

old lady, glad of her present easy situation, was loth to fill the lady's mind with fears of the supernatural visitants. She was a strong-minded, matter-of-fact personage, and smiling incredulously, she said:

"I've lived fifty-seven years in this neighborhood, ma'am, and I was some five years old when I came here, and in all the days of my mortal pilgrimage I never saw or heard a ghost. Bless your soul! Miss Thornton, my mother never saw one, nor my father either, nor any one of our family; and we've as good eyes as any can boast of. It's all imagination, ma'am; you sit too much alone, and read too much, and in the dark you fancy you see things."

"In the dark?" said Eva; "but I assure you, Mrs. Felton, that I saw a face, a pale, sweet face—that of a young girl—peering at me from the branches of the honeysuckle arbor. It was early morning, the sun shining brightly. And Fido starts from my side, and snuffs the air and whines; he never did so before."

"Nonsense! Miss Thornton; the beast hears a mouse in the paneling."

"You told me we were not at all pestered with mice," replied Eva, smiling.

"Well, yes, so I did; then maybe it's the wind outside, or something scratching the wall."

"Maybe it is; but if there is such a thing—if there is any truth in spirits revisiting their former abode, I wish it could be proved to me. I am fearless and devoid of superstition. I should like to commune with the departed, to see the forms of those whose dust lies mouldering, whose spirits walk the skies!"

"Lor' save us! Miss Thornton, don't talk so! You know the good spirits can't return; they're too happy in Heaven; and you would n't want the old Scratch to send some of his crew this way, would you?"

"I do not see why good spirits cannot return as well as evil ones," somewhat impatiently replied the lady. "But of this I feel sure. What I see and feel, or imagine, as you call it, is not at all terrifying. Sorrow and care may have dwelt in this house; great wrongs were never perpetrated here!"

"Indeed, ma'am, and you can't be led by appearances. People say a cruel father looked up his only daughter in this very house. The pleasant sitting-room you so delight in was her prison; and when her lover stole her from the grim old dragon's care, why, he pursued them, shot the poor young man, and brought Rosalie home, and looked her in until she died of grief. More than that, Miss Eva, they say the cruel, malicious, revengeful old dragon starved her to death—poor broken-hearted young thing!—and you would n't want to see her pale, famished skeleton arising up before you, and the old monster brandishing a club; and you would n't want to see the tall, handsome young man a-weltering in his blood, and a little child weeping over him! Don't talk of ghosts, ma'am, please! I've said more than I should say. You look pale and frightened, Miss Eva; I'll run get you a cordial."

"Stay!" cried Eva, detaining her. "I may look pale, but I am not at all frightened. So you know the history of this house? When did these things happen?"

"Oh, ever so long before you were born. But please don't ask me any more questions; you'll not sleep a wink; and you'll be for selling Woodbine Lodge; and I'll be thrust on to the cold merities of the world at large! Dear me! dear me!" she continued in an undertone, "what a fool I've been to tell her these horrid things!"

"I shall sleep as well as ever, Mrs. Felton," said Eva, smiling pleasantly. "Do not be troubled about me. I am only curious to hear all about it. Are you sure you have the correct version of the occurrence? Could a father be so unnatural? And tell me, please, have you heard any description of this Rosalie? and who was the little child?"

"I ought n't to tell you a single syllable, Miss Thornton, for you are all in a flutter with excitement. But it's my place to obey your request, madam; and I'll tell you what I heard, but mind, I don't believe a single word of it."

"Well, well—go on!"

