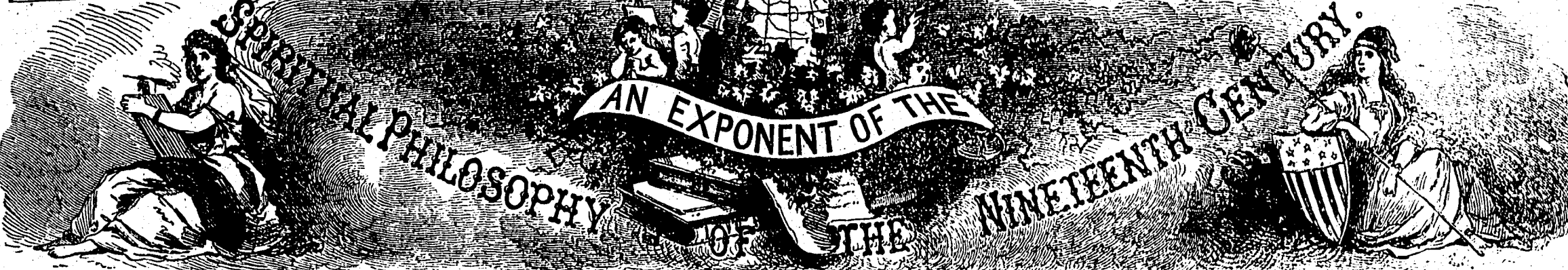


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### STARVING BY INCHES.

BY REBECCA J. MASON.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Look, mother! see the woman has tumbled down!" And the child sprang with one bound across the street, closely followed by her mother. "Oh, mother, how white she is! Is she dead?" Mrs. Morton, little Edna's mother, placed her hands upon the poor, wan face that had fallen so helplessly upon the cold pavement, and, turning to a gentleman who had hastened to offer aid, besought him to convey the sick woman to her own residence, which was near by.

"Mother," said the loving child, holding a hand of the sufferer within her own childish fingers, "let me stay by her till she wakes up, and then I'll bring Kyley for her to see. Oh, Kyley, won't she love to play with you when she gets well!" exclaimed the child, as a large, dignified cat deliberately made his bed in the little one's lap.

Mrs. Morton's only reply was a loving caress, while she was silently thankful that herself and her child were so tenderly sheltered and cared for. And fitting it is, too, that the sheltered, the cared-for, the pitted and aided and sympathized with the homeless, the neglected, uncared for, of which there are so many in a crowded city.

"Tell us all, doctor," said the lady, looking into Dr. Brame's face.

"Not much to tell," said the plain, blunt man; "just about starved! all run down! chafes if there's vitality enough to carry her through the night. However, give her a drop of wine, just a drop, every ten minutes. I'll be round in an hour and see her again."

All this time the sick woman had lain in an unconscious state. She was still young, not hardly twenty-five, with thin, delicate, nervous-looking hands, heavy chestnut hair, and the face you could not pronounce upon how it should look, when fully alive, it was so sunken, so careworn. But, if she were now going out of sight, she could not breathe her life out in a more fragrant atmosphere of love than in the home to which she had surely been guided by unseen hands.

The door opened again, and Dr. Brame took his post by the bedside. "In the first place, madam, send this little one to bed." And, as he spoke, he gathered the sleeping child and her sleeping pet in his arms and bore them away to the nursery; then, placing his finger on the wrist of the sinking woman, he watched her in silence. Then, turning to Mrs. Morton:

"She will live! the crisis is over! Now, madam, as I helped find her I shall help care for her. Still follow up the wine, increasing the drops to a teaspoonful; also a spoonful of arrowroot once in fifteen minutes. I will send round old nurse Grace, and you had better find a little rest yourself."

Just then the patient opened her eyes, and wondrous was their expression, bewildered, yet fully conscious. She looked from one to the other, and sunk immediately into a quiet sleep. The doctor bowed and left the room.

And well might sweet Alice Vane rest peacefully in that quiet home—falling, as she had, into a family every fibre of whose natures was keenly sensitive to the woes and wants of others less blest than themselves, who were ever prompt in action to the relief of suffering, in whatever form, rarely asking the causes, and having an ample purse into which they reached a long arm and spread its gifts with open hand.

And who was Alice Vane, and how came she to fall upon the pavement? Her story was brief, sad, but which can be told of many another. Her father, a country clergyman, on a poor salary from which he could save nothing; her mother delicate; at her father's death she came to the city to try teaching. That requires friends, influence; she was unknown. That falling, she sought a position in a store. She had no experience; could give no reference as to serving others. Then she made the weary round of shops, obtaining a little poorly-paid work, so poor she could not pay her rent, buy fuel and food, to say nothing of washing and lights and dress and car-tickets. But pay her rent she must, in a wretched attic, up four flights of stairs, shabbily furnished, or—die! Yes, die! That was the alternative. Two dollars was the price of her room. She could scarcely earn four, and she must live without food. That was why she dropped in the street. Do you wonder at it? A refined, sensitive, educated woman, with finely cultured aesthetic tastes, struggling alone in a great city, with no home except a lodging-house attic—can you wonder that she cannot bear all that pressure without breaking down in health, if not in morals?

But Alice Vane did not break down morally; and there are hundreds of her sisters who go through all privations, and remain true to themselves. That is a point seldom noticed: this death in life; this struggling against the tide year after year, without a day of rest—of recreation. This is the life of hundreds of women in our cities who do not have moral temptations. If those come, as they do, to many, and they have not strength to journey on, then all their hopes must rest in a compensation in the next sphere of existence, for, assuredly, their chance for mercy here is small indeed.

When Judge Morton returned to his home, he did not look upon Alice Vane as a stranger, as Mrs. Morton had written him from day to day regarding her protégé. As Alice gained strength, the family became tenderly interested and attached to her, particularly little Edna, who soon won her way to the invalid's heart. Darling little Edna! with a heart running over with kindness toward homeless children and animals, may you never know suffering!

Although exceedingly happy in the new tenderness which now surrounded Alice in the home of the Mortons, as her health returned she felt she could not remain longer dependent upon this generous family. Her face began to wear a pre-occupied, perplexed look, and one day, little Edna running into her room, surprised her in tears.

"Why, Ally, what you cry for? Was I been naughty to you, or did Kyley scratch you?" asked the sympathizing child.

"No, darling, you could n't be naughty, and Kyley never scratches," returned Alice, folding the child in her arms, and covering her with kisses.

"Mother! mother!" called the child, as she heard her mother's step, who was just entering the room. "Alice cries 'cause she feels bad; is she going to die again, mother?"

"Why, Alice, daughter!" said the lady; "what troubles you? I have noticed for some time that you seemed thoughtful and sad."

"Only the thought of leaving you, my best friend. I am now well, and have no claim upon your home; I want to try and support myself, and being quite restored, I think I can do it."

Mrs. Morton sat silent a few moments. She did not like the thought of parting with this girl, who was growing quite into her heart, and the prospect of her again treading the thorny path from which she had so lately been rescued, made her shudder. At length she spoke:

"You have become very dear to me, Alice, and I had not thought to part with you; and yet I do not like to crush out your independence, your self-respect, by detaining you, if you have these views. But cheer up, dear, until I talk with my husband. We wish to help, not hinder you, all we can."

That night, after the family had retired, Mrs. Morton and her husband talked long regarding the change which Alice desired to make.

"But is she not contented here?" asked the judge.

"I have come to regard Alice as my own, and should be loth to have her leave us." "So have I, husband, and Alice does n't wish to leave us; but she feels that it is best to use self-reliance, and not lean upon us longer; and, indeed, Charles, I should feel so, too, were I in her place. It gives a woman a feeling of positive dignity to know that she is sufficient unto herself—to know that she can stand alone. Why, husband, you forget how long I stood alone before I became your wife, and then you did not marry me because I could n't take care of myself."

And the wife laid her head caressingly upon her husband's shoulder.

"No, Agnes, no, I do not forget it," replied the Judge, "but I want to shield Alice's future from the dreadful want she has known. I will not object to her striking out for herself. But, wife, why not make her a liberal offer to teach Edna? Alice is educated, pure minded, really good. Edna is not old enough to go to school; your own health not quite sufficient, in my opinion. Now don't say a word. You must not take too much care upon yourself, and she and the child are very fond of each other. Now I think that will be just the thing."

"And so do I," said Mrs. Morton, "and we will propose it to Alice in the morning. If it suits her we will make immediate arrangements, and then she can keep her present home and at the same time support herself."

The next morning a family council was held in the library. The proposal was joyfully accepted by Alice, who could now remain with those she loved. And what woman cannot work better and less wearily, surrounded by the magnetism of those who really care for her, and follow out her own natural tendencies—which were teaching and caring for children? Alice was passionately fond of children, and words could not express her love for little Edna. As for Edna, the child was wild with delight, and testified her joy by filling her apron with her patient cat, Kyley, her frisky dog, Gipsy, and her ever-obedient dolly, the broken-armed Sarah, and climbing with them all into Alice's lap. And her mother found she should have to give her a vacation of two or three days to commence with, before her lessons began, to allow the superfluous excitement to evaporate.

The Judge and his wife did not approve of over-taxing either scholar or teacher; and after a pleasant, sunny room, in the quietest part of the house, had been chosen and simply and comfortably fitted up for little people, the hours were fixed—two in the morning, two in the afternoon. The studying was to be upon the Kindergarten system: ten minutes at a time, and then varying with instructive games, singing, little recitations, gymnastics; all of which are so pleasing to little children.

Alice had begged of Mrs. Morton the privilege of having three other little ones, children of poor women whom she had come to know in her days of trial, and to whom she gave gratuitous teaching, thus trying to pass along to others some portion of the kindness she had been receiving. And is it not right, thus to reach forth aid to others which we have some time needed? Yes, needed and received. Surely it is. How many fathers and mothers might reach forth a helping hand, as did the Mortons, in times of dire want and despair, and rescue young women not only from the grave, but from places that lead unto death, by a little aid, and then helping them to stand alone, to stand firmly; to be noble, self-poised; to teach them, if need be, to walk through life alone; to teach them, however pleasant companionship may be, that if their circumstances demand it, to walk bravely on—in time they will reach Jerusalem.

#### CHAPTER II.

Five years had elapsed, and a small gathering of earnest men and women were met together at Judge Morton's, to discuss the grave question which could no longer be put off: How should women be made more comfortable? There are

heroic men and women who work for babies; now the time had come when those no longer babies should be cared for. They had no cause to go forth into the highways and search for fitting subjects. Was there not one even in their very midst—even Alice Vane, who had worked incessantly to bring about an interest, but who had ever been met by the sneering retort that she was a strong-minded woman? What woman would not be likely to become strong-minded through such an experience as hers? And at last, with the co-operation of Mr. and Mrs. Morton, she had called this meeting. She did not hope for much; she knew public sentiment laughed at it. She knew the well-cared-for shut their eyes and became as blind to the sight of those wan faces, which were seen every morning going to and every night returning from their monotonous, often distasteful and ill-paid work. But she had set her face toward the great city and would not look back.

With the recollection of her dire poverty, of her constant struggles from day to day to keep those hungry wolves, want and debt, from coming in at her windows, her very flesh shivering and quivering, as it would always shrink and quiver at the thought of cold and hunger endured by herself or others, was not she a fitting one to plead for those who could not speak for themselves?

"Friends," she began, in a broken, fearful voice, (for what woman can speak calmly on such subjects?) "you all know my outward life up to this time. I care not to weary you with a recital of what you know so well. But I should like to unfold to you somewhat of the inner life I lived through all that misery. No temptations came to me to sell myself for warmth and plenty. A higher power mercifully shielded me from that. But oh have mercy upon those who are thus tempted! Some are strong to endure one trial, some another. The Father alone is judge. But there were hours, when my days' work was done, when, feeling so tired, so cold, so alone, I longed to let my life go out; when, as I dragged my limbs over the sometimes wet and always crowded pavement, and thought of my miserable room—so unlike my mother's home—my scant supper, often nothing more than a cracker and glass of water, with sometimes no fire, and no light, my garments dripping, my feet soaked through—do you wonder that I longed to die? Then, when I would open my purse and carefully count the few little scraps of money, and saw there was hardly enough to pay my room rent, do you wonder I threw myself down and asked God why, of all women, I was so desolate, so forsaken? Do you wonder that I said to God I would never pray again, that I knew he had forgotten me, had cast me off forever, and what I asked, what I begged to merit all this? I, that never injured man or animal? What had I done, that, work as I might, I should still have to go cold and hungry? Yes, I cursed God; I hated God. I laughed, even in my wretchedness, at the idea of a tender, loving Father, thus allowing one helpless child to suffer. Ay, I was mad! yes, mad with want; with cold, with hunger! I know not what I did. Friends, where lies the wrong? Let society answer. God owns this vast universe. He gives the human race possession while they remain here—enough for all, for each one to have a portion. Where lies the redress? Let society answer. What is society? A class of human beings blended together for their mutual interest. Has one class in this society any right to oppress, to tyrannize over the other? Look at the other continent; see the wars, the dethronings, the uprisings which are continually convulsing the nations in consequence of this same tyranny. Shall we suffer it here even on a small scale? Surely not. How shall we resist? By an appeal to the public conscience? Has the public a conscience? There is a small band of true, loyal, earnest men and women who must work and pray without ceasing, who must rest not by day or sleep by night till the debris be cleared from the public mind, and its conscience be brought out clean and white, then these little ones will not be trampled upon."

Alice now sat down, her whole frame trembling with emotion. She had dedicated herself to this work to the end of her earthly life. She was not alone. When she had finished speaking Doctor Brame arose and addressed the little company. Doctor Brame was a "rare old dem-god." With a superb physique, large and massive, with an eager face, and as eager in daring in the course of right, a grand head, with heavy masses of iron-gray hair, the whole look and bearing of the man conveyed a sense of power; of power to lead his audience, were it large or small; of power to sway the masses. A man like that enlisted in any cause was a host in himself. You felt that such a man could not fail. You felt that he was a born leader, and that you would be led in spite of yourself.

