, or if any, colder. Aunt Betsey was a patient woman, and she waited; but patient waiting this time was a failure; no warm water came. With sad forebodings the good woman made her way to the basement, and knocked on the kitchen door. A pale, delicate, weary-looking little woman came to the door.
"May I ask, ma'am, if the warm water runs into the bathing room and the room overhead?"
Before the lady could reply, a man rose from beside a table which stood close to the small grated window of the kitchen, and was covered with little bits of iron and wood and small tools, and still holding a piece of steel in one hand, and a hammer in the other, came to the door and opening it wide, said:
"Walk in, ma'am; walk in, ma'am, and take a seat. You are the lady that has taken the rooms above?"
Now the man had a long beard and a ragged coat, and he was in a low, dingy basement kitchen, but Aunt Betsey felt at once that he was a gentleman, and his voice and his face pleased her.
"Thank you, I can't stop, sir; but when I hired the rooms yesterday, the young doctor up stairs told me that there was warm water in the room above and in the bathing room."
"Are you sure that you understood him, ma'am?"
"Perfectly sure. Isn't it so?"
"I'm sorry to say, ma'am, there is none, and not likely to be, as the range is not in use."
Aunt Betsey made no reply with her lips, but her heart said, "Poor Jim! No warm water!"
She rose to go. "Good-morning, I'll not trouble you longer; but I am very much disappointed."

"Can I help you any?" said the pale looking woman. "Here is hot water on my stove, if you would like."
"Thank you; I will take a little," and almost before the words were out of her mouth, the man had laid down his hammer and steel, filled a pail for her, and insisted upon carrying it up.

Aunt Betsey cleansed herself from the dust, made an examination of her pocket-book, and then prepared for a walk. She first went to the carpenter, who promised to come directly; then to a dry-goods store, where she paid fifteen dollars for a nice blanket, inwardly groaning as she thought of the pile of blankets in the linen-press at home.

"What will Si. say to my spending money so fast? But Jim must be made comfortable; he has no mother but me, and I shall fulfill my promise to be a mother to him."

It was late in the day when Aunt Betsey had finished her cleaning, and was ready for Jim; but she had made sundry discoveries: the marble table was broken, and only stood by being propped against the wall; the little dining table was lame in the joints, and one leg inclined at an angle of two or three degrees from its companion; the lace curtain on examination proved to be a coarse netting; the spout of the water-sink was clogged, and needed a plumber; and Aunt Betsey longed for the warm water when she examined through her spectacles the paint and the windows. But the worst trial of all that day was her unavailing effort to make a coal fire, and she was about giving up in despair when help came in her extremity. She had incautiously let her fire run very low, and without being aware of the obstinacy of anthracite, had piled on the coal, to have a famous fire when Jim should come. Alas! whoever expects this relic of ancient life, whose birth antedates that of the first man, to yield willingly to the present generation, will be woefully mistaken. Aunt Betsey, who could engineer her immense "Stewart's Wood Burning Cook" at home, making it the obedient slave of her will, giving out its heat in due proportion for the boiling of a custard or the roasting of a huge turkey, was brought to her wit's end over her little grate in her city lodgings. Weary, hungry, cold, troubled at her long delay from her sick boy, with visions of her bright, warm country home and ample kitchen, she stood over the black mass in despair, almost hopeless of ever seeing it otherwise. Just then, the man who had so kindly given her the warm water, came to the door for the pail. He saw her position, and divined her perplexity. He stepped forward, took out the coal, emptied the grate, brought paper and kindlings, and by the gentleness of one material won over the other: the paper coaxed the wood, the wood coaxed the coal, and soon the bright, glowing mass diffused its heat over the room. Aunt Betsey then hastened to poor Jim, who had become very impatient for her, and weak and nervous from long confinement. The tears came when she sat down by his bedside. Not one word of all her troubles did Aunt Betsey speak; but she gave her sick boy his medicine, smoothed his pillow, made him a cup of tea, and not till then did she eat the oysters which he had ordered for her.

Night found them in their new rooms, which the sick boy enjoyed exceedingly, and Aunt Betsey, wrapped in her blanket, shawl and cloak, slept sweetly upon the couch.
She was up early the next morning, and wrote the following note to Nellie:
MY DEAR CHILD—You may pack a few sheets and a couple of my thickest flannel blankets, and direct them to No. — Sixth Avenue, New York; and ask pa if he will send them by express to me. Jim is not quite as well to-day, but the doctor says I need not be alarmed; it is only the excitement of moving, and that one day of rest will make all right. I have no time to write. You must do the best you can while I am gone. Give the white cow some bran and meal, and have it nicely mixed in warm water; don't forget to leave the handle of the rain water pump up every night. Take good care of your father, and when the weather is very cold get out the warming-pan and warm his bed for him. Do everything you can for his comfort—there are not many girls who have so good a father.

Your affectionate mother,
BETSEY HORNER.

The doctor was right. The day of rest in a quiet room was of great benefit to Jim; but he was far from well, and as this day, Saturday, was, from the nature of his disease, expected to be a bad one, Aunt Betsey watched him closely, and remained by his side.
She felt very hard toward the smiling little doctor as she became more acquainted with her rooms, and learned how he had deceived her, and was quite angry with herself that she had been induced to pay so much money in advance. But of this she could say nothing.

The next day was Sunday—a bright, sunny day, so soft and mild the air that seemed as if spring had come weeks in advance. Jim laid quietly in his bed, watching the sunlight that lay in broad patches upon the carpet and lighted up the engraving of "Washington crossing the Delaware," which hung upon the wall.
Aunt Betsey, always an early riser, had taken breakfast, put her rooms in order, and now sat with a clean cap on and black silk apron over her new merino, reading the Bible. The unheeded cloth which served as an apology for sheets had so disturbed her mind, that he had turned away from the bed, and now sat with her back to it. She was glad that Jim had not noticed them. She was sure in her own mind that she could never get up from fever in bed where the sheets were not hommed.

"Aunt Betsey, will you read a chapter aloud?"
"Yes, indeed, Jim, if you like, but you know I ain't much of a scholar, and nowadays smart on hard words. If it was Nellie, now, you might take some pleasure in hearing her; but she hasn't got no such voice as her Aunt Lottie used to have. Why, Jim, when I heard her read in John, it seemed just as if she had caught the words as Jesus dropped them, before they had lost their sweetness and their power. I'm reading a psalm now that she used to read, because she said it seemed just like poetry. I'll read it to you."
And Aunt Betsey read, in rather a monotonous school-tone, to be sure, but still with an understanding heart, the psalm commencing, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."
Before she had finished, one of Jim's young friends from the store came in—the one who had been so kind through his sickness—and asked the privilege of staying awhile. Jim willingly assented, and said that he thought Aunt Betsey might like to go to church.
"Why, yes, I think I will. Somehow I always feel happier during the week when I go to meeting on Sunday. I carry all my troubles and leave them there."
So she put on her cloak and her dark straw bonnet with the brown ribbon, and her new kid gloves, and Jim thought, as he looked at her comely face, with the smooth hair on her brow, unadorned save by a simple lace ruche, that she was a very nice looking old lady. She knew just where she wanted to go; the minister up in "Cutney" had told her where she could find a preacher of her own persuasion, and she wished to hear him and see his immense church. The young gentleman halted the horse car, helped Aunt Betsey in, and told the driver where to stop—at a church near Sixth Avenue and Broadway. But we will let Aunt Betsey relate her own experience in church-going, promising that the following letter was not written until the evening of the following Sunday:
MY DEAR HUSBAND—I have been so busy with our sick boy that I could not write to you for the last week.
Jim's fever has passed its crisis, and he is now very weak, but the doctor thinks he will get along nicely. He sleeps a great deal, and as he lies asleep now, he looks so pale and thin that I can hardly keep the tears back. Did you ever think Si. what a handsome boy he is? How proud a mother would be of him! And yet he has never known any mother or father but ourselves. Sometimes I am glad of it, because I love him as well as if he were my own flesh and blood. How he laughed to-day when I told him about the sermon! Don't be surprised, but I laughed telling it, and I laughed in meeting, too, and all the folks laughed. I guess it is the fashion to laugh in that meeting-house. But I'll go back and tell you all about going to meeting in this city. You see, last Sunday I felt as if I wanted to take all my cares and troubles, and leave them with God. I had been humming over to myself—
"How pleasant, how divinely fair,
"Oh Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit flairs,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints!"

I wanted to go to the place which our minister at home recommended. I went early, so as to have time to see the building. It is very large, and will hold all the population of "Cutney." Why, the organ is half as big as our meeting-house, and it stands right behind the pulpit.

There were not half a dozen people in the house, so I took a little walk round, and then I thought, as I'm a little hard of hearing, I would go up on the side aisle and seat myself near the pulpit; but the sexton, who was a nice-looking gentleman, and walked very straight and held his head very high, said to me:
"You may sit in the gallery, ma'am; there are free seats there."

