

Bluff, Iowa, on Saturday and Sunday, October 19th and 20th, for the purpose of organizing business association. [The official call failed

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. H. 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 Banner of Light Free Circles.

These 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.

Our Father and our Mother, we would adorn the brow of this handsome day with a chaplet woven of our best thoughts, outwrought in our best deeds. We would lay aside all bitterness that has been born of injustice, and entering within the holy of holies of our own souls, we would commune with thee. We would there gather strength from that unfailing fountain of strength with which to meet successfully all the issues of life.

We thank thee, oh Lord, that there are bitter experiences in life; that there are shrouds as well as cradle blankets; that there are wreaths of cypress as well as those of roses and lilies. We thank thee, also, for the bitter experiences that crime brings, for that experience becomes a teacher unto the way-worn soul and gently asks it up the mountain of life, till at last it is free from all stain and its robes are spotless. Our Father, we would worship thee in all humility, ever remembering that thou art the great law by which we are sustained and from whose life we have come, ever remembering that thou art the sunlight and the shade; that thou holdest the seasons and our thoughts in thy grasp; that thou dost lead us as it seemeth good unto thee, and leadeth us through mysterious by-ways oftentimes, that our souls may be perfected thereby. We remember, oh Lord, that we can never fully understand thee. Thy manifestations we may perceive, thy law we may endeavor to analyze, yet it is greater than our wisdom, it is far beyond finite comprehension. Therefore, oh Lord, because of thy greatness, we will feel secure in thee. We thank thee that the nations of earth are steadily marching up the mountain of science. We thank thee, also, that they are carrying their religions with them, and that priest and prelate everywhere seem disposed to marry religion and science. Oh Lord, for this we most fervently thank thee. We cannot but praise thee when we behold even thine angels stripping off the dark garments that have so long enshrouded the pure sunlight of truth. And may thy children everywhere on the earth burst forth into a new song of thanksgiving, remembering that they dwell in the midst of light and not darkness, remembering that their brows have been bathed by the waters of angelic life, that their ears may hear the soft strains of angelic harmony in the higher life, that all their senses may become so finely attuned that they shall, in the land of the soul's life, gloriously attain it. Father and Mother, receive our prayers; accept the deep gratitude of our souls, and in thy own way lead us into the kingdom of peace, the haven of everlasting rest. Amen. Sept. 12.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have any propositions, Mr. Chairman, we will consider them.

Ques.—Is the physical geography of the stars—the planets of the solar system as well as the more distant spheres—similar to that of the earth? and are they inhabited by beings like ourselves, dwelling in mortal bodies? May I also ask—if these questions be proper—whether there are not worlds, whose antiquity being far greater than our own, that have attained an enlightenment and advancement in arts and sciences incomparably beyond the descendants of Adam?

Ans.—All the heavenly bodies progress in accordance with the external law by which they are surrounded, and also in accordance with the internal law upon which they revolve. Each sphere is attended by the law of infinite progress. It comes into being attended by chaos. It becomes slowly rounded to perfection, until at last we find it able to sustain animal and spiritual life. It continues to revolve upon its own internal axis, and in accordance with the laws by which it is surrounded, for an indefinite number of cycles; or you may call these cycles years, if you please, but they stretch away almost to eternity. But there is a difference between crude matter and etherialized or spiritualized matter through which all worlds pass. Having once passed that boundary line, the world, or sphere, or globe, or whatever you see fit to term it, becomes spiritualized, fit only to sustain spiritual life. But your human senses can scarcely grasp the vastness of this idea. We ourselves cannot understand it. It is decided by certain scientists in the spirit-world and here, that a great number of the heavenly bodies are inhabited by forms similar to those that inhabit this earth. We believe their theory in the main to be correct. We believe, also, that the physical and intellectual life existing upon all planets depends upon the physical condition of that planet. Thus all forms are but the outgrowth of planetary conditions. So then these bodies must bear the necessary constituents of planetary growth from which they have been born.

Q.—Do all spirits who have left the human form, after they arrive in the world of spirits, have the power to communicate through mediums here, or do only those who were the most mediumistic while here in the form have the power to communicate?

A.—Those who were the most mediumistic while here have the most power in making these mundane manifestations. However, it is a gift that all may avail themselves of, if they seek so to do.

Q.—By one of the audience: The saying is, that like attracts like. Still we do find the opposite sometimes. What are the causes that attract spirits to persons of an entirely opposite character?