Doctor Brame, in his plain blunt way, began: "Starved to death! Yes, the girl who has just been talking to you was slowly starved. How do women break down in large towns? First, they come, many of them, from a home where they have been tenderly cared for and sheltered. They go to a strange city. The very atmosphere makes them sick, although they do not know it. Then they work in a close shop and are not properly clad, housed, or fed. Living alone, and upon insufficient diet will break up any constitution in a short time. People tell you, girls can get good hot dinners at saloons. Well, some women do n't like to go into a public saloon; and if they do the dinner must be paid for. They not alone starve for food, but 'starve for free air and sunshine.' I see a good deal of suffering, and I'm in cases out of ten of real sickness these are the causes. Now, the question is, what is to be done? Much, very much is to be done, and done speedily. In the first place, let us resolve ourselves into a body to espouse the cause and protect the interests of all women who are obliged to support themselves. Let us hold meetings, public meet-

ings. To do that we must get a convenient place where all so disposed can come together to talk upon this matter; where it can be discussed in its entirety by all classes. Let the opposers come also; let them tell, if they dare, of paying women three, four, or six dollars a week, and then let these same women tell us how comfortably they can live, and support, perhaps, one, two, or three children, or a sick husband, or indolent mother. Good people, what we want is to have these oppressed women, these white slaves, to come forward and tell their own story. I know a widow, here at the North End, who has two young children. She is a lady; has become reduced. She rented two rooms. After a while she gave one up and moved into the attic. Three nights in a week she locks the children into her room, and goes to a 'Home' to watch with sick persons—herself nearly as sick as they. In the daytime she does sewing. She won't live long. She is overworked, underfed, poorly paid. Well, then what's to become of her children? She can't educate them, and after knocking round a few years they'll have to go into shops, and having no health to begin with they'll drag out a life of suffering; at all events, at the present rate of prices. Let us have a room to begin with. I give one thousand dollars. Pass a paper round and we'll have a solid material basis to work on, to stand on. That's as good a platform as any other for a stepping-stone, then we'll go up higher."

In the meantime Judge Morton had drawn up a paper, which was liberally signed by both men and women; and after a few remarks by Mrs. Morton, John Collins, Judge Morton, Lydia Saunders, and other friends, they passed a series of resolutions pledging themselves to consider the body as already organized, and avowing their willingness to work steadily in the cause until their object was gained. They also appointed a committee, of their number, to provide a suitable place where they could hold public meetings. This done they adjourned.

#### CHAPTER III.

Away in the little town of Ashley, in the northern part of New Hampshire, there were busy times at Father Graves's. Squire Graves, as he was often called, was a well-to-do farmer, who had years before lost his sweet wife under the soil; and whose whole being was now centred in his two daughters, Susan and Jane.

There was one recess in the old man's heart into which no one presumed to look; not through fear, for he was not a stern man, for although puritanic in his notions, his hand and his heart were as broad as the face of his kind oxen. But his grief was for an absent and dearly-loved son, who, in the heat of his youthful blood, swore emphatically that he would not follow the plow, and one stormy night, first standing a moment with his hand upon the latch of his mother's bedroom door, he left the homestead forever. The mother, in feeble health, sank at once, and her husband had not power to hold her back. For years the strong man mourned over his double loss, refusing to be comforted; then, old habits returning, he gathered his two daughters, and Becky and Leander from the kitchen, and read his chapter in the old Bible, and sang the old hymns precisely at the stroke of nine.

I have said there were busy times at Squire Graves's, for the sewing circle of the church, to which they all belonged, in good and regular standing, was to meet at their house on Wednesday, and it was now Monday. The new minister had come; had preached for them the day before, as the Squire said, a good, sound, solid Orthodox sermon, with none of the lems and ologies he sometimes read of in the papers. Susan, who was the Martha of the house, always cumbered with many cares, was bustling around, arranging the "front room," carefully setting the chairs in long rows against the wall, and for the third time that morning she polished the brass andirons, the door latches and the knobs of the bureau. A wooden table covered with a red cloth stood firmly between the windows, upon which the Bible, the hymn-book and Baxter's Saints' Test were conspicuously placed. A large, tall glass lamp, ready-trimmed (but not burning) stood upon either end of the mantel; in the centre was a vase filled with gaily-colored paper roses. The whole room had a stiff, puritanic air that made one feel disposed to draw up the paper shades and let in the beautiful sunlight; to throw away the paper flowers and replace them with a profusion of the fragrant natural ones that were growing just outside the shaded windows. This room was Susan's own province, and indeed her own personality, her own peculiar tastes, were all mirrored in its arrangement.

It was hard to tell who Susan resembled. Possibly some far-off ancestor, of whom the family had never heard. Her father, although clinging to the old habits, the old creed of his youth, was not obstinate or self-opinionated; he even took the agricultural papers, and cultivated his land according to their new-fangled ways. So that proved him to be a man of progress. Not so his daughter Susan. Tall, hard-faced and angular, she stalked around the premises, and made everything as irregular as herself. Strictly conservative, narrow-minded and bigoted, fond of unceasing toil, she looked upon others as lazy, shiftless, who spent their time wandering through the fields, or reading books. And as for music, she lifted her hands in holy horror when Jane asked her father for a piano. There was the spinning-wheel in the kitchen—was not that enough? And yet Susan Graves was kind-hearted. Not a neighbor died for miles around, but Susan Graves was in at the death. She sat up the straightest, she cried the hardest, she wore the longest and deepest veil at her funerals, and she looked the most solemn. But Susan Graves possessed one rare virtue, seldom found in one of her character. She never gossiped, or meddled with other people's affairs. She simply held to her own likes and dislikes, without obtruding them upon others.

ers; and if she could not endure frivolity and finery, she did not interfere with any outside of her own family. For was she not the eldest daughter?

Susan had a strong ally in Becky, the old and faithful servant of the family. Becky was a short, stout, square-built little woman, who had never known much trouble in any form, and who jogged along as she used to in the days of Squire Graves's boyhood, thus having been a fixture in the family ever since his first recollection. Becky believed in old-fashioned, thick-soled shoes, and she could be heard from morning till night, clattering about on the bare, sanded floors, or groaning audibly as she heavily climbed the broad, painted staircase, for Becky was n't as ethereal as the women of to-day.

I have said twice before that it was pretty busy times at the Graves's just then. Becky had washed and ironed, and she and Susan had heated the great oven, and shoved into its cavernous mouth, and taken out when properly baked, loaf after loaf of golden-colored bread, and still deeper-hued golden-colored cake, and well-filled, tender, flaky pies; and deep dishes, still creaking with the clacking of the chickens baked therein, protesting they had never believed in hot places before.

And then, the sputtering and sizzling at the huge, open fireplace; the babbling and the hissing of tongues that could not ask for a drop of water to cool themselves; the grunting of the hams, that would grunt until they were fairly sliced and eaten—all this was keen pleasure to both these women.

The next day was also fully rounded out with duties well done, and the morning of the third Jane begged to be allowed to frost the cake. Now, Susan and Becky had ever considered themselves as joint mothers to Jane, and had ever carefully spared her all labor; but they had not been wise enough to give her something in place of household work, and therefore she had grown up vain, frivolous and insipid. It was not the girl's fault that she stood for hours at her glass, admiring her pretty doll face; that she batted not her hands in useful household work, for the two spinners both looked for "our Jane" to make a good match. Therefore the girl had grown up to twenty, idle and selfish. Was she to be blamed? Surely not. She was kind enough at heart, but were her father sick, or was there an extra rush of company—which happened but seldom—the two others took all into their own hands, and left her nothing—no care, no work. Thus she grew up helpless, and they—they knew not what they did.

Precisely at three the company were to assemble, the matrons and maids in the afternoon, the young men and their fathers in the evening. The family breakfast was always over by six in the morning, and then the day began in earnest. The chambers and other rooms were all arranged the day before, so this morning could be devoted to laying tables and dressing for the occasion. In the first place Susan went into the "parlor chamber" and brought out the Squire's white bosomed shirt, his best cassimere pants and his ancient, blue, swallow-tailed coat, heavy with large brass buttons, in the pocket of which she placed a span clean handkerchief. These she carried down to the kitchen bed-room, whither the Squire would have to resort to make his toilet; and, having seen Becky go up to her garret to make the necessary preparations, she just took a peep at Jane to give her a word of advice, and then proceeded to her own apartment.

Miss Susan had a comb and cap she always wore on state occasions. The cap had been her mother's, the comb her grandmother's. I forgot to tell you she had red hair; had been young and pretty it would have been called golden; but that time was long past, and, if she gave it one regretful thought, she determined to comb it out of her brain as she vigorously brought the comb and brush down upon what was now simply wiry red hair. Having arranged her hair in classic severity, by drawing and tying it tightly on the top of her head, she placed in it the high-topped comb, and surmounted the whole with the high-crowned cap ornamented with green ribbons. Her dress was a heavy brocade silk of a deep purple color, relieved by wide stripes of yellow. Her shoes were good, thick calfskin; that she said "she could step out in." Becky appeared in a suit of homespun blue, with a clean, starched, check apron—a good, sensible apron; and as her hair was cut short it required only an extra application of home-made pomade in order to have it look perfectly sleek and shiny. As for Jane, she was prettily dressed in white; her hair hanging in natural curls, her feet encased in comfortable kid slippers, which seemed more in accordance with the June day than did her sister's heavier attire.

The new minister, who boarded with old Deacon Grant, was expressly invited to tea, as was the deacon himself. Precisely at three the good women might be seen driving up to Squire Graves's front gate, and the Squires and Leander had enough to do to drive the teams round to the barn and unharness the horses. Becky was to open the front door for guests, Jane to escort them to the chambers, while Susan remained in state to receive and place them; for this little town had its aristocracy and thought much of caste. So the poor widow Jones and her daughter Ann were not expected to come as early or sit as near the new minister as Deacon Grant's folks or Doctor Killam's wife and daughters. Mrs. Grant was the presiding officer of the sewing-circle, and of course came earliest; talked the most, carried the largest pair of shears—for they worked for Birnham—and made herself conspicuous in all good causes.

"I do declare, Miss Graves," said Mrs. Grant, wiping her face and fanning herself vehemently with a large feather fan, "I'd no idee seen' so many this hot day!"

"Well," answered Susan, "I'm glad they've come. It's made us a dreadful sight o' work to



git things ready, and I pride myself on bein' a pretty good cook. Besides, them poor heathen must want their things by this time. Only think, Miss Grant, to have them poor creturs go naked, or almost naked! Why, I should think they'd catch their death o' colds!"

"Oh it's a good deal hotter here for me—so I suppose they're used to it. Now I'll just look over this ere basket and see what's what."

So the good dame carefully looked over the contents of a large sewing-basket belonging to the society, and gave to each a portion. By this time the company had all assembled, and Deacon Grant and the new minister were to come to tea at five. The hands flew, and the tongues as well. Various topics were discussed—the state of the crops, the state of the church, and lastly, the young man who was to supply their pulpit.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Smith, "where he was born, and what Collins family he belongs to. There used to be a Collins family lived up on the upper road, down there by the big apple-tree, in a red house, with only one door to it, as you go to Cousin Sabina's, on the road to the South Parish in Moorestown. I'll write to Sabina and see if she knows anything about 'em; or rather I'll get my Dick to write—so long sense I've writ anything my hands are clumsy at. I might a gone down to Sabina's; but there! I didn't hear him preach till Sunday, and then Monday was washin'-day, Tuesday ironin', and to-day's Wednesday, so I don't see how I could a gone. But then, I like to know all about folks. Perhaps he's a woff, in sheep's clothing. He ain't a very big one, though, if he is."

"Well, I don't know," responded Aunt Chloe Adams, the village tallness for more than thirty years, "as it makes so much difference after all, provided he believes the catechiz and keeps the Lord's day. I don't know as we've any business to rake up his family, or to try to find out whether his grandfather was rich or poor. If he just preaches to us about the blessed Jesus, that's all we need."

"It seems to me," began the timid widow Jones, "that we know sufficiently of him to give him our confidence. Although I do not like to comment upon an absent person, yet I have been informed from reliable sources that he comes from an excellent stock, who have been well cultured for generations; from a family conspicuous for charity of heart and hand, for pure morals, sound principles of right, and all that goes to make a man. Where he was born or bred I do not know. Such things have little weight with me."

As Mrs. Jones ceased speaking, there was a deep flush upon either cheek, for she was a woman of great delicacy of feeling, and in feeble health. Her husband, a man of superior culture, had met with heavy losses, and being intensely proud had come to this obscure village, where he was wholly unknown. Mrs. Jones had never mingled much with her neighbors socially, except at the monthly meeting of the church sewing-circle; and since her husband's death the little aristocracy of Ashley, with one or two exceptions, had neglected her entirely. But Mrs. Jones paid small heed to its neglect. Her resources were within herself, and her time wholly occupied in the education of her daughter and the management of her half-acre of ground, by which they supported themselves. Squire Graves often lent her a helping hand by sending Leander round to plow her land, and do many a small job that would otherwise have fallen hard upon the mother and daughter. And Susan often ran over with Becky carrying a basket, on baking days.