"Yes, and she'll soon be leaving the house, like all the rest, and I'll be a poor, wandering pauper," said Mrs. Felton in a low voice to herself; then she continued, "Well, ma'am, they say Miss Rosalie—I forget the family name; it's a strange, outlandish one, with ever so many Z's and I's in it, I can't pronounce it—they say she was a perfect beauty; blue eyes, lovely golden hair, slender as a lily, and always pale. She was a sweet singer, and played beautifully on the harp. They came from foreign parts, she and the old dragon, for the mother was dead long before. They settled here, and here it was, in this very house, the old Belzebub killed her! Don't start, Miss Eva—he did; some say by starvation—others, that he stabbed her to the heart. He hid her body somewhere under the rocks, and many years after her death, he, too, was found lying dead beside the rock; he wandered away after he killed Rosalie, pursued by an evil conscience, and came to die upon her grave at last, the old reprobate!"

"I cannot believe this story; it is too revolting, too unnatural. And the child, whose was it? How came it here?"

"That's the mystery! When the old Turk shot the beautiful young man, the child was weeping over him, and the old devil—beg pardon, Miss, brought the poor thing home with him, and it died here, for grief after Rosalie; that's the story, Ma'am."

"How came you to hear of this, Mrs. Felton? no one in N— could give me any account of the former occupants of the house, that lived here so long ago. Who told you the story?"

Mrs. Felton paused awhile, as if in consideration.

"Mr. Hardham told me, Ma'am, some years ago."

"That is the name of the present proprietor, or rather the last proprietor, of Woodbine Lodge, for now I am its mistress," said Eva, with a sigh of satisfaction. "And whence did he derive his knowledge?"

"His father had rented the place to the old—, the father of Rosalie; Mr. Hardham has the story from the right source. He's an old man himself, and would n't be guilty of a falsehood."

"He may have been misinformed; but have you no nearer details? Can you tell me nothing more?"

"Indeed I can't, or I'd be willing. I wish I hadn't told you what I heard; you'll be all of a quiver at every sound after this."

"Nonsense! Do I look as if I were frightened? But tell me, do any of my visitors know of this story?"

"Not a soul! not a living human being! Some remember the name of the parties that lived here; and that they died, and that many of the tenants

left the house, because of the queer noises and apparitions. Mr. Hardham told me in confidence, and I never told anybody but yourself, Ma'am; and I don't know how I came to tell you, but for mercy's sake. Don't tell any one; you'll scare all the folks from the house, and we'll live deserted by every neighbor in the world. Please, Miss Eva, don't tell the folks."

"I will not say a word," replied the lady, and with a thoughtful mien she left the room, the house-keeper muttering to herself, "She'll soon be leaving this, and I'll have to hunt up another situation. What made me tell the wicked tale? Maybe it ain't true after all, if Mr. Hardham did tell it. Dear, dear! I do wish women would learn to hold their tongues."

But Mrs. Felton's fears were groundless. Eva was strongly courageous then, too. Who certified to the truth of the strange story she had heard? The mistress of Woodbine Lodge pondered deeply; some truth was there; for the fair, shadowy image of Rosalie had beamed upon her from amid the trees; her white garments fluttered above the mossy rocks, her golden tresses waved in the sunlight. The little child flitted to and fro, a wandering thing; and, dim and indistinct, a shadowy figure flitted from room to room, as if in search, and a deep voice, tender, deep-toned, love-fraught, called on Rosalie.

In visions of the night, Eva beheld a flowery stairway rising from the rocky height, denoting the maiden's grave. And on that winding stairway, that uprose into the very realms of cloud-land, there stood, glorious with the life and beauty of another world, the haunting spirit of Woodbine Lodge, the golden-locked Rosalie. She was clad in robes of gleaming silvery whiteness, and a halo of starry lustre encircled the angel-head. Her face, serene and radiant, smiled on the occupant of her last earthly home; and the little child, distinct and playful, clung to her undulating robe, and laughed with the innocent glee of childhood. A man of middle age, erect, majestic, with eyes of truth, and aspect of benevolence, stood by her side, and, in all the confidence of daughterly affection, the maiden's hand rested on his shoulder; the language of his soul, uttered musically, called her tenderly, "My daughter!"

