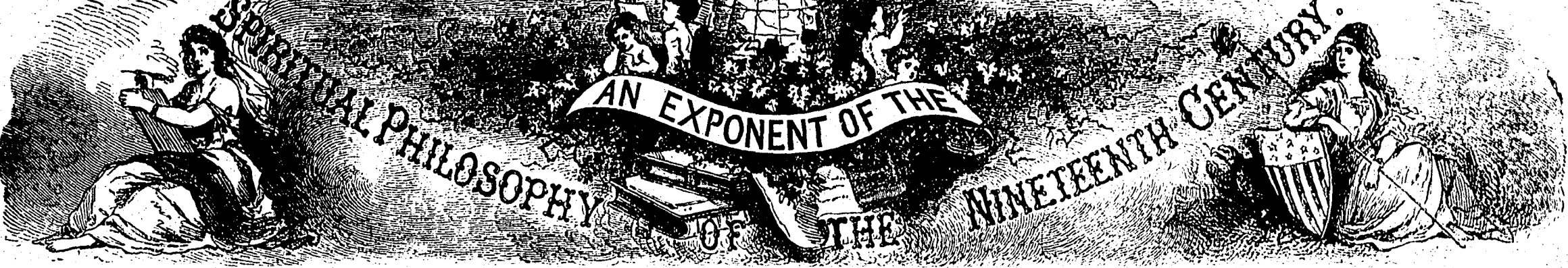


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### STARVING BY INCHES.

BY REBECCA J. MASON.

#### CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

After Squire Graves and Susan had become somewhat accustomed to the domestic life of a city house, Mrs. Jones took them out to walk. It took them hours to go the length of a street—so much to see, so much to ask about. Dry good stores were perfectly bewildering, as they may well be, even to those who frequent them. They did not see where the goods came from, who could ever buy them, and Susan shrank from handling them, saying "they were too good to be touched." Then the markets, large and small, the places of business which they were permitted to enter, the boarding-houses, the lodging-houses, the churches, the theatres, all at first drew forth no emotions, save of wonder. The Squire inquired for Long Wharf, asking if the place of cannon still remained there which his father used to hitch his horse to when he brought vegetables to market.

Then, too, the domestic machinery of the city entertained them greatly. The milk being brought in cans every morning; the ashes and will being removed weekly; the streets being lighted, as well as the houses—all they could do was to gaze at these things until they became familiar. At first, they could not sleep nights; at the sound of every bell they were out of bed like a flash, expecting to see flames all around them; for a fire was something entirely unheard of in their town. After a while they began to recover their poise, and wished to see the inside as well as outside of things.

Mrs. Jones thought it best to let them become a little accustomed to the noise and confusion, the strange sights and sounds, before she carried them into the heart of things. So it was not until some time after their arrival, that she asked them to take an early walk with her, one pleasant morning.

They left the house at half-past six. Mrs. Jones made her way in the direction of the business part of the city. The shops were just being opened, and the Squire and his daughter saw, with surprise, that the streets were thronged, early as it was, with men and women, who were hurrying along at a rapid rate. Some were well dressed, some were poorly clad. There were men and boys, women and girls. Young women, chatting gaily, who had never known care; and young women, too, with faces full of care. Young women, with no longer young, with shabby dress, and a tired, weary air, as though unrefreshed by sleep; and many of them were unrefreshed by sleep, for they had toiled so far into the night that their few hours of restless slumber had been of little benefit to them.

Susan and her father looked upon this moving mass and inquired who they were, why they were out so early, why in such haste, and where their destination? Were they out to take an early train? Alas! many of them were out for an early train! Many of these little ones should have taken a train far later in life.

Mrs. Jones explained to her friends that these men and women did the work in shops, in stores, in offices.

"But, Miss Jones, where do they all live?" asked the Squire.

"These are the women I have told you something of," replied the lady. "Few of them have homes. Most of them live in boarding-houses and lodging-houses."

"What are lodging-houses, Miss Jones?" asked Susan.

"They are houses fitted up with a great many chambers, where a girl can hire a room all ready furnished, and so have a place to live and sleep in, and buy bread and pies at a bake-house; or get up and go out to her breakfast in some saloon."

"What sort of places are saloons?" they both inquired.

"Here we are, close by one. Let us go in, for once, and take a breakfast, and then you can judge." And they all went in and seated themselves at a small table.

The Squire and his daughter just tasted their coffee, but could eat nothing. It made them heart sick to see these women thus crowding into a public saloon; and then to see the feeble breakfasts they ate. Susan said she could not churn a pound of butter on what they called a breakfast. "And just see the little stinky mess of blue milk," said she, as she emptied the creamer into her coffee.

They left the saloon, with no desire to repeat their experiment.

Remember, that many women come from a plentiful home, as did the Squire and his daughter; and can you wonder at the broken health, the weary, homesick feeling that must necessarily follow such sudden changes and conditions?

Mrs. Jones proposed to her friends that they should go out and walk from six to seven o'clock, that evening, so as to see these same people returning from their work. They did so; and Susan noted that the gay, laughing girls seemed as light-hearted as in the morning, while the tired ones dragged more heavily; for now and then they met the same faces.

They had been invited to a theatre for that evening, and the Squire and Susan had, at first, some scruples about going, as Susan said, "they bein' church members;" but not having the remotest idea of what a play could be, supposing it must be something like their own plays at huskings and quiltings, they at length decided to go; Susan remarking that: "She guessed she knew enough to behave herself and not get into no scrapes, wherever she went."

When they entered the gorgeous amphitheatre,

they were too bewildered by the splendor around them for words. They looked at the brilliant lights, at the elegant frescoes, at the magnificently dressed people, holding little tunnels up to their eyes, at their spangled gowns, sparkling like diamonds. At length Susan ventured to whisper to Mrs. Jones:

"I should think these folks would be ashamed to set here all dressed up like this, and know that them other women don't have half enough to wear, nor victuals enough to eat."

Mrs. Jones said nothing, but placed an opera-glass in Susan's hand, and told her to look about. She was delighted at finding the little tunnel could draw the faces so near her she could almost hear them breathe; and, handling it to her father, she leaned back absorbed in listening to the low, sweet strains of the music. Yes; when she got back, Jane should have a piano. The lights were turned down, the curtain rose, and the music grew more wild and weird than before. As the actors appeared one after another upon the stage, they were dazzled by the splendor of their attire. Their trailing dresses, their glistening jewels, their handsome faces and graceful motions were all overpowering. The play was "Macbeth," and Susan fairly shrieked when she saw the gleaming dagger.

"Don't be afeared; it's nothin' but make believe," whispered her father.

At length the curtain dropped for the last time, and the audience rose to go. Susan and her father had been nearly deafened by the immense applause, and were thankful it was over. They could not yet tell whether they had enjoyed it as much as they did one of their quiet prayer-meetings, for they had completely lost themselves in the brilliancy and newness by which they were surrounded. The next day they were to take a quiet drive in the suburbs, which Mrs. Jones thought would be the needed tonic.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

All this time the young men in Ashley had been hard at work. They had bought lumber, had hauled stone, and had had a grand raising of the frame of Lyceum Hall. The day of the raising Mr. Holt had given them a public dinner at his tavern. They worked hard to finish the building by the first of November, for when John Collins went to Bamford he was to engage one or two speakers to come out there in the course of the season. In the absence of Squire Graves and Susan, Mr. Dobbs had ample opportunities for improving his acquaintance with Jane. They were none of them any great hands at letter-writing, therefore but one communication had passed between them since their separation. True, Mr. Dobbs did not come to the house, but he took long walks with Jane every day, and she had engaged to marry him. She knew her father and Susan would never consent, and she resolved to become Mrs. Dobbs without their consent. Mr. Dobbs proposed an elopement, telling Jane that as soon as they reached New York, where his friends resided, she should become his wife. The girl hesitated long before she would consent even to think of it; but she had become so thoroughly infatuated with this man that in the end she decided to leave home and friends and join her life to his. Jane did not consent to this step without great reluctance, and many an hour of misgiving. What would her father say to return and find her gone?—for they had arranged to leave the week before, the family returned—and Susan, too, would be dreadfully worried. But Mr. Dobbs assured her his love would be all-sufficient and ever un-failing, and the innocent girl believed him.

Jane had conveyed her simple wardrobe, a piece at a time, to the man for whom she was leaving her childhood's home, and he had packed it all in his one trunk, for the most of his he carried on his person. She was to leave on a Thursday morning at break of day—he was to forward the luggage the day before to the next station—and her father and Susan were expected on the Monday after. She had delayed going till the last moment, for it was hard to leave her old home.

After Squire Graves and his daughter Susan had become refreshed by quiet drives in the quiet suburbs of the noisy city, they were impatient to attend some of the meetings of which, as Susan said, "the half had not been told them." The Squire and herself had noticed in their various walks that many of these girls that worked in shops and stores were not only well, but even handsomely and fashionably dressed; wore double skirts, Grecian bands, flowers, bracelets and all the paraphernalia of women of wealth and style. They asked Mrs. Jones how it was possible they could afford such dress.

"My dear Susan," replied Mrs. Jones, "there are two classes of workingwomen: the comfortable class and those who are not comfortable. The comfortable class do not depend on their daily labor for a support. Many of them have homes, are well brought up and tolerably educated. Their fathers cannot afford to give them expensive finery, and, being intelligent, they can command better pay, and so they enter shops and stores and printing-offices solely to have the means of dressing finely. Many girls, also, are tired of a quiet life at home, and will work in a crowded city for the excitement of it. They have told me so themselves."

"But, Miss Jones, do you think that is right?" asked Susan.

"Very far from right! The poorer class of girls will try to dress as well as their companions, for these young ladies do not like to walk through the street with a shop-mate shabbily dressed. There must come a great reform in woman's dress, for I know girls who will not wear an untrimmed gown through the street."

The next morning after this conversation they were to attend a "Woman's Convention." The party went early so as to hear the opening speech. The meeting was to be opened by a lady of position, culture and wealth. Susan noted her plain

attire, a neatly fitting suit of gray, free from flourishes, and dainty cuffs and collar. Her hat was removed, and you saw an intellectual, earnest face, a good head with fair brown hair plainly parted and combed from off the brow. This lady was Dr. Lydia Saunders.

"A woman doctor! why, that beats all," whispered Susan.

"I know a number," answered her friend. "After the meeting, if you like, I will make you acquainted with her."

Dr. Saunders told the large audience how deeply her sympathies had been moved in behalf of the workingwomen, through her own observation. There were heart-rending cases she had seen with her own eyes, of want, of broken health, of misfortune, of despair. She, being a woman, knew truly a woman's life. There were noble men who were not ashamed that their mothers were women. There were men, also, who looked upon woman as an inferior being, as naturally degraded, totally depraved. There were those, she knew, in that same room, who had no faith in woman. She thought the morals of men were first to be purified, then they would have a higher estimate of woman. Then, when they should look upon women with respect, even with a deference amounting almost to reverence, they would be willing to accord them equal rights and privileges. Then the now vulgar capitalist, whose only basis was money, would become the noble, the unselfish, the Christian gentleman. Then woman would receive just, fair, liberal compensation for her labor, be it what it may. She claimed that if a woman did the same work as well as a man she should have the same rate of pay. Why should a thorough book-keeper, because she is a woman, receive only eight dollars a week, when she goes as early, stays as late and keeps the accounts as correctly as a man, and a man for the same work receives twenty and twenty-five dollars a week? So in all departments of labor. She knew a store where the girls, smart, experienced and efficient, saleswomen, received only seven, eight and ten dollars a week, while behind the same counter was a man-clerk selling brinks and trimmings (what work for a grown man!) and receiving fifty dollars a week. People's abilities are too often measured by their success. A woman, or a man either, may be very talented, may work day after day at mental or manual labor, and yet not succeed. Such people are unnoticed. Why is it? Another cause of failure, ruin, in the possession of wealth, may work not half so diligently, and everything they touch turn to gold. Why is it? Ay, why is it? Look, my brothers, look, my sisters, you that are well cared for and sheltered, look deep into these things, and, if we cannot aid with money, let us aid with words of kindness, with deeds of kindness; and remember—

"Oh, woman, pale with want! thou dost not know That on thy lot much thought is spent in heaven!"

And Dr. Saunders left the platform.

The Squire and Susan both told Mrs. Jones "that things was a great deal worse than they'd any idea on."

There were various other speakers. Philanthropic men, who looked upon women as their sisters. Men of large benevolence and clear consciences, who felt constrained to lift up their voices in behalf of women who had to toil by day, and often into the night, and then could not keep their heads above water. Why? Because their employers, as a general thing, are only moneyed men. One eminent humanitarian has told us about going into a fine and showily furnished house, and the only vulgar thing therein was the master of it. These employers usually are shrewd men of business, men deficient in heart, in conscience, even in culture. The possession of wealth does not make a man coarse, vulgar, selfish and little. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?" So no amount of wealth will make a man, or woman either, conscientious, respectful, courteous and benevolent. It is generally this class of men who oppose woman's voting, woman's interest in all things, in the way of progress—vulgar rich men and vulgar well-to-do men.

Squire Graves and his daughter listened with the deepest interest to all that was said. Presently two ladies came in who took the unoccupied seats next Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Jones looked up as they seated themselves, and in a moment her hand was warmly grasped. It was Mrs. Morton, whom Mrs. Jones had known in more prosperous times. She was truly glad to meet her former friend, and at once introduced her adopted daughter, Alice Vane. Mrs. Jones, in turn, presented Squire Graves and his daughter, who were cordially received by the two ladies. When the intermission came Mrs. Morton insisted upon the friends returning home with her to dine.

Years before Mrs. Jones had known Mrs. Morton, but, upon meeting with reverses, she had moved to an obscure country town, and thus they had lost sight of each other. Susan and her father were welcomed like old friends, and the trio urged to remain at Judge Morton's the rest of their stay. They were overjoyed to find the Mortons knew John Collins. "The heavenly man!" as Susan said, "to think he knewed such grand folks, and never put on no airs nuther! And what would Jane and Becky and Leander and all the other folks say when she got home and told 'em she'd been livin' in the house with a Judge? But, one thing, she guessed Susan Graves knowed how to behave herself if she was goin' to set at the table with a Judge! She knowed what was what!"

Mrs. Morton thought they had better rest a few hours, and not go in to the afternoon session before three o'clock, and besides, she wanted to talk with her guests. Her heart went out warmly toward Susan and her father, for she divined at once their noble natures. The Judge was delighted to meet Mrs. Jones again, and was fairly taken captive by the kind-heartedness and originality of the old Squire and his daughter.

After dinner, Alice played and sang for them, and the little Edna—the darling little Edna—came with her beloved pussy, and climbed into Susan's lap. In all her life, Susan had never seen so fair a child. Her fair, sweet face, her little loving ways, won their way at once; and tears, which seldom came to Susan Graves, filled her eyes as she listened to her childish tones. She thought of her dead mother, with her gentle, quiet ways; she thought of herself, rough, hard, and stern, except to those who knew her well, and then she thought how a sweet face, looking into hers, and a dear voice, to call her mother! would have softened and toned down the rough edges in her nature. Susan Graves sat long with the child, folded in her arms, and at last the little one, tired with play, dropped off to sleep. Susan would not suffer her to be removed, and Mrs. Morton humored her mood.

Meantime, the Judge was gaining ground with Squire Graves. At first, the Squire felt a little shy in such grand company, but he found the Judge, to be a sensible, social man, "not a bit stuck up," as Susan said, and was soon talking at ease with him, and the liking was reciprocal. The Judge had to be at his office for an hour, and invited the old gentleman to accompany him. Alice Vane was to speak in the evening, for she felt she could not do enough in this cause. The conversation turned upon the subject uppermost in their minds, and Alice related to Susan some of her own experience.

"Why, Miss Vane?" exclaimed Susan. "You don't mean a lady like you ever went hungry?"

Then Alice Vane told Susan all that we know so well.