A.—The causes are legion. It would be impossible to enumerate them. Sometimes a disembodied intelligence or spirit is attracted to a sub-

ject or medium in consequence of the external surroundings—surroundings that are in no way connected with the medium. Sometimes it is in consequence of some physical ailment, sometimes the contrary. Sometimes the quiet mind of the subject attracts them, sometimes the turbulent mind. Indeed, the causes that are in constant operation to attract all classes of spirits earthward are innumerable.

Q.—If you will allow me I will give a closer statement of the case. I have been sitting with three other friends, two positive and two negative, for some six months, with the utmost reverence and an earnest desire to attract a class of good spirits. None of us ever use tobacco or any stimulants whatever. We have been very harmonious; never an unpleasant word spoken among us. We have all aspired to something higher, nobler and better; and still there was a time when just the opposite influences from those we sought were called around us. What the causes were that produced this I do not know, and would wish for an explanation, if you can give it.

A.—It might exist in the atmosphere, in the physical bodies of the sitters, or in their minds, unconsciously to themselves.

Q.—Does Spiritualism teach the immortality of the soul, the fact of man's life after death? It is generally believed, but there are many who do not understand the meaning of immortality as it should be understood if it be a fact.

A.—Spiritualism proposes to teach the immortality of the soul, and it proposes, also, to demonstrate what that immortality is—in what it consists, and how you are to take advantage of it even in this world. Spiritualism proposes to strip off the external garb with which life has been clothed in the past. It proposes to set a light at every man's and woman's feet, showing them the way they are to go. Spiritualism proposes to do more for the soul than everything else has ever done.

Spirit.—A query has come to us, as emanating from the late National Convention at Cleveland, and it is this: "What do higher intelligences in the spirit-land believe concerning the manifestations of the Davenport and other mediums through whom similar manifestations are given? Are they genuine spirit-manifestations, or are they jugglery?" Well, whatever your speaker might assert would be simply an assertion. Whatever belief belongs to him, as a spirit, belongs exclusively to him. Therefore whatever opinion is offered belongs also to him, and he alone is responsible for it. The manifestations given through the Davenports, and other so-called physical mediums, are, in the majority, genuine and of spiritual origin. And whose desires to understand this thing for themselves, have only to put the manifestations in one scale and their reason in the other, and the solution will come as a natural sequence.

These or analogous manifestations have had existence throughout every condition of intelligent being. There has never been a time in the history of the world when these so-called physical manifestations have not been in existence in some form or some peculiar phase. It is absolute folly, and betrays the sheerest ignorance on the part of those who deny their genuineness, or assume that they are entirely dependent upon trickery, jugglery, or whatever else term you may see fit to employ. I say it betrays ignorance, and still more, it betrays a certain something which is akin to Church bigotry—for there are other bigots than theological bigots, and quite as many bigots in Spiritualism as in any other ism. We are sorry to be obliged to affirm this so forcibly, but it is absolutely true. We will go still further, and declare that there are more bigots among those who have come out from the churches and declared themselves free from all kinds of bigotry than there are to be found in the churches. The Presbyterian is bound hand and foot by a certain kind of belief, and he sticks to it, in most cases, very rigidly. The Spiritualist is bound in the self-same way, for we find them here, there, and everywhere setting up certain very rigid standards of their own and declaring that they are absolutely right, and there is no appeal from their standard. They have got the highest, the best and the only genuine Spiritualism, when the truth is the churches have had experience in it, and those who have no belief in any kind of God have had it. It is as free as the air. It is extensive as life. Spiritualism means something more than what is bound up in the simple name. It means the science of life. It means that life God manifests through every kind of form, through every possible degree of thought. It means that God can rap upon a table to convince you that you will live after death, and not degrade himself, as he can speak through the highest angel in the courts of heaven. Spiritualism of itself is humble. It takes upon itself no crowns. It is exceedingly simple. A child may understand it. But they who prate so loudly against these lower manifestations, as they are pleased to term them, simply betray their ignorance—ignorance of God and His laws—ignorance of the alphabet of life. They would fain destroy the ladder over which they have ascended, because forsooth they need it no longer, or because they have entered the temple by some other way, though thousands and tens of thousands have need to enter it in this way. They in their foolishness determine that God does not understand his business, and because he doesn't they are going to guide the car of progress for themselves. But poor, puny humanity will find by-and-by that God is God, despite all forms and ceremonies, and he descends to the simplest manifestations of life without losing his Godship. He blooms in the violet—is heard in the tiny rappings. His voice is in the thunder, and his wisdom with the angels. He is everywhere.