No shadow of reproach or wrong rested between them. Immersed in that deep, trance-like slumber, Eva knew that never had a shadow rested between those souls. And looking above, where a dazzling screen of clouds guarded the further portal of progression, she saw, amid its blaze of light and life, the radiant form her spirit recognized as the wife and mother, fondly, hopefully, awaiting the beloved.

It was with joy and rapture that Eva hailed these dreams; that ever growing clearer, more vivid in their beauty, awakened in her soul long-slumbering thoughts, and aspirations long buried 'neath the conflicts of the world. Through trial and discipline her feet had been led, her heart had been consecrated to the coming brightness of a new era, a dawn of freedom, light and beauty.

When Eva found that the vague, uncertain hopes she had entertained in early youth—the wild longings for communion beyond the earth—were destined to a part of their fulfillment here, she clasped her hands in gratitude, and thanked the Father for the accorded boon.

When the tidings spread far and wide, over the land and across the oceans—when the fact was proclaimed of spirit intercourse with man, Eva, the lone and desolate woman, felt indeed that the kindred ties of affection were eternal; and from the spheres of progressive life descended on the forest sanctuary the love-messages of the "loved and the departed." Then Eva knew that the mother of her soul was high; the long lost father smiled upon her, and the brother lost upon the stormy sea was living in untroubled realms. Accepting with all the enthusiasm of her nature the belief, that, clothed anew in external facts and garbs of beauty, had been the guiding star of earliest humanity, she felt awakening to diviner life and action the well springs of emotion, long frozen by the world's cold breath. She felt the divine faculty of song, hitherto so crushed and feeble, soaring on triumphant wings of melody, resting only beside the golden cloud portal that veiled the angel-lands from human sight. And in her home the haunting voices deepened—the melodies o'er-swept the listening air with power—the footfall sounded near—the white robes glistened silvery bright, and golden tresses flashed amid the jasmine flowers—white arms entwined around the knotted trees, and gleamed amid the shower of leaves. It was a mystery, beautiful, absorbing, in which there dwelt no shade of fear.

Four times had the snow lain deep upon the hills' steep sides, and left its starry flakes upon the tasseled pines; four times had Autumn left her artist pencilings to linger long on wood and glade; and now once more the hopeful garb of spring assumed the maturer hues of Summer's richness, the glowing vividness of her imperial green, the ruby splendor of her gorgeous flowers, the golden radiance of her dreamy skies. Over sea and river, gushing fount and rill, was laid the spell of melody. From forest depths the fervid summer's welcome song was heard; the ripe fields waved beneath the arching sapphire skies, and the sun, throned at day's departure in a cloud-chariot of Tyrian dyes, while the voices of earth and sky and ocean mingled in the rapt devotion of his vesper hymn.

In the rigorous depth of winter, Eva retired to the neighboring town until the piercing frosts were over; then she returned to her idyllic home, that daily became more dear to her. It was the fourth summer of her residence at Woodbine Lodge, that a package of papers was delivered to her one day, accompanied by a letter from Mr. Hardham, who wrote from his death-bed. He also had accepted the new belief, and, urged by his spirit guides, had sent the package to the mistress of the mysterious house. Many years ago left to him by his father, he had never examined the papers, yet had always felt reluctant to destroy them. They were her property now, to be made use of as she would find proper.

A strange agitation pervaded Eva's frame as she received the package and read the almost illegible letter that accompanied it. A spirit-medium had foretold that she would receive important tidings from afar concerning the mystery of the house she lived in. Eva looked herself in against all intrusion. She called Fido to her side and commenced reading the important revelation of the past. Some of the pages were written in the delicate tracery of woman; others bore the impress of a manly hand. Some were blotched with tears, others almost illegible through haste and agitation. And as Eva Thornton read, low music swept through the air, and close, close beside her, white garments rustled, and from

the open casement sweet jasmine blossoms fell, thrown in by unseen hands; and the sagacious dog sniffed the flower-laden air, and seemed to vibrate the airy beings listening there; but he manifested no sign of fear. The pure, brave heart of Eva quailed not. Fearless, undaunted, knowing herself not alone, she read.