—I have said that Susan Graves was no gossip; therefore she had not uttered a word regarding the new minister. She preferred to know him and judge for herself. In the meantime she and her sister had left the room, for their tea hour was five o'clock. Squire Graves was diving like a huge duck into a pall of cold water which stood upon the wash-tub in the shed. He then retreated into the bedroom, from which he soon issued, the personification of a country Squire. His face beamed with good nature and hospitality, and he looked decidedly dignified, as he always did in his high black neck-stock and swallow-tailed coat. The Squire had just time to finish his toilet when the rattling of wagon-wheels was heard in the yard, and, hastening out, he reached forth his broad, cordial hand to both Deacon Grant and the Rev. John Collins, the new minister. The Squire called to Leander to unharness the deacon's horse, and at once ushered the two gentlemen into the "front room." At first an awkward silence ensued; then Mrs. Grant arose and introduced the minister separately to each of the ladies. Soon Becky appeared at the door with a summons for tea, and the whole party proceeded to the kitchen. Mr. Collins was placed next the Squire, who asked him to pronounce a blessing upon the food set before them, which he did, in a touching and reverent manner; thanking God for the plenty that was in their midst, and asking that they might ever remember those who seldom saw the bounty that met their eyes. Susan and Jane and Becky hardly tasted of the supper, so intense were they upon serving their guests, and the gentle Mrs. Jones made herself silently useful in helping the sisters attend upon the numerous company.

John Collins had little sympathy with foreign missions, and his motive in being present at this gathering was to acquaint himself more intimately with the people who had chosen him to expound unto them matters pertaining to their salvation. They thought of the salvation of their souls. He meant to preach to them of the salvation of soul and body both. In person John Collins was a small, slight man, with a thin, nervous frame, a purely intellectual face; you felt in looking at him that he was one who would die in a just cause; that, though slight, and all nervous, he would meet shock after shock, blow after blow, and yet rebound. You felt there was metal in him; smooth, clear, springy, both intellectually and physically. Was he in his right place? And John Collins, as he sat at that table and noted the talk, the manners, the apparently slight value they placed upon education, felt that he had met with elements that would be hard to battle with. The next day he was to be ordained, and great was the rush at Squire Graves's that night to see the new minister. While we have been talking the company had been eating, and by this time tea was over. All the ladies adjourned to the "front room" except Mrs. Jones and Anna, who kindly remained with the sisters, as the kitchen would be wanted when the young men should arrive.

"Now, Miss Jones," said Susan Graves, "I didn't say much to the new minister, but I watched him well; and it's my mind he's got a tough row to hoe here. But I'm going to stand by him. I've read him from top to toe; and you mark my words, you won't find him no such easy tool as Parson Lovejoy was. That man ain't no fool, not a bit. I tell ye, we're going to have a war in this church, and he'll fight strong; and they shan't step on him if I have to learn everything over again."

"Well, Susan," replied Mrs. Jones, "I have a hope that Mr. Collins is somewhat reformatory; and we do indeed need some such steps here. We are stagnating; we know but little of what is going on in the outside world. We need some one like him, fresh and strong, just entering life; for, Susan, I have known something of life elsewhere, and there he's got to be done. All are not as peaceful, all are not as well fed and well cared for as we that live here."

"Why, Miss Jones, what do you mean? You don't mean that everybody do't have victuals enough to eat, do you?"

"Yes, Susan. In your well filled house, where you have lived for forty years, never going beyond your native town, and not reading much, it is not possible that you should know of want and suffering. But I have lived in large cities, and there are hundreds of young girls like your sister Jane and my Anna, who do not have enough to eat or a comfortable place to sleep."

"Oh, Miss Jones," replied the good, kind soul, wiping her eyes; "you don't mean that. You don't mean girls like my Jane don't have no homes?" "Miss Jones, do come over day after tomorrow and tell me all you know about it. You and Anna come early, and stay the whole day. That's news to me, that there's any place where folks do't have victuals enough. Oh dear! if 'twas our Jane! And I've always been so careful of her; never let her wash her own clothes, or sweep a floor."

"It seems to me," added Mrs. Jones, "that this young man, coming as he does from a large city, must have seen a good deal of life, and if I read him aright he will work for humanity—a humanity nearer than Birmah, and—"

"Why, Miss Jones, don't you think them poor little heathen children ought to be taken care of?"

"Dear Susan," said Mrs. Jones, taking her hand, "your heart is all right, but there is not time now to talk. When I come to make that visit we will discuss all this."

The young men were now assembling who had been invited for the evening, and many, too bashful to enter, were still hanging around the door, talking of farming and raking cattle and the like, yet all anxious to be presented to Mr. Collins. Finally Jim Grant came in, and under his friendly shelter came Amos Smith, who sat down uncomfortably on the edge of his chair, crossed his legs, played with his watch-chain, looked up to the ceiling, down at the floor, and finally stammered out, his face turning scarlet:

"Good evening, Mr. Collins; glad to see you."

Mr. Collins, who was just then engaged in conversation with Squire Graves, on hearing his name mentioned, rose and crossed the room, and taking the youth by the hand, expressed his pleasure in the opportunity afforded in meeting the young men. Amos, quite emboldened by his reception, hurried out to bring in his companions. Among them was Arthur Voss, a tall, stalwart, brown-faced farmer, who lived with Captain Smith as hired man. The young man extended his hand in a frank, cordial manner to the minister, and in a few minutes was engaged in close conversation with him. Mr. Collins found that, though uneducated, he was made of noble material, and Arthur Voss invited the minister to go with him to the kitchen, and make the acquaintance of his comrades.

On the whole, John Collins was pleased with the new people among whom he had come. He saw, indeed, there was much conservatism among the elders, much prejudice to be met, many old and false ideas to be overthrown, uprooted. But he found many sound and sensible young women like Anna Jones, some large-hearted and energetic ones like Susan Graves; and her father he was especially drawn to. So among the young men; there were sturdy fellows, awkward and bashful, rough and unpolished, whom he felt sure would work with him. That meeting laid the foundation for many a real friendship between the young women, the young men and himself.

Soon the old house rang with merriment, for when the young men found that the minister was "not a bit stuck up," their reserve melted away like frost before the sun; and, although he did not enter into their games, he was round among them, chatting socially and gaily with all. At ten o'clock the company dispersed, all in good humor. There were those who thought they could lead John Collins as they might. There were others who saw that where John Collins planted his foot there he stood; that he was one who would say:

"Come one! come all! This rock shall fly from its limbo as soon as I."

However, the meeting was a success, and they separated, to meet on the morrow at the minister's ordination.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE ARMY OF PROGRESS AND TRUTH.

BY JACOB W. SNYDER.

Come, Angel of Mercy, inspire us to sing,  
In deep loving tones that will thrill every heart;  
Like beautiful song-birds of bright sunny Spring,  
Impart what they know of their musical art.  
Let harmony ring through the isles of the soul,  
Infusing each life with its melody sweet.  
All potent to charm as its soul-chords swell,  
Where we with Immortals so lovingly meet.

Chorus—Then come with the Army of Progress and Truth,  
To scatter the darkness of Error's long night;  
Let all join its ranks, from the oldest to youth,  
And give to the breeze every "Banner of Light."

Come, Angel of Love, and inspire us to live,  
By loving the good and by living for all;  
By living to love, and to learn to forgive.  
A brother or sister who erring may fall;  
For Love is the chain which unites us as one  
With all human souls by its mystical tie—  
The main-spring of life—all the good that is done,  
Is guarded in Love by the All-Seeing Eye.

Chorus.  
Come, Angel of Truth, and inspire every thought,  
To grow and expand like a rose in full bloom;  
May Truth light the soul which can never be bought,  
From youth up to manhood, from thence to the tomb.  
Thy image so fair on each feature impress,  
And speak through the eye, with its still earnest voice;  
Give comfort to life-weary souls in distress,  
And freedom to all in thy strength to rejoice.

Chorus.  
Come, Angel of Wisdom, from bright starry spheres,  
And teach us by arts the past ages gave birth;  
By all the great joys and sorrowing tears,  
Enriched and enured by the ages of earth;  
Oh, teach us to learn and to look higher still;  
Through Science and Art, which are Wisdom's true wand,  
To grasp every Truth by the power of the will,  
And look at the Future and bright Summer-Land!

Chorus.  
Religion is not the specialty of any one feeling,  
But the mood and harmony of the whole of them.  
It is the whole soul marching heavenward to the  
music of joy and love, with well-ranked faculties,  
every one of them beating time and keeping tune.

## The Lecture Room.

### THE SOUL AND ITS QUESTIONINGS.

A LECTURE BY EMMA HARDINGE,  
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Dec. 12th, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

#### WHO AM I?

The question of the present hour will be, Who am I? Last Sabbath, you will remember, we commenced with the first of these four mighty problems, which the soul in every age has perpetually put to itself; those fateful questions which neither science, religion nor philosophy nor mere external observation, has ever yet fully answered; which naught, in fact, but the light of a spiritual revelation can solve, namely: What am I? Who am I? Whose am I? and Whither am I bound?

The examination which we last Sabbath instituted, with a view to resolving the question, What am I? showed us man as the microcosm of the universe; a structure so grand, so masterly, so full of the forms which constitute power, and the elements that make up all we know of being, that we stood before the mighty statue of the divine humanity gazing upon its godlike proportions with an admiration little short of worship.

Entering upon a fresh scene of inquiry to-day, we advance one step further, and question, Who am I? A single identity amid the vast masses of humanity, who on every side of me present structures as grand, microcosms as complete, powers as mighty as mine; in the midst of a multitude all fashioned with equal wisdom, beneficence and care—Who am I? Whether I place myself on the lowest round of the ladder amid the outcasts of the city streets, or picture myself achieving the highest conditions of human greatness, still there are minds—many higher, some lower than my own. Let me once more turn my thoughts inward, and through my own special identity strive to solve the question: Who am I? I will remove myself in imagination from amid the surrounding masses, and stand alone in the wilderness, far from the throng of my fellow-men, with none to rival me in power or beauty, save the blooming flowers, the sighing wind and the waving grass, living isolated and unmatched. Here will I question of myself, Who am I? As a mere external being I stand possessed of all the powers which constitute the grandeur of humanity; but I stand alone beneath the cold blast of winter, or the scorching heat of summer, with no one to construct me a shelter, none to fashion my garments; my feeble hand unaided cannot execute these duties. I have neither the architect's skill, nor the weaver's craft. I can neither build nor clothe me in the fabrics which the hands of so many artisans must help to complete. My unaided power cannot accumulate the implements of use, nor get together all those condiments for which the whole civilized globe is taxed to spread the table of luxury. I cannot reproduce the forms of beauty which the painter imprisons upon the canvas, nor how out the marble into the living glory of the sculptor's art. I stand a poor solitary unit, and what am I alone? As the snows of winter silver my head, and I bend beneath the infirmities of age, where are the kind hands of youth and strength to uphold my failing powers? Where the loving lips that shall whisper consolation in mine ears? Where the friendly eyes that shall look down with assurances of unyielding love, when I tread the silent valley that leads me to the unknown land of souls? Living alone, dying alone, Who am I? I must be one amongst my kind—and hence I must hie me back to the multitudes who absorb me—and amongst them endeavor to find my identity and my place, though it should be one of the least that make up the sum of humanity.

Now I return, and now once more resume my inquiries. I place myself on the lowest round of the ladder of civilized existence. I behold myself plodding through the city streets, where all I behold speaks of plenty, wealth, ay, even luxury and splendor—a beggar, homeless, friendless, alone; I gaze with wistful face into the eyes of every passer-by, seeking one to whom I may appeal for bread. Hungry and fainting, I ask of some wealthy stranger, but he spurns me from him, and rudely denies me the poor pittance which I seek. Who am I, that I ask alms of him? Who is he that he should thus deny me? He is God's steward, entrusted with wealth and plenty, but only to be dispensed again to necessitous fellow-men like me. He is God's viceroy, commissioned to feed his poor. I have tempted him, and he falls. I have demanded of him the store which God trusted him, and he has fallen in his commission. For this act my mark is set on him; his lack of charity to me is a failure in his duty—a sign on him which shall remain forever. Unknown by name, yet in eternal destiny I am known to him as one who has failed. We may never meet again; I may look upon his face no more, but forever and forever he carries the stamp of my individuality through the temptation, to good or evil, which I became to him.

I pass on, and another gives me the alms which he has denied. We, too, part, perhaps forever, but the deed of kindness wrought on me can never die. On that man's fate my need has written mercy, and charity, and through my agency there has a record gone up to heaven for him, and I have been the means. Though we may never more stand face to face on earth, yet in the grand day of account, when God numbers up his jewels, that stranger's deed wrought out through me, the beggar, shall be remembered. I am something then to him. And to both these strangers I am a part of destiny.

I pass on still further. There are curious eyes gazing upon me; there are inquiring lips, demanding of me my history; they give me neither alms nor scorn, but they listen to my story, and in the organization of city life they cite me as an example—the pauper, and to them the representative of pauperism; they leave me to devise some schemes for remedying the condition of the poor, so that in all the reforms suggested by my condition, how much of consequence I have become to my kind!

I am no more the mere walf on the ocean of life. Society changes, and people think of and care for me. Though I know not my identity, yet I am one of those who form the sub-stratum of society. Beneath their feet my tears are falling; they tread upon my woes, and shape their pathways in my griefs. I am a motor in life's noblest schemes of reform, and when the world shall be made wiser, and society more equal, my name shall be found recorded in the series of causation. Pauper as I am, when night's shadows fall around my way, I, like more favored beings, seek some place of rest, and no matter where I sleep or lay me down, beneath the tattered banner of my wretchedness and rage there cluster round me some who love or own me. Perhaps it is a father, mother, or relative; perhaps some poor companion, but some one there is who knows and cares for me, to help me; and beneath the ragged vest burns human love as ten-

der as fills the heart which throbs beneath the silken robe.

Not in my houseless wanderings I am not alone. There are loving eyes that looked upon my own in unconscious infancy; there are kind voices still to bid me welcome, though it be but to the shelter of the wayside; there is ever some one to love me, and for me to love. I am something to my kind, and millions such as I exist; millions, that walk the city streets—some to love, and some to hate—but all to make some mark upon the eternal page of human destiny.