Yes, these manifestations are, in the majority, genuine, absolutely genuine, and whose says they are not, says what is false. Sept. 12.

Sarah Ann Searle.

I hardly know how to speak, I have been away so long—nineteen years. I went from Townsend, and my name while here was Sarah Ann Searle. What makes me come here is because some of my relatives and friends that I used to know when I was here have convened around a table and called for some of us. And they called for me, and I could not come, and they said because I did not, that perhaps I had gone away so far beyond these scenes that I could not. That was not the reason. I did not know how, and their medium was not just right for me. One of the questions they asked was, if I could, would not I tell what was the last thing I did on earth—would not I tell what it was? Well, it is pretty hard to go back into these little insignificant things, but I suppose I can do it. I called for my Bible and selected a verse for the foundation of the remarks at my funeral—and they thought it was so very strange I had no fear of death, you know. They could not understand how I could be so calm, and talk about it as if I were only going away to come back again. But I had—I had an inward perception of the spirit-world, and that inward perception took away all the fear of death, and as I did not have a great many pleasant things here in this life, I was anxious to

go, and when the time came for me to go, I very naturally talked of it as if I was pleased. I had no fear—no, none at all. And they could not understand it, and some of them do not to this day. It was because I had no fear. I had a strange belief of my own. And they would like to know if I have changed. Yes, I have changed, but I am very glad I entertained the belief I did while here—very glad indeed. It was strange then, but it has got to be quite popular now, they tell me. I was a Universalist. I know some of the folks thought it was a terrible belief, but it was good enough for me. And I am not sorry, even at this late hour, that I embraced it and carried it along with me to the spirit-world. I am a Universalist in my spirit-home, only I am a better one than I was here, I trust. There, good-by. Sept. 12.

William Hudnot.

A short time since I was here, in the possession of my own body. I was participating in earthly scenes. But I seem to have passed through a very radical change. My purpose in coming here, Mr. Chairman, is to reach, if possible, my friends. Our home was situated about seventeen miles from Alexandria, before the desolation of civil war swept over it. But I shall endeavor to reach my friends from that point. It was known then as Hudnot's plantation. I am William Hudnot. I thoroughly believed you Yankees were entirely in the wrong, that although you were very willing to take care of whatever interested you, you were also very ready to help take care of what should not have interested you, namely, the interests of the South. I believed this, and was conscientious in going to war against you. But it is over now, and although there are some sad recollections which will sometimes force themselves upon the returning spirit, yet I think the most of us that are here endeavor to divest ourselves of all hard feelings in the matter. At all events, I, for one, feel satisfied. And were all my friends as well off as I am myself, I should be very glad that things have turned as they have. There are some doubts among my friends concerning the manner of my death. I would say I was wounded and taken prisoner, and died, I think, about twelve hours after being taken. In justice to my captors, I would say I was kindly treated, and everything was done to smooth the way to the other side that could be done. I now wish to come into clear communication with those who remain on the earth who knew me, that by coming to them I may benefit myself and them—may show them something of the condition that they may expect to be ushered into after death, and do, perhaps, a great deal toward robbing them of the fear of death. At all events, I believe it is right that I should return. I believe also that it would be right to seek to understand this law of return, and make it of use to them in clearing away the fogs that have been induced by a false religion and a false understanding of God.

You will remember the station, sir—Hudnot's plantation, between seventeen and eighteen miles from Alexandria. Good-day. Sept. 12.

C. C. Colchester.

I come for the first time since my death to pay my respects to the good Boston people. [We are glad to meet you.] I assure you it is a novel position to occupy. It is one thing to act as a medium between the two worlds, but it is quite another thing to use one of the mediums. I left some of the good people here in Massachusetts rather unceremoniously, and with perhaps no very pleasant feelings on their part with regard to myself, and the manner in which I was led to conduct myself. But I am very glad to be able to say to all those people, "I thank you for your kindness while I was with you here. I thank you for the kind reproaches for the mistakes I made in life, and I thank you also for the bitter reproaches that reached me from all parts of the country, first coming from here, for they stimulated me to do better perhaps than I otherwise should have done, and were a sort of check-rein over my not very good propensities. I am very glad that I am free from this world and its unfortunate surroundings. I am very glad to be free from the conditions that sometimes attach themselves to an individual whether he will or no, and force him for the time to go rather in a downward direction. I am now free from all the circumstances that made me sometimes perform acts that I regretted afterwards. I would say to the friends here and in the West—all with whom I was acquainted here in America—I shall be very glad to do all in my power now, as a spirit, to aid you in obtaining truth concerning the condition of the soul after death.