It was an impressive sight—Susan, with her head thrown back, the sleeping child and her favorite in her arms, her face completely changed by emotion—none who looked upon Susan Graves at that moment would have called her hard and stern. They had talked far into the afternoon, and felt that they must hasten, or they would not be in time for the speaking. Judge Morton and the Squire were to meet them at the hall. As Susan moved to place the sleeping child upon the lounge, she opened her eyes, and, throwing her arms round Susan's neck, said:

"Let me kiss you, Aunt Susan, 'cause I know you're good," and she kissed her again and again.

"While I was asleep, mother, I saw a beautiful lady standing close right up to Aunt Susan. Is that a dream, mother?"

"Yes, darling," replied her mother, for the child often saw beautiful beings when she was asleep.

"Well, but wasn't it Aunt Susan's mother? Have you got any mother?" she asked, turning to Susan.

"I've got a dear, darling mother," she went on, as Susan did not reply. "Have n't you got any little daughter, or anybody to love you?"

Here Susan broke down entirely, and the little one tenderly wiped away the tears and kissed her again, " 'cause she had made her feel so bad."

"But you'll love me just the same, won't you, Aunt Susan? I did n't mean to make you feel bad."

"Yes, you angel," whispered Susan, as she rose to prepare for the meeting. The Judges saw them as they entered the hall, and beckoned them to a seat. The speaking had already commenced. In the afternoon the speakers were to be the workingwomen themselves; and Susan and her father were both amazed and touched to see young girls and elderly women—some of them not comfortably clad—go up on the platform and state their condition; they were shocked at the recitals of want and suffering that were there unfolded. The thought uppermost in their minds was, How could people have such wealth of dress, and let these women suffer? The Squire told the Judge "he could n't account for it."

"No, my friend," replied Judge Morton, "that is not a matter of surprise. The people's conscience is asleep, torpid—conscience has not been educated; the few who have a conscience are ready to do to their uttermost."

After the meeting the party made their way to the platform, as Mrs. Morton wished to present her guests to Lydia Saunders and Dr. Brame, whom she had discerned amid the crowd. They each gave a cordial hand to Susan Graves and her father, and it was arranged that they should accompany the Mortons home to tea.

The little Edna flew into the parlor to meet them, where Gipsy lay fast asleep upon a table, and Kyle comfortably curled up in a large work-basket, for these family pets followed the child's every step.

The conversation at the tea-table was brisk and animated, for there was much to tell, much to suggest, and much to hear. Dr. Saunders told Susan she would take her on her rounds among her patients the next day, and she could see life in different forms from all her past experience. Dr. Brame also invited Squire Graves to ride with him in the morning, for he wished to cultivate his acquaintance.

"But I can't for the life of me see how you're goin' to git 'out o' this tangle," said the Squire. "Seems to me there's too many folks in this city. Why, if them gals was mine, I should want 'em to live in the country, and dig round in the ground, and have plenty o' cow's milk and good fresh stuff to live on."

"That is one point we are just beginning to agitate," replied Dr. Brame; "the city is altogether overcrowded. We want to get these women out of it. They would rally yet, many of them, if they had good country air, a little cottage, and a lot of ground of their own. I have a patient now—a woman in decline—who could be saved by 'free air and sunshine.' She has three boys, who could help round, and they might be made into a smart family. No use in taking medicine; it only hurts her."

"Yes, and I've got jest the place for that woman and her three boys," said the Squire, bringing his fist down on the table with a bang—a favorite gesture of his, when in earnest.

"Father, do you mean the little house on the hill?" asked Susan.

"Yes," answered her father. "I've got a little house, on risin' ground, that ain't o' no mortal use to me, right in the middle of a two-acre lot, and that woman shall go there and live the rest of her days. She's welcome to it, land and all. It's a no use 'n' our havin' so much more'n we can use; and I guess, Susan, we can throw in the white-faced cow, and Dick, the now pig."

Dr. Brame grasped the generous hand still resting on the table, and poured out his thanks. "The little Edna came round and asked the Squire if she could take Kyle and Gipsy, and go and see the white cow and Dicky pig."

"Yes, you blessed, pretty creature, you," said he, taking her in his big arms. "Miss Morton, do come out next summer, and bring this little crocker, and her live stock; and all of 'em come; I guess there's room 'nough in the old house; any way, there's room 'nough in the old man's heart for all of 'em."

They sat round the table until time for meeting, discussing and planning the removal of Dr. Brame's patient into the country. It was arranged that the Squire should call with the Doctor, and afterward, Susan and the other ladies. Mrs. Althorpe, the doctor's patient, was a poor woman, who had always been poor since her marriage. Her girlhood had been passed in a contented and plentiful home. Her husband was an intelligent mechanic, but had met with an accident the first year of their married life, which had disabled him from following his occupation. Why is there no provision for such families? He was sick a long while, their living consumed all they had, and at his death she was destitute. Always delicate, she began to fall rapidly. It was thus Dr. Brame first found her.

When the party arrived at the hall in the evening, the speaking had already commenced. A young lady, slight built, and fragile looking, with a *spirituelle* face, was talking in a silvery voice to a large audience, who listened profoundly. She was extremely youthful, not over twenty, and when our friends entered, she was telling the people how, although her life had been so short, and so rounded out with happiness, how deeply she had, from earliest childhood, sympathized with the suffering, the unfortunate, the degraded; that she had dedicated her life, long or short, as might be, to their cause; how she would work for them and with them, be among them and of them, even unto the end. That was Edith Rollins.

Here Squire Graves was seen to rise and remove his overcoat. Susan looked at him anxiously. He deliberately walked up on the platform. Susan held her breath. Her father before a public audience, in a great city! Would they laugh at him? But the Squire knew his ground. No one laughed at him, although his grammar was not according to Murray. The man had a bearing and a presence that commanded respect. He drew forth his red handkerchief and wiped his face. That was one of his habits. He then began:

"Mr. Chairman, and Men and Women—This is the first time I ever come to one of these meetings. I've lived sixty years, and to-day I've set here and heard things said that I made my blood bile. For sixty years I've had plenty, yes, more'n a plenty, and it makes my blood bile to know there's gals and women, and far 's I know men, that don't have 'nough, that don't have clothes 'nough to wear, nor victuals 'nough to eat, and have to live as I've heard 'em tell to-day. It's a burnin' shame, and I'm ashamed o' it, for one."

To think we've lived so many years, many on us, and had 'nough, and other folks a starvin'! I hope God'll forgive me for not doin' anything, and won't bring it up agin me at the judgment, for I did n't know nothin' about it. It's an awful thing, feller creeturs, to know there's a woman or gal, or man either, a'most dyin' o' want, and go right by like the priest and the Levite. I don't see how ye can come here fixed, up so nice, and go home and sleep in your beds knowin' some folks had to go to bed without their supper. You're most all on ye pretty well dressed, and I should think ye'd feel a little ashamed on it. S'pose ye jest put your hand in your pockets now, all on ye, that's able, and hand out all ye can spare right here on the table. I'll do all I can to-night, and I'll keep a doin' just as long as the Lord spares me. We've all got more land out our way 'n wantin' to use, and when I go home I'll git the folks together, and we'll talk it over, and see what we can do 'bout gittin' some of these women folks away into the fresh air. Now I beg on ye not to go home till you've done all ye can to-night, and keep a doin'." Ye must remember there's a day o' judgment comin', and everything that's writ down in the Lamb's book o' life'll be brought to light. Don't have no brother or sister a cryin' out agin ye that ye knowed they did n't have 'nough to keep 'em alive, and ye never raised your hand to help 'em." And the Squire wiped his face and sat down, while the house rang with cheer upon cheer.

As the Squire left the platform he laid a hundred dollar bill upon the table, and many men and women among the audience did likewise. They were not all hundred dollar bills, but they gave according to their ability, and at the close of the meeting the treasurer reckoned up four thousand dollars. This money was, some of it, sent, in various sums, to different persons who were in sore need, to help keep them more comfortable until the committee could concert measures to place them where they could support themselves independent of all aid.

The old man in his conscientiousness, his simple country talk, had charged the whole audience with fresh vitality. Many of them had never looked upon the subject before as a matter of conscience, and they did feel somewhat mortified at having such home truths thrust so earnestly and plainly into their faces.

Alice Vane made the closing speech. She said she stood there as a brand plucked from the burning; that she knew this strata of human need



and woe existed; that she herself had once walked through this fiery furnace; that she knew there were noble souls in that very hall who hung out their wealth with liberal hand; that she knew the value of money in this cause, but money was not all in all—the two great forces were conscience and education. These two elements would be the heaven which should work through all grades of society, which should level all to their proper condition. Without the child be trained with tender conscience, there can be no hope of mercy or justice in its grown life. Without education, no grown child could turn its thought or hand to trade, to science, to art, to agriculture, to any skilled labor, thereby bettering his condition. This would necessarily be the work of time. Home was not built in a day. The emancipation was not brought about till after years of toil, and, in the end, fighting and bloodshed. The men who were mobbed then, today had testimonials given them. We had taken vast strides in progression, in the State, in the church, in social life. Women were no longer laughed at upon the platform. Women of wealth, position, culture, were coming forward every day, to lecture, to speak, to advocate the right upon all subjects, moral, intellectual, religious, political. That was a great step gained. The next would be women in the halls of Legislature. Yes; even at Washington.

Alice Vane ceased speaking, and went over to her friends. Susan was so delighted she could have almost made a speech herself. It was now late, and the audience dispersed, to assemble in the morning. John Collins was expected to be in the city that day, and the party were to return to Ashley. Mr. Collins could not leave until Wednesday afternoon, but by traveling all night he could reach Bamford on Thursday evening—not, however, in season for the meeting.

#### CHAPTER IV.

When the party returned to Judge Morton's, they found John Collins waiting to meet them. He had just arrived, had been to the hall, but found the crowd pouring out, and so had resolved to wait them at Judge Morton's. He was a young man for whom the Judge had formed a sincere friendship; and since John Collins's ordination, they had kept up a correspondence. Hence, the minister was invited to meet his parishioners, and remain himself at the home of the Mortons. They sat and talked far into the night, as Mrs. Jones, the Squire and Susan had so much to ask about Anna and Jane, Becky and Leander, and the farm and the cattle, the new hall, and many other things.

They did not know that on that very morning, Jane had gone noiselessly over the stairs, out at the gate, while the stars were yet shining, had been met by Mr. Dobbs, (who had made a point of leaving the day before with his luggage, and walked away quietly with him into her unknown future. No; they knew nothing of that—of the cloud that no bigger than a man's hand, was spreading over their home to overwhelm them. They knew not that Anna Jones had closed her school-room, and, with Becky and Leander, were searching the house, were searching the garden, the burying ground, all in vain. They knew not that, at that moment, Jane was as far from home as themselves, on her way to New York. No; they would have one more night of rest, one more day of enjoyment before the cloud should burst.

The next morning they rose early, as Mrs. Jones and Susan had some shopping to do, which would occupy a part of the day. Then they were to attend the meetings. John Collins was to speak in the evening. Saturday there was to be more sight-seeing, Sunday, music "and a sermon," Monday, the cars for Ashley.

At ten o'clock, they entered the hall, and found it well filled. The meeting was not yet called to order, and they had time to look about. Some were talking, some reading, some of the women were knitting. Susan liked that, and said, "if she was used to such meetings she would carry her." The chairman rose and called the meeting to order. Silence reigned, and a workman arose and took the platform. He had but few words to say, but wanted it understood that the system of long hours of labor, small rates of wages, high prices of living, were all sources of discouragement to the laboring man. He had no time for rest, for reading, for recreation; it was constant toil and poor pay. He did not get up to complain; he wanted fair play. What he asked for the laboring man, he asked for the laboring woman. The condition of the laborer, man or woman, was all wrong. He wanted it made right.

Other speakers followed in the same strain. Through the intermission there was music and singing; also speeches by many who dropped in at their noon-hour.

In the afternoon, the meeting was opened by Lydia Saunders. Susan had been round with this lady among her patients, and had witnessed scenes of want and suffering she had thought could not exist; for a physician sees much wretchedness that other eyes are blinded to. Mrs. Dr. Saunders painted some heart-rending scenes of poverty she had witnessed in her career as physician; and of sickness, owing mainly to that poverty. She spoke of the remedies. First, of convenient, comfortable houses, that were not all up and down stairs, for half-sick, feeble working-women. Government was rich enough to appropriate funds for building purposes. If it had not enough for benevolence, and pleasure also, cut off some of its pleasures, its official visits, its excursions, its public balls and dinners. She had known one of her patients to receive two dollars a month for groceries, while the city fathers sat down to a hundred-dollar dinner. Where was the public conscience? Asleep in a deep, narcotic sleep! It needed sharp and pungent remedies to awaken it from its death-like trance; else it would surely die.

Other ladies took the floor: those who suffered, those who sympathized. Speeches were made, plans suggested. The subject was hydra-headed. Point after point presented itself. The heaven was fermenting the whole lump. But finally the meeting was brought to a close. The evening session would close the convention. It was growing dark, and a drizzling rain had set in. Slowly the people left the hall, for many had joined together in groups, and were still eagerly discussing the subject. Our friends hastened along through the falling rain, to refresh themselves previous to the evening session, to which all looked forward with interest.

The Squire and Susan expressed themselves highly pleased with all they heard. The Judge told them that many men and women on the platform were the leading people in the city, and it was they who had first taken the matter in hand. It was his opinion this thing would be brought to a happy issue.

At half-past seven they were again in their seats. The hall was packed on this last evening Susan and her father wondered where the people all came from. There were many more women and girls than through the day. The opener, a well-known lady of rare ability, referred to lodging-houses. She spoke of the cheerless, home-

sick feeling which must come over a woman the first time she finds herself alone in a lodging-house. Who knows when she goes in or out, whether she be sick or well, how she gets her meals, how she lives? Who takes any interest in her whatever? She painted the moral influence of living alone, unshared for. How a woman, living in this way, grew desponding, discouraged, and finally sick. How, with all her striving, if she could not keep soul and body together after long weeks of toil, she would long to lie down and die, and how impossible it was that this continued perplexity of mind should not affect them physically. The speaker said she would not occupy much time. She wanted those who lived in lodging-houses to come forward, and make their own statements.

These women did come forward, many of them, and told the plain, straightforward story of their daily life. Some of them liked that mode of living; it was not like home, they said. Not like home! No, there is no place to a woman like her own home. She may find friends, kind friends, but there is no place like home. It is a sad sight to see a homeless woman or child. Why must it be? Various speakers occupied the time, most of them women. At last John Collins rose. He was the last speaker. It was already nine o'clock and he would not detain them long.

He was glad to see so many there; to see such an interest; to see the hour had come, and the woman, also; to see woman on the platform, in the speaker's desk; that old conventionalities were broken down; that it was no longer a shame for woman to speak in public; that he saw them as doctors, as lecturers, and he hoped soon to see them in the pulpit. He would open his pulpit to them, even if the next day he be hurled from its top. It was quite time the condition of the working classes was brought to light. The employer had enriched himself at the cost of their lives long enough. Let him take his ill-gotten gains and expend it for their welfare—if they would accept it. A voice: We do not want it. He was glad to hear that; he liked independence. He knew it was hard to battle with poverty and sickness, and most of those battles are fought by women, even delicate, feeble women! He bid them take courage, to bear bravely on. Strong men and women would fight for them, even as they had one day for the black people. He would work with his pen, with his voice, time, money—yes, he would give himself to this cause.

There were various matters of business to be settled that night, and it was late before the convention closed. At each session large contributions were made. The convention was a success. Our friends returned home, and after a little chat—for it was late—retired to rest.

*To be continued in our next.*

#### ON THE OTHER SIDE.

BY L. B. BAKER.