I pass on. I am now the tolling operative; there are thousands of rough coats, and blistered hands, and breaking backs and hearts like mine. Who knows me among the masses, as I carry my hod, or wield my hammer, and toll from early dawn to sinking sun? Who cares for me? I am weary now, and seek my humble home, and as I go, I look upon the various buildings of the splendid city, the bridges, dykes, roads and canals, which my hands, or the hands of such as I, have helped to form. Who am I? Why, I and mine are the thews and sinews, nerves and muscles of the world, and through our veins rushes the tide of power, which brings the result of perfected civilization. They do not write my name on the shining roll of fame, or emblazon it on monuments of bronze or stone; but the world is rife with me, and temples of worship, galleries of art, lycæums of science and works of use, are monumental tributes to my deeds and the deeds of such as I. We are all and each identities in the midst of masses; we can each say to the world, This I have done for you—what have you done for me?

Let me enter my humbled dwelling. Everywhere I see the good and use another's hands have wrought; the planks beneath my feet have been felled from primeval woods, and sawed and laid down for my use; the hands of toil erected the walls around me; around me are the images of well-known faces which the sun-god majesty of the heavens have traced for me—faces of loved ones, drawn by the magic finger of the sunbeam; the jet of flame which lights my humble home is a mighty gospel, written by God himself; he laid the foundations of the coal in the ancient forests, and, as they fell, he packed them closely, during the process of ages, upon the floor of the heated earth, banded them up with mountains, and, in time, came man, to drag this wealth of treasure into light, and through veins and arteries beneath the city's streets it circulates, until it gleams with equal splendor as a jet of flame, in the abode of the artisan and the prince alike; the table is spread for me with the products of apothecary's toil; the fragrant tea that now invigorates my frame, was gathered in far-distant lands; the apples, from islands of the sea, are here; bread, from ears of wheat, prepared by toil and labor; roots and fruits, gathered by many hands for me. The poor rough cloth that covers my board, is woven by the same machinery that spins the fabric for the richest lady. All of man's toil I share in. I cannot number up the million hands that have been busy for my comfort. I cannot tell the gospel of eternal use mapped out around me; for in all the perfections of the age in vast machinery, and all that is useful in civilization, I partake with all mankind. My toll, too, blesses some who are dependent on me—an aged sire, or tender wife or child—for I am not alone, poor tolling operative though I be; this world is my world, and its heart-affections are as truly mine as thine; oh sovereignty of my nation.

And now for another picture. I will leave the sphere of use, and seek that of mere ornament, as my illustration. Let me take the life of the poor player. What am I now? Only a poor stage player; of what value is such a destiny as mine? To wear a tinsel crown, to wield a mimic sceptre, and then pass on, forgotten by those who for a brief hour smile on the transient pageantry of the stage. Stay! I, too, am surrounded with uses; the poet's inspiration kindles for my service; the painter earns his meed of bread through me; I am a source of employ to writers, artists, mechanics and many a son of toil and genius, ere I strut my little hour upon the boards. Hundreds reap the advantages of my occupation. The tinsel robes and mimic adornments that I wear tax the ingenuity of all who make and sell them. Thus beauty, use and art find in me a common centre—I am of greater power than I know. And as I recite the poet's thought, or give forth the merry jest, I cheer the weary heart, and light the smile of joy on some clouded face, and as the curtain falls I know that I have been a joy to some, a lesson to others, a source of interest to a host to whom I am unknown. Were I alone an artist—I am he who gathers up the beautiful, and enshrines on canvas the memory of the great, the grand, the terrible; he who perpetuates the past, and presents its glory to succeeding ages. Equally great the power of the musician which lifts the spirit up to heaven. Thus in the sphere of ornament as in use, where can you find a single thought that is lost, a word that sounds not through the corridors of time, carrying with it a power through eternity?

Picture me as the merchant, rich and proud—he who seems of no use, save to himself—he who gathers into his coffers the wealth of selfish gain. Who am I now? Pause a moment. As I stand upon the wharf, and send my ships from continent to continent, I hold the chain of commercial interest and human brotherhood, and connect its links from nation to nation; how many various peoples do I gather beneath the standard of my commercial power; how much knowledge do I draw forth of foreign lands and peoples? Am I not binding up the whole world in one gigantic system of mutual dependence and associative action? If I adorn my walls with gems of art; if I regale mine ears with the strains of sweetest music, do I not give bread to the artist, poet, sculptor and none of genius who thrive upon my bounty? If I load my table with luxuries, and adorn my family with rich fabrics, how much wealth do I not put into circulation to procure them? Am I not God's treasurer? and is not every object that I gather around me an evidence that I am but entrusted to dispense his riches? Oh brand me not as merely selfish, though I am strong and rich. I am an instrument of commercial use to thousands, and as such shall be found my name in the book of eternal uses.

Who am I? though I may be destined only to shine as the puppet who wears a crown. Who am I? The merely idle prince. Behold my ante-chambers thronged with dependents; my command can stamp their names with infamy, or send them down to remotest times with honor. I am the central power around which cluster all the various interests of the nation. Though my personal service may not be recognized, or my presence seen by the public eye, yet all the powers of art, science and national life, flow through my veins. I am the central artery through which flows the tide of national influence and interest, and my uses are known to him with whom there are no high, no low, but all are necessary links in one eternal chain, on which are strung the beads of ever-varying minds and destinies.

And now I must pass away, and whether beg-

gar, artisan or king, poet, player, merchant or musician, I must die. To-day I am—to-morrow I shall be forgotten. Not so. Whatever has been my use will never die. Whatever place I have filled will send down its uses through all time. The works of my hands will still live on, or prompt men to imitation or improvement. Still, who am I? Granted that I may leave the world made better than I found it; granted that its wheels roll smoother for my labors, what is that to me? And when I am gone and my labors left behind, where am I gone? and what of the soul that enabled me to become the minister of use? When my foot no more treads the earth, when I am not, what for me? And here it is that my speculation fails, and the dark cloud of mystery settles down upon my future. Only as the hand of the spirit opens it; only as I shall know that I shall live beyond the uses of the passing hour; only as I can realize that I may carry fruit with me to another life, will the uses of this be found. Beggar though I have been, crushed down beneath the load of poverty, when I pass out to the vast unknown, what shall I carry with me? I know that the prince carries not with him the value of his shroud. What my place or mission may have been among men, earth alone can answer. But earth has ended for me, when the heart ceases to beat, the light is gone from the eye, and the curtain is dropped forever! Oh raise it, lift it, souls of the mighty dead! rend it asunder, oh spirits of the immortals! leave me not in the dark mystery of material existence only! Religion answers me with the faint voices of the long ago which have come so far through the arches of time that their echoes are lost; and when I ask of the fathers for light, they answer me with strange, vague words. Sometimes they tell me I shall go to the Great Spirit, far off in some dim, mysterious land; sometimes, that I shall sleep the sleep that knows no waking till some distant day of wrath and doom; sometimes they answer me with the cold external voice of science, and point to the fires extinguished, the material form fading into decay with no higher result than the memory of its perished loveliness; sometimes they whisper of a life to come, but never tell me that my uses shall follow me—that the life I have lived on earth I shall carry with me to that land beyond.

But behold the gates are opened to me, and there I see stored up in the spirit-world all that I did on earth, and there I can trace the results of every deed I've done; there I may discover the resignation of the beggar, the tears and sighs of the poor. I see them woven into those crowns of glory and robes of transfigured beauty. I behold all treasured up; the works of the operative, the struggles of the player, the ideas of poet, sculptor and artist—all preserved.

All that we have done is there; I know that after I have fulfilled my mission I still shall be the man I was on earth, for I shall carry all my manhood with me. It only remains for me to return to my spirit and question whether I have made the most of its endowments, and put to its best uses the life which has been entrusted to me. Have I borne as best I might the cross of the beggar? Have I done my duty as the tolling laborer? Have I, as the poor player, acted well my part? Have I striven for goodness? Have I sought to help some other more feeble than myself? Have I, as the merchant, faithfully discharged God's commission entrusted to me? Have I been the soldier of the Lord in whatever place he has commissioned me to fight? Who am I? It matters not what round of the ladder my feet may tread—the lowest or the highest; the beggar is of as much worth as the king, the poet as the mightiest one who gives him patronage. Wherever the foot of man may tread, wherever he can toll, there is his mission marked out in the woof of existence. It is enough that around me lies my duty and my use; it is enough that I have seen that within the vast confines of the eternal world those uses are never lost. If I have played well the part—however small or large—which he has given me, I shall surely reap my harvest in eternity; and not only so, but I shall continue the uses commenced on earth, and rise to others of which earth is but the corner-stone. Since bright spirits have opened up the view of the land beyond I have learned that nothing on earth is lost in the heavens eternal—for pain and toil and grief there is compensation, glory for the thorns of martyrdom, and a crown for every cross. I will return to my life of effort, and never more may the voice of questioning murmur pass my lips. I live forever; I shall be an immortal spirit; and though here none may know like my Heavenly Father who I am, in the thought that I live forever all my destiny here and hereafter is accomplished.

The speaker closed with the beautiful poem "Evermore," and announced, after its recitation, that she should consider on the next Sunday afternoon the question: Whose am I?

REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENT.—On Thursday evening last a gentleman and his wife attended a social at Harmony Hall, leaving their children at home in the care of a female domestic. During so remarkable a character that something was wrong at home as to warrant this sequel verified. The lady in question, while a looker on upon the pleasures of the dance, was suddenly alarmed by hearing several very loud raps upon the glass in the window near which she was standing. Upon looking out a hand was seen, when the attention of others was called to the phenomena, all of whom witnessed the hand and heard the raps upon the glass as they were repeated. The lady was strongly impressed with the premonition that matters were not as she had left them at home, and calling upon her husband, she stated her fears and gave him an account of what she had seen and heard at the window, desiring that he should at once return home and ascertain whether her fears were groundless. He did so, and upon reaching home was astonished and amazed to find that the back door of the house was open, and the girl who was left in charge non est. Upon further examination it was found that the domestic had taken advantage of the absence of her employers, and had ransacked the house for plunder, which she readily found by converting the wearing apparel of the lady to her own use, leaving her old clothes in exchange therefor. The notice of wrong doing, given in such a mysterious manner, by the raps upon the window, has given proper cause for conjecture, and the question is asked what agency was employed? All the parties concerned are respectable citizens in the community, and are credible witnesses to the statement we have here given.—Cambridge Press.

## WISCONSIN.

### To Mediums.

DEAR BROTHERS.—In the Banner of Light of Dec. 11th, was an article in relation to the protection of mediums. In response I would say I have a good comfortable house and lot of ten acres in the village of Mazo Manie, that I will let any parties have who are mediums, free of rent for the next year. Any person wishing can apply to me.

O. B. HAZELTINE.

Black Earth, Dane Co., Wis., Dec. 13th, 1869.

A clergyman said in a recent sermon that the path to rectitude had been traveled so little of late years that it was completely run to grass.



Baltimore, Md., 1869. E. J. WILHELM.



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whom letters and communications must be addressed.

### The President and the Indians.

Everybody must understand by this time the  
policy recommended by the President  
toward the Indians, in his late Message. He  
states, in brief, that he adopted the plan, at the  
beginning of his administration, of dealing with a  
certain number of tribes on the reservations  
through the agency of the Society of Friends, and  
of sending to the others, not special agents who  
would have to be supported by troops, but mili-  
tary commanders with their own force, who would  
be personally interested in promoting and estab-  
lishing friendly relations. Both of these plans, to  
the extent to which they have been carried out,  
he admits have proved successful; and in conse-  
quence he earnestly recommends the reservation  
system for the whole body of the red men, to be  
completely protected by the Government, to be  
assisted by civilizing influences, to become com-  
petent to testify in the United States Courts in  
their own behalf, and in due time to be brought  
within the pale of citizenship by the influences of  
civilization, including education. The President  
remarks, to begin with, that he does not hold  
"either legislation or the conduct of the tribes who  
come most in contact with the Indians blameless for  
these hostilities." But the past cannot be recalled;  
he would consent proper measures for the future.  
It is to be kept in mind, as the President  
suggests, that railroads are rapidly bringing civil-  
ized settlements into contact with the red men,  
and that eventually the weaker race must suc-  
cumb. A policy of extermination is abhorrent to  
the instincts of Christianity and justice; and  
hence he advocates a system of large reserva-  
tions, the Indians to be protected upon them,  
their occupation of the lands in sections, and at  
the proper time the erection of territorial govern-  
ments for their own protection.

This is what the President has to state and to  
recommend to Congress. It puts the blame of the  
past where we have placed it ourselves, and pro-  
poses practical measures of relief in the very  
same spirit, if not in the same form, which we  
recommended with such earnestness in these col-  
umns, long before we could induce our public men  
to address their attention to the subject at all.  
These views of the President are corroborated and  
strengthened by the leading officers of the  
army, including such competent judges as Gen.  
Sherman and Thomas. All the officers, indeed,  
whose duties among the tribes require their re-  
turn of a thorough report of the matter, testify to  
but a single point, which is that these Indian  
massacres are invariably provoked by wanton  
murders at the hands of treacherous and cowardly  
whites. There recently occurred the case of a  
cold blooded murder, of a boy of the Pintos, by a  
white vagabond within stone's throw of Camp  
McDermott. There has been no punishment of  
the murderer, and is not likely to be. The Terri-  
torial legislature takes no notice of the offense,  
apparently regarding an Indian, old or young, as  
fit food for powder and nothing more. Suppose,  
however, it had been an Indian who had killed a  
white man, and a worthless one at that. War to  
the knife, and the knife to the hilt, would at once  
have been taken up against the whole tribe. The  
universal cry would have been for vengeance. Is it  
so surprising, then, that the Indians are driven to  
those revengeful courses which are made the pre-  
text for bloody and costly Indian wars, which en-  
rich so many camp followers and their copartners  
in the great Indian pillage?