Now I never felt so curious in my life, because you know we would not do that in "Cutney." But I rose and walked slowly along, and it seemed as if he watched me, because he came again and said, "If you prefer, ma'am, you may sit down here," pointing to a pew close to the wall, behind a pillar. Now, Si., I felt just as I suppose colored people do. You know we always put them in the back seat, or up gallery. But I tried to put away all wicked thoughts, and said over to myself—
"Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy courts, oh God of grace!"

I noticed the sexton was very busy seating the folks as the church filled, and by-and-by there came in two handsome young ladies, with long white waving plumes in their hats, and great black bags on the back of their heads, covered with gold netting, and dresses looped up over scarlet petticoats. They looked as bright as gold-robust. The sexton motioned to them, and they followed him up the aisle, where he found a seat for them near the pulpit. Soon afterwards there came in a spruce young officer, with a captain's bars on his shoulder, and stopped a moment at the door; but the sexton spied him, and gave him a seat near the young ladies, which seemed to please them very much, for one nudged the other, and then they both looked at the captain and put on their sweetest smiles. Then I saw a soldier come in with a blue overcoat on, and he stood a moment at the door, but not long, for the sexton spied everybody that came, and he gave him the seat close to the wall, behind the pillar, where he was going to put me. In a few minutes the soldier rose and laid aside his heavy overcoat—no wonder, for the house was very warm, and his seat was close to the stove—and then I saw that he had on his shoulder two stars, indicating his rank to be that of a Major-General. The sexton, who must have had eyes all over his head, saw it too, and he went and spoke with him. I couldn't of course tell what he said, but the general shook his head, and settled himself down behind his pillar as if he came to hear and not to be seen. Pretty soon the sermon commenced, and it was upon the duty of Christians to be benevolent; and I felt Si., that I never had done half enough for those who had not the gospel.

The minister wanted his people to give ten thousand dollars on the next Sunday for the spread of the gospel in the destitute parts of our country. That is a great deal for one church at one time, is it not?

The prayers were good, and were like angels' wings to me, bearing me up to heaven. I can't say so much for the music. One lady sung alone, and I could not find the place in the book, nor understand a word she said.

In the evening I went to a church that is very near here for an hour with our friend, Miss Hooper. Why, Si., you would have opened your eyes wide, and your ears, too, for that matter. The bells made sweet music when we went, and continued to do so for some time after we entered. Then the church was full of all manner of carved work and gilding. I should think the ceilings of the earth had brought their honor and their glory into it; I thought I was too plain an old lady to go there, but the sexton gave me a pleasant seat, and remarked that the pews were all free, and not long afterwards I saw a poor, weary, laboring man, with his wife and a little boy, enter and kneel beside a gentleman and lady who got out of their carriage as I came in. The lady wore rich velvet and furs, but she did not move away from the poor woman in her clean calico. It was very pleasant to me, and I wondered if it would please our Saviour. The prayers were read from a book, but though I wore my gold bowd spectacles, I could not find the places, and gave up trying. There were boys in white, who sang so sweetly that I wanted to go and kiss the little darlings. I wish Nellie could have been there, for she could have answered from the book, she reads so nicely, and could have sung with the rest. Jim was very much pleased that I had been to church, and he said that the next Sunday I must hear one of the popular preachers. He wanted my opinion of him, because he says we know what good preaching is in "Cutney." I tell him we go in for sound doctrine and the catechism, and I do not want to go where the gospel truth is not preached.

"By no means," he said; but he was sure I would like the truth this man preached.

So this morning, as the weather was pleasant, and Jim's friend on hand to stay with him, I ventured to go alone across Fulton Ferry, where I followed the crowd to a plain meeting-house, that looked like Uncle Josh's great brick barn. I thought I must be mistaken, and inquired of a gentleman if this was Mr. B.'s church. He said I was right, but it was not always easy to find a seat, and as the crowd was great I was afraid I might have to come away. But I was pleasantly disappointed, for after stopping a moment in the entry, the sexton came to me, and asked me if I would like a seat, and gave me one where I could see and hear very nicely. And now you will want a description of this minister, that you have often wished to hear. Now don't you tell the minister and deacons at home, and I'll tell you just what I think of him. You know some of our good folks at home think he's not quite sound in the faith, and a little radical; but you know somebody says the devil ain't half as black as he's painted. Now it wouldn't do Deacon Stiles a bit of harm to hear him, for he did come down upon stung Christians like a sledge hammer. Perhaps if the deacon would read that sermon, he'd raise his subscription for the minister. But he did tell one rather tough story. I believe it, because a minister said it in the pulpit. It was about a rich man and a poor man, who went together to the oil regions. The poor man invested all he had in the world, a few thousands, and waited till he was weary and hopeless for profits, which came not. The rich man was more successful, and after realizing handsomely from his investments, concluded to be satisfied and go home. The poor man then came and urged him to buy out his claim. "I am discouraged," he said, "and afraid to wait any longer. Will you give me what my claim cost?" The rich man did not want it, but after much urging consented. The next day they discovered oil, and one hundred thousand dollars was offered for the claim which the young man had relinquished for a few thousands. The poor fellow felt badly, of course, and remarked that it was always so with him: he was either too soon or too late, but never in luck. Now what do you think this rich man of New York did? Why, returned his claim to the young man, and thus made him worth a hundred thousand! Did it because he thought it was right and honorable. Now, when I told this to Jim, he laughed, and said if he could only see that rich man he would ask him to buy a little oil stock which he owns.

But what made Jim laugh more heartily was when I told him that the minister said he was very much grieved that the "Saints of the Herald" were not pleased with some of the proceedings of his church. I did not see anything to laugh at all, but Jim kept repeating "Saints of the Herald. That's good, auntie." Then I told him I wished he could have been there and joined in the laughing, for everybody laughed, and all the congregation seemed to have a good time generally. There were beautiful flowers on the table—there was not any pulpit—and then all the congregation sung together that beautiful old hymn, "When I can read my title clear." Why, Si., I haven't sung with so much spirit since I was a girl and sat in the singing seats in "Cutney," as I sang to-day in that church. Now I suppose Deacon Stiles would say that the exercises were not solemnizing enough, and that young Mr. Nightingale, who preaches for us sometimes, and uses such beautiful words, and reads his sermon so sweetly, and looks so grave, is a superior preacher. But I like this plain, outspoken way which the preacher had to-day. He made me feel just as if I would not be a bit afraid to talk to him if he'd come to "Cutney." I think he'd enjoy one of our turkey dinners, and a cup of good coffee; and the way he talked about hills and trees made me think he would like to sit in the

Office hours 9⁰⁰ A. M. to 5 P. M. 3m⁰⁰-Mar. 30.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

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

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

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, (upstairs), 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.

MRS. CONANT receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

All proper questions sent to our Free Circles for answer by the invisibles, are duly attended to, and will be published.

Invocation.

Oh thou who hath said, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me," thou Spirit of Everlasting Truth, unveil thy beautiful face to us on this occasion, and baptize us in thine own clear waters, washing away our errors, and causing all the buds and blossoms of our inner being to spring forth with renewed beauty and power. Thou who hath in thy perfections ever dealt with all thy children in perfectness and love, thou whose wisdom we never doubt, draw nigh unto us on this occasion. Strengthen our weakness, and give unto us that light that overcometh all darkness; that power that overcometh all evil; that faith that shall lead us safe unto the Kingdom of Perfect Peace. Oh we thank thee for thy blessings, that come perpetually unto thy children everywhere. For the wide diffusion of religious principles on earth, we thank thee. For all those holy thoughts that show themselves in good deeds, we thank thee. For all those aspirations that are as chariots bearing the soul heavenward, we thank thee. And most of all, Great Spirit of Truth, we thank thee that we live. May the thoughts of these children of our Heavenly Father be gathered into a shining wreath, that shall deck their brows in the eternity of the spirit-world. May they feel that they are in the presence of that spirit-world encompassed by the holy, the good, the just, the perfect and imperfect. Oh may they feel that they are in the midst of thy life, and there worship thee in all sincerity of soul, laying their offerings upon the altar of their own being, worshipping not the unknown God, but that God that speaketh to their inner lives, and ever teacheth them that the way of heaven is the way of right on earth.

March 4.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready, Mr. Chairman, to consider what questions you may have to present.

Q.—Is there any foundation in fact for a local hell, as taught by the Baptist and other denominations?