CHAPTER II.

"A murmur of the sea,
A laughing tone of streams,
Long may her sojourn be
In the music-land of dreams!"

Oh, child of song!
Is not the music-land a world of dreaming,
Where forms of sad, bewildering beauty fling?
—MISS HEMANS.

"My father is an exile from his native shores, and I may never re-visit the land of my birth—Bonnie England; yet the spirit, all-pervading, the music-breathings of holy nature follow us here, and nestle as closely to our souls, loved and familiar as by the household hearth. Strangers and poor, we yet can live content upon the soil of liberty, for the world cannot deprive us of the blessed boon of love. My noble father! thy princely halls are deserted, thy broad lands have passed to stranger hands. We are unknown in this hemisphere; yet is thy bowed, chief-tain-like head erect with joy when I, thy child, address thee. No music of earth or heaven can sound sweeter than thy fond words, 'My Rosalie!'"

I write these pages, as thou hast accustomed me from early years—a record of passing events. Six months we have lived in almost absolute seclusion in this romantic home. I call it "Zircovin's Rest," in thy name, father! To its pages I confide the strange experiences of my inner life, that thou alone canst comprehend.

I see my sainted mother in the visions of the night, and she tells me of such deep mysteries! I cannot word them in mortal language. She gives me the names of the unseen stars; she reveals to me the electric oceans in the planets' depths—the emerald mountains that sustain the architectural glory of the wisdom temples. With her I pass beyond the veil of sense, and feast with spirits on Eden fruits above! I traverse earth, seated on the winged cloud-chariot, and I fold to my bosom, untouched by earthly love, the cherub forms that live in the celestial realm.

To one being alone on earth can I confide these mysteries of my aparted dream-life—to my wise, loving father. He smiles encouragingly when I relate my visions, and strokes my brow, saying, so sweet and gently:

"You belong to the spirit-world far more than to our earth, Rosalie! Prove worthy of angelic guardianship, my child, for my sake—for your own soul's sake!"

And I will, indeed, my father—for that life is so much more beautiful than ours! Last night, left all alone with our old Elsa, and the faithful dog, I early retired to rest. Soon my senses were steeped in the deepest repose; then a loud strain of music awoke me, and I saw the moonbeams falling through the curtained window, paling the blushing roses, bathing in light the modest blue-bells, the tiny violets that grace my chamber. A cloud, silvery and roseate, undulating to the sounds that swept so dreamily the silence of the midnight, rested above me; and an infant summer reposed there; the signet of angelic purity on lip and brow, the limbs entwined with flowers, the seraph-lyre within its hand. I felt my soul uprising, freed from the material clay; I felt the tresses waving round my face, the pressure of my hand upon my rapturously beating heart. Life, motion, feeling—all was intensified. I breathed freely, and thought-forgotten itself into song that flowed from my lips with the fervor of adoring prayer! Grace, freedom, lightness, possessed my form; my feet moved to the thrilling measure of aerial sound. I felt the inner sense of beauty, motion, music, light and color; and by the aspiration winged and glowing of my heart, I uprose to the summer's cloud-chariot, and passed away from earth; high, high above the towering cliffs, the foaming sea, the sleeping multitudes, until we reached the land of morning beauty, the altar of reunion where my mother dwells!

I cannot describe that spot, seen only by the spirit's vision; I cannot tell by earthly sign of the life within its hallowed circle. Some day, when the regenerated children of earth shall hold full communion with the angel-worlds, these things will be understood, felt, witnessed by the soul. I cannot with the surroundings of earth, the atmosphere of this lesser world environing with faltering language and uncongenial pen, even faintly image forth the gemmed and starry lustre of its over-arching skies, the splendor of the thronging planet-worlds, with their enrolling seas of azure light. The voice of earthly music, the mightiest invocation of song, can only reach the faintest echo of its choral melodies; that, ever circling in an upward flight, reach unto the celestial realm of which even the highest archangel knows not!