I have need to be especially grateful to the kind friends with whom I was when I died; my many dear friends in Dubuque. Say to them I am powerless to thank them as they ought to be thanked, and if ever I am permitted to meet them on this side of life, I shall try to have some suitable reward ready for them. I will be their most humble servant all through their natural life, if they demand it, and then shall only feel that I have half paid them for their kindness to me.

I am Charles, just as I was then—C. C. Colchester. Oh I have got a host of friends I would like to meet personally, here and elsewhere. But they must all take for granted that I have not forgotten them. Good-by. Sept. 12.

Bertha Clark Polley.

It was beautiful to die, and it is beautiful to return again. I thank God that I am enabled to perceive the perfection of God's laws even through suffering. I thank God that I did suffer while here, and I thank God also that I remember that suffering in my spirit home, for it makes greater the joys of that spirit home, and it has washed my spirit clean, and has assisted me to ascend rapidly from one condition of being to another, till to-day I am enabled to say I thank God for all the experiences of life. It is but a few brief years since I was here acting in the capacity of spirit medium. I was used by the angels to proclaim the truths of God, and although I was led through many dark places, although my spirit drank deep of the waters of human sorrow, yet there were times when even on earth I lived in heaven, for my angel guides were enabled to so open the spirit-land to my view and to so enfold me about with the conditions of heaven, that I did really enjoy heaven, even while I dwelt in the midst of hell. I return to-day to say to the dear friends I have left, "Fear not for the dear little boy who is with you, who was mine and is mine still. He will remain with you, and the powers that seem to be round about him you need not fear, for it has pleased the Great God to give a mediumistic life to the child, and when he tells you, 'I see my mother,' you may know he does. When he tells you, 'My mother comes to me when I am sleeping,' you may know I do come to him. And when he steps in the midst of his childish play and says, 'There is my mother,' do not fear that God is going to call him to the spirit-land, for this is only an unfolding of the powers that belong to his nature. And oh, as you value your own happiness, as you value

the happiness that will belong to him in the higher nature if he is rightly trained—oh, as you value all that is good and holy in life, train him in a spiritual direction. Oh give him to drink of the clear waters of the spiritual life, and never, never seek to shroud his little spirit with the darkness of theological bigotry. Let him grow, naturally, and strengthen all those powers that have a tendency to reach out into the other world. They will not draw him there too soon. You need not fear."

I am Bertha Clark Polley. I have friends, a husband, and many, many dear friends in Boston who cannot fail to recognize me. But my family and the friends of my childhood, they are not here, but I hope to reach them. They did not believe in these things when I was here, but I hope to unfold their vision and make them know that Spiritualism is true. Good-day. Sept. 12.

Séance opened by Theodore Parker; letters answered by Sylvia.

Invocation.

Come, Holy Spirit, come and let the sunlight of thy presence enter the consciousness of every soul gathered here. Let that sunlight disperse the mists and fogs of superstition, of doubt, of priestly error. Let it show them the faces of their loved ones who have passed through the shadow called death. Let no soul pass from these walls doubting thy nearness, and folding to their hearts that fear of death that is born of ignorance. But let every soul feel that thou art everywhere; and because thou art, there is no death. Let them understand that the land of souls lieth so near them that there is no line that can be drawn between the two worlds. Oh let thy mortal children everywhere learn to worship thee without fear in the beauty of love and holiness. Let every soul bow down before a shrine of its own erecting, worshipping the God it can understand—never worshipping a God it cannot understand. Oh, thou Holy Spirit, whom we see in the sunshine; whose power we behold in the tempest; whose life is with the seasons, and with every soul, receive our prayers, accept our praises, and lead us at last out of ignorance into thy wisdom; out of darkness into thy light; out of all evil into all goodness; for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever. Amen. Sept. 16.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Has the spirit body corresponding organs, anatomically considered, which pertained to the mortal body? And when the spirit enters the spirit-world, has it the same desires, inclinations and tastes that governed it here? And further: Is the spirit body an exact likeness or counterpart of the mortal body, of a well developed mortal body at the ultimate of its mundane life?