Gen. Thomas stands sponsor directly for these  
same views of the subject, testifying from personal  
knowledge and observation; and Gen. Sher-  
man remarks, in reference to the official papers  
covering these cases of outrageous treatment of  
the red men, that they "illustrate the origin of  
most of the Indian wars on our frontier: a citizen  
may murder an Indian with impunity; but if the  
Indian retaliates, war results, and the United  
States must bear the expense." Yes; and the  
larger portion of that expense goes into the pockets  
of a class of white men who are the prime in-  
citors of the hostilities. Let us add to this open  
testimony to this effect, from such Generals as  
Ord, Pope, Schofield, Augur, Hancock, Harny,  
Hazen, Sheridan, Thomas and Sherman, the fol-  
lowing pointed observations from the New York  
Times, a journal well qualified by its acquaint-  
ance with the subject and its habitual candor and  
fair-mindedness to treat the question without  
prejudice or exaggeration. Says that journal, in  
commenting on the prospect of "Fair Play for  
the Indian":

"It looks as though the Indian might receive  
fair play, now that the army officers have so  
abundantly taken his part. Though to say the  
truth, it is not the soldiers, but the settlers and  
sufferers, that have been the Indian's worst foes.  
Our troops have fought the savages continually,  
but they have never deceived or defrauded them.  
It is rather the peddlers and traders who have  
done most to 'demoralize' the red men; and with  
them have been the frontiersmen, who have  
counted the Indians fair prey for fraud, and good  
food for powder. The ranchman or squatter, like  
the traditional backwoodsman of Cooper's novels,  
'Hates an Indian like poison,' and is usually  
free to announce his creed regarding the Indian,  
which consists of one line: 'I believe in shooting  
a redskin on sight.'"

It is out of this bloodthirsty and lawless fron-  
tier morality that half the Indian wars have  
arisen. We are forever retreating and raw-  
boned of Sioux and Arapahoes; but if the truth  
were known, many of their depredations would  
be found to be only return blows for some crime  
committed by our settlers. An Indian massacre  
is often preceded by a white man's murder. The  
Indians have no press, no telegraph, no means of  
disposition of making known their wrongs re-  
ceived at our hands; and as for our far-West  
communities, Indian shooting is hardly rare or  
extraordinary enough among them to be men-  
tioned even for eulogy, and anything but com-  
mendation it would not receive.

Now for the remedy. Let the Times be heard  
again in its own words:

"It must consist in giving the Indians some of  
the privileges and safeguards of citizenship. We  
sometimes ask the Indian to perform the obliga-  
tions of citizens—let them, then, be invested with

their rights. The great mistake of all our Indian  
legislation hitherto has been, that we have re-  
garded the Indians as a sort of hostile power cir-  
cumscribed within our own national domain.  
We made treaties with them—a confusion of rela-  
tions at once; we declared war and made peace  
with them, like any other belligerents—though  
they were a part of our population. The new  
view is not to exterminate, but to civilize the In-  
dian; not to consider him as beyond the pale of  
law, but to bring him upon reservations where he  
will conform to law; not to deprive him of human  
rights, but to throw before him the scale of citi-  
zenship, and so teach him to prize and not to  
spurn it. General Ord declares that these are  
the views of army officers, and that it would act  
as a preventive if in such cases the murderers  
could be arrested by the military and held or  
turned over for trial by the nearest United States  
Court; and it would give the Indians some little  
show of equal justice. General Thomas says that  
he sees no better method than to extend civil  
authority over the Indians now within the settle-  
ments, and to enable them to appear as witnesses  
in all cases affecting their own interest and that  
of the whites toward them. All this can be ac-  
complished by Congressional legislation, which,  
we doubt not, will be promptly provided."

We could not have expressed the true remedy  
for this gross outrage on our civilization in better  
language, and therefore have not attempted it.  
But what we would now say in addition to the  
body of opinions and the weight of solid testimo-  
ny above adduced is, that the original criticisms,  
recommendations and asseverations of the *Banner*  
of Light, were neither more nor less in substance  
than what has been spread out above. We are  
only strengthened in our position as being one  
strictly of truth and justice, and our recommen-  
dations to Congress are but repeated in substance  
by the several authorities and witnesses whom  
we cite. We early denounced the notorious and  
gross wrongs practiced by selfish, cruel, and char-  
acterless men upon the Indians, declaring that  
the spirit of simple justice did not practically  
govern our relations with the red men, that the  
Government and the nation were continually de-  
ceived and defrauded, and that the expensive and  
disgraceful wars which were waged, were pro-  
duced by precisely such causes as we have above  
recited, were conducted in the interest of base  
and designing men, and could never be stopped or  
prevented until the Government looked closely  
into the conduct of our Indian Affairs and applied  
a prompt and proper remedy.

We expected that the common sense of our  
leading public men and the conscience of the na-  
tion would combine to put an end to this state of  
things, so soon as both were aroused by a truthful  
representation and enforcement of the facts,  
which is now being done. We shall next look to  
see Congress adopt some adequate measure,  
agreeably to the recommendations of the President  
and the body of our leading army officers, that  
shall express in a proper degree the civilizing  
and humanizing tendencies of the age we live in,  
and be worthy of the authority to which is committed  
so grave a responsibility. It will be no more than  
what the *Banner* advocated long ago as a measure  
of necessity, justice and humanity, and will only  
verify the soundness of the criticisms and sug-  
gestions we have urgently offered.

### Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge's third lecture was given  
in this city Sunday afternoon, Dec. 19th, in Bur-  
stead Hall (Music Hall being occupied by a fair).  
Soon after the doors were opened the hall filled  
to repletion, and many were obliged to go away  
for want of room. Her lecture was a grand in-  
spirational feast for those hungering for spiritual  
food. Her fourth and closing lecture was given  
on the 25th, in Music Hall. We shall print a re-  
port of these fine lectures, for the benefit of our  
readers.

### Prof. Wm. Denton next Sunday.

All Spiritualists and liberal minds will be  
pleased to learn that Prof. Wm. Denton is engaged  
to lecture in Music Hall, Sunday afternoon, Jan.  
21. His subject—"The Irreconcilable Science  
and Scripture—Genesis and Geology," is a very  
interesting one, and a large audience is sure to  
greet him as heretofore.

Prof. Denton is now in the West, but will be  
back by the first of January. He commenced a  
course of twelve lectures in Minneapolis, Minn.,  
Dec. 10th, in the Opera House, meeting with com-  
plete success, as a very large audience was pres-  
ent. On the 25th December he lectured in Rich-  
mond, Ind., and on the 27th in Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Everywhere he is met by large crowds of people.

The Minneapolis Daily Tribune of Dec. 11th,  
says:

"The first lecture of the course of six of Prof.  
Denton, last night at the Opera House, was a  
most marked success; a large audience and the  
most rapt attention testifying in the strongest  
manner to the ability of the lecturer to both en-  
tertain and instruct. Although introductory, lay-  
ing the foundation of the course as it were, there  
was so much in his happy manner of illustrating  
his position, that it took the place of mere novelty,  
constraining clearly enough how rich will be  
the treat when he really gets deeper into the mul-  
titudinous subjects he proposes to treat."

To-night, the interest enlisted already will be  
greatly enhanced by his proposed treatment of  
the geological features immediately surrounding  
us; and as he has the faculty of making geolog-  
ical truths plain to even children, we trust that  
large as was the attendance last night, that to-  
night the house will be filled.

As the matter stands, the Professor has been  
greeted with one of the most intelligent audiences  
ever gathered in Minneapolis, complimentary  
not only to him, but a vindication of the good  
taste of our people here.

### William R. Alger at Union Hall, Charlestown.

On Sunday evening, December 19th, Rev. W. R.  
Alger, pastor of the Music Hall Free Church,  
addressed the First Association of Spiritualists of  
Charlestown at the above named hall. The  
house was filled to overflowing. The subject  
chosen by the speaker was "The Fate and the  
True Keys of Heaven." He briefly referred to  
the claims set up by the church in the past—and  
to day as well—to the possession of the keys of  
heaven, and the power to admit or banish from it  
at will; said the true idea contained in the promise  
had been advanced by the church, for they  
who substituted their own false notions, gathered  
from oriental tyrants, for the glorious character-  
istics of the Infinite Spirit of all spirits. Among  
other false keys he enumerated Authority, Cer-  
emony and Dogmas, and among the true were  
Sensation, Intellect, Esthetics, Morality and Re-  
ligion. He said Swedenborg had expressed the  
truth when he declared that man got into heaven  
through God; and into hell through himself, for  
heaven and hell were only mental states; heaven  
was harmonious and hell discordant function; and  
heaven must be in a man else there is none  
for him; the idea of a fixed Jehovah upon a ma-  
terial throne in a located heaven was rather lim-  
ited for our age, and should long ago have been  
abandoned for that of a God who is everywhere.  
The speaker counseled all to a cultivation of the  
spirit of harmony. During his remarks the close-  
st attention was paid, and at the end the audi-  
ence signified their approbation by hearty ap-  
plause. Want of space alone prevents our giving  
a lengthy abstract of this truly progressive ad-  
dress.

### The Late Charles H. Crowell.

OBITUARY AT HORTICULTURAL HALL, BOSTON  
—DISCOURSE BY MRS. EMMA HARDINGE.

In our last issue we briefly alluded to the  
sudden decease of our brother and co-laborer in the  
spiritual ranks, Mr. Charles H. Crowell, who de-  
parted this life, from heart disease, while walking  
in the streets of Nashua, N. H., Dec. 16th, 1869.  
Mr. C. was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in July, 1828,  
and in early life learned the carpenter's trade. He  
was at one time employed at the Watertown Ar-  
senal, where Major Walnwright, who was a firm  
believer in the spiritual philosophy, engaged him as  
a medium, having his communications transcribed  
as delivered. Mr. Crowell served his country dur-  
ing the late rebellion with credit, as a member  
of the 11th Massachusetts Battery, commanded by  
Major Edward J. Jones, of this city.

Mr. C. was the brother of Mrs. J. H. Conant,  
and, like her, an unconscious trance medium. He  
became attached to the *Banner* establishment as a  
medium six years ago, and for several years  
was a member of the staff. Previous to his con-  
nection with us he practiced successfully as a  
medium clairvoyant, and also devoted a portion  
of his time to lecturing. Indeed, for the last twenty  
years he has been of great service to the inhabi-  
tants of the spirit-world, as a channel of com-  
munication with this, and many of earth's chil-  
dren have rejoiced in a knowledge of the life be-  
yond, obtained through his mediumship. His  
principal spirit-guide and adviser was known in  
the earth life as Dr. Rufus Kittridge, a noted  
physician for many years in Portsmouth, N. H.

Before the remains left Nashua for this city for  
interment, religious services were held at the In-  
dian Head Hotel, conducted by Rev. Mr. Canoll,  
in a very appropriate manner.

We give below a full account of the proceed-  
ings at the funeral of Mr. Crowell, which was held  
at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Monday, Dec.  
20th, at 11 A. M. Mrs. Emma Hardinge officiating.  
The hall was crowded. The singing (words from  
the Spiritual Harp) by the Music Hall choir, was  
refined and touching, and carried the mind of the  
hearer up to those spheres of eternal beauty  
wherein the newly enfranchised soul has received  
the welcome of the angels.

According to the custom of our faith, the casket  
was tastefully decorated with flowers by friendly  
hands. The plate bore the inscription:

"CHARLES H. CROWELL,  
Died  
Dec. 16th, 1869.  
Aged 41 years 4 months."

The exercises commenced with music from the  
choir: "We are waiting by the river." Mrs. Har-  
dinge then read the following appropriate spiri-  
tual selections from Scripture:

"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

"If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all  
men most miserable."

"But some men say, How are the dead raised up? and  
with what body do they come?"

"Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except  
it die."

"And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body  
that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of  
some other grain."

"But God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to  
every seed his own body."

"All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of  
flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes,  
and another of birds."

"There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial; but  
the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the ter-  
restrial is another."

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the  
moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth  
from another in glory."

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in cor-  
ruption, it is raised in incorruption."

"It is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in  
weakness, it is raised in power."

"It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body."  
There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

"Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that  
which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual."

"As is the earthly, such are they also that are earthly; and  
as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly."

"Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot in-  
herit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit  
incorruption."

"Behold, I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but  
we shall all be changed."

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump:  
for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised in-  
corruptible, and we shall be changed."

"For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this  
mortal must put on immortality."

"So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption,  
and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be  
brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swal-  
lowed up in victory."

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

At the close of the reading the choir sang  
"There's a beautiful shore where our loved ones  
are gone." Mrs. Hardinge then offered the follow-  
ing invocation:

"Oh our Father, our brother has fallen in his steps; thine  
hand has heavily upon us, but we murmur not, for thou  
hast done all things well, hast done the best for him. We  
bless thee that while we mourn, thou, our Father, dost hold  
him by the hand—thou art the strength of his soul. We  
ask thee that thou wouldst give him back to us; we ask  
thee that thou wouldst again return him to the tolls of  
life, for thou hast done well for him; but we ask of thee  
strength to bear—oh, pity us, pity the souls that bleed with  
the heart-wrench that tears from them life's treasures  
and leaves earth so dreary. Thou knowest our weakness,  
oh, be to us strength in this hour when the curtain closes  
over the mortal form of him who has worked with us, and  
fought side by side in the battle of life, but who has now  
passed before to that shining day whether our dim, mortal  
vision can scarcely follow. Pity us, Father, and give us  
light; lead us to remember the gracious deeds that he has  
done; give us more fully to realize the promise that he shall  
still work with us, a better, stronger, purer man than earth  
can show. Give us renewed consciousness that we shall  
meet with him where sorrow comes no more. We commend  
ourselves to thee; we ask no more for him; we know that  
he is safe on the shining shore where thou hast numbered  
up his jewels; we know that thou wilt guide him, and lead  
him to the fulfillment of a grander mission; and that we shall  
one day meet with him. Oh Father, give us strength to-  
day, and thy will be done, in darkness and in light, forever  
and forevermore."