There—oh, worshiper!—oh, seeker!—the gems glisten in the wayside path; not the vain sought-for baubles of earth that deck the kingly diadem, the priestly robe; but jewels of faith and strength, of trust and love, of truth and joy, over which the golden waters of life flow musically. There gush the living founts from flowery fancies and amethystine hill-sides; flowing no more from rocky, barren sources; not bitter as Marah's waters to the lips; but sweet and inspiring with the liquid draught of poetic fervor. There the waters of transition lave the shore, roseate and aglow with the morning radiance; islands of Elysian beauty; mountain heights over which the sevenfold rainbow blends, dispensing mystic harmony; temples of the soul, transparent in their crystal and silvery light; beacon-fires, darting high their living flames, and scintillating showers of guiding stars. And over the angel-brows, the beatified faces, the glorified limbs, flow streams of golden ether, that denote the children of a realm of peace; spirits of music and poesy, angels of love and inspiration!

I dwell among them many hours, it seemed; and glimpses of the soul-life, with its manifold capacities, its unfolding might, were revealed to me. I saw the noble ambition, despoiled of every earthly perversion, leading thousands of redeemed souls to the beacon-fires above; to the temples trodden only by the pure in heart. And thence, I beheld them marshaling in battle array, their shields all brilliant with the studded gems of love and intellect, to wrestle with the wrongs of earth. I saw the pride, divested of its chilling vengeance, glow with ecstatic fervor for the good and true alone; I saw the crown, flashing with a thousand sun-rays, adorn the peasant maiden's brow; and in the mountain-dweller's hand, I saw the sword of truth unsheathed; in the slave's grasp, the brimming cup of liberty; on modest brows, the laurel-wreath of fame!

The earth-poor and lowly wielded the accepted wand of power, and the illy-rod of purity was the mightiest there. God's patent of nobility was stamped on children's brows; and love was—oh, so glorified! no tint of earth clung to his seraph robe of stars; no thorns lurked 'mid his festal wreath; it was made of imperishable flowers; and the self-breathing lyre he held, gave forth no undertone of sadness. I felt that I could only worship there, the angel of a darkened world; that I would guard my girlish heart from earthly wile, and live for the spirit-love awaiting me.

Vaguely I felt a lingering kiss upon my brow; it came from unseen realms; I felt a glow divine of inspiration and exalted love, so pure and passionless, less, it would seem worthy of a spirit's joy, pervade my inmost heart; and as the music, light and beauty deepened around me and above, from my full soul burst the invocation, promise and prayer of a mortal's offering:

From the darkened earth uprising
To the realms of light divine;
On the mountain of ascension,
By the spirit's holy shrine;
Wings to thee my aspiration,
Angel! who dost veil thy face,
With thy pure resplendent glory
From the lingering earthly trace.

Spirit of my rapt devotion!
Seraph of my inmost thought!
Lift to thine the deep heart-yearning
For the life with fullness fraught.
'Mid the world, its clouds and terrors;
'Mid the realms of solitude,
Guard me over; consecrated
To the beautiful and good!

Send me from all worldly longing,
Seraph! to the heavenly fane,
Where the vestal fires are burning;
Echoes sweet the choral strain
Of the distant world, rejoicing
In the glory of thy trace,
Spirit of my rapt devotion,
There unveil thy angel face!

I felt that my prayer was answered; that my place would never be beside the home-altar of a stranger; that earthly love might tempt but would not triumph over my spirit-voies; that henceforth, far, unseen, unknown, yet felt, an angel's heart-throb responded to the longing pulsations of mine. And I was conveyed back to my moonlit chamber, with a heart illumined by the gorgeous imagery of a love beyond earthly conception; my spirit thrilled with revelations of ineffable blessedness! I slept long in deep unconsciousness, until the sun streamed brightly in at my window and my dear father gaily called his laggard child. I told him of my vision and its significance; and tears trembled in his large, soft, grey eyes.