Ans.—Externally, the spirit body corresponds to the natural body; but there is a constant internal change going on. As the spirit, mentally, becomes larger, more advanced in wisdom, the external takes on the changes of the internal; becomes more beautiful, more perfectly formed, more in accordance with the needs of the indwelling intelligence. The characteristics of the soul are the agencies entrusted with the formation of the spirit-body, and they were never known to forget, never known to make false representations; on the contrary, they are very precise, and they always give a delineation in the external from the internal. Whatever a man or woman is in the spirit-land, the representation appears upon the external. They cannot seem to be what they are not. There is no such thing as disguising one's soul-characteristics after death. All things are governed by stern, immutable law, and the soul is not exempt from law; form is not exempt from law, but all move by virtue of law, and law that is adapted to their unfolding. Every form in being changes its external characteristics according to its own internal law. These human forms that exist upon this continent to-day are not exactly what they were many, many years ago. No; there are certain marked characteristics remaining, but a close observer, a critical analyzer can behold a very great change. Yes, the spirit body does retain the external organic life so far as form is concerned, if you speak of it as belonging to human life. All the various organs are represented in the spirit body. And if they are represented in the spirit body, they are for use. Yes; and the soul has need of them. But the necessities of the soul are not exactly the necessities of the physical body. One may need the grains and fruits and animal life of the sphere to which it has been born, and the other also needs the fruits and grains and animal life of the sphere to which it belongs. There is a difference. One is the crude, the other is the refined, the etherial. One is the outside life, the other is the inside life. The mechanic in the spirit-land deals with the thoughts of the mechanic; the fruit-grower in the spirit-land deals with the thoughts of the fruit; the artist deals with the thoughts of the beautiful representations that you have here in mortal life. And yet thought is present in tangible form in the spirit-land, clearly and brightly and lawfully defined. It is not a world of imagination. It is not a vague, unsubstantial, unreal world. No. It is a world substantial and real. It is a step beyond this mundane physical world. It is the beautiful perfection of this world. If the rose is beautiful here, it is far more beautiful there. All forms that are represented on the earth—and these physical forms are no exception—and also a representation in the spirit-land. You will all learn the truth of my statements sooner or later. To-day they may seem to be vagaries, founded upon nothing, but by-and-by you will realize their truth, their soundness, and know by experience what you can never know by theory.

Q.—Will the controlling spirit inform us if a spirit while embodied can act independently out of the body without an intermediate agency?

A.—Spirit in its absolute essence is not bound by the restrictions of the body. But the great God has seen fit—or the great spirit power, the great law governing everywhere has seen fit to make all things subservient to the spirit. All things, therefore, are its agents, and so far as the spirit understands the law governing the forms that have an expression on earth and in the spirit-land, so far that spirit can make those forms obey its law. There is no vacuum in Nature—none in the earth-life, none in the spirit-life. Every form is connected with every other form. Every soul is connected with every other soul. Every thought is connected with every other thought. For God is all, and in all. His dwelling place is in all forms, and His manifestations are everywhere. Therefore, God being everywhere, all things are united; and as spirit is superior to matter, so matter can become, and is, the legitimate agent through which the spirit manifests.

Q.—Would it not be better for the world, and for the mediums who possess such bad health or bad dispositions, as to attract only evil spirits, to give up their mediumship? Ought not mediums to be a pure and holy place to do much good?

A.—Your correspondent talks of giving up

mediumship, as if it were a thing easily done, when the real truth is, it cannot be given up, any more than it can be taken on. Mediumship—genuine mediumship—is the gift of God. He gave it, and He alone can take it. When we hear mediums, or those who call themselves such, declaring that unless the people and the spirits do thus and so they will give up their mediumship, we know that such are not what they purport to be; for as mediumship is of God, it is God who guards it, and God alone who can take it from the subject. The spirit-world is peopled with a vast variety of intelligences, from the highest to the lowest, and it is a law of divine life that every soul shall unfold or perfect itself through the agencies of being as best it can. Now, then, if some depraved souls find that they can unfold more readily by returning to earth and manifesting through media, who shall say they shall not come? Who has the right to determine concerning their coming? It is vain for you to declare that no undeveloped or depraved spirit can return unless there is some attraction within the medium's life. Jesus, the purest of all mediums, either ancient or modern, attracted to himself a legion of undeveloped spirits; and he taught them—he preached unto them—he liberated them from their dark surroundings—he led them by his own light up the mount of Transfiguration. He was their Saviour. But if he had banished them, could he have been? Never. Go ye and learn of him, and if darkness comes to you praying for light, even if its manifestations are of the most diabolical kind, turn not a deaf ear, but listen, and perchance you may catch the notes of an angel even there. Extend the hand. Though thy brother or thy sister be in the very depths of hell, if you are all right they cannot harm you. Be sure that your own garments are spotless, be sure of your own internal holiness, then no fiend can attach itself to your external lives. Though you may walk through all the darkness that ever closed around the depraved spirit, it cannot harm you.