A.—Yes, there is a foundation in fact for such. Ancient Egypt contained a lake, which was called the lake of fire and brimstone. It received its name, no doubt, from its peculiar appearance during certain seasons, and the peculiar atmosphere that emanated from it, and the peculiar state or condition of the life that was born of it. It was said to contain many kinds of poisonous reptiles, and the ancients, many of them, believed that it was the abiding place of his Satanic Majesty, the Devil. Now this belief with regard to a local heaven and hell has been handed down even to you, and there are many Christians who worship at the shrine of truth, as they suppose, even in this enlightened age, who believe in the existence of a local hell, over which his Satanic Majesty, the Devil, presides, and into which all unfortunate souls will go after the change called Death. All these vague stories that are connected with Old Theology have a foundation in similar existences. They have not sprung from nothing. They are legitimate children of legitimate parents. They have had existences, and they exist to-day.

Q.—By T. T. Edmunds, of Columbus, Ga.: Does the spirit or soul of man, as a separate intelligence, begin with the child?

A.—We believe that the spirit, or soul, or thinking part of the human, becomes individualized in childhood, early childhood. Now what we mean by early childhood, perhaps you may not understand, for we shall go back further than that which appeals to your external senses, and take you, perhaps, to the vestibule of conception. There we believe the soul receives a distinct and positive individuality, and commences its journey as a distinct and positive individuality from that point.

Q.—By the same: Is it true, as a prominent Spiritualist holds, that "there are millions of individualized, intelligent souls which never as yet have been clothed with the material or earthly form, but are waiting for an opportunity to do so?"

A.—Soul does not receive creation at conception, for it has always had an existence, being of itself a part of Eternity. We have stated in the answer to the first question, that the soul, we believe, becomes individualized at conception. And yet it has always had an existence, we believe, for that which is created there is a possibility of its being destroyed.

Q.—If this part of a fountain, will it not return to it?

A.—The soul, we believe, is a part of God. It has come from the Great Infinite Principle of intelligent life, and we return to that Principle. Life progresses in cycles, or circles. As round and round intelligent life circles, it ever derives its sustenance from Deity, and when its mission is completed, so far as its present wanderings from God are concerned, we believe, as many of the ancients believed before us, it will return to God again.

Q.—Do we lose our individuality?

A.—Your human individuality you will lose. You are changing it perpetually even now, and as a human individuality you will be lost in the Divine.

Q.—What changes a man's expression of countenance quickly, when he becomes suddenly angry? Particularly the eyes? On the controlling intelligence inform us?

A.—The eye is the organ through which the spirit takes cognizance of things in the objective, or material world, and is always the reflector of the inner or soul-life. It is the organ upon which the spirit reflects itself by virtue outward circumstances. For instance: If only a trifling standstill as such as to produce a change of color

upon the spirit, it will be instantly daguerreotypied in the eye. And if outward circumstances are such as to produce an unpleasant effect, that also will be daguerreotypied in the eye.

March 4.

Lady Charlotte Holland.

In coming here to-day, I find myself amid the great shadows of the past; and I seem to be a child again, amid the scenes of the little village of Compton-Payne-Foot, in England. But years have passed again since then, and many, many changes have come to me. But He who takes cognizance of every falling rain-drop, has had me in his keeping. And I believe it was determined from the beginning of my being, that I should come back in this way after death. They called me here, Lady Charlotte Holland. And I am here, that I may pray earnestly for communion with my son, Lord Thomas Holland.

It is a strange and wondrous belief that is sweeping over the earth like fire floods, burning up the chaff and leaving only the refined gold—this belief in the return of the dead to holy, conscious communion with those who are called the living.

I have no wish to retrace in words any of the experiences of my earthly existence. Though many of them were pleasant, yet many of them were not pleasant. And I would not call them up from the past again and place them upon record. I would only give the last words that I gave to my son when I was dying, that he may know that I have returned. They were these: "There is a strange quietness in death that passes all understanding. I do not fear to die, for it seems pleasant to me, now that it has come so near."

I have made many futile attempts to reach those I've left here; and I've sorrowed much because I have so often failed. But I am sure that an All-Wise Father controls all things, and that he will finally give me to rejoice in victory. I feel sure of this.

The conservative element of my native land is a great barrier to many who would return. The liberalism that is yours is not theirs, and I fear long years must elapse ere the waiting millions in the spirit-world can return and clasp hands with those who are still living on the earth. But by-and-by I am sure that dear old England will arise and shake her garments, and become in a sense literally true, free, free indeed. The chains of despotism that have so long bound her, must link by link pass away, and England, after many a severe struggle, will be blessed with as much freedom as America; perhaps more. But to-day she is bound; and so we find it hard to speak there, and come to your shores, never failing, however, to thank you for the kind offers that you make to the spirit-world to return and communicate at this place.

There are many reasons why I should return. I would solve the mystery that still clings like dust around my chains. I would wash out the stains that are still on the garments of the past. I would make that dark past more acceptable to my son, by reason of its clearness.

And I pray you, oh I pray you to deal with me as with others, giving me the benefit of your most glorious BANNER, whose folds I do most earnestly pray may some day wave over all the world. Fare you well. It is forty-two years this month since I met with the change you call death.

March 4.

Samuel Hollingsworth.

I have been so strangely disappointed since I made an exit from this mortal world to the one beyond, that I have hardly known how to act since then. Why, when I first found myself across, being in the other world in possession of all my senses, in possession of everything save the body I left on the battle-field, I was very much inclined to declare that all things on earth were unreal; there was nothing you could depend upon.

I did not know anything about the belief that the Spiritualists had in a spirit-world when I was here; all I knew of a future state was from religionists, those who talk of a local heaven and hell, so that I was thrown into a very uncertain condition, as regards life everywhere.

Now I was told a great many times by my friends I should be mistaken when I came to die, for I'd find things different from what I expected. Now I've come back to tell those people that they're just as much mistaken in some things as I was; and this spirit-world is as entirely different from what they expect it is, as it was to me. They'll stand just as much in a state of wonder and surprise as I did. I had no belief in a future state, and they have. They are religionists. They are honest in believing as they do in a local heaven and hell; that there is a God, a Supreme Intelligence, a Devil who has supreme control of his domains. Many of them believe in a day when the righteous shall be resurrected from the grave.

They are mistaken; so was I. I had no belief in a future state after death, but they believed in a hereafter. I believed that when the body died, there was an end of us. But here I am. That's truer than preaching, ain't it? I think so. It's truer than the kind of preaching that I used to hear—maybe I did not hear the right sort, though. It's true that I can come back; that I'm here, alive; that there is a future state; that although I left my body on the battle-field, I have taken upon myself a physical human body for a season, that I may undo what wrong I did when on the earth.

I have a little daughter, and I suppose I inculcated my unbelief into her mind. At all events, I did my best to do it; and I now see I was wrong, and I want to do what I can toward uprooting it. It's a hard thing to do, because in the first place I've got to prove that I'm alive and can come back. In the next place I've got to go to work to wash out those indentations made on her mind. I suppose it will take time to do that.

I am in a very strange state. I don't know where to begin to tear down the building that I assisted in rearing when here. [You put it up yet, I did, I did, I can make the attempt, and if I fail, I can try again, as more than one has done before me, I suppose.

It's one thing to affirm that I, Samuel Hollingsworth, do return from the spirit-world, and quite another thing to prove it, isn't it? Quite another thing.

I have not exactly come from the Bull Run battle-field, but I suppose if I was going to locate the whereabouts of the body, I should say it was there. But I've come from that world where the spirit resides, and I want my folks—my little daughter Sue, as I called her, more than all the rest—to meet some of these persons—mediums, ps; there's one that I can go to in Ohio, in Arlington. I'm quite sure; yes, I know I can go to her. And I wish her Uncle Joseph would be here. He's a liberal man, and a Unitarian. He used to tell me he was, and could Christianize me, if I was a heathen. Now I'd like him to show some of his liberality, and take her to him. And if I can't come and identify myself to

her and him, I shall be quite sorry. [Can't you give some facts here that will enable them to recognize you?] Well, yes; the little girl told me, the last time I saw her on earth, she was sure I should never come back again; I should never come back again; would be killed. I supposed it was all nonsense; that the girl felt bad because I was going away. I thought I should come back. She was right, you see. [She was spiritually impressed, probably.] I think she's one of those folks, mediums, you call them. When I went to her the other day, I felt that she thought of me. There was an interchange of thought. Now that was the result of her sensitiveness, wasn't it? [Yes.]