At the close of the invocation, the following  
beautiful and appropriate remarks were made in-  
spirational by Mrs. Hardinge, on the lessons of  
the hour:

FUNERAL ADDRESS.

"And there shall be no more death."—Rev. xxi. 4."

This hour we meet to celebrate the birthday of  
a soul into a greater, better, fairer land than ours.  
We cannot part with the mortal form, nor lay  
aside the sacred clay that has sustained an im-  
mortal spirit, without questioning of our souls,  
What does death do to him? We all of us have  
looked on the crumbling form before us, but never  
perhaps, to some of us, till now, has come such a  
glorious assurance of that grand eternal destiny  
to which the soul has gone that passed from these  
poor remains. It is well that we should recall the  
merciful teachings of that wondrous truth that  
has been revealed to us, showing by its light  
what death does to him whom we must part with  
now; and yet we cannot part from the relics  
before us, without that great heart-wrench which  
superstition has implanted in our natures, teach-  
ing us to mourn rather than rejoice when the  
soul's birthday comes, and takes from our mortal  
eye the forms of those we love.

Forty-one years ago a walling babe was born  
on earth; a helpless infant came to take up the  
cross of mortal existence. There were those who  
gladly greeted it, though they knew life had been  
hard for them, and would be for him; though they  
were conscious of the bitter pangs they had  
borne before, and which awaited his awakening  
spirit, yet they rejoiced, and called their friends  
around to share in the joy that welcomed a new-

born soul! Forty-one years of toil, oh brother,  
hast thou borne! None may know the pangs thy  
heart has felt; none may comprehend the mighty  
struggle within the interior recesses of each hu-  
man soul. We look coldly on and judge, without  
knowledge, what our brothers and sisters are!  
never heeding the lesson that God has implanted  
in every human heart a special destiny and mis-  
sion, and gives with it no more and no less of  
strength or weakness than that mission calls for.  
It is enough that we all know that life's thorns are  
sharp, and its crosses heavy to bear. There are  
some of those here present who knew our brother  
to be a good soldier of the truth; I am one; long  
years ago, when darkness was on my pathway,  
his finger pointed the way to everlasting light;  
long years ago, when the world sneered at Spiritu-  
alism, and scoffed at its believers for taking upon  
themselves an unpopular cause, he stood forth  
among the first to bear the cross that you and I  
might find the way of truth. A standard bearer  
in the path of human progress, God knows, and  
God alone, how he has fulfilled his part; this  
much we know, he stood in the vanguard fearlessly;  
and this much may we affirm as we stand in  
the light of his soul's birthday, that his labors  
have guided many a darkling pilgrim to the land  
of light, whither he has gone.

Let us remember, at this hour, that during the  
last score of years our angel visitors by thousands  
and millions have been among us, and the dark-  
ness and uncertainty that gathered around us is  
all dispelled—let us remember at this hour that  
which they have taught us concerning the better  
land to which he has ascended. Let us follow  
him in thought, that we may learn what is his  
destiny. They tell us, these spirits living in the  
very experience of that concerning which they  
speak, that there is light even for the darkest  
criminal; light for the lowest condition of igno-  
rance, light for those whom we brand as outcasts  
and drive down to lower depths of sin by harsh-  
ness and cruelty—for all these there is light and  
glory beyond. Suffering for them there may be,  
but it shall act but as a teacher leading to the  
higher plane; retribution, but its duty is that of a  
reformer, not a revenger of wrong. We should  
not weep were we even bidding a last farewell to  
the darkest spirit that ever breathed, for we know  
that in that land of fadeless glory every pang the  
soul shall feel—which even the deepest criminality  
can bring—is but a teacher leading to a future ad-  
vancement in the path of progress.

There are those spirits who scarcely realize  
life's mysteries, who hardly comprehend that they  
have an immortal destiny. What for them when  
they cross the shining river, and all the mists  
that shut out the grand vistas of eternity are dis-  
sipated before their eyes? What for those who  
here "see as through a glass, darkly," when they  
shall see face to face the real purposes of exist-  
ence—the grand mission unfulfilled on earth? Then  
must they take up the broken threads of  
life, where they have dropped them, and strive to  
pass onward by earnest effort in the world of  
progress.

And what for him, our brother, who in the full-  
ness of a mighty purpose, dared to uphold the  
right?—for you know not, strangers, (if any such  
there be present) the cross which society puts  
upon the Spiritualists! You little realize that our  
own hands have nailed us to that cross, by the  
espousal in our spirits of an unpopular cause.  
He, our brother, bore this cross in the early days,  
and the world might be made better and stronger;  
and we know that all must be well with him, and  
he now rejoices in communion with those he  
loved, who crossed before him to the other shore.  
Those spirits who come back tell of a wondrous  
telegraphic communication opened up for us;  
they give us the assurance that there is no more  
death—nothing but change; that those whom we  
have mourned as lost have not passed away from  
us, but are here in the spiritual body; that  
around us is the world where they dwell, and  
that one of the brightest privileges of spirit-life is  
that they may be ministering angels to those they  
loved in mortal.

They come from every grade of life: the dark  
spirit to give us warning; the careless one to  
awaken us from our apathy, and lead us to ac-  
tion; those who have passed to the evergreen  
hills, as "full-grown spirits, return to guide,  
to bless and comfort us—all to give us strength and  
encouragement in the struggles of mortal exist-  
ence. Oh! thank God, the Father of our spirits,  
for this blessed revelation! that we know that as  
each broken casket is carried from our homes,  
there is another guardian spirit left to cheer us;  
that while the mortal is borne away, the immor-  
tal remains to cherish and sustain those who can  
behold him no more! Thank God, that he has  
shown us that nothing is lost—not even the kind-  
ly wish—that the life, cut short in the bloom of  
earthly manhood, is renewed there in that land of  
immortal fruitage; that there is no cessation of life  
at the stroke of death—that stroke falls only on  
the crumbling dust—the old garment which our  
brother has laid away. Look not at him; but  
look beyond, and realize that all the unsat-  
isfied purposes which mocked his soul will now  
be fulfilled; and that newer and grander ones  
will, in him, be given fruition, for it is another  
and a better world he trends. For him, the garments  
of mourning are changed to flowers which fade  
no more forever! Thank God! who has taken  
the bleeding hands down from the cross, that  
they might receive the crown so dearly won!

Let us remember the lesson of this hour. As  
with him who has passed on, so with us; at any  
moment our part in life may be closed; let us re-  
member that, like him, in the very fullness of  
human thought, we may be called to enter upon  
our mission in the land of souls! Let us give  
thanks that he has passed to that higher life, and  
give him up thereto uncomplainingly; let us give  
thanks that his spirit has grown wiser—even in  
the few short hours of its higher existence—by  
gazing face to face upon the real sequences of life,  
to take up the duties of a purer, stronger, holier  
manhood. He is not parted from us—he is with  
us still—but in a fairer form—to aid our toiling  
steps. We know the scales are fallen from his  
eyes, and freed from whatever of darkness may  
have been his lot in life, spared from temptation  
that so easily assails us, he is with us—risen and  
sanctified—a source of strength in the hour of  
need! And though we lay away the holy dust,  
and put the garment by; though the flowers and  
grass of summer shall wave above the crumbling  
form, we will look for him beneath the holy stars  
—he is not prisoned in transitory clay. All the  
deeds of kindness he has done, while here, are in  
our loving memory; even now his translated  
spirit whispers peace and joy, thanking God that  
he is free; even now he promises to his Father  
and ours, that he will be a guardian angel to the  
loved ones left behind! Rejoice with him, then,  
and let the grand balletual go up to his God and  
ours, "Oh Death, where is thy sting? Oh Grave,  
where is thy victory?"

At the close of the address the choir sang with  
beautiful effect "The Silent River," and Mrs.  
Hardinge pronounced the following

BENEDICTION.

A blessing on our meeting, as we celebrate the birth-day

of our ascended brother; a blessing on the hour when he  
passed on to the land of light; a blessing on this hour when  
his glad eyes look back upon us from his radiant home, a  
risen and happy and translated soul; a blessing on the pur-  
pose that he announces through these lips, that he will be  
strong in the right, humble as a little child, unfeeling the  
mistakes and errors of the past, and laboring, as a good sol-  
dier, for the truth. Thank God that he is safe from the  
shoals and reefs on which his soul might perhaps have suf-  
fered shipwreck. A blessing on thy mercy, oh God, that  
thou hast taken him in the fullness of mortal life and opened  
his eyes to the glories of infinity. A blessing on those  
bleeding hearts who mourn, and to their weakness may di-  
vine strength descend. A blessing on the broken casket  
his soul has deserted. We bow before the crumbling dust,  
but upward and onward we follow the risen and glorified  
spirit forever and forever.

At the close of the exercises a large number of  
sympathizing friends passed forward to take a  
closing glance at the still face, and then all that  
was fading of him who is now arisen was re-  
moved to Forest Hills Cemetery, where the body  
was interred, Mrs. Hardinge making a brief  
prayer at the grave. We know that the snows of  
winter piled above his resting place are but Na-  
ture's curtain, hiding from our view the wondrous  
workings which shall bring forth the blossoms  
and flowers of a coming year; and behind the  
gates of the tomb, taught by the light of our glo-  
rious revelation, we know his spirit is expanding  
in the light of an eternal day.

The city press generally speak in respectful  
terms of the deceased and of the funeral services.

The Boston Post says: "A large concourse of  
friends were present, and the occasion was one of  
interesting solemnity. The discourse of the occa-  
sion was delivered by Mrs. Emma Hardinge. It  
was remarkable alike for its depth of thought and  
eloquence of language, no less than for its appro-  
priateness and sympathy."

The Traveller closed its report thus: "The cele-  
brated lecturer, Mrs. Emma Hardinge, delivered an  
impressive funeral discourse to a very large  
concourse of the friends assembled for the pur-  
pose of doing honor to the memory of the de-  
ceased. At the conclusion of the discourse, when  
all had taken an affectionate leave of the re-  
mains, they were conveyed to Forest Hills Cem-  
tery and interred."

The Transcript remarks: "Mrs. Hardinge deliv-  
ered an impressive funeral discourse to a very  
large concourse of the friends assembled for the  
purpose of doing honor to the memory of the de-  
ceased."

The following article came to us as a communi-  
cation through the mediumship of Mr. Crowell,  
last summer. It was given by the guide of the  
medium, Dr. Kittridge, who often edified his hear-  
ers in a like manner. A press of matter at that  
time prevented its publication, and it is now ap-  
pended as a fitting review of the great subjects  
on which it treats:

### LIFE AND DEATH.

The consideration of life and death is by no  
means confined to this age, or any other age—nor  
have there ever been a people who have not made  
it their special study. Death has ever been  
clothed with all that fills the soul of man with  
horror, and causes it to dread, while life was  
decked with beauty, and under nearly all circum-  
stances its continuance was earnestly and de-  
voutly prayed for. The consciousness of life and  
death being one and the same—death being but a  
part of life, one of the manifestations which it  
makes, by which to show itself to the human soul  
in mortal—has never been arrived at in the past.  
The great problem of life has been sought to be  
solved only by the search for its origin, independ-  
ent of and separate from death. Man has claimed  
for it a distinct origin and office; and in a great  
majority of cases has taken the object of life in its  
manifestations, for life itself. All these conclu-  
sions, at which the human soul is constantly ar-



BY ABBY M. LAFLIN FERREE.  
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 159 Washington street, Boston.



## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT we claim as 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, whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive or know more.

### The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 125 Washington Street, Room No. 4 (on stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoon. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at all other times; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, or Thursday, until after six o'clock p. m. She gives no private sittings.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room are solicited.

### Invocation.

Lead us, oh Lord, where those truths abide that shall best nourish our souls for future glory. We have called upon thee, O Lord, and thou hast answered us, and in ways stranger to our mortal sense than that ever answered; therefore we can trust thee. We perceive thy power distributed everywhere through Nature; therefore we feel safe in thee. We recognize thy wisdom in the countless worlds that gleam above our mortal sight. They pursue their eternal pathway with undeviating certainty; and thy loving kindness we have always seen in the beauty of the material world, and in the beauty of the world of mind. And since it was thy pleasure to call us from this to a higher life, we have seen thy glory and thy wisdom and thy power and thy love more clearly manifested to our spiritual sense. Therefore it is that we love thee more and more as we pass upon period of our existence passes by. And with all our experience we still cry unto thee, O Lord, in our ignorance, still we beseech thee in our weakness to save us, O Lord, or we perish. In thy great benevolence, thou art extending thy spiritual nature over all the earth. Thou art blessing the nations north and south, east and west. Thou art crowning the old and the young, and little babes, with thy holy spirit. Thou art unsealing the lips of the ignorant and making them speak words of wisdom. Thou art unstopping the ears of the deaf and making them hear voices from the spirit-land. Oh God, for this we praise thee and lift up our hearts from the mist of human life, we would sing our song of thanksgiving, which may aid us, among men, in that life to which we long to pass, but which will be our boast, our divinest efforts, and therefore acceptable to thee, and we know will be approved by thee. We need not ask that thou wilt not leave us when we are tempted, for in thy great universal kindness and love and wisdom thou wilt never forsake us; but when it may seem the darkest hour will have some star to guide us to the morning. Father, Spirit, divine, present, loving Father, infinite wisdom, oh, we pray thee that we may ever seek to come into nearer and still nearer communion with thee. And still more may we ever seek to do thy will, whatever it may be. If it be to seek the holy of holies, and to lift our mortal souls with the forces drawn from our life, oh, grant that we may be willing to go. May we never feel that our duty and thy will are divorced, but may they be one, great God, in thee, and in ourselves. Infinite Love, thou hast all thy children in thy keeping. And as thou holdest worlds within thy sphere of wisdom and love, thou wilt hold each one of us, we believe. Teach us to pray aright. Teach us to praise aright. And give us, oh Lord, wherever we may be, such a clear understanding of our relation to thee, and thy divine guardianship over us, that we shall never fear through the darkness of death encompass us. Amen.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, your questions I will now endeavor to answer.