The following letter was read:
I have a dear friend in spirit-land who has visited me through a medium here. I asked if the spirit would manifest itself through Mrs. Conant, that the message might be published for the satisfaction and convincing of a certain friend. The reply was that it had tried, but the crowd was so great there it could not get a chance, but if I would write her, saying it would be there, and like to communicate, it might help to secure the opportunity. I don't know as this will do any good, but if an opportunity can be given to the dear one, it will be a great satisfaction to many friends. Truly yours for the cause, T. C. SNOW.

A.—We will endeavor to give attention to this subject, and if possible will assist the spirit to return and manifest to the friends who so earnestly desire it. Sept. 16.

Capt. Jacob Burns.

I am hardly well posted enough in this way of coming back again to the scenes of one's earthly life. It is new to me, for I have been away between twenty-one and twenty-two years. I hail from New Bedford, but I died in Boston, and was, when I was here, Capt. Jacob Burns. I don't know, but I suppose I had a paralytic shock. I had not the power to speak for quite a number of days. But I don't mean my folks shall understand that I am paralyzed where I exist now, but I was thinking very strongly whether I could speak if I came here, and they say that is the very thing that upset me. But I will get along pretty well, I think.

I want to get into communication with my son William, if I can. And I should like, too, to reach my daughter Clarissa, I should, and I think I can give some ideas that will set the matter right about the brig. I owned part of her, and I left things rather unsettled, and the result was, there has never been a very harmonious state of feelings between some of my folks since I left. I will tell you how it was. My son William is a son by a former wife, and I received a little property by that wife that started me. But Clarissa is by another wife, by whom I received no property. William says because I received the property, all I had, by his mother, I always told him that all I had should go to him. And I don't know how, but somehow or other it has turned out so. He has got it, and I don't think it is just fair. I never remember of saying so, but perhaps I did. I can tell him to a farthing how much I received from his mother, and how much I made myself. So he can have, if he wants to settle it in that way, what I received from the mother, with interest, and the girl must have the rest. And I cannot be very well satisfied here till it is made straight. Some of my acquaintances have said, "If spirits ever come back and straightened out their earthly affairs, I should think that Capt. Jake Burns would come back and straighten his, because there is pretty strong need of it." And that very thing is what has brought me back here—the very thought on their part.

I had a little besides what was in the brig, and I don't know how, but somehow William has got it all. I don't want you to think that I am so worldly that I am bound up in earthly things. I ain't so. But I like justice now, just as well as I ever did, and if a man would only convince me that a thing was right, I was pretty sure to be a friend to it, whatever it was. And I never was afraid to speak my mind. I know what I give won't be very acceptable to my boy. I know that; but it makes no difference. I am able to speak, and able to say what I want to, and there is nobody here to say, "You can't do it, Jake Burns."

You print, do you? [Yes.] That is what I was told. I will go now till I get ready to come again. Good-day. Sept. 16.

Ida May Storey.

I reckon I should say I am ten years old now, and Charlie is eleven. I didn't live here. I lived in Rockford. [Illinois?] Yes. I died there, too. And Charlie did, too. We wanted to come right back as soon as we got strong, but we could n't. We didn't have anybody to speak for us and help us. But I joined—I joined the Lyceum now, and the teachers help us here, they do. And those that want to come—that is best fitted to come, is elected and helped, and I wanted to come, and Charlie wanted to come, too, but I could best. I was most nine years old; I was eight, going on nine, when I was here, and Charlie was nine, going on ten. [You mean that you are ten now?] Yes, I mean I am ten now, for they said I had been here so long I know I was ten now. Don't we have birth-days here? [I presume so.]

Oh dear me! I had the diphtheria, they said, and Charlie, too, and my throat is horrid sore now. I thought I had got well—that I was well. Do you always get sick when you come back? [Not always, no.] Do you know what my name is? [No.] Well, it is Ida May Storey. Now do you know? [Yes.] And my mother, will be so glad I have come back, and my father, too. Don't you think so? [I do.] I know they will. They have waited so long. It's so long they have wait-