We go our way in life too much alone.  
We hold ourselves too much from all our kind;  
Too often we are deaf to sigh and moan;  
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;  
Too often, where distress and want abide  
We turn and pass upon the other side.  
The other side is trodden smooth and worn  
By foot-steps passing lightly all the day;  
Where he the braved ones who faint and mourn  
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.  
Our selfish hearts are for our feet a guide.  
They lead us all upon the other side.  
It should be ours the oil and wine to pour  
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;  
To take the smitten, and the sick and sore,  
And hear them where the stream of blessing runs.  
Instead, we look about the way is wide,  
And so we pass by on the other side.  
Oh, friends and brothers, gliding down the years,  
Humanity is calling each and all.  
In tender accents, born of grief and tears,  
God bids you listen to the thrilling call.  
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,  
Pass guiltless by upon the other side.  
Medley, Wm., Dec. 1, 1869.

#### Notes of a Worker.

DEAR BROTHER—Through your columns permit Mrs. Lawrence and myself to return our heartfelt thanks to many of your hospitable readers, who have so kindly contributed to our physical comfort, by opening to us their hearts and homes, during the past year, which has been devoted almost entirely to missionary labor, independent of any party, sect or association.

Looking over our diary for the year just closed, we find that we have given one hundred and twelve evening lectures, interspersed with readings, original songs and music, for which we have received, by voluntary donations from the audience, about \$200, or an average of \$2.25 per night. Besides this, we have taken active part in a great many grove meetings, conventions, &c., without receiving any money compensation for our services. We have published and circulated many thousands of our original reform songs, tracts on tobacco, temperance, &c.

Our work has been mostly in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and, during the past four months, in Massachusetts. We have lectured in churches nearly all the time, and have quite often been the guests of the minister's and member's families; but in every case we have found that the reflected rays of *Light from the Banner* which radiate weekly over all the enlightened world, have found their way, though often grossly perverted, until the facts are now quite generally admitted that spirits of mortals continue to exist, and that they can, and do, communicate under favorable circumstances. We could mention many most remarkable manifestations of spirit power and control that have been related to us by pious wives and devoted daughters. Sometimes we almost conclude that the best and clearest demonstrations and evidence of what Spiritism really is, and of what it has in store for us, have not yet been revealed. In fact, we have seen enough lately to convince us that the public sciences of the most popular physical media do not surpass much that remains obscure and unknown in select circles.

While we make abundant evidence that our beautiful belief is steadily increasing, yet we find in many places the Societies, and also the Lecturers, are not well sustained; and we are naturally led to ask the cause. While we fully sympathize with every effort in the direction of organization, for the benefit of laborers, and the oppressed, and the poor, we have come to regard pure and unadorned Spiritism as the "leaven that is to leaven the whole" mass of mankind without becoming of itself an isolated movement.

At least for the present we find ourselves impelled to work in an independent manner, in the broad field of reform, as advocates of every cause that looks to the welfare of mankind, "testifying to the churches" concerning the great spiritual truths pertaining to "temperance in all things," hereditary predispositions, and the conditions of human happiness.

Please make it known by your numerous intelligent readers that we are in the field, enlisted for life under the glorious *Banner of Light*, to battle with the powers of darkness and ignorance, armed with the sword of truth, feeling fully assured of final victory as our great reward. Working for human welfare, we only ask our rightful expenses and a contribution to the cost of the lecture. Tell the good people on the Cape that we feel a call to visit the fishermen again, seeking after followers of the golden rule. Address, Quincy Point, Mass., Jan. 1st, 1870.

## The Lecture Room.

### THE SOUL AND ITS QUESTIONINGS.

FOURTH LECTURE BY EMMA HARDINGE.  
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Dec. 20th, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

#### WHITHER AM I BOUND?

This is the question which the soul, in every age and every clime, has reiterated. This is the question which of all others presses home the nearest, and with the most imperative urgency upon the human mind, involving as it does all that is important in man's eternal welfare. What if we learn how fearfully and wonderfully we are made? What if we comprehend our lordship over space, and even learn to realize the methods of creation, until we, ourselves, can model after the Creator in controlling them, and make our knowledge a power by which we put the material universe beneath our feet? We may understand that though we count but as units in the grand scheme of human existence, still we never lose the actual fact of our personal individuality; that we live forever, each one as a Godlike identity; that we are larger and grander even than suns, stars and systems—which think not—mightier than the whole universe of matter, because we alone are endowed with an immortal spirit.

We are the "I am" of being; and yet, although we may realize all this, rejoice in the glorious brotherhood of man, and the divine fatherhood of God, the stupendous question will arise, though I should be endowed with even almighty power to rule and govern my earth whilst yet its inhabitant, how do I know if this knowledge exists beyond the grave? Are the glorious beams of intellect quenched in the sarcophagus of the tomb? Do we lose these transcendent powers when the light of our earthly life grows dim, and to those around us another star in the material world is darkened?

These are questions which must be answered. In the day of our great sorrow, calamity and failure, how earnestly do they press home upon us; they knock at the door of our hearts and demand entrance, when our loved ones depart from us, importunately questioning whether they have gone? Mankind has reiterated the question of that philosophy which purports to interpret the problems of life; but, alas! it is only life present. Philosophy cannot follow life's issues into the realm of spirit. And yet, says philosophy, we behold eternity written upon every form of matter; the passing seasons whisper, "we will come again"; the sighing winds of winter, the burning beams of summer, all return with every recurring season; the mournful voices of autumn, as they sing the requiem of the flowers and bloom that are passing away, still whisper, "Another year we shall come again." Eternity is written with burning fingers in the blue heavens; the stars which have disappeared from the gaze of the astronomer, live still in space. All things return in reconstructed beauty; but the most beautiful of all, the form that we have best loved—must the noblest works of God—man—perish, then, and leave us alike untroubled of his fate, and comfortless? The sweet vibrating tones of love, are they hushed forever beneath the waving grass of the silent tomb? And these questions are for the living as for the dead: Whither am I bound? What is my fate and destiny? All other subjects of living interest cluster around the theme of immortality; all else sinks into insignificance before it.

The more we reflect upon the nature of human action, the more do we find in it notes of instinctive preparation for the future. We build for to-morrow; we gather riches for to-morrow; all our stores of learning are laid up, with a hope of applying them to the uses of the future. The moment we call the present is gone ere we can number its gifts. If there is no to-morrow for the soul—no hereafter for the spirit, then is the soul—the great governing power of humanity—the only failure in the universe.

I do not propose to reiterate now the evidences of the soul's immortality; I do not press home this question upon those thinkers of the nineteenth century who have received the full assurance of immortality from the demonstrated presence of the immortals themselves with the believers in spirit-communion. I need but consider that which attempts to solve the question, Whither am I bound? To answer this, I know that the modern Spiritualist can gaze through the open gate of the hereafter, and that his eyes have been permitted to look down the shining corridors of eternity. It is true this most blessed privilege has only been accorded to the few exceptional persons known as mediums; nevertheless, as the seers of the nineteenth century give in their testimony from every land of civilization, our part is on behalf of those who are not thus highly favored by immediate intercourse with the revelators of the spheres—to offer you a summary of the knowledge that has been gleaned and attested by the witness of many thousands, whose testimony has been rendered under circumstances that rendered collusion impossible, to rehearse the generalities of the answer which the immortals themselves have brought to the mighty query, Whither am I bound?

The first link of evidence in which we find a response, is in the soul's own intuitive recognition of its immortal nature, and the warnings of conscience that compensation and retribution must follow the results of earthly action. Another of the witnesses concerning the soul's destiny hereafter, is to be found in the universality of the belief which prevailed ere Bibles were written or creeds invented—in the wise and beneficent doctrine of eternal progress.

In ancient times the universal belief of mankind was, that this earth was a probationary state, wherein the soul was compelled to pass through conditions of preparation for the hereafter.

The doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, prevailed throughout the East. But, repulsive as that doctrine appears to you now, it originated in the philosophical belief that every human being was, to some extent, allied to the animal creation; that the passions, which are inherent in the human form, are represented in the various individual existences of the animal kingdom; and that those who preserved, in a marked degree, those tendencies that distinguish the lower creatures must, of necessity, return to earth at death, and inhabit the form whose attributes the spirit exhibited.

This idea was based on the belief that earth was the only sphere of probation for the soul of man; hence we perceive that these views, although originating in the recognition of man's material nature, and his alliance with the animal kingdom, nevertheless, take its peculiar shape from ignorance of the grander vistas of a progressive hereafter, which the spheres of the modern spiritual philosophy describe. Limited as were the perceptions of the Divine economy implied by a belief in the metempsychosis, the central idea embodied a recognition of the law of progress

and probation for the soul also, the absolute necessity of perfect purity, before we can enter upon those higher conditions of spirit-life which we are accustomed to call heaven. This doctrine, too, recognized the kindly alliance which man sustains with all creation, and inculcated tenderness toward the lower creatures. The universality of this belief may be traced by the scholar through all the beliefs of the Orient, except amongst the Jews. We find no trace of it in the Old Testament; but then, its pages contain no proof of immortality at all, and though the Christian world bow down before the Bible, and affirm it to be a revelation direct from God, we repeat, the Old Testament contains no direct teaching of the soul's immortality, and only vaguely infers that there were sects amongst the Jews who did entertain such a belief. In the New Testament Christ the spirit not only taught the immortality of the soul, but also that our immortal existence was fashioned by the deeds done in the body. The central idea of his doctrine was ever that the kingdom of heaven is within us, and is born of our own pure acts and thoughts.

There are two points to which, in connection with his teachings, we would call your attention: In the very moment when the parting spirit of the gentle Nazarene might have truly beheld the realities of the hereafter to which himself and his dying associates on the dreadful cross of martyrdom were hastening, he uttered to the penitent thief those memorable words, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

The theology of Christianity teaches that Jesus did not ascend into heaven till the third day. Where then was that Paradise in which the sufferers were to meet on the first day—ay, even on the very day when their mortal eyes were forever closing upon earth. All commentators upon Oriental beliefs declare that the ancients believed Paradise was an intermediate state; a realm where the discipline of human life was still continued, and the pilgrim soul passed from sphere to sphere, in the fulfillment of its progressive destiny.

Again: one of the companions of Jesus—Peter—implies, in the epistle ascribed to him, that Jesus went and preached to disobedient spirits in prison; that he had descended to the dark realm of punishment for crime to teach and instruct its suffering inhabitants. Can we suppose that he whose meek and gentle heart could so hardly brook the sight of sorrow that he wept at the tomb of Lazarus, could go to that region of gloom for the alleviation of woe, and work in vain? If the wretched spirits in prison to whom Jesus preached were incapable of reform and progress, would he have mocked them with his teachings? Wherefore did Christ descend to teach the spirits in prison at all? The fact that he is said to have done so is in itself a gospel of progress and hope. And yet Christianity affects to deny the belief in progress hereafter. Is not such a denial but the shadow of a dark, man-made theology? a reflection of the cruel and savage belief that preaches of a God of infant condemnation, total depravity and endless punishment? How should we rejoice that at last the Babylon of theological mystery has fallen, the dark pal which superstition, bigotry and ignorance has woven around us is rent in twain, and the gloom of the grave is converted into the sunlight of immortal life. The testimony, however, which is given by the very lips of the founder of Christianity himself concerning the existence of Paradise or a mid region of progress, is one of the strongest points which the Scriptures of the Jews afford concerning the soul's destiny hereafter.

I shall now refer to the general features of agreement in which the spirits of the nineteenth century answer the question, Whither am I bound? And first we must consider the spirits' teachings concerning the nature and locality of the spirit-world in which the hosts of returning intelligences, who are now in our midst, claim to be dwelling. Whilst they speak to you in many varied tongues, whilst they give you widely different information concerning their individual conditions, there are certain specialties in which all communicating spirits agree. They affirm that all creation witnesses of three and only three primitive elements; these they call matter, life and spirit. They claim that these three elements are imperishable and eternal; that in all forms of being they exist, and that all varieties of being can be resolved back into those three primal elements; that matter is the passive, unintelligent element moved upon; life—with its dual attributes of attraction and repulsion—permeates all matter; spirit, the universal, active, powerful, governing element, controls and animates both the others, and is known by its attributes of will or mind. All this science admits, but she adds that, if these elements are primaries, they are never exhibited apart—wherever we behold the form of matter, there it is permeated by life; that matter and life take their highest forms through the chemistry of atoms in man, but that it is all. Spirits proclaim that these three elements do exist apart, and that they are three original, primal, and yet separate, existences, forming the great trinity whom, in totality, theology blindly worships as God. They claim that whilst the forms of matter exist, as long as life inheres in them, that life exists without the form of material things. The walls around you, the floor beneath your feet, the garments you wear, all things you call inanimate—these are, in reality, permeated by the element of life. The cohesion that exists in the particles of this fabric maintains its integrity only by virtue of the life within it. The day shall come when the garment waxes old, when the particles of matter shall cease to cohere, and the scattered atoms become a thing of death and dust; the form crumbles, but the life remains forever.

What is our witness? Spirit affirmations and clairvoyance. The eye of the spirit, embodied and disembodied, not only reveals the fact that there is life in me, but that when I undergo the transformation of death all that made me the real man has passed away with the spirit; all the attributes of matter remain in the crumbling dust; weigh the form, and you shall not detect a difference that would turn the scales against a single hair; nothing has passed of matter, and yet the man is dead. Where is the life? Oh scientists, ye who claim that matter is eternal—that there is no such thing as annihilation, how can you account for the absence of the solemn mystery of life? for the sudden departure of that magnetic force or cohesion which bound together the atoms of the now crumbling form? The eye of clairvoyance perceives, moreover, every form that even in the dead past of long ago has ever existed. We call these perceptions mere images. What are images? Are they not the shadows of that which now has or else has had an existence? Each shadow predicates a substantial origin—each image a reflection from a reality. But let us glance at the claims which the spirits make concerning the nature of the spirit-country. They assert that all that has ever been born of matter dies and gives back its material part to earth again, but that the real force, which is the life essence, remains an entity forever in the spirit-

country, and it is of this element, the life principle, that the spirit-world and all it contains is composed. Age after age have the temples, palaces, houses, cities and villages which man has built flourished, decayed and passed away from human ken, but their forms still remain, and are perpetuated in the soul's world, which permeates this globe. Even now upon its surface the soul of all things is quivering and throbbing in every existing form. The mortal eye beholds not the real existence, for that is the invisible life; the outer form is but the mold in which it is represented. Within is the spirit, which in the disintegration of death becomes the permanent and essential being. Thus, then, as the generations of material forms decay, their essences remain, and form the constituent elements and things of the spirit country. Thus of the generations of man whom age after age you have seen depart; millions after millions passing through the silent gates of death into what you have deemed the oblivion or sleep of death. We know now they neither sleep nor even pass away from you! The garment drops off, and as it falls the living spirit stands in the realities of the interior soul or spirit-world—the soul-world; that permeates every form of matter, and after the transformation of mortal death becomes the second sphere of existence.

It would seem, from the various communications that have been given by spirits during the last twenty years, that there are various ascending spheres or states in which the soul dwells; that whilst all the forms of earth have passed into this spirit-country, there are great diversities in its conditions. It is difficult for man to comprehend the character of that immortality which includes the vast and almost illimitable freight of human life that has passed from earth during past ages, except we remember that law of matter which proves that the finer penetrates the grosser and denser almost to infinity.

Surrounding this earth are various strata of atmosphere filled with spaces, the extreme extension of which you cannot follow to any ultimate point. By analogy, therefore, you may apprehend how the sublimated existences of spirit-life permeate the realms of space, and how, in like manner, the finer and more attenuated realms of spirit-life permeate the denser, and that in multi-form conditions beyond man's power to calculate.

Again, there is one law of physics which defines the conformation of this spirit-world—it is this: That as the finer particles of matter radiate outwards by centrifugal action, so do the finer particles of the spiritual element fly off from the centre, until, during countless ages, they have formed zones around the central sphere, encompassing it with myriads of refined and ever-refining belts of atmosphere.