Q.—Suppose two children of the same age and of the same mental calibre were separated at the time of their births, one to enter the spirit-world, the other to remain here in the physical life—which will have made more progress when they meet in the spirit-world, if during their separation, they have both made the same effort?

A.—Progress, externally considered, is dependent upon external conditions, external education. "It is education," says the poet, "that forms the common mind; just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined." Now the method of education differs very much with us from the education that is given among you on the earth. You have certain set, stereotyped rules by which the race must be educated. But as the education proceeds with the one to be educated, he finds that there are no two that can receive the same amount and kind of education alike. One takes it in one way, and another in another way. One can see the study of geometry in a certain light in which it cannot be readily seen by another. We all differ in our external unfoldment. It matters not whether we are in the spirit-world or in this life. There are no two souls that are born with the same compound of elements in the material or spiritual. They are all aggregated differently, and therefore, they each draw to themselves in a different way. One receives light in one peculiar way, and another in another peculiar way, and so on, throughout the whole catalogue of human life.

Q.—What was the condition of the human race immediately before they had progressed so far as to become human beings? That is, what was their physical shape?

A.—Natural science determines that we were very near akin in shape to the monkey, the baboon. I know it is descending a great way, and it calls upon us to lay aside a great deal of our egotism in order to believe this. But in a few short years science, physiologically considered, will determine this to be true.

Q.—Does the strength of the spiritual body increase during the physical life in any other way than through the mental and moral forces?

A.—Yes; it increases in strength in another way. It increases in magnetic and electric strength. It is a magnetic and electric machine, devoid of blood, flesh, bones, sinews and the like.

Q.—In the earth-life one person, through the power of magnetism, can bend another of weaker power to his own will, even though the person magnetized resisted with all his power. Is this also true in the spirit-world?

A.—Yes, it is.

Q.—Since the physical condition of an idiot determines his intellectual force, is not this true of the phrenological developments of all persons?

A.—It is not true that it determines his intellectual force. It determines concerning the exercise of that force, but not the force itself. It determines in phrenology not the power of the force, but the power and condition of the organs through which the force acts. It determines the physical, not the spiritual calibre of the individual.

Q.—Certain arguments bearing upon the subjects of woman's rights, and against the enlargement of these rights, are based upon the assertion that a man and his wife are not two, but one. What is the philosophy or truth of this assertion?

A.—According to my experience, where you find two in one, you may find a thousand occupying distinctly different spheres. When the time has come—that good time of which you talk and for which you pray, namely, when each man and woman will find their true mate, and be, to all intents and purposes, two in one at marriage, then there will be no need of advocating woman's rights. But there is need of it to-day, great need of it. The need is so large that were I to talk upon it for ten years, I would not exhaust it, nor would any one else. You are nearly all misinformed. There is not more than one in one thousand that are properly mated. Oh, you may cry out against this, but there is a determining law which clearly defines the position of each one, and tells us where we belong. It says that Mr. A. and Mrs. A. are mated, Mr. B. and Mrs. B. are mated, and so on through a long line. Perhaps once in a thousand or two thousand we find one where the law is not divided, where there is that perfect harmony that is requisite to perfect married life. For such there is no need to advocate woman's

rights. But as long as we men—speak of myself as I was when I was here—the lords of creation, we are very apt to exercise too much lordly force over what is not a part of ourselves. If it was, it would be different; but as it is not, it is human nature to exercise too much lordly force. There is only one way, under the present state of things, to keep this lordly force in subjection—and that is compulsion at the polls, universal suffrage. When a woman has attained a certain age, she is expected to have gathered to herself a certain amount of intelligence, by virtue of education, experience and observation. The same is true of man. At that time let them both decide concerning the laws that govern them. That is right. And the time has now come when the question will not cease to be agitated till right overcomes might, and all, politically at least, are able to find their true level.

Q.—You say there is only one in a thousand properly mated. Will they ever be?

A.—Certainly they will; for since the male is only half a being and the female only half a being, in themselves, do you suppose they are going to be halves all through eternity? I do not think they will. Indeed, I have seen nothing to make me believe, in the least degree, that this will be true. Oh, no, we shall be fully rounded spirits, male and female, by-and-by. So hope on.

Q.—Can you tell us whether Jesus the Christ ever was mated?

A.—Certainly he is, in the truest and divinest sense, as he himself would tell you were he personally present.

Q.—Was he ever mated in this world?

A.—No, I think not. We have no record to prove that, nor have I ever heard anything of his sojourn in spirit-life to prove it; so of course I answer the negative.

Q.—Was it his mission for Christ to be a Saviour if he was not God?

A.—Why, yes. I hope you are a saviour. If you are not, I am ashamed of you.

Q.—In the belief of the world, according to Orthodoxy?

A.—I have not a particle of faith in that kind of saviour—not a particle. But it is the God part of each one of us that is the saving part to those upon whom it is exercised. For instance, you go out on the street and you find one of your brothers drunk, we will say. You find him in the gutter. In the kindness of your heart—in the God-benevolence of your heart—you lift him up; you get him sober; you exercise a magnetic power upon him to save him, talk to him kindly, influence him in the way of right. In that degree you are his saviour. Nobody can take the right from you. It is yours. So it was with Jesus. He was a saviour to all those who received his pure, simple, truthful teachings, and appropriated them to make their lives better. He is a saviour to millions to-day, because they seek in honest, earnest purpose, to do, as nearly as they can, as Jesus did. There are many such, and to those he was a saviour; but he was not a saviour to any other. He says: "Except ye believe ye cannot be saved." What did he mean? A mere belief? Why, no. "Except ye can receive my truthful teachings, and they can make your lives better, I cannot be your Saviour."

Q.—What is your opinion with regard to pre-existence?

A.—I believe in a previous existence—that we have existed through all past eternity in form. I believe that some of us are very old in spirit, while others are very young; but the spirit, under some circumstances, I believe to have always existed. But to say that it always existed in some human form, would be saying more than I dare to. I believe that we, as spirits, as souls, as living entities, have always had an existence. But I believe after a certain period of experience we come into an intellectual machine—a human form—and there become impressed largely in the image of God, which is the image of intelligence. I believe we go round and round the cycle we shall gather more and more experience to ourselves. I believe that we shall every one of us, at some future period, return to human bodies and live in human physical bodies again. Oh, you need not cry out against it, because this is fate, and you cannot escape it. I should hope that those who were unblest with bodies of disease, full of the misery of physical life, would not be called upon to inhabit such again. That would be my prayer for you, should I pray for you at all in that direction.

Q.—The Orthodox believe that the sin of Adam brought sin into the world, and there was needed an infinite sacrifice to redeem the world. Would any other man have answered the same purpose as well as Christ?

A.—I do not think any man would have answered that purpose. I do not believe that he did—not at all. I do not believe in any such sacrifice for infinite salvation. It is absurd—thoroughly so.

Q.—Would any one else have answered as well?

A.—Well, yes, if you believe in the doctrine of the atonement; but as I do not, I must answer the question as I have. I do not believe Christ could have filled such a position. It was only a myth; that is all.

Q.—He was not God, then?

A.—Yes. So are you, so am I.

Q.—In the same manner that I am?

A.—Precisely the same; no difference at all. If he was better than you, more moral and spiritual, he possessed more of God, in the external, at least; but if not, then he was no more God than you are. The time is coming when we shall all perceive our relations to God and our oneness with God. We have not arrived at that yet, but we shall all of us by-and-by.

### Samuel Harris.

[How do you do?] How do I do? Comfortable for a while. They used to say that people who lived and died as I did, without a God, or hope in the world, would not be very comfortably off after death. But I know that isn't true, because I am very comfortably off. I never was so well off in all my life here.

Name? Samuel Harris; Fifth New Hampshire. A soldier. Died fighting to sustain one of the most corrupt governments there is on earth. That's true. You can smoke it or let it alone, just as you like. But we have to all of us come to the same conclusion—those of us that died to sustain it. There's a pretty good crowd of us that can go to Washington and see what is going on there. If we happen to get close to one of these kind of folks (mediums)—and the spirits during the fighting time always send a good squad there so we can see through 'em, see what is going on—well, sometimes you would think it was a gambling shop on a large scale; sometimes you would think it was a drunken caucus; and sometimes, when the chaplain prays, you would think it was a church; sometimes you would think it was a court room. But you would never think you were trying to send the best intellects in the country there to make laws for you. They show their cloven foot there, I tell you. Yes, they do. Even the chaplain does it. If you get a fact. [Most of them are good church people, I suppose.] Church people? So they are, on Sunday; if they can manage to keep awake they are all right. But you will see them bright and early Monday morning in their gambling shops. Oh, yes, I know about it. Ask your chaplain that has just left the earth, there in Washington. He saw some of their corruption; says he knew it was the most corrupt government on the earth. And between you and I, and the town pump and the post, it's going to pieces, too. And the first thing is to cut off some noddle-heads there, and the pumpkins will crack. This is a free country, particularly for I. If you get a fact, talking, too sharp, and anybody has a chance to hit you over the head, you can clear out. You see I ain't afraid of any of 'em. We can tell the truth from our side, and they don't one of 'em dare deny it. What makes me feel pretty riled up about the Government is that I left those who were dependent on me for support—grew so patriotic about the Government; thought it was the best government in the world, and if it was smashed up we should all go to perdition with it. I was honest enough, and went into the field to fight for it; and I did fight and gave up my life, and now those that were dependent on me are suffering in consequence for I left a fool, lost my physical body. I need not have fought to sustain a miserable, rotten government, that even the worst scoundrel on our side would be ashamed to be concerned in. It is a fact, and that's better 'n I've said what I have about it. I feel pretty low.

Well, tell my wife, Ellen, that I hope that next year will bring her something better than she has

had since I went away. I hope by coming here, getting into working order through human life, I can do better for her. I intend to send Tom home from California if I can. I can't say what will come of his coming home, but I intend to do something for her—the best I can, anyway. And I hope she won't despair. And as for her feeling that I am among the lost because I wasn't a church-member here—don't think anything about that. I am just as well off as anybody; better off than I was here, and if I could see her all right, I should feel as happy as a bird's eye, I should. I never did take kindly to meeting-houses or ministers, whenever I could; led an honest life; never stole; wasn't in the habit of doing any of those heinous sins that are called crimes; called a pretty clever fellow. But I didn't belong to the church; wasn't a Christian; and, tell you what 'tis, it don't rate you any lower in the market here on this side. You may be sure of that. One real good deed from the heart will carry you higher than all your church creeds, or baptizing, or anything of the sort. If you will not believe it, come here and try it. You will very soon learn whether I tell the truth or lie.

I want to say a word to Dick Hamilton. He was one of the kind that didn't believe in anything after death. They said his father didn't believe him. Well, his father knows now whether there is a future life or not, and, if he has a mind to make use of the usual methods in communicating with his father, he will tell him something about it. It may be of use to him to know something about the place he is coming to—wish to the Lord I had known. Don't seem as if I had been gone so long. By gracious! ever since '63! Somebody said to me, since I come here, that it's '69. That so? [Yes.] It has passed quick, else there ain't been no time when—I live. Good day, sir. I wish you well. [Come again.] Thank you, if I get boiling over the Government again I will.

### Fannie Bullard.

I have been here before, but I didn't see you. [You saw Mr. White.] Yes. My name was Fannie Bullard. I lived in Roxbury, and I came to tell mother if she will go to Mr. Mumler, that Mr. Giovanni—he lives in our world—has promised to give mother some pictures for me, and for Charlie, too—for all of us. Will you tell her? Mr. Giovanni is an Italian artist; he comes to Mr. Mumler. He likes little children very much, and he promised, if I could make any way to send my mother there, he would make nice pictures for her—something like what I do. Don't you forget. Oh, I forgot you publish it, don't you? and mother has the paper. Say I want her to go, because I shall be watching for her. Good afternoon.

### Clara Frances Burgh.

Two years and a half ago I was here. I died of fever sent to the spirit-world and found a beautiful home there, such as I had never expected to find. I left parents here who mourned terribly for me, but who have never once thought that there was any path over which the spirit could travel and return to earth. But there is always a beginning to every new truth. There was a time when my parents had no faith in Universalism. They were Orthodox, and would shrink from the Universalist faith as from something which would poison and contaminate their spirits. Now it is quite different, and so it will be, I assure them, if they will only persevere in seeking to know what is true with reference to this new spiritual religion. It will reveal to them a beautiful world, the world directly, of which Universalism reveals. That told them of a loving God; that preached that God is love. It told them a great truth, but it did not roll back the veil that hangs between the two worlds. It left that for Spiritualism to do. Oh, I do pray that my dear friends may lose no time in seeking to know whether this religion is worthy of their love or their hate. They were so glad, when I came to die, that they were believers in Universalism, because it told them that I had gone to a God of love. It was a balm to their wounded spirits, and was to them a pearl of great price. I now come to tell them that God in his great love permits me to return, and to ask them to give me the privilege of speaking with them as I do to you, strangers, to-day. I was in my twentieth year. A year and a half ago I passed away from earth; went from New York City. My name, Clara Frances Burgh. Good day, sir.

### Thomas Meloy.

Good day, sir. I was a long time coming round here, been trying for the last three months all the time. I've been doing nothing that has kept me away, but I kept on trying, because I know something it would be right for me as for others. Meloy—Tom Meloy. [How do you spell it?] Lord, I was no kind of a scholar when I was here. [To a spirit who seemed to inform him:] Ha? Meloy, he says. Faith! it's well to have somebody to tell you what you don't know.