Well, stranger, I'd give the world to be able to let Sue know that I can come back; can watch over her, too. Let me see: she's now seventeen, eighteen years old—eighteen years old. It's no use for her mother to come to her, for she would not know her, she was so young when she died. [Where does she reside?] In Columbus, Ohio. [Shall we direct a paper to her specially?] I don't suppose if you should she'd understand it. I want some of the folks that know her to send it to her. She would not be looking for it, you know; would not understand it. I want them to cut it out of the paper and send it to her, with an explanation. And if she asks if I am with her mother in the spirit-world, say I'm not, I'm not; I don't know why, except she's far too good to live with me. [You'll see your wife after you leave here.] I hope I shall. I'd give all the world, if I had it; but I've given up all thought of seeing her now. When I first came to the spirit-world, and found I was alive, I tried hard to find my wife, but I didn't, I didn't. Then I gave up thinking of it. [There is a condition around some spirits that prevents their seeing other spirits, the same as with people on earth.] I've been told that. [You must try hard to find your wife.] Well, I do, and I have; but there's a something which prevents my seeing her. [This is the place where you'll understand how to work better.] Well, I shall be repaid a thousandfold, then, for coming. [You'll be able to work with a will after this.] Yes. [Your former persistency in denying immortality is a stumbling-block to you now.] Yes, I see. She was a believer; oh yes. She was a believer, and had a most beautiful faith, for one organized as she was. I was more material. I was a materialist, and I could not realize these spiritual things.

[Had your daughter a middle name?] No, no; Susanna was her name, but I called her "Sue," always. Well, you say I shall see her? [Yes.] Well, then, I've stayed here as long as I want to. Good-day to you.

March 4.

Johnnie Joice.

How do you do, sir? I just thought I'd come round to-day to see if you had anything to say. I'm getting about tired of living in his atmosphere. If he isn't tired of me, I'm tired of him. Only a few days ago he wished he was dead; and I was thinking all the while if he was, I hoped he would not come where I was. If I was in his place, I think it would be taking the shortest cut to own up and getting my neck stretched. I don't know as it's right to believe in hanging people, but I don't think it's right to let such people have their own way, and do as bad as they please. He's bad, mister, all through, he is. [He don't travel round much, does he?] Yes, sir, he travels round as much as anybody would. He isn't traveling from one country to another, to be sure; but he's got his liberty, he's going where he pleases, as long as he don't please to run into the hands of the law. He's careful enough not to do that.

It would be a great joke, wouldn't it, mister, if I should get tired of waiting for him to own up, and blow the whole thing altogether without the money, wouldn't it? [Perhaps that would be the best way.] What a stir it would make. [Rather, if you were to tell it in such a way as to bring him out.] Well, I guess I should. There wouldn't be any trouble about that. I know him just as well as he knows himself, and I'm obliged to go round with him, 'cause he's thinking all the time of me so. He says we haunt him, he does, all the time. [Does he ever see you?] No, only he thinks of us. He says he believes we haunt him. Well, we only haunt him in that way. There's a natural law, they say, that compels us to go to him when he thinks strongly of us. And then, you know, mister, a great deal of our magnetic life was left upon him. He holds it, and that attracts us. I wish he was in the bottom of Mount Vesuvius. [He'd carry you there also.] I didn't think of that.

Well, I don't think it's right, mister. It's bad enough for him to have killed us the way he did. I don't think it's right we should be chained to him all this while. They tell us in the spirit-land if we'd been older, more positive spirits, had been older, it would not act so powerfully upon us. But I guess I'll make him do something awful pretty soon, if he don't own up, unless I get the chance to show him up. I'm getting tired, mister. I don't blame you, mister. I know you've done the best you could. I'm just getting tired waiting for him.

Well, good-by, mister. I'll come round again pretty soon, and see if you've got anything for me. Good-day. Johnnie Joice.

March 4.

Charlie Jenkins.

I come to—come to see if you won't tell my mother and father that I'm a going to beat my drum—just as soon as we get things fixed right here, I'm going to beat my drum. I want it hung up high in the closet, and the door kept shut, and I want a circle outside the closet door in the room. Will you tell 'em, sir?

I'm Charlie Jenkins. You know I was here before. I've been trying to get a chance to tell them that, so I wouldn't come here where all these folks are. But I couldn't, so I got the gentleman to let me come here again. You'll tell 'em, won't you? [Yes.] Don't forget to tell them to hang it up high, will you? Good-by, Mr. White.

March 4.

Mary E. Surratt.

You will remember, sir, I was here a few days since, and implored your assistance to obtain an interview with my son. Have I to hope? [I have applied to a gentleman in Washington, who has promised to intercede for you in regard to that affair.]

I thank you, sir. I shall not fail to appreciate your kindness. I'll come again.

March 4.

Little Crow (Indian).

Little Crow's heart is hot with vengeance. And if the voice of the Great Spirit did not whisper "Peace," he would pray that he might come back with his arrows, his scalping knife, and his tomahawk, to join his people again against you pale faces.

And so your great warrior, Sherman, tells the Great Father Little Crow's people about it, and his squaws and papooses must die, too, not the warriors only, but the squaws and papooses.

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Little head and a little heart, would go forth against the red men, the children of the Great Father, to slay them in battle, to shut them out from the hunting-ground the Great Father had given them here, and send them to the hunting-ground the Great Spirit has for his children in the spirit-world, and where the Great Spirit looks with favor on red and white. Ah, you have white faces, but you do big wrong.

Little Crow would talk with the warrior Sherman face to face, but the white coward dare not meet him. He has a soul that is a coward. He talks much, makes long marches, but he never does any great deeds. He can go to war against squaws and papooses, but he has no courage when he's on the war-path, and his warriors know it. If Little Crow was a great liar here, he is a greater, for he says the Great Father wills that Little Crow's people shall be exterminated. He lies and he has no soul.

Little Crow's heart is hot to-day, and he would stand in the war-path, with his arrows well sharpened, and his tomahawk ready to fight such as your great warrior Sherman. He'll kill, he'll murder, he'll kill, he'll murder. He is a squaw. That's worse than all. If Little Crow was the Great Father, he would put him on a squaw's blanket, and send him to fight squaws and papooses. He fit for that.

March 4.

Seance opened by Frederick T. Gray; closed by Thomas Campbell.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, March 7.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Samuel Hook, to his brothers, Abraham and Jeddiah; Aunt Polly Williams, of Barnstable, Mass.; Charlie Lovejoy, to Harry Fraser, Giles French and Bill Harris.

Monday, March 11.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Elizabeth Phillips, of Augusta, Me.; Jacob Tobias (Quaker), to Friends in Philadelphia; Frederick H. Chasely, of New York, to his mother; Captain Tom Barnes, of New Bedford, to his children.

Tuesday, March 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers: Isaac Warren, of this city; Lemuel, his grandson; Frederick Shultz, to his brother, Carl Shultz; Lieut. William Jefferys, to Mrs. Matilda Jefferys, of Richmond, Va.; Samuel Barker, to his mother; Maria Harris, of New York, to her sister, Mary Murphy, of this city.

"Infidelity" versus "Christianity."

Nearly twenty years ago, upon the banks of the meandering Quechee, in the flourishing village of Woodstock, Vt., there lived a strong-minded, poor widow, without a child or relative who took the least interest in her lone condition. She went by the name of Widow Shaw. Early in life she had been a member of the Orthodox Church, and remained so, in good standing, till she outgrew its creed. She had passed beyond "three Gods in one," and him, or they, jealous, angry and unforgiving. Infant damnation, total depravity and vicarious atonement were myths of the darker ages. She had no fears of God's blood-hound devil, whose sole object was to catch and drag down to hell all he could possibly beguile and lead astray. In fact, Unitarianism, with its broader platform and greater love and care for men and women, was far better suited to her growth of soul.

I made her acquaintance at a late day of her life. She had no relatives, no property, no home. Destitute as the poor Nazarene, she had no place to lay her head over night which she could call her own. She had always been industrious and earned her support; bore a good name, was well known, and had lived in the town many years.

In this forsaken, helpless and destitute condition I found her, with a mind well stored with facts concerning theology, politics and natural philosophy. She had the name of being one of the best-informed women in town. I carried her books and papers of the latest reformatory kind, and she frequently said to me, "Life grows brighter," and, "This world holds out new inducements to continue here," although she was crippled with the frost of seventy winters. I was soon let into her secret troubles—the poor-house first, and then to be given up to the awful doctors. She had a perfect horror of the dissecting-room. (A usual custom of the town was to dissect the bodies of many bodies.) I asked her how it was that, after belonging to two of the most popular and wealthy religious societies, and living so long in town, she received no support, no sympathy, no attention from them. "My much reading and free thinking and new views have seemed to create a coldness; and they have left one by one, till I find myself alone," said the old lady. "I have hired this little room for many years, and by weaving, spinning and sewing (she was too well-informed to wash) I have been able to pay my way and not be helped by the overseer of the poor. But I have been notified recently that I must leave this little spot, and I have been from one end to the other of this village, and nobody wants me! I cannot find a solitary room, not even an attic!" I had heard of her trying to get a neighbor to finish off a small apartment in a wood-shed for her. "Must I go to the town's poor-house," said she, "with all the poor, crazy, ignorant, vicious, indolent ones? I shall have to submit, and call upon the overseer of the poor to take care of the big rats run freely from the gutter, bright, spiritless eyes."