We must now briefly notice the condition of that soul-world which lies nearest and is most intimately connected with this earth. This spirit sphere is that which, in point of progress, you may call the second. Remember that all forms of matter are permeated by the soul-world, and it requires no actual distance, in point of space, to define different spheres. As the elements of life pervade every part of matter, so does the soul-world penetrate all space; yet in point of proximity, the second sphere of mortal existence is immediately within this earth, and is, in fact, a duplicate of earth, differing only in its states of mind—for to the inhabitants of this sphere, it is dark and comfortless, and unlighted by the beams of that physical sun which constitutes the life of this planet. In the spirit-world death effects this stupendous change, namely, that whilst here all you possess you acquire from the external, in spirit-life every object you behold, and the entire of your possessions and surroundings are wrought from within.

And, again, these surroundings are made up from the deeds and thoughts which have fashioned the soul in its earthly pilgrimage. In a word, those who live in this soul-world are merely the dwellers on the threshold of our own; they are the spirits of those who have not done with earth, whose earthly mission has not been fulfilled. Here they have to learn that stupendous lesson of spiritual existence, which teaches that God has given to every creature on this planet a work to do—no matter how small or how large.

This work, entrusted to us by the Great Spirit, must be performed through two methods—the one, the love of self, the impulse that makes us guard the integrity of our being, the other the love of our neighbor, the higher but equally imperative feeling which should impel us to regard his rights as our own, himself as an equal participator with us in all the privilege which God has bestowed upon us. In a word, the law of life is the law of love—that love that includes self and the neighbor alike. What but love to the creature is love to God, exhibited in acts of kindness to his creature?

Whenever the spirits of men on earth have realized that dual law, and have striven to follow its injunctions; whenever through the action of universal love to all men the soul has performed its mission fully on earth, then, and then only, does death come as the liberating angel, carrying us up to the mountains of transfiguration; and though we may stand like the "man of sorrows," despoiled and rejected of men, the garments of heavenly whiteness, which human love has woven around us, will prove our wedding robe of passport into the realms of the glorious land we call heaven. It is failure only in this divine element of human love that renders so many spirits mere dwellers on the threshold, dwellers in that sorrowful realm where they must remain until all life's unfulfilled duties are performed. Within this world of unblest spirits, are the various grades of crime, whose wretched types ourselves have daily seen in life's darkest scenes. Their surroundings correspond with the passions that possess their souls; hence, they live in darkness—selfish, cold, or anger's burning heat—sensual filth, or brutal degradation, just as their own deformed spirits create the images that are projected from within. You shrink from this repulsive picture, but have you ever asked yourselves what should be the hereafter for the sensualist, the miser, the murderer, tyrant or hypocrite? What for those who have misused the talents God has entrusted to them in any direction—who have wasted life, and made of their souls a shipwreck? Oh, believe the spirits—all such are dwellers on the threshold, and must continue the life they have led down on earth—for to earth they are bound in chains themselves have forged, till time, remorse and progressive effort shall bring deliverance, and send them up ward and onward. Each is in the sphere himself has made, but yet let it be remembered that even in this sphere of retribution, God's punishments are all reformatory—his penalties not as the vengeance man takes upon his fellowman, but as methods of discipline, instruction, and incentives to progress.

Mourn not for the dwellers on the threshold, even whilst you listen to the voices of these unhappy spirits, and learn why they suffer, and why they call upon you to search into the realities of their miserable condition. To gain strength and instruction from you, and, in return, inform you of the stern realities that follow as a







and was existed; that she herself had once walked through this fiery furnace; that she knew there were noble souls in that very hall who hung out their wealth with liberal hand; that she knew the value of money in this cause, but money was not all in all. The two great forces were conscience and education. These two elements would be the heaven which should work through all grades of society, which should level all to their proper condition. Without the child be trained with tender conscience, there can be no hope of mercy or justice in its grown life. Without education, no grown child could turn its thought to right to trade, to science, to art, to agriculture, to any skilled labor, thereby bettering its condition. This would necessarily be the work of time. Rome was not built in a day. The emancipation was not brought about till after years of toil, and in the end, fighting and bloodshed. The men who were nobled then, to day had testimonials given them. We had taken vast strides in progress, in the state, in the church, in social life. Women were no longer laughed at upon the platform. Women of wealth, position, culture, were coming forward every day, to lecture, to speak, to advocate the right upon all subjects, moral, intellectual, religious, political. That was a great step gained. The next would be women in the halls of Legislature. Yes; even at Washington.

Alice Vane ceased speaking, and went over to her friends. Susan was so delighted she could have almost made a speech herself. It was now late, and the audience dispersed, to assemble in the morning. John Collins was expected to be in the city that day, and the party were to return to Ashley. Mr. Collins could not leave until Wednesday afternoon, but by traveling all night he could reach Hartford on Thursday evening—not, however, in season for the meeting.

#### CHAPTER IV.

When the party returned to Judge Morton's, they found John Collins waiting to meet them. He had just arrived, had been to the hall, but found the crowd pouring out, and so had resolved to await them at Judge Morton's. He was a young man for whom the Judge had formed a sincere friendship; and since John Collins's ordination they had kept up a correspondence. Hence, the minister was invited to meet his parishioners, and remain himself at the home of the Mortons. They sat and talked far into the night, as Mrs. Jones, the Squire and Susan had so much to ask about Anna and Jane, Becky and Leander, and the farm and the cattle, the new hall, and many other things.

They did not know that on that very morning, Jane had gone noiselessly over the stairs, out at the gate, while the stars were yet shining, and been met by Mr. Dobbs, (who had made a feat of leaving the day before with his luggage, and walked away quietly with him into her unknown future. No; they knew nothing of that—of the cloud that, no bigger than a man's hand, was spreading over their home to overwhelm them. They knew not that Anna Jones had closed her school-room, and, with Becky and Leander, were searching the house, were searching the garden, the burying ground, all in vain. They knew not that, at that moment, Jane was as far from home as themselves, on her way to New York. No; they would have one more night of rest, one more day of enjoyment before the cloud should burst.

The next morning they rose early, as Mrs. Jones and Susan had some shopping to do, which would occupy a part of the day. Then they were to attend the meetings. John Collins was to speak in the evening. Saturday there was to be more sight-seeing, Sunday, music "and a sermon," Monday, the cars for Ashley.

At ten o'clock, they entered the hall, and found it well filled. The meeting was not yet called to order, and they had time to look about. Some were talking, some reading, some of the women were knitting. Susan liked that, and said, "If she was used to such meetings she would carry hers." The chairman rose and called the meeting to order. Silence reigned, and a workman arose and took the platform. He had but few words to say, but wanted it understood that the system of long hours of labor, small rates of wages, high prices of living, were all sources of discouragement to the laboring man. He had no time for rest, for reading, for recreation; it was constant toil and poor pay. He did not get up to complain; he wanted fair play. What he asked for the laboring man, he asked for the laboring woman. The condition of the laborer, man or woman, was all wrong. He wanted it made right.

Other speakers followed in the same strain. Through the intermission there was music and singing; also speeches by many who dropped in at their noon-hour.

In the afternoon, the meeting was opened by Lydia Saunders. Susan had been round with this lady among her patients, and had witnessed scenes of want and suffering she had thought could not exist; for a physician sees much wretchedness that other eyes are blinded to. Miss Dr. Saunders painted some heart-rending scenes of poverty she had witnessed in her career as physician; and of sickness, owing mainly to that poverty. She spoke of the remedies. First, of convenient, comfortable houses, that were not all up and down stairs, for half-sick, feeble working-women. Government was rich enough to appropriate funds for building purposes. If it had not enough for benevolence, and pleasure also, cut off some of its pleasures, its official visits, its excursions, its public balls and dinners. She had known one of her patients to receive two dollars a month for groceries, while the city fathers sat down to a hundred-dollar dinner. Where was the public conscience? Asleep! In a deep, narcotic sleep! It needed sharp and pungent remedies to awaken it from its death-like trance; else it would surely die.

Other ladies took the floor; those who suffered, those who sympathized. Speeches were made, points suggested. The subject was hydra-headed. Plain at point presented itself. The heaven was fermenting the whole lump. But finally the meeting was brought to a close. The evening session would close the convention. It was growing dark, and a drizzling rain had set in. Slowly the people left the hall, for many had joined together in groups, and were still eagerly discussing the subject. Our friends hastened along through the falling rain, to refresh themselves previous to the evening session, to which all looked forward with interest.

The Squire and Susan expressed themselves highly pleased with all they heard. The Judge told them that many men and women on the platform were the leading people in the city, and it was they who had first taken the matter in hand. It was his opinion this thing would be brought to a happy issue.

At half-past seven they were again in their seats. The hall was packed on this last evening. Susan and her father wondered where the people all came from. There were many more women and girls than through the day. The opener, a well-known lady of rare ability, referred to lodging-houses. She spoke of the cheerless, home-

sick feeling which must come over a woman the first time she finds herself alone in a lodging-house. Who knows when she goes in or out, whether she be sick or well, how she gets her meals, how she lives? Who takes any interest in her whatever? She painted the moral influence of living alone, unshared for. How a woman, living in this way, grew desponding, discouraged, and finally sick. How, with all her striving, if she could not keep soul and body together after long weeks of toil, she would long to lie down and die, and how impossible it was that this continued perplexity of mind should not affect them physically. The speaker said she would not occupy much time. She wanted those who lived in lodging houses to come forward and make their own statements.

These women did come forward, many of them, and told the plain, straightforward story of their daily life. None of them liked that mode of living; it was not like home, they said. Not like home! No, there is no place to a woman like her own home. She may find friends, kind friends, but there is no place like home. It is a sad sight to see a homeless woman or child. Why must it be? Various speakers occupied the time, most of them women. At last John Collins rose. He was the last speaker. It was already nine o'clock and he would not detain them long.

He was glad to see so many there; to see such an interest; to see the hour had come, and the woman, also, to see woman on the platform, in the speaker's desk; that old conventionalities were broken down; that it was no longer a shame for woman to speak in public; that he saw them as doctors, as lecturers, and he hoped soon to see them in the pulpit. He would open his pulpit to them, even if the next day he be hurried from his top. It was quite time these conditions of the working classes were brought to light. The employer had enriched himself at the cost of their lives long enough. Let him take his ill-gotten gains and expend it for their welfare—if they would accept it. A voice: We don't want it. He was glad to hear that; he liked independence. He knew it was hard to battle with poverty and sickness, and most of those battles are fought by women, even delicate, feeble women. He bid them take courage, to bear bravely on. Strong men and women would fight for them, even as they had once done for the black people. He would work with his pen, with his voice, time, money—yes, he would give himself to this cause.

There were various matters of business to be settled that night, and it was late before the convention closed. At each session large contributions were made. The convention was a success. Our friends returned home, and after a little chat—for it was late—retired to rest.

(To be continued next week.)

#### ON THE OTHER SIDE.

BY A LADY.

We go our way in life, too much alone.  
We find ourselves too much from all our kin;  
Too often are we deaf to sigh and moan,  
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;  
Too often, where distress and want abide  
We turn and pass upon the other side.

The other side is trodden smooth and even  
By footsteps passing lightly all the day;  
Where lie the bruised ones who faint and weep  
Is seldom more than an untrodden way.  
Our selfish hearts are for our feet a guide,  
They lead us all upon the other side.

It should be ours the oil and wine to pour  
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;  
To take the smitten, and the sick and sore,  
And bear them where the stream of blessing runs.  
Instead, we look about the way is wide,  
And so we pass by on the other side.

Oh, friends and brothers, gliding down the years,  
Humanity is calling each and all;  
In tender accents, born of grief and care,  
God bids you listen to the thrilling call.  
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride  
Pass guiltless by upon the other side.  
Malden, Wm., Dec. 1, 1869.

#### Notes of a Worker.

DEAR READER—Through your columns permit Mrs. Lawrence and myself to return our heartfelt thanks to many of your hospitable readers, who have so kindly contributed to our physical comfort, by opening to us their hearts and homes, during the past year, which has been devoted almost entirely to missionary labor, independent of any party, sect or association.

Looking over our diary for the year just closed, we find that we have given one hundred and twelve evening lectures, interspersed with readings, original songs and music, for which we have received, by voluntary donations from the audience, about \$250, or an average of \$2 1/2 per night. Besides this, we have taken active part in a great many grove meetings, conventions, &c., without receiving any money consideration for our services. We have published and circulated many thousands of our original reform songs, tracts on tobacco, temperance, &c.

Our work has been mostly in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, and, during the past four months, in Massachusetts. We have lectured in churches nearly all the time, and have quite often been the guests of the minister's and member's families; but in every case we have found that the reflected rays of Light from the Banner which radiate weekly over all the enlightened world, have found their way, though often grossly perverted, until the facts are now quite generally admitted that spirits of mortals continue to exist, and that they can, and do, communicate under favorable circumstances. We could mention many most remarkable manifestations of spirit power and control that have been related to us by pastor's wives and deacons' daughters. Sometimes we almost conclude that the best and clearest demonstrations and evidences of what Spiritism really is, and of what it has in store for us, have not yet been revealed. In fact, we have seen enough clearly to convince us that the vulgar sciences of the most popular physical media do not surpass much that remains obscure or known only in select circles.

While we have abundant evidence that our beautiful beliefs are steadily increasing, yet we find in many places the Societies, and also the Lecturers, are not well sustained; and are naturally led to ask the cause. While we fully sympathize with every effort in the direction of organization, for the benefit of labor or the practical duties of life, we have come to regard pure and undiluted Spiritism as the "leaven that is to leaven the whole" mass of mankind with-out becoming itself a leavened mass.

At least for the present we find ourselves impelled to work in an independent way in the great field of reform, as advocates of every cause that looks to the welfare of mankind, "testifying to the churches" concerning the great spiritual truths pertaining to "temperance in all things," hereditary propensities, and the conditions of human happiness.

Knowing from many years of experience as an itinerant somewhat how to sympathize with some late writers in your columns, perhaps a thought or suggestion may be of some service to the struggling missionary. While we fully sympathize with his own mind that he has a prior appointment with his work from the power and spirit of truth, a "will" which he can safely trust if needs be, to go forth "without money or scrip in purse," confiding in the promise that "nothing really necessary shall be withheld from them that walk uprightly." In the next place he should not imagine, because he has a "mission," that he must be constantly waited upon by angels and mortals, and make no efforts of his own to secure success. The people are now very anxious to hear a truly inspired speaker on almost any subject. Let any person, be he a devotee of talents or a public teacher, take some popular theme and become master of it, having something really beneficial for the people, and there will be no lack of hearers. Some of the most successful Lyceum lecturers, both men and women, are doubtless under more or less direct spirit control even though they may be unconscious of it, or unwilling to own the great source of all power and success.

Please make it known to your numerous intelligent readers that we are in the hall, enlisted for the power of darkness and ignorance, armed with the sword of truth, feeling fully assured of our victory as our great reward. Working for human welfare, we only ask our incidental expenses and a contribution at the close of the lectures. Tell the good people on the Cape that we feel a call to visit the fishermen soon, seeking after followers of the golden rule. Address, Quincy Point, Mass., Jan. 1st, 1870.

## The Lecture Room.

### THE SOUL AND ITS QUESTIONINGS.

FOURTH LECTURE BY EMMA HARDINGE,  
In Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Dec. 26th, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

#### WHITHER AM I BOUND?

This is the question which the soul, in every age and every clime, has reiterated. This is the question which all others press home the nearest, and with the most imperative urgency upon the human mind, involving as it does all that is important in man's eternal welfare. What if we learn how fearfully and wonderfully we are made? What if we comprehend our lordship over space, and even learn to realize the methods of creation, until we, ourselves, can model after the Creator in controlling them, and make our knowledge a power by which we put the material universe beneath our feet? We may understand that though we count but as units in the grand scheme of human existence, still we never lose the actual fact of our personal individuality; that we live forever, each one as a Godlike identity; that we are larger and grander even than suns, stars and systems—which think not—nigher than the whole universe of matter, because we alone are endowed with an immortal spirit.