"We are a strange race, my Rosalie!" he said, tenderly embracing me. "We have gifted seers and solemn foretellers of the future among us. Our Hungarian blood flows wildly, perhaps, and many deemed your sainted mother crazed. I only knew that she held communion with the blest departed. I knew the meaning of her long death-like sleeps; her strange revealing. You resemble her in person, my child, and in spirit you are following her traces."

"Oh, this music-world is so unspeakably beautiful, dear father!" I said, and I sat down to my harp and sang the poem I had composed in sleep.

"Would you leave your father, darling, for that upper world of song and beauty—leave poor Zircovin all alone on earth, Rosalie?"

Oh, the deep-toned tenderness of that trembling voice! I threw my arms around him, and cried aloud my streaming tears:

"Wherever you are, beloved, blessed father! is life and song and loveliness for me!"

"My life were dreary, indeed, without thee, last of my heart and name," he said, and I replied, softly parting the silver-sprinkled, jetty hair, from off his forehead:

"Heaven were not happiness without thee, my only friend, my truest guide!"

Since a week or so a young gentleman has been coming to see us. When father is absent he brings me messages from him, and accompanies them with flowery gifts. I do not like the man, yet simple Elsa calls him fair and stately. He is of handsome presence, I admit, but there is something repellent in his eye, his voice, his manner, that I cannot force my lips to smile, my words to be warm with the welcome due a kindly deed. My blessed mother, with her soul-reading intuitions, would have told me that he was fated to do me evil; that his nature was antagonistic to mine. To-day he brought me a present of curious sea-shells and mosses. I accepted the offering coldly. I fear my constrained manner has offended him; he hastily left my presence.

How I long for my dear father's return! He is compelled to be absent so often, and business calls him to the various sea-ports in the neighborhood. Old Elsa is a thorough housekeeper; her boy John, a stalwart, willing lad; our dogs are watchful and fierce; what can I fear in this holy, world-aparted spot? And there are neighbor's houses not half a mile beyond the wood; and do not angels' spirits of the departed, watch over me constantly?

I sit to-night and watch the foaming sea, with its phosphorescent gleam, breaking in sullen murmurs on the smooth beach below. I see the glimmering, shifting light-house beacon on the opposite shore, and the twinkling stars break amid drifting dark banks of clouds, piling amid the erst unclouded canopy. I hear the night-bells ringing from the town. Hark! a knock! a voice! my heart throbs wildly! It is not my father; his coming fills me only with serene joy. I hear the voice now; it is that unwelcome comer, Naverillo.

The next following pages were written in a bolder hand, and signed Zircovin Zohlasco. They bore a later date, and began thus:

"Yes, as poets and philosophers, as every aspiring heart has ever dreamed, there is, there must be, a realm of spirit-life, where all the inequalities of life are leveled; these false, outward distinctions that brand the unsuccessful patriot's brow with the exile's, almost the felon's doom; while the successful rebel lives a glorified hero, before whom nations bend the knee. Exalted by prosperity, I should be hailed with the sacred name of Liberator; crushed by adverse fortune, I am the hiding outcast; my fearless child, fit to mate with princes, is a caged solitary in this forest hut. I dare not expose her rare beauty to the vulgar gaze. I guard, with zealous watchfulness, the treasure entrusted to me by my sainted Theresa. My English-born flower shall be shielded from the rough blasts of further adversity; her pure ears shall not be insulted by vile adulation. She calls herself a spirit-bride, and such she surely is. I have cast aside my pride of caste—I, the professed champion of the people; but never

shall my Rosalie wed with the fortune-hunter, the sordid, the impure; and where on earth lives of that heavenly spirit the perfect counterpart!