My heart and head were full to make some plan to relieve this noble specimen of woman. I looked about to see if a place could not be found. I at last thought of a person who had just erected a two-story comfortable house upon the north side of the park, containing nice, warm chambers, with sleeping room and pantry attached, where the morning sun came in early; and it would be so agreeable and suitable for the poor old lady. I knew the man was liberal, and would make room without a day's notice for this forsaken miser.

Now this was my wife, who sided with him in this charitable deed. Now this family were unique in isms; extremely odd. They belonged to no Christian society; were "Grahamites," women's rights reformers, dress reformers, phrenologists, Garrisonian anti-slaveryists, non-resistants, magnetizers, and healed the sick by the laying on of hands; and it was whispered that they had no faith that the marriage contract was of divine origin.

They both were called the most unblushing infidels in the State. They were open-mouthed profane and were terrifying (?) infidels. "Isms," and always signed their names full. They often invited and entertained lecturers of these unpopular new truths, to the mortification of parents and relatives. This fearless, open-honest course, completely isolated them from all fashionable social society. The priesthood and its benighted proselytes and hypocrites stood aloof and looked horrified, but took every opportunity to libel and destroy the influence of this truly honest family. They were both born and bred in the town, and no one could bring a charge of immoral improprieties, except their strange radicalism.

Granny Rumor and self-righteous church said, they don't believe in the Christian church, the ministry, the holy Sabbath, the trinity, in vicarious atonement, in the virgin Mary, a wrathful, jealous God, the divinity of Christ, neither a bloodhounding devil, hunting down poor, ignorant human beings for his own pleasure and God's glory. "Oh! oh!" said these two old fogies, "what infidels! don't believe the Bible!"

Now this was the character of the family; to hear the distress of a poor forsaken widow, alone in the cold, while five well-organized Christian churches were running under full head, with meek and lowly professed followers of Jesus as their chief engineer, and none to heed the widow's cry. Yes, the infidels recoiled out their hands, opened their house and purse and gave this poor, distressed sister a home. It was not in a woodshed, on "high up in the sky," but in a new house near the park, with front chamber, bedroom and parlour attached; and there she remained, cared for by the wife, until the passing of the expectation of a single penny in return.

I will further say, this charity was not protracted, or done for self-aggrandizement, or to rebuke careless, neglectful Christian churches, that set distress afar off, and wall and disfigure their faces, to be seen of men. It was the spontaneous outburst of true, natural, soul-governed sympathy with a sister church, loving and serving God through brother man and sister woman; the result of this infidel charity was, edifying to this religious community, and churches were all made to feel the value of the Christian religion, and the duty of the church to the poor, old, friendless woman, who had given up all hope, and was expecting to be carried to the poor-house. Some said that she had money, and friends, who had

paid for the new home. The old lady was interrogated many to know if that was the fact. They soon learned there had been no money tampered, but that the deed was prompted wholly by love and sympathy for the neglected and needy widow. The churches were aroused, and felt their uncomfortable position. Former friends came to life, and seemed anxious to aid, and would bring the necessities of life, and even luxuries. They felt condemned, and seemed anxious to redeem themselves from so palpable a neglect. She was saved, and cared for the rest of her life by this "infidel" charity.

NATHANIEL RANDALL, M. D., Woodstock, Vt., March 4, 1887.

Notes from Nebraska.

Having concluded a course of lectures on the Spiritual Philosophy in this place, I thought it might possibly be interesting to the readers of the BANNER for me to say a word concerning this far-off land.

It is now thirteen years since the first settlement of this State. Its eastern border is the Missouri river. From one to four miles west of the river there are bluffs. These are gulches or ravines, somewhat abrupt and generally covered with shrubs or stunted timber. West of this you reach the grand prairie. This is one continued variegated rolling surface, bearing most luxuriant vegetation. The soil is from four to twelve feet deep, of vegetable decomposition, consequently of the richest quality. This extends nearly two hundred and fifty miles west, when you strike the "pastureland," that is, timbered. Elm, oak, hickory, ash and cotton-wood in the vicinity of streams are very large and abundant. Higher up the timber is more sparse. Grass is very abundant, and cattle winter with very little trouble.

Nebraska has some superior claims to the emigrant. The Missouri is a base for southern and eastern markets. West is the gold of Colorado. The soil produces the best spring-wheat of the nation, averaging from fifteen to thirty-five bushels to the acre. Fruit is being introduced. Farms have more of a homelike than any I saw in Kansas.

Timber is the great want of the State. Building and fencing materials are dear. Coal is being found, and probably soon will be developed to supply fuel. Good material for brick abounds. The climate most of the year is superb. Far less snow falls than at the East; but when they undertake to get up a storm to confound them, then look out. They will put four adverse hurricanes into it, and set them to the struggle for mastery; and while the storm-god holds high carnival he spoils the merriment with double thunder, and laughs through the lightning.

The soil never suffers from drought, like Kansas. The population is mostly from the East; very similar to Western New York. The foreign population is mostly German.

Orthodoxy is making desperate struggles to fasten its deadly clutches upon the aspirations of the community, and prevent the spread of liberalism. There is, however, a "large sprinkling" of Spiritualists and others, and but little expenditure of labor would save the State to liberalism. Some good lecturers located in the vicinity would be most usefully employed on this river, from Council Bluffs to St. Joseph. I have seldom addressed more earnest and interested audiences than here. The Congregationalist and Methodist clergymen honored me with their choicest called Christian Billingsgate and holy epithets piled high, and when I challenged the former to debate the following proposition, "Is modern Spiritualism the Spiritualism of the Bible?" If Orthodoxy be true, there can be no God," he showed the white feather, and ran. Brave man, as well as smart!

But the finest of all is, that, just as I close, I hear of the spirits having taken possession of a holy Methodist lady's house, and raising a particular entertainment. Raps, thundering through the house, various articles shaken, wash-bowls, with water in them, whirled from their stools to the floor, without spilling a drop, are reported; and no one is able, after taking away the underpinning and making a thorough search, to detect the performers. "But if it is spirits, it must be the devil." Easy, is it not?

The friends of our cause are liberal to a fault, and the most earnest and interested among them promising field will be cultivated and produce abundant fruit.

Yours for progression, E. SPRAGUE, Nebraska City, March 4, 1887.

Anniversary Celebration of the Foxboro, Mass., Progressive Lyceum.

The Foxboro Progressive Lyceum was organized March 4th, 1866, with fifty-four members

twelve groups and their significations, said to be very fine, and giving general satisfaction. This was succeeded by singing, declamations, recitations, dialogues, tableaux, etc., in which the children figured largely, reflecting much credit upon themselves and their instructors. At the close of these, and immediately preceding the distribution of gifts to the children, Dr. Ripley requested the attention of the audience for a few minutes. He said:

"There are few persons, comparatively speaking, who are capacitated to meet with unswerving fortitude the obstacles and difficulties that beset the pathway of one who enters as pioneer any new field of labor or reform; few who have strength and courage sufficient to stem the tide of popular favor, and step out boldly and independently in the defence and promulgation of any new and unpopular truth. We are fortunate enough, however, to have such a specimen of nobility here among us to-night, in the person of your well known and much beloved citizen, Major Howard. For one year he has occupied the position of Conductor of this Lyceum. He has labored fearlessly and faithfully, with willing heart and open, generous hand, and all who have shared his kindly ministrations are grateful, satisfied, and in many respects, his co-workers. Members and leaders, and in view of the high esteem and appreciative value of his untiring efforts among them, I am authorized to present a simple token."

"It is not for its value in silver or gold—For the wealth of the spirit can never be told. By such means, or the heart's treasures known—'Tis a simple memento of affection alone."

"It is not extended with the thought of reward, For labor like thine the good angels record; Our motives by you we trust will be known—'Tis a simple memento of affection alone."

The bright, coming future will reward and approve, Your own soul will bless you, and Infante love; Then take it, and use it; 'tis more than you own, Remembering 'tis a tribute of affection alone."

The present consisted of a service of silver—a salver, a pitcher, and four goblets, with an appropriate inscription upon the pitcher. The goblets bore respectively the names of the family. The surprise was complete. The Major was too full for utterance, and begged the friends, as he was no speech-maker, to imagine all that should be said on such an occasion, and excuse him. The gifts were then distributed, and the little children's eyes sparkled with a new brilliancy, and their hearts beat with a lighter bound, as the rich treasures were given into their owner's grasp. Much credit is due the committee in their selection of gifts, as no pains nor money were spared in the purchase of them.

At this point the hall was cleared for dancing, and those who "trip the light fantastic toe" gave evidence of a full enjoyment in the amusement. The tables were loaded with a variety of nothings, tempting the appetite, and were beautifully ornamented with choice, fresh flowers, that mingled their perfume with the incense of gratitude that arose from all hearts present. The occasion was one of deep interest, and will long be remembered by all who shared its pleasures and profits. At an entertainment given for the benefit of the Lyceum on Thanksgiving evening, the net proceeds were \$228.00; at the Anniversary—which was not intended for money-making—the profits were \$110.00. \$85.00 were disbursed for presents, leaving a surplus fund of over \$200.00 in the treasury. Our object in giving statistics is that other Lyceums may take courage, "go and do likewise."