We are the "I am" of being; and yet, although we may realize all this, rejoice in the glorious brotherhood of man, and the divine fatherhood of God, the stupendous question will arise, though I should be endowed with even almighty power to rule and govern my earth whilst yet its inhabitant, how do I know if this knowledge exists beyond the grave? Are the glorious beams of intellect quenched in the sarcophagus of the tomb? Do we lose these transcendent powers when the light of our earthly life grows dim, and to those around us another star in the material world is darkened?

These are questions which must be answered. In the day of our great sorrow, calamity and failure, how earnestly do they press home upon us; they knock at the door of our hearts and demand entrance, when our loved ones depart from us, importunately questioning whether they have gone? Mankind has reiterated the question of that philosophy which purports to interpret the problems of life; but, alas! it is only life present. Philosophy cannot follow life's issues into the realm of spirit. And yet, says philosophy, we behold eternity written upon every form of matter; the passing seasons whisper, "we will come again"; the sighing winds of winter, the burning beams of summer, all return with every recurring season; the mournful voices of autumn, as they sing the requiem of the flowers and bloom that are passing away, still whisper, "Another year we shall come again." Eternity is written with burning fingers in the blue heavens; the stars which have disappeared from the gaze of the astronomer, live still in space. All things return in reconstructed beauty; but the most beautiful of all, the form that we have best loved—must the noblest works of God—man—perish, then, and leave us alike un instructed of his fate, and comfortless? The sweet vibrating tones of love, are they hushed forever beneath the waving grass of the silent tomb? And these questions are for the living as for the dead: Whither am I bound? What is my fate and destiny? All other subjects of living interest cluster around the theme of immortality; all else sinks into insignificance before it.

The more we reflect upon the nature of human action, the more do we find in it notes of instinctive preparation for the future. We build for to-morrow; we gather riches for to-morrow; all our stores of learning are laid up, with a hope of applying them to the uses of the future. The moment we call the present is gone ere we can number its gifts. If there is no to-morrow for the soul—no hereafter for the spirit, then is the soul—the great governing power of humanity—the only failure in the universe.

I do not propose to reiterate now the evidences of the soul's immortality; I do not press home this question upon those thinkers of the nineteenth century who have received the full assurance of immortality from the demonstrated presence of the immortals themselves with the believers in spirit-communion. I need but consider that which attempts to solve the question, Whither am I bound? To answer this, I know that the modern Spiritualist can gaze through the open gate of the hereafter, and that his eyes have been permitted to look down the shining corridors of eternity. It is true this most blessed privilege has only been accorded to the few exceptional persons known as mediums; nevertheless, as the seers of the nineteenth century give in their testimony from every land of civilization, our part is on behalf of those who are not thus highly favored by immediate intercourse with the revelators of the spheres—to offer you a summary of the knowledge that has been gleaned and attested by the witness of many thousands, whose testimony has been rendered under circumstances that rendered collusion impossible, to rehearse the generalities of the answer which the immortals themselves have brought to the mighty query, Whither am I bound?

The first link of evidence in which we find a response, is in the soul's own intuitive recognition of its immortal nature, and the warnings of conscience that compensation and retribution must follow the results of earthly action. Another of the witnesses concerning the soul's destiny hereafter, is to be found in the universality of the belief which prevailed ere Bibles were written or creeds invented—in the wise and beneficent doctrine of eternal progress.

In ancient times the universal belief of mankind was, that this earth was a probationary state, wherein the soul was compelled to pass through conditions of preparation for the hereafter.

The doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls, prevailed throughout the East. But, repulsive as that doctrine appears to you now, it originated in the philosophical belief that every human being was, to some extent, allied to the animal creation; that the passions, which are inherent in the human form, are represented in the various individual existences of the animal kingdom; and that those who preserved, in a marked degree, those tendencies that distinguish the lower creatures, must, of necessity, return to earth at death, and inhabit the form which those attributes the spirit exhibited.

This idea was based on the belief that earth was the only sphere of probation for the soul of man; hence we perceive that these views, although originating in the recognition of man's material nature, and his alliance with the animal kingdom, nevertheless, take its peculiar shape from ignorance of the grander vistas of a progressive hereafter, which the spheres of the modern spiritual philosophy describe. Limited as were the perceptions of the Divine economy implied by a belief in the metempsychosis, the central idea embodied a recognition of the law of progress

and probation for the soul also, the absolute necessity of perfect purity, before we can enter upon those higher conditions of spirit-life which we are accustomed to call heaven. This doctrine, too, recognized the kindly alliance which man sustains with all creation, and inculcated tenderness toward the lower creatures. The universality of this belief may be traced by the scholar through all the beliefs of the Orient, except amongst the Jews. We find no trace of it in the Old Testament; but then, its pages contain no proof of immortality at all, and though the Christian world bow down before the Bible, and affirm it to be a revelation direct from God, we repeat, the Old Testament contains no direct teaching of the soul's immortality, and only vaguely infers that there were sects amongst the Jews who did entertain such a belief. In the New Testament Christ the spirit not only taught the immortality of the soul, but also that our immortal existence was fashioned by the deeds done in the body. The central idea of his doctrine was ever that the kingdom of heaven is within us, and is born of our own pure acts and thoughts.

There are two points to which, in connection with his teachings, we would call your attention: In the very moment when the parting spirit of the gentle Nazarene might have truly beheld the realities of the hereafter to which himself and his dying associates on the dreadful cross of martyrdom were hastening, he uttered to the penitent thief those memorable words, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

The theology of Christianity teaches that Jesus did not ascend into heaven till the third day. Where then was that Paradise in which the sufferers were to meet on the first day—ay, even on the very day when their mortal eyes were forever closing upon earth? All commentators upon Oriental beliefs declare that the ancients believed Paradise was an intermediate state; a realm where the discipline of human life was still continued, and the pilgrim soul passed from sphere to sphere, in the fulfillment of its progressive destiny.

Again: one of the companions of Jesus—Peter—implies, in the epistle ascribed to him, that Jesus went and preached to disobedient spirits in prison; that he had descended to the dark realm of punishment for crime to teach and instruct its suffering inhabitants. Can we suppose that he whose meek and gentle heart could so hardly brook the sight of sorrow that he wept at the tomb of Lazarus, could go to that region of gloom for the alleviation of woe, and "work in vain"? If the wretched spirits in prison to whom Jesus preached were incapable of reform and progress, would he have mocked them with his teachings? Wherefore did Christ descend to teach the spirits in prison at all? The fact that he is said to have done so is in itself a gospel of progress and hope. And yet Christianity affects to deny the belief in progress hereafter. Is not such a denial but the shadow of a dark, man-made theology? a reflection of the cruel and savage belief that preaches of a God of infant condemnation, total depravity and endless punishment? How should we rejoice that at last the Babylon of theologic mystery has fallen, the dark pal which superstition, bigotry and ignorance has woven around us is rent in twain, and the gloom of the grave is converted into the sunlight of immortal life. The testimony, however, which is given by the very lips of the founder of Christianity himself concerning the existence of Paradise or a mid region of progress, is one of the strongest points which the Scriptures of the Jews afford concerning the soul's destiny hereafter.

I shall now refer to the general features of agreement in which the spirits of the nineteenth century answer the question, Whither am I bound? And first we must consider the spirits' teachings concerning the nature and locality of the spirit-world in which the hosts of returning intelligences, who are now in our midst, claim to be dwelling. Whilst they speak to you in many varied tongues, whilst they give you widely different information concerning their individual conditions, there are certain specialties in which all communicating spirits agree. They affirm that all creation witnesses of three and only three primitive elements; these they call matter, life and spirit. They claim that these three elements are imperishable and eternal; that in all forms of being they exist, and that all varieties of being can be resolved back into these three primal elements; that matter is the passive, unintelligent element moved upon; life—with its dual attributes of attraction and repulsion—permeates all matter; spirit, the universal, active, powerful, governing element, controls and animates both the others, and is known by its attributes of will or mind. All this science admits, but she adds that, if these elements are primaries, they are never exhibited apart—wherever we behold the form of matter, there it is permeated by life; that matter and life take their highest forms through the chemistry of atoms in man, but that is all. Spirits proclaim that these three elements do exist apart, and that they are three original, primal, and yet separate, existences, forming the great trinity whom, in totality, theology blindly worships as God. They claim that whilst the forms of matter exist, as long as life inheres in them, that life exists without the form of material things. The walls around you, the floor beneath your feet, the garments you wear, all things you call *inanimate*—these are, in reality, permeated by the element of life. The cohesion that exists in the particles of this fabric maintains its integrity only by virtue of the life within it. The day shall come when the garment waxes old, when the particles of matter shall cease to cohere, and the scattered atoms become a thing of death and dust; the form crumbles, but the life remains forever.

What is our witness? Spirit affirmations and clairvoyance. The eye of the spirit, embodied and disembodied, not only reveals the fact that there is life in me, but that when I undergo the transformation of death all that made me the real man has passed away with the spirit; all the attributes of matter remain in the crumbling dust; weigh the form, and you shall not detect a difference that would turn the scales against a single hair; nothing has passed of matter, and yet the man is dead. Where is the life? Oh scientists, ye who claim that matter is eternal—that there is no such thing as annihilation, how can you account for the absence of the solemn mystery of life? for the sudden departure of that magnetic force or cohesion which bound together the atoms of the now crumbling form? The eye of clairvoyance perceives, moreover, every form that even in the dead past of long ago has ever existed. We call these perceptions mere images. What are images? Are they not the shadows of that which now has or else has had an existence? Each shadow predicates a substantial origin—each image a reflection from a reality. But let us glance at the claims which the spirits make concerning the nature of the spirit-country. They assert that all that has ever been born of matter dies and gives back its material part to earth again, but that the real force, which is the life essence, remains an entity forever in the spirit-

country, and it is of this element, the life principle, that the spirit-world and all it contains is composed. Age after age have the temples, palaces, houses, cities and villages which man has built flourished, decayed and passed away from human ken, but their forms still remain, and are perpetuated in the soul's world, which permeates this globe. Even now upon its surface the soul of all things is quivering and throbbing in every existing form. The mortal eye beholds not the real existence, for that is the invisible life; the outer form is but the mold in which it is represented. Within is the spirit, which in the disintegration of death becomes the permanent and essential being. Thus, then, as the generations of material forms decay, their essences remain, and form the constituent elements and things of the spirit country. Thus of the generations of man whom age after age you have seen depart; millions after millions passing through the silent gates of death into what you have deemed the oblivion or sleep of death. We know now they neither sleep nor even pass away from you! The garment drops off, and as it falls the living spirit stands in the realities of the interior soul or spirit-world—the soul-world, that permeates every form of matter, and after the transformation of mortal death becomes the second sphere of existence.

It would seem, from the various communications that have been given by spirits during the last twenty years, that there are various ascending spheres or states in which the soul dwells; that whilst all the forms of earth have passed into this spirit-country, there are great diversities in its conditions. It is difficult for man to comprehend the character of that immortality which includes the vast and almost illimitable freight of human life that has passed from earth during past ages, except we remember that law of matter which proves that the finer penetrates the grosser and denser almost to infinity.

Surrounding this earth are various strata of atmosphere filled with spaces, the extreme extension of which you cannot follow to any ultimate point. By analogy, therefore, you may apprehend how the sublimated existences of spirit-life permeate the realms of space, and how, in like manner, the finer and more attenuated realms of spirit-life permeate the denser, and that in multi-form conditions beyond man's power to calculate.

Again, there is one law of physics which defines the conformation of this spirit-world—it is this: That as the finer particles of matter radiate outwards by centrifugal action, so do the finer particles of the spiritual element fly off from the centre, until, during countless ages, they have formed zones around the central sphere, encompassing it with myriads of refined and ever-refining belts of atmosphere.

We must now briefly notice the condition of that soul-world which lies nearest and is most intimately connected with this earth. This spirit sphere is that which, in point of progress, you may call the second. Remember that all forms of matter are permeated by the soul-world, and it requires no actual distance, in point of space, to define different spheres. As the elements of life pervade every part of matter, so does the soul-world permeate all space; yet in point of proximity, the second sphere of mortal existence is immediately within this earth, and is, in fact, a duplicate of earth, differing only in its state of mind—for to the inhabitants of this sphere, it is dark and comfortless, and unlighted by the beams of that physical sun which constitutes the life of this planet. In the spirit-world death effects this stupendous change, namely, that whilst here all you possess you acquire from the external, in spirit-life every object you behold, and the entire of your possessions and surroundings are outwrought from within.

And, again, these surroundings are made up from the deeds and thoughts which have fashioned the soul in its earthly pilgrimage. In a word, those who live in this soul-world are merely the dwellers on the threshold of our own; they are the spirits of those who have not done with earth, whose earthly mission has not been fulfilled. Here they have to learn that stupendous lesson of spiritual existence, which teaches that God has given to every creature on this planet a work to do—no matter how small or how large.

This work, entrusted to us by the Great Spirit, must be performed through two methods—the one, the love of self, the impulse that makes us guard the integrity of our being, the other the love of our neighbor, the higher but equally imperative feeling which should impel us to regard his rights as our own, himself as an equal participator with us in all the privileges which God has bestowed upon us. In a word, the law of life is the law of love—that love that includes self and the neighbor alike. What but love to the creature is love to God, exhibited in acts of kindness to his creature?

Whenever the spirits of men on earth have realized that dual law, and have striven to follow its injunctions; whenever through the action of universal love to all men the soul has performed its mission fully on earth, then, and then only, does death come as the liberating angel, carrying us up to the mountains of transfiguration; and though we may stand like the "man of sorrows," despoiled and rejected of men, the garments of heavenly whiteness, which human love has woven around us, will prove our wedding robe of passport into the realms of the glorious land we call heaven. It is failure only in this divine element of human love that renders so many spirits mere *dwellers on the threshold*, dwellers in that sorrowful realm where they must remain until all life's unfulfilled duties are performed. Within this world of unblest spirits, are the various grades of crime, whose wretched types ourselves have daily seen in life's darkest scenes. Their surroundings correspond with the passions that possess their souls; hence, they live in darkness—selfish, icy cold, or anger's burning heat—sensual filth, or brutal degradation, just as their own deformed spirits create the images that are projected from within. You shrink from this repulsive picture, but have you ever asked yourselves what should be the hereafter for the sensualist, the miser, the murderer, tyrant or hypocrite? What for those who have misused the talents God has entrusted to them in any direction—who have wasted life, and made of their souls a shipwreck? Oh, believe the spirits—all such are dwellers on the threshold, and must continue the life they have led down on earth—for to earth they are bound in chains themselves have forged, till time, remorse and progressive effort shall bring deliverance, and send them upward and onward. Each is in the sphere himself has made, but yet let it be remembered that even in this sphere of retribution, God's punishments are all reformatory—his penalties are not as the vengeance man takes upon his fellowman, but are methods of discipline, instruction, and incentives to progress.

Mourn not for the dwellers on the threshold, even whilst you listen to the voices of these unhappy spirits, and learn why they suffer, and why they call upon you to search into the realities of their miserable condition. To gain strength and instruction from you, and, in return, inform you of the stern realities that follow as in-











A Spiritual Warning.

We are continually seeing in the secular press notices of incidents like the following, which we clip from the *Boston Sunday Herald* of Jan. 9th, inst. The surprise which is uniformly manifested by the public at such occurrences is wholly unnecessary to those who will perceive the truth of the matter, which is that the spirits who "walk the earth unseen" bring to us those promulgations of the great strokes of fate, thus forewarning the soul against shocks which might otherwise be hard to bear:

A SINGULAR EXPERIENCE.—The Auburn (N. Y.) *Advertiser* publishes the following statement, with the remark that from its knowledge of the gentleman by whom the account is given, it is prepared to give entire credit to it:

"Some weeks ago a prominent citizen of Auburn was in the city of Chicago transacting business connected with his native place in this place. One evening, after an active day's work, feeling somewhat fatigued, he retired to his room at the hotel a little earlier than usual, and made his customary arrangements for the night, but just as he had composed himself to sleep he experienced a singular sensation, and heard a voice, apparently very near, and as plainly and distinctly as though it issued from the throat of a human, pronounced the words, 'Your mother died to-day,' and with the words came an assurance that the announcement was indeed too true to doubt it. He arose in the morning after having passed a sleepless night, and made immediate preparation for a journey home. As he started for the depot, he met a boy with a telegraph dispatch in his hand, and calling him to his side he asked if the message was not for him—giving the name—and sure enough it was from his family, confirming the truth of the announcement of the unseen informant, that his mother had died the day previous at Auburn. He had received no intimation but that she was enjoying her usual health, nor had there been anything to excite in the slightest degree his apprehensions for her safety, until the occurrence of the incident related."