Well, I have a brother Jim here, and I want to let him know where I am, and that he better go home to the old country and make things straight there, because our oldest brother is dead, and there's nobody to straighten things out, and everything is upside down, and he's the thinking of going when he can't get it, but that he go pretty quick, else there will be nothing at all to go for but the orphans themselves. Now if he goes he will make a good thing for them.

Well, sir, I been away from this world over two years, and I don't know at all what I died with. I was taken sick one day and got worse all the time, and lost my reason, and was pretty bad. Don't know what was the matter with me at all. I was sick; that's it. They tell us about the priests helping us to communicate with our friends that are here. Of course I expect the priests to do as much for me, for if they don't they are looking out for their own souls, and I know because I am not an altogether peaceful fellow when it's going pain me. All I ask is justice any way, and want to be from the church as well as anywhere else. Yes, sir, I was one time well nigh thrashing the priest because he told me I was not deserving of absolution, and must save him, for the church, so many pounds before I could have absolution. "Faith!" said I, "if I don't get it now you will get worse." Yes, sir, and I got it very quick. Oh, yes. [Did it do you any good?] Any good? Yes, I said I thought it did, and that I was as good as satisfied my conscience, and that I was well again. Faith! that is all any of you get out of the spirit world. I don't know, I know better! how much better, I'd like to know. I know your creed says you must be baptized, and belong to the church and go through with ceremonies—well, they differ from our church, and you think you have the right faith! May be you have, because you don't know any better. Fools, all of you, as I was! It's a fact.

Here, on this side, I don't need absolution from the priest. I wash myself, inside and out; but I take good care that I don't get very dirty, so the job won't be a hard one. Yes, sir; don't need any help at all—none. No whiskey, nor rum, nor nothing of the sort. I don't get you into a dirty scrape. So, you see, I don't need much to do.

Now I want the priest that's here to do me a good turn, and if I can do him one on our side, we will be square.

Where did I live? In Boston, sir. Faith, right here I take it I am. Don't look much like it, but I am all the same inside; I feel like myself. Now don't forget all I come for: for my brother to go to the old country and take care of my brother's orphans. All right, dear? [Yes.] Well, speak up, then. Do right, God-by to you. If you want anything to take your luggage along on our side, just call on me, and I will lend you a hand.

Seance conducted by John Pierpont.

### Invocation.

Spirit holy and perfect, we pray thee to draw consciously nigh unto us on this occasion. Thou who dost make the wilderness to blossom with roses and lilies, and dost change all evil to good; who worketh in Nature and our souls alike; thou Spirit Omnipotent and Omnipresent, grant that we may understand that thou art near unto us, that we can see thee, hear thee, feel thee, and understand thine external symbols with which thou hast manifested thyself to us, that we shall, ere long, cease to ask where thou art, cease to pray that thou wilt draw nigh unto us. We love thee, oh Spirit of Love, and we trust thee, oh Spirit of Infinite Justice, but in our weakness and our ignorance we cry unto thee to love us—

to be just to us; but it is because we are weak and we are ignorant. But thy mercy will be long toward us. Thou wilt never fail to deal with us mercifully, and kindly, and wisely, for thou art the one Great Spirit presiding over us all, caring for all life, manifesting through all form, and giving unto each whatsoever belongeth to them. Thou art the one God presiding over Israel, and over the Gentile world; thou dost know no difference between Jew and Gentile, the bond and free. All are one in thy sight, and we believe all will finally become wise, and holy, and perfect in thee. Oh Lord our God, infinite in all goodness, we pray thee to so teach our souls with the force of thine infinite truth that we may walk anew in thy way, and rejoice henceforth in thy love, in thy justice, in thy wisdom. This is an age rife with many changes. The religious world seems in a wild turmoil, seeking to find a higher level, seeking to bask in purer sunlight, seeking to know more and still more of thee. Will the cry of the religious world be answered? Verily, we believe it will; for thine ears of justice are ever open, and all thy senses keenly alive to the needs of humanity, and in thine own time, and according thine own way, thou wilt give us the brightness of truth. That thou wilt guide us this day, as thou have leapt, would we believe. Bless us as thou seest good to thee. Amen. Nov. 8.

### Questions and Answers.

QUEST.—Will the belief in Spiritualism better our condition on earth?

ANS.—That depends upon how truly one believes, upon how far their belief extends. If it is a mere belief, that rests upon the surface, it will amount to little; it will not change your moral lives; it will not make you better neighbors, nor better Christians; better fathers and mothers; better children, better husbands and wives. But if your belief goes beyond the surface, and taketh hold of your divine nature, then it will show you that you are every instant of your lives in the presence of the angel-world, and if you commit wrong deeds, it must be in their sight; if you fail to do right, you cannot conceal it from them; if you defraud your neighbor, you will know that some angel will mourn over your mistake. Truly, then, if your belief lays hold of your divine nature, it will do you good; it will make you better here, and prepare you for a better life hereafter.

Q.—Do you know any way by which public or private economy and industry may be promoted in the United States, otherwise than by a return to specie payments, thereby making money scarce?

A.—Persons who are interested in the money market, are of the opinion that this is the only way to stay the tide, the wild, reckless tide of ruin. A few years ago there was not displayed such a reckless character of life. There was more frugality; you did not see that display of recklessness on the street and in the movements even of those who are comparatively poor, that you see to-day. And why? Because there was not that spirit amongst you then that is with you to-day, namely, the spirit of turmoil, of unrest, of war. It is not dead yet; the seeds of war have scattered all over the land, and they are exhibiting themselves in a better, broader and more dignified manner in which your nation is living; you are passing through an experience which has been passed through by every republican government. Republics are generally short-lived, and why? Because the public mind changes constantly; the voice of the people may not be four years from this time what it is to-day; it may fall below its present standard, or rise above it, as the case may be. To-day you stand, as a nation, far below where you stood eight years ago. It is true, you are reckless in all law; you seem to think that you can rush on through this natural world as fast as you may, in the end you will come out all right. You are living wild and reckless, and you are not giving that you ought to gain by experience. Instead of walking through life, you are running, at a rapid pace, too. Those who are interested in the money market assure us that the resumption of specie payment will very soon show the mass of you at least where you are, and what an egregious folly you have been indulging in.

Q.—Can spiritual inquiries serve to aid any of the purposes of science or art? Can they aid in a chemical analysis of the construction of a machine?

A.—They certainly can; inasmuch as all your inventions receive their ideas from the spirit-world directly, of course that spirit-world is able to aid you in art and in science, as well as to tell you what your condition may be in the hereafter.

Q.—Do spirits in the spirit-world know of the changes in the national affairs, the discoveries, &c., that are made on earth?

A.—There are those in the spirit-world who are cognizant of and interested in all such changes that are taking place with you. There is a congress unseen for every one that is seen, and what is true of this is true in every department of life.

Q.—To what extent, if any, should public opinion govern our daily lives?

A.—If public opinion is right, so far should it govern you; if it is wrong, so far do you best to change public opinion, and never allow it to lead you. Public opinion sometimes sanctions very heinous crimes. For instance, the crime of capital punishment. If public opinion is right, let it lead you; if it is not right, struggle against being led by it.

### William Young.

Taking full possession of the body and of the senses of a medium is quite different from spelling out what you wish to say through two or three, perhaps four, or five mediums on our side. We then get clear of feeling any of the bad feelings which we are very apt to have, they say, on taking full control. We are very apt to think of how we felt just before we died, and that makes us feel just about the same. I did not know anything about it till after I had got into what they told me was rapport with this medium. I began to feel sick, and said so, and then they told me that I should experience probably all the bad feelings I had just before I died. Sure enough, here I am feeling pretty bad. But I have got a work to do, and must do it. I have come here, where I am not at all acquainted—away from all the circumstances of life that I am familiar with, that I may accomplish what I believe in the end will be a great good. I am from Andover, England. I was between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years old when I died. I have not been gone quite a year yet—it will be a year in January. I have left a wife and two children. My wife is sick—in the last stages of consumption. She is now twenty-five years old—as high as I can reckon it. My children, two girls, Emma and Mary—one five years old and the other three, and, as high as I can reckon it, they have been about a month in the Somerset County work-house, in England. I have communicated by spelling out what I wanted, and with three or four on our side to help me, a curate in our country, and I have asked him to take my children, and he said if I could find out where they were he would. I could not tell him then. I did not know—could only tell him that they were in Axbridge, but could not get any further. I had several good, kind spirits, who have been teaching me since I died, to aid me—they are some friends of his—have been very kind to me, and they have come here with me—one of them, Mr. Hacker, is going to write to this curate, Mr. Young. [Dr. Young?] Yes; do you know him? [I think so—a Unitarian minister?] Yes, Mr. Hacker has written for me there, at Mr. Young's house, in Axbridge, several times, and others have, too. But I never could tell them, because I never could get there to see them. I have been told that I knew where I left them—my children were. I well—but, you know, where it is sifted down through four or five sources, it is apt to be very weak before it gets to its destination. Now I come first-hand. I am ignorant. I never had any education here—could read a little, but not much—was a carpenter by trade. I have told you, as high as I can make out, they are in Somerset County work-house, been there about a month, and their mother is just about gone with consumption. Her name is Mary. My name is William Young, but I am no Mary. My name is not to be changed. He asked me, when I communicated to the curate, if I was, but I couldn't tell him. I don't know, but I don't think I am. I've looked it up, and I don't know. I don't like him to take my children for money, or because I think they will have better position, but I want them to be taught good spiritual truths, and they

will get it there—a kind, good man, and a blessing to his parish. It is no wonder, is it? I have tried hard to get my poor little ones under his wing, because I know their mother is going to leave them, and a work-house life is a terrible life. It hardens the heart, and makes you what you would not be if you was out of it. English work-houses are terrible places—terrible places. I came to this medium last night, and I learned how I should proceed to find my children, and I did this forenoon, and got all ready and come here this afternoon. Mr. Hacker is going to write to Mr. Young. He will probably get his written message before he gets mine, but no matter—and he can write to the work-house and find out, if it's too much trouble for him to go. And I want to tell Daisy—she is a medium out there in England—that I will bless her as long as I live for helping me as she has. [The one through whom you made raps?] No. I wrote through some kind of a thing. [Planchette?] I don't know. They called it an indicator, or something. But, you know, I told you I couldn't come first-hand. I think there were five near as I should have said, but I am right here myself to-day, and I am weak. I died—some of the doctors here told me of marasmus, induced by poor living—a kind of consumption all over. [You can come next time with more strength.] Oh, I have got along right well to-day. Now, you know, you are to send, don't you? [Yes; Dr. Young takes the paper.] Oh yes—well, Mr. Hacker will write him. They told me the message would be delayed about a month, and Mr. Hacker will write him so he will get word from here. [Through some medium?] Here, this one—that gentleman, Mr.—what do you call him? a curate here, or something. I don't know what his name was—preacher, was he? that comes to her. Mr. Parker? Yes; he said as some of it was right that I should have a good square opportunity to do just what I had to do. He told Mr. Hacker that he should write just as soon as a fair opportunity presented itself, and that it would be very quick. [Your name will be announced next week.] Oh yes; then it will be known that I have been here. I thank you, I thank you.

### Walter Simmons.

Work here, work there, work everywhere. [No cessation, is there?] No; talk about laying down your armor and resting; you will find yourself ushered into a more active life when you get out of this world than this world is. I tell you, and the drosses of this world are in every body, and every body is tumbling over in every way, allowing them out of the way, till they get punched enough, and then they up and at it themselves. Well, I got pretty tired before I got there with this life, though I was only thirty-five years here. The last three years had a little too much crowded into it, of real hard labor; and the kind that I don't think has much of pleasure mixed up with it. Did not for me, at any rate. I speak of the labor of war, long, hard forced marches when you are sick enough to be abed. Nothing but cold water and hard grub, when you ought to have a little hot meal. I tell you, it's a pretty hard life, and along the line, and I was not before I got out, but I was not a bullet gave me my discharge. I began to feel pretty tired, and I wanted to rest, and I said, "It does not matter where I go out, if it's in the bottom of the ocean, or the bottomless pit." I didn't care a continental copper when I went into a last battle whether I ever came out or not. I fought, and fought desperately, they said, because I was under the inspiration of war, I suppose, and was not thinking much about resting, but when I went in I didn't care a copper whether I ever came out alive or not, if I was only sure of rest on the other side. Well, just as the sun was going down, and twilight was beginning to set in, I went out. When I knew I was going, the last thing I thought of was to go for a new for a new. And what do you suppose was my first greeting on the other side? "Walter! Walter! no sleeping here. The resurrection has come." Well, of course I thought I was on the earth, that I had fallen into a swoon, and was being taken away from the battle-field—thought I was not dead, you know. But presently I saw one of my old comrades that had been shot a month before. Then it began to dawn upon my benighted senses where I was. So I said, "Let me rest awhile, I am tired." "No place for rest here," he said. "Well, then, let me go on further." "No conveyance to be had; you can't go on. I don't find that we have no appeal from a court of justice." "Now shake yourself and look round, and tell us what you see." I did look round, and very soon I began to feel better somehow or other, began to feel a new life creeping over me, and felt less like resting, and more like looking round to see what kind of a place I had got into. But for quite a while he had to keep nudging me up a little, but after I got fairly on my own footing, I saw truly enough that was not a place of rest. They were dodging here and there, one going to the earth and another coming, little children, old men and women, the place was full, a sort of carnival; and they said it was a sort of intermediate state; not exactly between heaven and earth, but it was the place of rest, and was through on leaving the body. Well, so I've been roaming round ever since, and now I've got back again.

My name, sir, is Simmons—Walter Simmons. I am from Ohio. I suppose you will put me down as the Third Ohio Artillery. Got it right? [Yes.] Native place is it you want? place of nativity, where you were born? [Yes, and where you resided.] I was born in Augusta, Maine, but I suppose I shall say