W. K. RIPLEY, M. D.
Fozboro', Mass., March 13th, 1867.

Obituaries.

In Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 10, after a long and painful illness, Mrs. Lucetta B. wife of Nathaniel H. Randall, aged 60 years and 6 months.

In her death her husband is called upon to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate wife, and the children a devoted mother, and many, a true and much loved friend.

In Roxbury, March 6, suddenly, Mr. Nathaniel H. Randall, aged 71 years and 11 months.

Fifty-one years of active manhood this aged couple walk life's uneven path together; not long were they separated. Dear as they were, and justly dear, We will not weep for them, One thought of the rising tear, Is that they are free.

In Stoneham, Mass., March 9, 1866, Mrs. Hespereth L., wife of James Guild, aged 69 years.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—Miss Lizzie Dutton will lecture each Sunday afternoon in March in Mercantile Hall, Tremont street, commencing at 2 o'clock. Admission 5 cents.

The Progressive Bible Society will hold meetings every Sunday at 3 o'clock, Tremont Hall, 5th St. Free discussion on the Christian Standard. The Bible Society will hold meetings at 3 and 7 P. M. Miss Phelps, regular lecturer. The public invited.

Children's Lyceum at 10 A. M. Conference at 2 P. M. Circle at 7 P. M. C. H. Rines.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Spiritualist Society of Charlestown will hold meetings at Washington Hall, every Sunday forenoon. A. H. Richardson, Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Mayo, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. W. M. Wood during March; Dr. H. F. Fairfield during April.

THE INDEPENDENT SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, Charlestown, hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, commencing at 7 and 9 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum assemblies at 1 P. M. J. S. Dodge, Conductor; Mrs. E. J. Dodge, Guardian. Speakers engaged: Mrs. C. F. Allen during March; Mrs. C. F. Allen during April; Mrs. C. F. Allen during May.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday in Winthrop Division Hall, Chelsea, at 3 and 7 P. M. Mrs. A. L. Ricker, regular speaker. The public invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Supr.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee Street Church, afternoon and evening. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the forenoon. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. J. Ricker, March 31; Mrs. A. L. Ricker, April 21 and 28; A. T. Foster, May 5 and 12; Mrs. A. L. Ricker during June.

NEWTON CONANT, MASS.—The Spiritualists and friends of progress hold meetings at the residence of Mrs. F. M. Conant, Isaac P. Greenleaf during April.

HAVERTHILL, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Havert Hill hold meetings at the residence of Mrs. E. J. Ricker, March 31, April 21, and 28; A. T. Foster, May 5 and 12; Mrs. A. L. Ricker during June.

QUINCY, MASS.—Meetings at 2 and 7 o'clock P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets at 1 P. M.

TAUNTON, MASS.—Meetings will be resumed in September. In Concord Hall, and be continued regularly thereafter every Sunday.

LYNN, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Lynn hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, at Essex Hall.

SALM, MASS.—Meetings are held in Essex Hall regularly every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 and 9 P. M.

DOVER AND FORTY, MASS.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday forenoon and evening, in the Universalist Church. A successful Sabbath School is in operation. The Lyceum meets at 7 P. M. Speakers engaged: Mrs. E. J. Ricker, March 31; Mrs. A. L. Ricker, April 21 and 28; A. T. Foster, May 5 and 12; Mrs. A. L. Ricker during June.

NEW YORK CITY.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Dodworth's Hall, 606 Broadway. Seats free.

Meetings are held at 231 Hall, 231 street, near Broadway, on Sundays, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Lecturers should address H. B. Storor, Secretary. Speakers engaged—Rev. J. M. Peabody, March 31; Rev. J. M. Peabody, April 21; Rev. J. M. Peabody, May 5; Rev. J. M. Peabody, May 12; Rev. J. M. Peabody, May 19; Rev. J. M. Peabody, May 26; Rev. J. M. Peabody, June 2; Rev. J. M. Peabody, June 9; Rev. J. M. Peabody, June 16; Rev. J. M. Peabody, June 23; Rev. J. M. Peabody, June 30; Rev. J. M. Peabody, July 7; Rev. J. M. Peabody, July 14; Rev. J. M. Peabody, July 21; Rev. J. M. Peabody, July 28; Rev. J. M. Peabody, August 4; Rev. J. M. Peabody, August 11; Rev. J. M. Peabody, August 18; Rev. J. M. Peabody, August 25; Rev. J. M. Peabody, September 1; Rev. J. M. Peabody, September 8; Rev. J. M. Peabody, September 15; Rev. J. M. Peabody, September 22; Rev. J. M. Peabody, September 29; Rev. J. M. Peabody, October 6; Rev. J. M. Peabody, October 13; Rev. J. M. Peabody, October 20; Rev. J. M. 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Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT.

J. M. FEEBLE, EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Letters and papers intended for us, or communications for publication in this Department, etc., should be directed to J. M. FEEBLE, Local Editor, at the Western Department, 100 West 12th Street, New York, N. Y. Contributions intended for publication in this Department, will please send them to the Editor, at the Western Department, 100 West 12th Street, New York, N. Y.

More Western Letters.

With balm and blessings letters continue coming, as do angel whispers to those in rapport with the heavens. Good angels bless the souls that send them. Opening and reading these communications, we bask in the April weather; its sunshine and showers; smiles and tears; buds, too, half hidden, sensitive, tremulous and hopeful for the hastening suns of June. Some make us glad; others sad, sorrowful and tearful even. We ever weep with those who have cause for weeping. Tears that stream from fountains of sympathy for the aching hearts of humanity to-day, glisten in the purple and golden clouds of tomorrow; next day they descend in showers of pearls. The circle completed, we call them blessings. The weeper sings.

This letter tells of harmony, energy and the brightening prospects of Spiritualism in a given locality; that, of cliques, clans, jealousies, indifference and coldness on the part of those professedly within the gates of Zion. One, mourning-margined, tells of an infant, the household pet, comparable to a delicate white rosebud, that has drifted into the fathomless future. Another, of a star, pride of the home-circle, yet fallen from the heaven of earthly home-gravestones. Another, still, of a sainted one, that passed—mourned by the multitude—through the western sunset gates of gladness, up, on the flower-crowned table lands of eternity. Others are crowded with complaints, grumbings and wrongs, either real or imaginary, that sting in every sentence. No matter; each writes himself, pens corresponding to the planes of those that push them. Souls have windows. Intuitionists have eyes, and motives are often as clearly seen as the movements of delicate chronometers "neath crystal vases. We blame none, pity some, sympathize with all. Apples are green ere they mellow "neath the golden haze of October skies. The child stumbles in trying to walk—falls perhaps; pick it up, the dear one, and brush away the tears. Briers abound where berries grow. Both the right and left hand do their work. God is in and heaven over all.

But to some letters, that speak the whereabouts of individuals and their relations to this great spiritual movement.

PETALUMA, CAL.

Col. C. P. Hatch writes us a very excellent letter, specifying different mediums and lecturers, and mentioning the progress of truth generally upon the Pacific coast. He refers to some remarkable cures wrought by Dr. Bryant; to the crowded séances of Mrs. Ada Hoyt Foye in San Francisco; to the superior mediumistic gifts of Mrs. V. B. Post, and to the new paper, "The Banner of Progress." Though not having seen, we wish it abundant success. Friends should rally to its support. Thank you, Colonel, for the kind invitation to make your house our home when visiting that El Dorado land. We will so do for a time, certainly.

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI.