How Unitarians Regard Christ.

Here are statements on this point from two distinguished clergymen of the denomination, and it will be seen that they differ as widely with each other as with any other denomination. Rev. Mr. Hopworth, Dr. Osgood's successor in the Church of the Messiah in New York, says, in a recently published communication on the observance of Christmas:

"The Unitarians believe so fully in the providential mission and the divine character and authority of Christ, that they would be strangely recreant to their own faith were they to ignore this pivotal fact. Though they believe that Christ was not God, and base their belief on the reiterated assertions of the Saviour himself, they yet regard him as a final authority in all religious matters, and as one to whom they are indebted for what makes this life beautiful, and opens up the glories of immortality."

To this the Rev. John W. Chadwick, minister of the Second Unitarian church in Brooklyn, replies as follows:

"There is one word in this statement, and only one, that needs correction, and that is the word 'with which it begins.' In place of 'the' write 'some' and the statement will be perfectly true; but in its present form it is very far from being so. For it implies a uniformity of belief among Unitarians concerning the person of Jesus which does not exist. Unitarians are only agreed in this matter in a belief that Jesus was not God. They differ widely as to what he was. I am fully persuaded that very few of them regard him as a final authority in all religious matters; that a large majority of them regard the resurrection of his own reason, conscience and faith as his and all other revelations as the 'final authority.'"

Mechanicsburg, Pa.

A correspondent informs us that Mrs. H. T. Stearns, State Missionary, lectured in Mechanicsburg, Sunday evening, Jan. 9th, in the Union Church, to a full house. It was a good thing to test public opinion, and show that the people are anxious to learn something of the Spiritual Philosophy. The few avowed Spiritualists in town were very much gratified with the able and instructive lecture of Mrs. Stearns. Others listened with rapt attention. The truths uttered furnished food for thought and discussion, and good results will follow. Those under the ban of Church discipline are alarmed at the innovation of free thought in their midst.

For two years past Mr. Samuel Myers and Mr. Andrew Selfert, both gifted with the healing power by "the laying on of hands," have gratuitously given their time and strength to benefit the afflicted, and been very successful. This labor of love has gained for them such notoriety and increase of patients that they will hereafter devote their time to the sick, but will require pay from those who are able. The poor will be as kindly dealt with as heretofore. Gradually but surely the cause of Spiritualism is gaining ground everywhere.

Consistency's a Jewel.

The *Investigator's* anonymous writer, "Radical," closes his communication in that paper of the 12th inst., as follows:

"Whatever commendable there may be in the views of Spiritualists—and that there is much, no one can well deny—they are wholly unwarranted by their own theory, and the foundation of a Christian theology eighteen hundred years old, and the weakest part of which is the supernatural basis on which it rests."

On the same page of that journal, another writer on the Spiritual Philosophy also closes his article in this wise:

"The *Investigator* is accomplishing much toward intellectual freedom. There is a great deal of sound reason in it, and I advise Spiritualists to subscribe for the paper, and so help on the liberal element, though there should be some things as objectionable. Anything that combats old theology ought to be encouraged."

Poisoned Candy.

There are many complaints afloat concerning the injurious, and even the deadly substances which, it is alleged, are mixed with the candy that is consumed by every one. The list of stuffs worked into the sweet mixture is actually appalling. On reading it, one questions the safety of ever tasting another piece of candy until he knows of a certainty of what it is compounded. What will not the greed for money lead men to do!

Extraordinary Spiritual Phenomena.

We shall print in our next issue a communication from D. A. Eddy, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, giving the particulars of the manifestations witnessed at the séances of Mrs. Harriet Thackerberry, in that city. Among the remarkable feats performed was the photographing of the spirit-faces shown in the aperture of the cabinet, much to the astonishment of every beholder, skeptic as well as believer.

Lizzie Doten's New Book.

A great mistake arises in the minds of many, who only judge of this book from the title. They decide at once that the purpose of the story is to present and defend the objectionable doctrines of "free love and affinity;" but whosoever reads this simple, natural and truthful relation, will be convinced entirely to the contrary, and will entertain no doubt as to its high moral influence.

New Subscribers.

Since our last issue we have received eighty-four new subscribers to the *Banner of Light*, procured by the following named previous subscribers: J. L. Torrey, one; E. Edgerton, one; Nath'l Brooks, one; H. E. Ober, one; F. O. Warner, one; Samuel Whalley, one; J. M. Frost, one; A. Perry, one; R. M. Dolliver, three; Mrs. L. L. Richardson, one; Mrs. H. C. Alton, one; Henry Tavish, one; Mrs. S. Clark, one; T. J. Davidson, one; G. A. Bacon, one; G. G. Berry, one; Mrs. A. Strong, one; O. G. Daniels, one; James Shackleton, one; M. B. Still, one; Mrs. M. Bradley, one; Goodspeed & Elliot, one; Amos Dresser, one; Warren Chase, one; R. H. Allen, one; D. Kelley, one; N. Robinson, one; S. C. Williams, two; E. Dimick, one; James Mason, two; E. Perry, one; Joseph Ramsay, one; Dr. C. S. Woodruff, one; Wm. Hobson, one; S. O. Ettinger, one; R. K. Bickford, one; I. P. Jones, three; E. S. Loper, two; F. M. Wheat, one; W. Chase, one; A. Chamberlain, one; P. Polton, one; E. B. Sanborn, one; Nathan Bond, one; F. W. Tallmadge, one; L. Peck, one; Hiram Craig, one; Charles Lufkin, one; J. S. Bernard, one; N. W. Eaton, one; E. F. Ruggles, one; D. Horning, one; A. E. Carpenter, two; E. Tisdale, one; H. Snow, one; P. Rivey, one; Wash. A. Danekin, two; D. Taggart, one; Z. Carey, one; W. S. Moon, one; Dr. A. B. Williams, one; David Diehl, one; G. F. Ordway, one; C. E. Barnum, one; J. M. Sanderson, one; Aaron B. Mott, one; A. Taylor, one; J. C. Goddard, one; William D. Spiller, one; H. Thorne, one; Joseph A. Collins, one; E. E. Searles, one; K. W. Lane, one; Mrs. E. White, one; Mrs. L. E. Hall, one.

Spiritualism in Boston and Vicinity.

BOSTON.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum held its regular meeting at Mercantile Hall, Sunday morning, Jan. 9th. One hundred and twenty-five members, officers and leaders were present. The exercises consisted of declamations by young men and misses, music and singing, and the usual Silver-Chain recitations and marches. An interesting session.

A preliminary meeting for the institution of a new Lyceum was held under the auspices of the "Boylston Spiritualist Association," at the hall No. 8 Boylston street, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 9th. Quite a number of adults and children were present. A partial organization was effected, after which the audience resolved itself into a general conference, and brief addresses were made by various speakers, when the meeting adjourned.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Lyceum met at Washington Hall, Main street, Sunday morning, Jan. 9th. In addition to singing and marches, some very interesting readings were given by the various groups, declamations by two boys and two girls, and a poetic recitation by Mr. James; exercises closed with wing movements.

On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 9th, Dr. A. H. Richardson spoke at Union Hall, Main street, and in the evening Rev. Rowland Connor addressed the Spiritualist Society at the same hall. Subject: "The present use of the Bible."

CHELSEA.—Daniel W. Hall addressed the Spiritualists of Chelsea at Granite Hall, corner Fourth street and Broadway, Sunday evening, Jan. 9th, on the subject of "Progression."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Horace Seaver, Esq., lectures in Granite Hall, Chelsea, before the Spiritualists, Sunday evening next.

Mrs. Laura H. Hatch has returned from New York, where her musical séances were very satisfactory, and resumed her public séances at her residence, No. 10 Appleton street.

Dr. Duke, the analytic healer, has opened offices in Powers's Building, Rochester, N. Y. The Doctor, after an absence of fifteen months, returns to his former home, where he was first developed as a medium. His career in the West has been eminently successful, and stands without a parallel.

Daniel W. Hall speaks in Putnam, Conn., Jan. 23d; in Salem, Mass., Jan. 30th; in Leominster, Feb. 13th and 27th.

Julia B. Dickenson, of Vineland, N. J., magnetic healer and clairvoyant, is spending the winter at Green Corn Spring, Florida.

J. Madison Allen, having returned from the West, will make a few engagements for the coming spring and summer months, with societies located within easy reach of Boston. Address, during January and February, at Ancora, N. J.

Dr. Geo. Dutton is to speak in Snowsville, Vt., Sunday, Jan. 30th.

Theatre Preaching.

The popularity of this practice only goes to show that so-called "consecrated" places for public worship are not what draw the multitude, or do the most good. There is but comparatively a very small number that attends upon church where the prices for seats are high, the congregation is sliced up by efforts at selectness, the preacher is fine, and the atmosphere wanting in the sympathetic tone. Those will go right along, and need no urging to go oftener than they do. But it is the masses who are to be met and benefited, if any; and these are to be reached where they are, in places which they are wont to frequent. Hence the modern practice of taking the pulpit into the theatre. Spiritualists long ago accepted the suggestion as their own, and have been teaching everywhere in halls where the people are wont to assemble. They set the fashion of free preaching, and the rest find they have to come into it.

Texas.

The Tyler Reporter publishes a card from J. W. Davenport, M. D., of Henderson, thanking Dr. W. Persons for curing his daughter of hip disease, spinal affection, headaches and bleeding at the nose. The young lady had been a great sufferer for about eight years, and her disease had baffled the skill of her father and other M. D.s. The editor of the *Reporter*, in alluding to the above and other cases, says: "Dr. Persons certainly is master of this great healing power, and his services are invaluable to hundreds of persons suffering with certain diseases." The Doctor appears to be doing a good work in Texas, healing by the laying on of hands. He is to remain at Tyler for a number of weeks.

Thanks, Friends.

In response to our recent call for aid to enable us to sustain the *Message Department* of this paper, we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of twenty dollars from Mr. William Jarvis, of California; also ten dollars from Mr. Isaac Keith, of West Sandwich, Mass. Will more whole-souled Spiritualists come to the rescue? We would also thank L. Grasmuck, M. D., for the efforts he is making to extend the circulation of the *Banner*. God bless you, and all such sincere workers. The angel-world will fully recompense every one.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

See the SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT, on our sixth page. It is interesting.

Wm. Baker writes: "I wish you a happy New Year, and manifest my sincerity in that direction by introducing to you two new subscribers for the *Banner of Light*. Both are liberal supporters of our beautiful philosophy."

Mrs. Eliza D. Valentine, of Natick, Mass., informs us that George A. Fuller, of that place, a recent graduate of the Natick Academy, has become developed as a medium. He is a young man of excellent reputation, and takes a deep interest in the Spiritual Philosophy. He is controlled by a class of intelligent spirits, and promises to be a shining light in the pathway of progress. He should be encouraged and brought out in the lecturing field.

The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society will hold its Thirty-Sixth Annual Meeting on Thursday, Jan. 27th, at the Horticultural Hall, in Boston. The sessions will begin at ten o'clock A. M., and continue throughout the day and evening.

Alluding to chignons, Mrs. Clever said: "A girl now seems all head." "Yes, till you talk to her," growled Mr. Clever.

Mr. Warden Haynes makes a pretty good showing for the Mass. Stat. Prison the past three years. The profits for that period amount to \$78,518. Is there another institution of the kind in the country which can equal it?

"Boys," asked the teacher of an infant Sunday school class, "did you ever see an elephant's skin?" "Yes, sir, I did," piped a little fellow away down at the foot. "Did you, Robert?" "Where was it?" "On an elephant, sir."

GROWTH OF BOSTON.—Forty stone buildings were erected in this city last year, costing \$2,321,000; 529 brick buildings, costing \$7,067,300; 742 wooden buildings, costing \$2,548,100; total, 1311 buildings, costing \$11,936,400.

Four years ago there was a solitary woman studying medicine at the University of Zurich; now there are sixteen who are earnestly pushing their studies there unmolested.

The work entitled "Artificial Somnambulism," has been received, and will be noticed in our next.

THE NEW ENGLAND LABOR REFORM LEAGUE.—Its Annual Convention will be held in Boston, Sunday, Jan. 23d, in Trowbridge's Opera House, and Monday, Jan. 24th, in the Melodion. William Denton, Mrs. E. L. Daniels, E. H. Heywood, Mrs. M. E. Albertson, John Orvis and many others will speak.

The *Woman's Advocate*, published at Dayton, Ohio, entered upon its third volume the first of January, enlarged to a quarto form of eight pages of five columns, and improved in typographical appearance. It is devoted to the social and political economy of woman.

Why is a man who never lays a wager quite as bad as one who does? Because he's no better.

Dr. George C. B. Chouteau, who for the past sixteen years has been the Superintendent of the State Lunatic Hospital at Taunton, has resigned that position, his resignation to take effect early in the coming spring.

THE DEGRADATION OF EGYPT.—A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* writes:

"In Egypt, for the first time a misery among the people that I could not endure. Heaven knows there is enough of it in Europe. A man need not leave London to find it; nor can he escape it in any city nor country. I had seen Ireland—you know what that is; I had seen French villages, where men and women work sixteen hours a day on two meals of boiled greens; I had spent three months in Spain, the most wretched country of Europe, and counted one afternoon in the main street of Madrid, half a mile long, a hundred and forty-seven horrible beggars. But in Egypt it is obtrusive and oppressive, and at last intolerable. Till you have seen Egypt, you have no conception of what poverty is—the poverty which weighs not on individuals as a consequence of idleness, or misfortune, or want of work—but the poverty which is the heritage of a whole race of patient, industrious men and women."

A firm faith is one of the best divinities; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the only true policy; and temperance the best physic.

Where would you look for a coarse race of men? On a race-course.

What is the difference between a blind man and sailor in prison? One can't see to go, the other can't go to sea.

The law in relation to public prints in France has been still further modified. The censorship of all foreign journals has been abolished, and the right to sell all French papers in the streets restored.

Dr. J. R. Newton Coming to Boston.

The afflicted will be glad to hear that Dr. J. R. Newton, the healer, has engaged the rooms he formerly occupied at No. 23 Harrison avenue, near Beach street, and will be ready to receive calls from patients, Thursday, Jan. 20th. He will remain here for several weeks.

A Social Levee

Will be held in Washington Hall, 18 Main street, Charlestown, Monday evening, Jan. 24th, for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lyceum that meets in said hall every Sunday morning. Tickets 50 cents for Gentlemen, and 25 cents for Ladies. Music by Bond's Band. Dancing commences at eight o'clock.

Dr. O. C. York, For the Committee.

A Card.

Editors *Banner of Light*.—Gentlemen.—At a meeting of the Officers and Leaders of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston, held at Mercantile Hall on Sunday, Jan. 9th, it was voted that the thanks of the Association are due and are hereby tendered to the *Banner of Light* for the interest it has manifested in the Lyceum movement, and for the efficient aid it has rendered us by the gratuitous publication of notices and reports.

M. T. Dole, Sec'y.

Card of Thanks.

The ladies of the Boston Lyceum Anti-Society hereby tender their thanks to Robert B. Wilson, Esq., of Bozota City, Idaho, for his contribution of money in their behalf. Such tributes for the benefit of the needy, from strangers, are worthy of notice.

Mrs. O. C. Hayward, Sec'y.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Jan. 23d, Lecture by Thomas Galus Forster. The third course of lectures on the philosophy of Spiritualism will be continued in Music Hall—the most elegant and popular assembly room in the city—

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2 O'CLOCK, until the close of April (23 weeks), under the management of Lewis B. Wilson, who has made engagements with some of the ablest inspirational, trance and normal speakers in the lecturing field. Thomas Galus Forster will lecture Jan. 23 and 30 and during February, Prof. William Denton during March, Mrs. Emma Harding during April. Vocal exercises by an excellent quartette.

Season ticket, with reserved seat, \$2.00; single admission, 15 cents. Boston tickets can be obtained at the counter of the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 158 Washington street, and at the hall.

Peace Convention in Boston.

The Massachusetts Radical Peace Society will hold a meeting in the Melodion, Trowbridge Temple on Wednesday, Jan. 20th, (the day preceding the New England Anti-Slavery Convention,) afternoon and evening, commencing at 2 o'clock precisely. Distinguished advocates of reform are expected to address the meeting. All friends interested in the cause are cordially invited to attend.

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## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the **Banner of Light** is claimed to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But these Messages are not to be taken as an infallible guide, especially progress into a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

### The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday Afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock. After which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved or reserved.

Mr. 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.

Our Father, Wisdom and our Mother Love, as the brightness of yonder sun-god falls lovingly into this handsome day, so may the brightness of thy holy spirit fall into our consciousness, brightening all the corridors of the hall of reason, and making beautiful our inner and our outer lives. We pray thee, our Father, that we may never misunderstand the descent of thy holy spirit of truth, and may we never distrust thy presence. May we have strength always, consciously in thee. May we never fear that thou wilt forsake us, and oh, our Father, we pray thee to take away all that ignorance which comes us to do that which we know not. Oh beautiful spirit, for the blessing which thou dost daily bestow upon us. When wandering in the land of souls, when we return to earth, thy blessings are ever around us, and are ever falling within our soul sphere. Oh we praise thee, beautiful spirit, for the gift of life, for that part of thy divine spirit that belongs to us and to thee. We praise thee, our Father, that we are divine, that there is a spark of divinity in our souls that can never be extinguished, but which will burn brighter and brighter unto the perfect day of our being. We praise thee, our Father, that everywhere there is divinity, that everywhere the children are striving to worship thee in spirit and in truth, and thou alone knowest how well each one doth worship thee. Thou alone knowest how perfect is the will of each and all, for thou alone canst measure the needs and know all the secret thoughts, all the hidden motives of every heart. We are glad, our Father, that religion—that pure and undivided religion which becometh to the soul—is not extinct, nor can it ever be, for it is a part of every soul, and must of necessity live so long as the soul liveth. We are not sorry, our Father, that there are various religions in the land that are more of the letter than of the spirit, for even in their being there is something which we learn of thee. We praise thee, our Father, for all thy gifts; for the bright lights that have shone forth at all times and under all circumstances to bless humanity. We praise thee, no less, oh Lord, for the lesser lights that have shone in dark places, that have given light to weary ones, and comfort to those who are distressed. And oh, our Father, we praise thee, in fine, for all things, and we ask that we may recognize thy hand in all. Be it ever so dark or ever so bright, may we know that thou art in the darkness and in the light, that the daylight and the night, the sun and the moon, the stars and the shadows are thy garments, as are the sunbeams. May thy kingdom come nigh unto each soul this hour, and may each one worship thee in spirit, and in truth. May each one seek for those brighter gifts of the soul, that can only be recognized by earnest prayer and divine supplications. Amen.

### Questions and Answers.

**CONTROLLING SPIRIT.**—I am now ready to hear whatever propositions you may have in hand.

**CHAIRMAN.**—We have received a letter from California, which will read:

"Your valuable and interesting paper is a welcome visitor to our Pacific Coast, and is read with no doubt, by many who are anxious to hear from those who have passed to their spirit homes. The Message Department is one in which I take great interest in reading, and the questions asked and the answers given. We receive but few for our paper, and I mean to say that we have received two of late, one purporting to come from the daughter of George Austin, giving all particulars of the family, so much so that it could not be mistaken. But, gentlemen, I am an old resident of San Francisco, and I have made all due inquiry, and find a family that will answer to the description, looking over all the directories I found one George Austin, a carpenter, but he has no family that will answer the description given in that message."

Also, in your paper of Oct. 22, given Sept. 20th, from Francis Hill West, having been killed in the rebellion, in Mexico, near San Antonio, Texas. This also is mistaken. There is no such street in San Francisco, nor ever was, to my knowledge."

Gentlemen, I don't send you this from any spirit of mistrust, because I believe it came to you as given, but I can't for the life of me know what can be the object of condensing and publishing such a message. It is a great deal of pleasure, and am happy in giving any information with regard to the returning of our dear ones to any friend. One of them, a daughter, reading this message, said, "That is as near as they can really come to the truth." And she will tell you all the particulars of this message, and make them right, if possible. If I am in error I shall be only too happy to acknowledge it, and be set right. Yours truly, A. S. FRANCISCO.

**ANS.**—We are under obligations to your correspondent for calling our attention to anything that may seem to be a mistake, or an intended misrepresentation on the part of any spirit visiting this place. Rest assured we shall do all in our power to make ourselves acquainted with the facts of the two cases, and will report when we have done so.

**Q.**—A few weeks since, at a séance in this room, the controlling spirit stated that spiritual bodies were not subject to decay. A few weeks later, in the same place, the controlling spirit explained that spiritual bodies were subject to decay and change. Now while we do not deem it very important that any information should be given us on this subject, still, it seems desirable that this contradiction, or seeming contradiction, should be cleared up. Will the spirit, to-day, therefore, give us a final answer?

**A.**—Yes, we shall be very glad to do so. That spirit bodies are not subject to the laws of decay, is a question which has been asked many times, and the fact is that they are subject to the laws of change, also a fact. Since we, as spirits, in manifestation, in expression, are constantly growing, as spirit, progressing, we perpetually have need of different elements in combination through which to express ourselves. Therefore the law of change, in regard to the form by which we express ourselves, is a necessity. Atoms in all spirit bodies change their places; and more than that, they are cast out and give place to others, but it is not that decay that is known to physical life—nothing like it. Here the physical body exists under physical law, and in the absence of a harmonious combination of magnetism and electricity disease ensues, decay commences. You call it death. Perhaps this is as good a term as you could employ. But that kind of death or decay that is incident to physical life is not incident to the life of the spirit body, does not belong to it. The spirit body does not decay. It is renewed, and renewal comes as a necessity of the inner life, of the propelling power, that desires new particles and new combinations that it may the better express itself.

**Q.**—Why do we change our names in the spirit-world?

**A.**—The reason must be obvious to every deep thinker, but perhaps not at all so to those who think only from the surface of things. When you consider that the name you are known by here belongs to the body, and to nothing else, of course when you part with that body you part with the name. You have no more right, as a spirit, to retain that name than you have to go down to the grave and still claim the body as yours. A new name is given unto those who have put on the robes of immortality. That is the law, and a very reasonable law it is too.

**Q.**—Will you inform us if we are mated in the spirit-world? Do husbands and wives meet there again as here? And if so, how is it in cases where there were more than one of each?

**A.**—The same inquiry was propounded to Jesus seems to have no existence among you to-day. "And whose wife shall she be in heaven?"

en, since seven had her to wife? Jesus answered, in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage." We could give no more perfect and truthful answer, and perhaps if we endeavor to elaborate that we should make a failure. There are many families that are bound by social ties in this life that are not bound by the same ties in any other ties, in the higher life. If there is no connection, no affinity, no attraction between their spirits, they are divided, they must of necessity be separated. "What," say you, "will the mother be separated from her child?" Oh yes. There are many mothers who are such only by virtue of physical necessity, therefore the motherhood does not extend beyond that physical necessity. The soul of the child and mother are not attracted together, therefore they must in the spirit-land be separated. Such a child is no longer the child of earthly parents. When death severs the physical bonds, all bonds are severed. There is no attraction. It goes where it is attracted. It will be attracted somewhere. Somebody will have open arms for it, and an open, warm heart for it. There never was an isolated spirit, and there never will be.

**Q.**—Please give us your belief about Jonah being swallowed by a whale. Did it originate from facts?

**A.**—I never did have any faith in that fish story when here, and I have certainly seen nothing during my journeyings in the spirit-life to inspire me with faith concerning it. That it had something for a foundation may be true, but we learn from some reason, from common sense, that the main portion of the record must be a mistake—a very great mistake. Nature never deviates so far from herself as to make such gross mistakes. The law says to each one of us, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." We know that Jonah could never have lived three days in a whale's belly, not in physical life. But so the record has it. After being there three days the wise whale swims to the shore and vomits him up thereon, and Jonah goes on his life rejoicing. When I was here in this life, a little child who was visiting at my home with one of its parents, questioned me concerning this same fish story. The little one—she was a little past five summers old—looking up into my face said, "Mr. Parker, do you believe that that great fish did really swallow a man, keep him in his stomach three days, and then vomit him up, and he lived afterwards?" "No, my dear," I said, "I don't believe it." "But mamma says it is in the Bible, and must be true." "My dear," I said, "tell your mother there are a great many things in the Bible that are not true." Away the little one ran to its mamma, and reported what I had said. Straightaway I was besieged to know what I meant. Why, I said, I meant precisely what I told the child, and then I began to explain to her, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the mother rise out of her bigotry and theological ignorance, and stand upon the platform of reason, looking out toward God with reason's eyes, not through the goggles of superstition and theological bigotry.

**Q.**—Do Spiritualists believe in the flood, as recorded in the Bible?

**A.**—Not unless they are supremely ignorant. There may be some who believe in this story, but we must accredit it to their ignorance.

Nov. 22.

### Caroline Beuve.

When I was here I was called Caroline Beuve. My birth-place was Franklin, Ky. I spent the most of my life in the Carolinas. During the war, I was a portion of the time in Boston, in New York, in St. Louis, and Chicago. I was on my way South, and had got as far as New Orleans, three years ago the first of last September. I was taken sick, supposed it was nothing but weariness, but I had gone into the climate of yellow fever, and being a weak, susceptible constitution, I took it on and did not get better. I was in bed for a week, and I was sick thirteen days, and am told I was delirious after the second day. So I had no means of sending for my friends, and died away from them. I was twenty-seven years and a little less than three months, at the time of my death. I have a brother and a brother's widow, and I have sisters in Charleston. I am quite anxious to reach them and communicate with them by some means, I care not particularly how. A strange, wild desire has possessed me ever since I learned I could come back, to return and communicate some intelligence from the shadowy spirit-land. It is shadowy, it is spirit, to those who are here on earth, but it is as tangible, unshadowed, as the most beautiful land to those who abide in it. I want my friends to know about it. I feel sad in contemplating their ignorance concerning what is after death. I sometimes wonder why it is that there is so much ignorance on the earth concerning this life after death, but when I begin to reason that it is because the human mind is not old enough, nor ripe enough to understand any more than it does, then I feel sad; but I feel a longing to do what I can to enlighten the minds that are here, as fast as they are able to be enlightened.

I wish to say to my brother, Daniel Beuve, that the letter which he wrote me about one week before my starting for the South, I did not receive. (Where were you then?) I was in St. Louis. He wrote to inform me that the yellow fever was raging in New Orleans and vicinity, and I had better not go; particularly as I was not enjoying good health—I had better wait till the frost came, before I thought of coming South. I did not get the letter, and did not know the yellow fever was there. I did hear that there were a few cases in and near New Orleans, but I knew nothing in reality about it. He thinks very strange I did not heed his warning, and persisted in coming, when he thinks I must have received his letter, at least, two days before leaving St. Louis. I do not know why it was that I knew nothing of it. I was clearly awake in the spirit-world. I did I was clearly learn of your passing away soon after. Yes, by the effects I had with me. They told the people where I was stopping who I was, and they immediately forwarded the intelligence to my friends South; but of course they never received even the body.

I wish, if any of my friends come North, where there is a way open for me to come this way, that they would give me an opportunity of coming, because it will do them good, and do me good, and that is sufficient. There are a great many things I wish to say, but this is no place for the speaking of things that belong to families, especially.

### Amos Head.

Mr. White, is it? [Yes.] I wonder if you ever knew me, Amos Head. [Yes, if it is the one who had business connections with S. K. Head, on State street.] Yes. [When did you pass away into spirit-life?] Into the spirit-life? pass away? [When did you leave your body?] You don't mean to say I am dead? [I should suppose you had been, by your having come here.] Perhaps it is, at all events, I am all right, but I am in a strange sort of a state. I don't understand it. I am dreaming all the time. [Is this the first knowledge you have had of leaving your body?] You are the first person that has ever spoken of such a thing to me. [Look at yourself.] I see, I see. I see all that, but—may it not be that spirits can leave their bodies and not die, and come back to them again? [That has been done.] I've no recollection of dying. I can't understand it. Where's Sam? [The last I knew he was in Savannah, Georgia.] What's he doing? running a press? [Something of that kind, believe.] I have not heard a word from him. I've been in a dream state, I don't remember sleep nor wake. What is it? It's a terrible something that's over me. [What do you last remember on earth?] Remember! of being sick—sick—sick, that's all, being sick.

Where's Luther? [Somewhere in the building, I believe.] He used to raise the dead, or something of the kind. Can't he raise me? [You are raised already. This is your resurrection. You will come out clear when you leave here; you will understand where you have been all this time. Do you know in what month you were taken sick?] No, I don't. Luther used to talk to me about dead folks coming back. [And that's what you are doing.] Oh, you are mistaken. I know I ain't dead. Oh don't tell me that, oh, no. [You are what the earth's people call dead.] Well, tell Luther I want to see him. If he says I am dead I will believe him. [Won't you believe me?] No. Beg your pardon, I knew him better than I did you. He talked about dead folks. [Did you ever know me to vary from the truth?] No, no, you are mistaken; you are dreaming, yourself. [But there is a large assembly here who

\* Luther Colby, editor of this paper.

will bear me out in what I say.] Yes, I know that, I know that, but when folks do not in dreaming, uncertain state, I know I can't believe in it, yes, frequently. I know one to come back, who had been away nearly a hundred years. The last thing that he remembered, he was taken in a fit, and he thought he had just waked up. On examination of the case, we found that he died in the time of Gov. Endicott. We are assured of the fact that some spirits die and are unconscious of their death for a long time. I have been some troubled—I was before I was sick, in money matters, and had been thinking strongly of coming East to hunt up Sam, and see if he could not do something for me. I let him have all I had, and he lost it. I never got a dollar; and I heard he was this way, and doing well, and he was South, and was thinking before he was sick, of hunting him up to see if I could not get some help from him. That's what brings me here. I've bolted in here, and I don't know—I saw you, and I felt as if I must speak to you. [Did you know me?] Know you? Why, yes. Know you? Yes. [I am glad you came, and will do all I can to aid you.] Where's Sam's wife? [I cannot tell you.] Is she with him, do you know? [I think not.] Well, sir, I'm glad of that. I'm glad of it, glad of it. Then you really think I'm dead? [So far as your body is concerned, but you are more alive than ever.] Well, if I could talk with Luther, I should find out very quick. He has a peculiar way. I remember what he used to say to me. I remember of his talking to me, down in Devonshire street, about the dead coming back, what they said, and how you knew they were dead, and all about it. It has made a deep impression on me, and I'd like to see him. Will you tell him? [Yes.]