This city, numbering some twenty thousand inhabitants, has a dark mental and spiritual atmosphere, writes W. A. Boardman. None of the book dealers keep liberal works for sale. Spiritualists are marked men, and Orthodox reigns, a very nightmare of madness. A test medium is wanted. Judge Boardman is lecturing in that vicinity on his own responsibility, and meeting with due success. Address him as above.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A. C. Woodruff sends a lengthy communication; rich in suggestions, full of inquiries, and hopeful for the future as touching the interests of the harmonious philosophy. We are aware, Bro. Woodruff, of the difficulties connected with "young speakers getting into the lecture-field." Conscience of this, we have delighted to aid them with tongue and pen, and are ever gratified to vacate our place upon the rostrum for them. Old leaves do not complain when fresh young buds push them in May mornings from the parent stem. Beautiful are Nature's teachings. Your plan, relative to having the names of the Secretaries of Societies, with one or more of the more prominent Spiritualists in each village and township, published in our papers, has merit, and would be serviceable in several ways. Yes, we "recommend to speakers," mental discipline. The times demand culture and some scholarly attainment on the part of its teachers. We care little what spirits say about this; we are a spirit ourselves. We dislike to specialize to you a course of reading beyond the works of Emerson, Parker, A. J. Davis, and the latest works upon the natural sciences. The more a medium helps himself, the more he is helped by exalted spirits. Such has been our experience.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

E. Samson talks a good, sound, common sense letter to us upon Spiritualism, Unitarianism, reforms and reformers generally. Pursuing, we felt the beating of his soul, and know how anxious he is to perfect and actualize those fraternal purposes that deepen in his inmost being for the good of our dear humanity. There are but two kinds of Unitarians. The one, sectarians, narrow and selfish; remember how they treated Spiritualists, and even the Rev. E. C. Towne at the funeral of the sainted John Pierpont. They are bigots—let their name rot. Some of their more liberal clergymen, seeing the sectarian tendencies of their denomination, are disowning the name "Unitarian." With the better class of Unitarians, such as support the Radical, we can affiliate. Spiritualists have all that the most progressive Unitarians have, and more—a tangible demonstration of immortality, with the blessedness of daily spiritual converse. Be sure, Spiritualism has not done much in the erection of "hospitals," reform schools," &c. It is yet young—only eighteen, Christianity, so-called, has been in the world eighteen hundred years; what has it done?

ST. CLAIR, MICH.

Alinda Wilhelm, M. D., writing from the pleasant home of Col. Barron, says that Bro. Starr, the spirit-artist, will remain several weeks longer in Michigan, putting on canvas the angel forms and faces of the loved ones that have passed the portal. In Port Huron she assures us the friends are wide awake, the audiences large, and Dr. S. D. Pace as energetic as ever. Blessed are the workers; though they seemingly perish, their works shall endure forever.

LANCASTER, TEXAS.

Mrs. L. H. Baker informs us that she resided in Ohio till some sixteen years since, and having

been a careful observer of existing institutions, thinks she may better judge of the merit and demerit of the antagonisms that to some degree continue to distract the country. This is not only possible, but very probable. With travel and expansion of soul comes charity; all judgments, whether pronounced North or South, should be tempered with kindness. In saying, "There's a Northern and a Southern Spiritualism," we think our sister unintentionally errs. Spiritualism is a baptism from heaven. It is beautifully symbolized in God's sunshine—for all. It knows no North, no South, no East, no West, no England, France or Russia. Its principles being divine, it opens the door to the city celestial, and bids mortals rise above selfish, clannish sectionalisms to brotherhood, friendship and fraternity. Let the dead bury the dead; our heart beats warm, and our soul-pulses throb tenderly, lovingly for each and all.

ST. CHARLES, MISSOURI.

Martin Williams gives further information concerning his gift-lands. His object seems very unselfish and noble. The lands are in Illinois, near the confluence of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers, and beautifully adapted to fruit-raising. He gives these lands in small parcels, that the landless may thus secure little homes, and that he may call around him a class of congenial souls, high-toned, pure-minded and moral. He is a Spiritualist, and wants to make his Spiritualism practical. He calls it fruit-land; has already cleared and fenced five hundred acres, and set several thousand fruit-trees. Peaches seldom fail in that vicinity. Markets are near, it being only about thirty miles above Alton, Ill. Go and see for yourself.

AUGUSTA, GA.

Henry J. Osborne forwards us a most cordial letter, breathing the same spirit that so swelled and thrilled the souls of those heavenly messengers when they sang, "Peace on earth and good will toward men." Our brother is engaged with us in this great spiritual effort of delecting superstition, uprooting bigotry and bringing heaven down to earth. Let us work shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart. He further says:

"I was born, and my fathers before me, in this sunny South, and I love her. Who can blame me, and be any part of a man in the image of his Maker? If my intuition prompts me to look upon the earth as a vast, unexplored, and unexplored plane of thought—the circumstances producing these different planes of thought may be diverse, above and beyond their reach. Who, then, is responsible? Rather, in such a case, is it not incumbent on every rational immortal, still in the earth-form, to how to what he cannot help, and fly on the wings of the wind to a city of refuge? First principles descending out from Father God and Mother Nature, through our Elder Brother, the lowly Nazarene!"

Spiritual Conference—Are there Evil Spirits?

Rich are the feasts and royal the intellectual entertainments at these Sunday conferences in Philadelphia. The subject is usually the true and the false, as related to the morning lecture. Last Sunday, by agreement, this was the question: *Are there Evil Spirits?* And pardon the paradoxical phrase, the discussion, though participated in by Dr. H. T. Child, Dr. Hancock, I. Rhen, Bannister, Osborn, Robinson, Kennedy, Kilgore and others, was all on one side. The friends wished J. S. Loveland present to defend his propositions and inferences therefrom.

We admired his statement in the Republic touching the theory of evil spirits; admired it because clear and strong; at the same time we entirely dissented from some of his conclusions. The article took us back just twenty-five years, when, a mere sprig of divinity, we preached old fashioned Whittmorean Universalism—salvation in the twinkling of an eye through the resurrection, alias a gasp on the gallows, and then glory immortal! And why not, we argued? The spirit had nothing to do with sin. It was the body; the animal nature. True, we had never heard of a corpse being arranged for stealing, and we furthermore cherished a dreamy intuitive idea that the inner man had something to do with the outer physical form in forging notes and other rascally conduct; but then that clever passage, the "mystery of godliness," helped us out of the difficulty. If evil, if imperfection or sin pertained alone to the physical organism, why should not the spiritual man, the moment succeeding death, be pure, perfect, and as the Scriptures taught, "Equal unto the angels of God in Heaven"? This was our position, and then we used to pin our proofs with these texts: "For the flesh lusteth against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh;" "He that is dead is freed from sin;" "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive;" and, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature. Old things are passed away, and behold, all things are become new." What a "dreadful" handy book the Bible is in textual matters!

This conference took the ground there was no infinite, no absolute evil, as an end in the universe, but man being finite, dealing with conditions and relations, there was what we termed good and evil as states of mind in this world, and there would be in the future life, being one endless chain of existence, progress gradual, and Nature knowing no rash leaps. Dr. Child humorously termed Brother Loveland's system "a patent labor-saving machine of salvation by death." If man is not man immortal, but absolute spirit, essentially and qualitatively pure and perfect, by being thrust out of a shell, composed of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, sulphur, sodium, phosphorus, iron, chlorine and calcium, with other elements and ultimates, there may be no evil or imperfection in the world of spirits. That spirit, per se, is inherently divine, and seeks to spirit as drops to fountain, or steel to magnet, is generally conceded. But it is certain that man is not all etherialized spirit in this world—he will be in the future? Will he not then have a spiritual body? and if so, will not that be more material and nearer allied to earth than essential spirit? Otherwise expressed, will not man in spirit-life be a duality, the spiritual body corresponding in form to the earthly, with the God-principle or divine energy interior thereto? If a spiritual body, then necessarily a spiritual brain, with organs, faculties, functions. The above admitted, will any mere chemical death-spasms instantaneously depress combativeness, destructiveness and the whole selfish range, and as speedily expand and tone the over-arching top-brain moral and spiritual organs, giving them the complete ascendancy at once, and thus without discipline and gradual growth constitute all immortals pure, self-poised and harmonious? If not, then there must be struggles, efforts, inharmonies, diverse methods, clashing of interests, purposes defeated, mental sorrow and wisdom gained by experiences. In fine, moral altitudes and valleys, corresponding to high and low, good and evil.

That link in life's chain called death, does not deliver a man from himself—memory, that hyphen that connects both; ay, all worlds will prove a thing of beauty or an "undying worm" to mentally torture. The spiritual goods we man-

ufacture in this, we take to that higher state of existence, with the record of them also; each purpose set is a thread woven into the immortal raiment, and hence, as the inspired John taught, "our works do follow us."

Strictly speaking we are spirits; are in the spirit-world now, that being the measureless realm of infinity; yet but few if any mortals are really in the spiritual world, that baptismal state of holy purpose, divine endeavor and complete consecration to the work of human redemption, that characterized Jesus and the truly good of all ages. Mortals and immortals approaching affect us qualitatively according to their interior states, and quantitatively in the nature of their magnetic power as allied to the will-force. Our safety lies in being positively good—in a true rational aspiration and lives devoted to heavenly purposes.

Sensible Women.

There are many, perhaps millions some. Some are especially gifted. Last Sunday we saw a lady in New York thank a gentleman that in the kindness of his heart arose in the street-car and gave her his seat. It was refreshingly sensible. Will Elizabeth Cady Stanton ring praises on the dead as she rolls along her lecture tour on equal rights? But, angels of sadness, listen! We never saw a hale, hearty, buxom woman rise and offer her seat to a decrepit old man, or a pale battle-worn soldier—hope to. Oh Lord, prolong our days.

Number two. Without a word of gossip or the least allusion to vanda for the stomach, with delicacies and pastries to pamper the appetite, a noble woman, away west of Chicago, forwarded us, availed since, an envelope crowded with poetic scraps and literary gems. It was sound and sensible, affording a rich intellectual repast. She is a "Maud" by the spring, and member of the "Trinity."

Number three. Walking down Broadway we saw so many of our sisters with compressed and shortened dresses, and so few wearing the balloon-invented street-sweeping skirts, that we silently said, "Sensible—ange of progress this." We further saw—the day was cold—a goodly number of women wearing bonnets. Others had a string over the top of the head, fastening a bit of cloth upon the softer portion of the cranium. We excused them, knowing cloths were high. Bared heads, arms and bosoms, though gratifying the curiosity of "Bowerly boys," disgust men—sound, substantial men. A young miss sneering at the Bloomer and Gymnasium costumes because they exposed the feet and ankles, was coolly told by Lucy Stone Blackwell that if she would pull up her dress in the neck high as it ought to be, it would make a Bloomer of hers, even then. Lucy was sensible.

Number four. Sitting in the Philadelphia Conference meeting, a few Sundays since, a most estimable lady, just behind us, said, "have you seen the last Nation?" Have not. Why? "Its Editorial Review of H. Dixon's New America, contains another slur at Spiritualists." Handling us the clipping, the writer, speaking of "Onelife Communists" and Spiritualists, calls them "excesses," &c. She added, "I'll stop the paper—can hardly wait to have my subscription-time expire." Sensible again. The pocket is the most vulnerable part with these "bread-and-butter" papers. Spiritualists, stop them. Tell them why you do it; thus teaching them lessons of toleration, justice, honesty and principle. Though admitting some things, we were never in love with the kid-glove literature, the intellectual dandyism and foppish over-civility that characterizes its columns. Such efforts fail to rivet truth. The "Nation" may sparkle, and so do embers ere they die.

DONATIONS

IN AID OF OUR PUBLIC FREE CIRCLES.
Martin Daniels, Eau Claire, Wis. \$2.00
J. H. Ladd, New York, N. Y. 1.00
John H. Ladd, New York, N. Y. 1.00
Minnie H. Crosby, Chicago, Ill. 10.00
J. Crosby, Cantonville, Ind. 5.00
John Patten, Fair View, Ill. 5.00

The Eddy Persecution Fund.
We acknowledge the receipt of the following additional sum, to help defray the expenses of the trial of the Eddy mediums:
G. L. D. \$1.00

Mr. J. Forsyth, of Buffalo, acknowledges the receipt of \$4.00 from J. V. Weaver, for the friends at Byron, N. Y.

Further donations solicited.

Donations to Bread Fund.

Herman Ehl, Utica, N. Y. \$1.00

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

Arranged Alphabetically.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should 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.]

J. MADISON ALLEN, trance and inspirational speaker, author of *Phonographic System of Reading and Writing*, will lecture in Philadelphia, Pa., during the month of April, at 10 o'clock, evening sessions in the new theatre. Will also receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address, 34 Avenue Street, Boston, Mass., April 19 and 20.

C. FANNIE ALLEN will speak in Chelsea, Mass., March 31; in Mechanics Hall, Charleston, during April; in Hanson, May 6 and 12; and in New York City during May 19 and 26; in London, England, during June. Parties in Vermont desire her services during the summer season, address as per appointments.

Mrs. N. K. ANDREWS, trance speaker, Delton, Wis. Address, 200 West 12th St., New York, N. Y.

CHARLES A. ANDREWS, Flushing, Mich., will attend funerals and lectures upon reformation.

Mrs. SARAH A. BRYNNE will speak in Mechanics Hall, Charleston, during the month of April, at 10 o'clock, evening sessions in the new theatre. Will also receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address, 34 Avenue Street, Boston, Mass., April 19 and 20.

Mrs. M. A. C. BROWN, M. D., will lecture in New York City, during the month of April, at 10 o'clock, evening sessions in the new theatre. Will also receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address, 34 Avenue Street, Boston, Mass., April 19 and 20.

Dr. JAMES COOPER, Bellefontaine, O., will take subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

Mrs. LIZZIE DORR will lecture in Mercantile Hall, Boston, during March (Sunday afternoon). Will make no further engagements. Address, Pavilion, 47 Tremont Street, Boston.

GEORGE DORTON, M. D., is prepared to lecture in Post-office Building, Newburgh, N. Y.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

Mrs. E. DELANE, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass. Dr. E. C. DUNN, lecturer and healer, Rockford, Ill. Dr. T. D. EMMETT, will receive calls to lecture. Address, South Coventry, Conn.

Mrs. CLARA R. DEVEREUX, trance speaker, Newport, Me. Dr. T. FOSTER will speak in Springfield, Mass., during March; in Stamford Springs, Conn., April 7 and 14; in Lowell, Mass., May 8 and 15; in Portsmouth, N. H., May 19 and 26; in New York City, during the month of June.

Mrs. ELIZABETH FOSTER will receive calls to lecture in New York City, during the month of June.

Dr. W. M. FITZGERALD will answer calls to lecture on the science of Human Electricity, as connected with the Physical Manifestations of the Spiritual Philosophy. Address, N. J. J. G. FISH, "East Jersey Normal Institute," Red Bank, N. J.

Mrs. FANNIE D. FLETCHER, South Malden, Mass. AUGUSTA FITCH, trance speaker, box 1835, Chicago, Ill. ISAAC P. GREENGLASS will lecture in Taunton, Mass., during March; in Newton Corner during April; in Chelsea during May. Address, as above, or Kendall, Mass.

Mrs. ANNA E. HILL, inspirational medium and psychometrical reader, Whitesboro, Oneida Co., N. Y.

Mrs. ROSIE A. HUTCHINSON will speak in Worcester, Mass., March 31 and during April.

Dr. R. G. JAFFORD, inspirational speaker. Will also give lectures in New York City, during the month of June.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN, 62 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill., will receive calls to lecture in the West. Sundays engaged for the present.

Mrs. MELBA HAYDEN will receive calls to lecture in Massachusetts. Address, No. 20 Wilmet Street, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. S. A. HORTON, Brandon, Vt. Miss JULIA J. HUBBARD will lecture in Lowell, Mass., March 31. Address, box 2, Greenwood, Mass.

JOSEPH J. HUNTER, M. D., inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture in New York City, during the month of June.

Mrs. F. O. HYZER, 60 South Green Street, Baltimore, Md. Mrs. SUSIE M. JOHNSON will lecture in Cleveland, O., during March and April, at 10 o'clock, evening sessions in the new theatre. Address, 34 Avenue Street, Boston, Mass., April 19 and 20.

W. J. JAMISON, inspirational speaker, care of the R. P. Journal, P. O. Box 6325, Chicago, Ill.

S. J. JONES, Esq., address is 12 Methodist Church Block, South of 10th St., Chicago, Ill.

E. S. WEBSTER, inspirational speaker. Address, care this office, or 6 Columbia Street, Boston.

Mrs. S. A. WILKS, Lawrence, Mass., P. O. box 475. Lord WATSON can be addressed (all further notices at Manhattan, Blue Earth Co., Minn., care of the Clifton House).

Mrs. E. M. WOODCOCK is engaged to speak half the time in Danby, Vt. Will receive calls to speak in Vermont, New Hampshire, or New York. Address, Danby, Vt.

Mrs. N. J. WILKS, trance speaker, Boston, Mass. F. L. WADSWORTH's address is care of the R. P. Journal, P. O. Box 6325, Chicago, Ill.

W. WOODCOCK, trance and inspirational speaker, St. John, N. B. WARREN WOODCOCK, trance speaker, Hastings, N. Y.

HENRY C. WRIGHT will answer calls to lecture. Address, care of Bala Marsh, Boston.

Mrs. MARY J. WOODCOCK will spend the months of April, May and June in New England, all wishing her services on the line of the Boston and Springfield Railroad, please apply immediately. Address, care of Dr. Larkin, 24 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., April 20.

Mrs. MARY E. WYNN, trance speaker, 71 Williams Street, Newark, N. J. A. C. WOODRUFF, Buffalo, N. Y.

Miss H. MARIA WORTHING, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill. will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals.

JOHNATHAN WRIGHT, Jr., inspirational and trance speaker Address, Myrtle, Conn.

Mrs. JULIETTE YRAW will speak in Lynn, Mass., during March and April. Address, Northboro, Mass.

Mrs. A. M. YOUNG will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of the home, Boise City, Idaho Territory.

Mrs. J. YOUNG, trance lecturer, 208 Tremont Street, corner LaGrange, Boston.

Mrs. FANNIE T. YOUNG, of Boston, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the West, Sundays and week evenings; also attend funerals, at all over the country.

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