Oh, you have made me feel very strange. Poor Sam, he was badly led, was he not? [Some thought so.] He is somewhere near; I know he is somewhere near. [Do you want to go to him when you leave here?] Why, that's what I intended to do. I am on my way there. [You will be able to reach him when you leave here.] I want to go and see him, and get out of this dreaming state. I've been here for months. [Who have you met?] Met? met? Who have I met? Devils and angels, both. [Have you met those you know were on the other side?] Yes. [How could you see them, unless you were with them?] How? I don't know. But Luther used to tell me about seeing dead folks. How do I know but I am like him? How do I know? I saw Bill Berry. [Did you see Berry?] Yes, saw him before I came here. [He is on your side, else how could you see him?] But folks do see dead people. [Not generally.] Well, Luther did; I'd rather talk with him. [You shall have an opportunity soon.] Tell him soon as you can. [I will.] Do, I asked a very how it went, and he said, I might as well know better. You live long enough, I would not have said that if I'd been dead. [Probably he saw your condition, and thought it was of no use to explain it to you then.] Well, I am spinning like a top. My head is all unsettled. I'm dreaming worse than ever. I must get out of this.

### James Minnier.

The chap, there, that has just gone, do not know who he is himself or anybody else. He is all right, I suppose, or he is dreaming, or he is dead, or he is something, any way—do not seem to know himself, and will not have anybody know for him, and he's gone off a dinking somewhere, I don't know where.

Well, sir, it's not me that do not know that I am dead, and double dead, for I do. [Double dead?] Faith, I am, then. I'm double dead; yes, sir, and I'll tell you how. Well, sir, I've died to the body, and I've died to a belief in the church. Yes, sir; I was told that I'd meet with things here in this other life that I don't meet with at all, and I got no faith now in anything at all; and I come back here to say so, and I'm not ashamed of it at all. I never was satisfied with having things told me that was true. I might as well know better. If ever you want to know anything about any place, inquire of somebody that's been there, not of somebody that never was there. Faith, it's no wonder nobody knows anything about it. And that fine lady comes back here and feels bad because there's so much ignorance about this life. It's no wonder. We've been all the time leaning upon the church, and the church—the devil a whit does it know. Well, sir, I'm pretty well riled up—have been in a riled up state ever since I come here. I made a fool of myself, asking for what I expected to find. I was told about the church I would find in the spirit-world, but it's all moon and shine. There's nothing of the kind here. And even the priests—faith, you ask them to confess you here, and see what they will say. Oh, it's quite another thing. They are confessors no longer. If you want to confess at all, it must be to the God of your own soul; and if you want to get into heaven at all, you must make a key for yourself. Yes, sir; that's what you get. Not even St. Peter can furnish it for you. I been just as ravaged as I could be ever since I been here. Yes, I have, then. It's all right, I suppose; but if I could thrash somebody, I'd feel better.

Well, sir, I suppose, I don't know, I want to say very bad things, but I suppose I better not. My name is James Minnier—I was born in Ireland.

I'd like to have my sister know it's no use trying about any back pay of mine, because there's not anything of the kind due; and it's no kind of use to try to get anything more out of Government. There's nothing due, you see. It's all very well to be running after something you'll never find, if you've got plenty of strength and money, and don't want it to take care of you when you are running; but not very well when you have to work at night to get money to pay lawyers, and all that. Better stop right now. And I want to tell 'em I'm very well off here, only I got so disappointed, and so raving mad, that I've been cross ever since, ever since I come in contact with the earth, and thought of coming back anyway myself. Am very cross, you see, because I come here; and I made a fool of myself. Faith, though, I find a great many others do the same thing. I see your Protestant clergymen running round here like apes, hunting for Jesus and the church, all them sort of things. Made fools of themselves because they were not better educated here. Better be hunting for the Jesus in their own souls, if they've got any there—if not, it ain't any use to hunt.

I'm very cross, you see, but suppose I will get over it sometime. If I could have a good talk with my folks, I feel all right. I've been here ever since that is it now? How much is it? \$2? [Yes.] Well, I been here since '63. Haint got along at all, as well as I might if I'd spent my time in a sensible way, not stopping to wait for things the church told me I'd find here. But it's a working world. You will find you've got to work here, when you get here, just as much as you did here in this life. Won't have to carry the load, maybe nor do anything you don't like to, but you will feel very poorly if you don't do something, I take it.

You got my name, have you? [Yes.] All right. I'd say a good many more things if I was not so I believe cross, but I am, and I can't get over it, so I better stop. I will get better natured. [Did you belong in Boston?] Yes, sir. [Your age?] My age? I was just turned twenty-five, that is, when I was here—when I died. And I lived in Lancaster street.

### Hattie Fuller.

Aunt Fannie! it's Hattie. Uncle John wanted me to tell you that just as soon as he could, he would come and tell you about himself. Oh, Aunt Fannie, I'm so glad to come to you, and when I first come, Birdie said I wouldn't be afraid, just as soon as I got into your atmosphere, I'd get all over it. Tell mother I come; and tell her how dearly I love her, and tell her I would give all the world, if I had it to give, if she could only know that I come; but you tell her God is good, and by-and-by, when she comes to the spirit-world, she will know how much I used to come, and she will know how many times I've felt as if I must come and speak to her. She don't know it now, but she will know all about it when she gets here. Good-by, Aunt Fannie.

### Invocation.

Thou Great Spirit, in whom all motion lives, and in whom we live and have our being; thou who dost bless us through the darkness of the external world, and through the brightness of the inner world, we bring thee the deepest and holiest and divinest gratitude of our souls; we bring thee all the thank-offerings of our nature,

and we lay them upon life's divine and holy altar, and ask thee to bless them, and to give thy blessing to us as consciously as did that which descended upon Joaze. May we hear the voice saying we are thy children, in whom thou art well pleased. Oh Infinite Spirit, thou who breathest upon the altars of life; thou who hast thy being in all forms, and permeatest all space, who art divine and human, too, we pray thee to bestow an especial blessing upon thy children this hour. May the descent of thy holy spirit of truth be recognized by them; may they feel that that thou art nigh unto them, dwelling within the inner chambers of their souls, and illuminating all the corridors of their being. Our spirits, oh Lord, aspire to know more, and still more of thee, and though thy Scriptures are open every day for our inspection, though they are never closed, still, oh Lord, in our ignorance we ask to know of thee. Though we may hear thy voice everywhere, and behold thy smile in all things, still, oh Lord, we ask to know more of thee. And to know of thee, is to know of ourselves, to know of our surroundings, to know of life in all its forms, and under all its ever-varying circumstances. We would know, oh Father, Spirit, wherefore it is that we are sometimes bowed down in sadness, in deep woe. We would know, oh Father, Spirit, wherefore it is that our souls are so closely allied to all other souls. We would know concerning our relationship with Nature, and with thee, Nature's God. Do we ask too much? Restrict, and refuse us. Do we seek to know too much of thy law and of ourselves? Thou hast the power to withhold. And whatever thou dost, give us strength, give us wisdom to say, "It is well; thy will be done." Amen.

### Questions and Answers.

**QUES.**—Which is the worst crime, suicide by the poor, crazy, perhaps forsaken wretch, who is no good to himself or family, or the murderer of another through anger, hatred, jealousy, revenge, or gain?

**A.**—One takes the form of a double evil, the other only of a single evil. The suicide commits an evil against his own physical nature, and generally against that alone, while the murderer commits an evil against his own moral nature, and against the physical nature of his victim. Suicide, when committed under the circumstances there portrayed, becomes no sin. The circumstances overrule and annihilate all the sin. When reason is delirious, we are no longer responsible to our moral nature—no longer responsible to our Higher Judge, the God of our diviner being.

**Q.**—We suffer here for the sins of our parents in the physical, mental, and spiritual parts of our nature. Do the predispositions follow us into the spiritual world, and are they there, also, a source of inharmonious, annoyance and discomfort to us?

**A.**—It is written that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the third and fourth generations; and we may go to still greater lengths: all physical sin, or that evil or disease which is the result of physical mistakes, does not follow the spirit past the boundaries of human life; it belongs to the body, therefore falls when the body falls. But all that which you call sin, which has its rise in the mental, will be carried by the thinking spirit to the spirit-world. It belongs to the thinking kingdom, the individual, and to the kingdom of the spirit, therefore it lives after death.

**Q.**—Where are the ancient Greeks and Romans, of whom we read so much in history? As we claim to be in advance of them in civilization, will we not, when we arrive into spirit-life, be still in advance of them, remembering that the civilization of the nineteenth century is an outgrowth of the ancient?

**A.**—Civilization, as it is generally measured, means very little. According to human measurement, the civilization of the present day, in many respects, not a whit in advance of that of thousands of years ago. Custom has in the past and does in the present force us to walk in the old rut, just as long as it is possible for us to do so, finding there. This is true in politics, it is true in religion, in arts and sciences, in all the departments of social and civil life. Now if this be true, of course the civilization of to-day cannot, in all respects, differ from that of ancient times from which it has come. Changes, to be sure, have been made, very great changes, in some respects, at least, while, in others, in the essentials of being you are still in the old ruts of thousands of years ago. How is it with regard to your religion? Have you stepped aside from the old rut? Very little. How is it with your politics? Have you gone very far from the old rut? Very little. It would be very hard to determine which will take the highest seat in civilization—which will rank highest in the civilization of the spirit-world—yourselves, or the ancient Greeks and Romans. It is very possible that in some points they may far exceed you; it is also possible that in some you may far exceed them. But you will certainly find that the civilization you talk of here in this life—but know very little concerning—will, in its external aspects, at least, amount to very little in the spirit-world; you will find that it will not carry you a whit higher than you are now. You may have ascended proper spiritual level. You may have ascended to the highest level of science high—very high—but in that world where justice is meted to every soul, you will find your proper level, and you can, by no possibility, rise above it. That is a glorious thought, and it should cheer the hearts of those whose wings of aspiration have long been growing, but who, by reason of the hardness of your present civilization, cannot soar even to the top of the lowest hill in the other new civilization; while others, who, by reason of holding the exchange of this world, can soar to the tops of the highest mountains here, but in the hereafter they find their proper level, and those who have dwelt in the valleys will find theirs also.

**Q.**—Is it wrong to lie, in reply to a designing question intended to lead to an admission, or convey the required impression or information by silence?

**A.**—A lie is such, by virtue of the motive that prompted it. It is not always the highest wisdom to speak what you consider to be absolute truth; it is sometimes wise to conceal that which is asked for. When an answer is given to any question in the negative that truth would decide should be given in the affirmative, the evil, or that which you call the lie, would consist in the motive. If that was good, then there could be no evil; and if it were not good, then it would give birth to a child or thought corresponding with itself.

### Eddie Smith.

We want to go home, Mattie and I. (This was addressed to Mrs. Wilson, a lady present, and the spirit seemed timid and agitated.)

[Mrs. WILSON.—Don't cry, Eddie; I am very glad you have come.]

I choked all up. Tell Aunt Margaret I come, won't you; and Mattie, too? And tell her we want to go home, won't you? [Yes, dear.] We like where we are, but we want to go home sometimes. Tell mother I saw the flowers, but I could not see—I could not see the folks. [Could not you see her?] No; but we want to—we want to go home. [Could you see me if I should go there?] Birdie said I could, after I come here; if I was a smart boy, and come here and was not afraid, and done well, I could then. [You would all pass away, I have been hoping you would come.] Is little Mattie happy? Yes, she wants to go home. [Were you glad to have her come to you?] I tell you, was I! I thought I was glad; I was glad; I didn't know she was coming at all. Oh, I was glad—I tell you, I was glad. [I think your father and mother will be glad you have come back.] Won't you go there? [I will try to.] How soon will you go? [Perhaps I will go next week.] Don't go when it rains; I can't do so well when it isn't clear; I don't like to be this way. [I want you to go to your mother; I think she will give you an appointment.] You must be with Birdie, and watch where you go. [Birdie will tell me.] Shall you tell her? [I will try to go this week.] How many days is that? [I will try to go this week.] I've been gone ever so many weeks, haven't I?—ever so many months. [Aunt Margaret came here the other day.] Yes; I couldn't see her. Next week. How many days is it? [I will try to go next Friday.] This week, will you? If it is clear. [Yes.] Birdie said I couldn't do so well if it was not. I am awfully choked. (In a whisper, motioning to the chairman)—who is it? [That is Mr. White. I am sick. Can't you tell something by which your mother will know you?] What will I tell her? [Anything by

which she will recognize you.] What shall I tell her? Oh, I know. Tell her—I tell her I shan't need the new boots she promised me this winter. I shan't need them. She will know what 'tis. [Can you tell her anything about your new home, and what you are doing?] Oh, I am looking round and getting contented. I haven't been to school yet; there's a nice school here; I've been into 'em, but haven't been to stay. Shall I always be afraid when I come? I don't want to die; must I? I tell when I come. [X and you won't feel so badly when you come again.] Nov. 23.

### Seth Hinshaw.

How beautiful it is—this great grand highway between the world of mind and the world of matter. A little child can go over it, and old age, and all classes of society, and all kinds of intelligences. Beautiful! I used to read the messages when I was here in my own body, and I thought I understood them pretty well. But I find I only looked at the shell, while the real part of it, the active life, the interesting, the glorious part, was behind the veil of human life. Could you, behold, with your mortal senses, the throng that is gathered here, and the intense interest that is manifested by the little child and by old age, and by all classes that come, each one so full and overflowing with desire to come that the whole scene is one of intense activity, you could not come into it without getting inspired yourselves. It would be impossible. You would get your inspiration, it would seem, from the fountains of inspiration, direct. Oh, it is beautiful!

Well, I am wandering from what I came for, and that is: I want you to tell my people in the West that they are not half zealous enough, do not work half hard enough—are not half as active as I want them to be.

I am Seth Hinshaw. God bless you, and bless all, and he will without their asking him. I want you to tell them, from me, they are not half zealous enough, and do not throw life enough into their deeds, their spiritual deeds. They are too dead! too dead! They don't support their papers, they don't support their mediums, nor they do not support anything half as well as they ought to. I am ashamed of them! [They don't do as well as the church.] Not half so well! Instead of having nice, respectable places to worship in, they are crowded in here and there and everywhere, answering the demands of old theology on one hand, and of our new Spiritualism on the other. I won't do it. I tell them! It won't do! They must go out and preach the Gospel, pure and undiluted, if they want the chiefest blessings in the kingdom of the spirit-world to fall on them. They must go out and preach it undiluted. Yes, they must not hold their old theology in one hand and this new religion in the other. It won't do! It won't do! Well, you called on me to come and I've come. I've said what I had to say, and now I'm going. Good-by. [Come again.] Yes, I will. Nov. 23.

### Sarah C. Nye.

I was born in Brewster, Mass., in 1832. I died in Goldsboro, S. C., of fever, in 1863. I was there in the hospital. I went into the Union hospital, and in a strange way found my way to the Southern hospital. I had heard of a very dear friend that was sick, wounded, at Goldsboro. I got a pass to go there, and when I got there I found there was so much more need of aid there than in our hospitals, that I stayed, and, unfortunately, I took the fever. I died there, of course was buried there, and some of my friends have heard that I was wonderfully imbued with Southern notions by going there. It is not so. I stayed because my duty seemed to prompt me, and I felt that if I did not matter where I was, so long as I was ministering to those who were suffering. I felt that the South were honest, just as honest as the North, notwithstanding they were wrong. They thought they were right, so if they suffered, if we were true Christians, we should relieve them if we could. My name, Sarah C. Nye. I want my friends to know I have been happy ever since my change, only I have sometimes been very anxious to return and let them know that I was happy and could return, and that the spirit-world is not such a vague, shadowy world as they have been led to believe. Please give the information that Edward Harris is one of our friends, and his friends here have been very anxious about him—they have heard that he was wounded and carried to a rebel prison and rather badly treated. The truth is, he was killed outright on the battlefield, and thinks he did not live five minutes after he was shot. He was buried in a trench. He was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness, and buried in a trench with some fifty or sixty others. [Do his friends live in the same town that you did?] Yes; good day. Nov. 23.

### Captain Thomas Floyd.

Say that Capt. Thomas Floyd, of Provincetown, Mass., desires to communicate with his friends. I don't know what course to mark out for them to meet me or to reach them. They must find some way, and I will walk in it if I can; but I am anxious to meet them. Capt. Thomas Floyd; went in September. Good day. Nov. 23.

### Stephen Whipple.

Well, stranger, I've heard of folks running across other people's track,