My child is threatened by some vague danger; she tells me so in her magnetic sleep; and in the eye of the dark Naverillo I read a concealed, strange purpose. He spoke of love to Rosalie, the stormy evening before my arrival home; she told me that she calmly bade him never to renew the subject. He made no reply; but in his soul she read, with those seraphic eyes, that he only gave an outward compliance—that she was fated to be molested further.

I must again leave my 'Rest,' but I will bring friends (alas! has the exile friends?) from N—; they shall stay with and watch over the safety of my precious child. I know naught of this Naverillo; he is a stranger in these parts, and though his appearance denotes wealth, I see not how he can aspire to the pure love of my gifted child.

Strange rumors I heard to-day concerning him; they say he is a rover of the seas, living by rapine and plunder. Can such things be in our day? Yet, why not? The civilization that confiscated my lands and homestead, that erects churches and monuments while it denies the communion of souls—why should it not bring forth piracy and highway robbery, as well as silent treacheries and unauthorized despotisms?

Not in this land of glorious freedom can such monsters have birth; the soil of monarchy brings them forth; and, driven thence, they dare to desecrate the New World with their crimes! Once my pecuniary affairs all settled, I, the ambitious toiler for my country's freedom, will settle down to agricultural pursuits, and live the only liberty I can attain to—free intercourse with bounteous nature. At home my rebel tendencies brought on me the severe displeasure of the ruling despot; here, in the land of Washington, my religious belief would fasten on me the scorn, perhaps abhorrence of the community. Therefore I live, with my lovely child, my spirit-seer, secluded; and from that virgin soul come prophecies, that fill my fainting soul with triumph; for she foretells in deep, magnetic trances, the speedy restoration of my oppressed Fatherland. She speaks in inspired tones of prophecy, of the decay of thrones, the crumbling power of dynasties; foretells in the far future, the glorious and universal Republic, so many patriotic hearts have dreamed of, bled for, vainly!

Shall I believe that the unselfish heroes of the past—the martyred ones, who, at the stake, and on the battle-field, yielded up life for truth and freedom's sake—that those great, mighty souls rest powerless, on rosy beds, in most inglorious ease, in a golden heaven of sensuous repose? My warrior's blood tingles in my cheeks indignantly—my soul cries thunderingly No! Away with your inglorious future! your singing, inactive lives that priests portray. Thou Sovereign Father! wilt be served with deeds, not empty formulas; else why thy flood of inspirations poured so richly over patriot hearts? else why this uprising of the century against tyranny and creed fetters? why this thirst for freedom, unquenched by defeat, hoarded and cherished even in the dying hour? Despotism may crush my worldly fortunes, erase my noble name, and brand my flight with shame. They cannot fether my soul; that, free, aspiring as ever, dares and braves them yet! Shall death extinguish the holy flame? Shall the patriot wander through the flowery valleys of Paradise, a child in intellect, forgetful of his first great destiny, of his life-long struggle? Never, never! We may not, in thy many worlds, great Father, wield the material sword, or head the legion of brave, beating hearts; but surely, surely, this thirst for freedom shall not be unquenched; it shall be consecrated by the hands of angels, and the watchword given from the Great Spirit-ruler's throne!

My beautiful, heroic Theresa! on earth thou wast unflinchingly my friend and counselor. The organ peals of liberty sound joyously in thy ear, arising from the earth that returned thee to thy native Heaven! My soul-gifted child and thine, bright link between our spirits, says that yet the martial hymn enchants, the trumpet tones awakening the earth's mighty hearts to action, stirs thee with ecstatic sympathy. Heroic woman, and still heroic spirit! thy white hands hold the sacred banner; cherubs of love and purity nestle amid its snowy folds. Life, though I may not live on earth to see it, shall yet surpass the poet's dream; for tyranny, kings and despots swept from earth, the angels shall find as fair resting-places in human homes as ever gladdened their seeking footsteps in Eden's shades.

Rare, choice spirits are developing for the battle of the age. Angels are unfolding on the earth; the first glimmer of a new dawn has decked the sky; it is spreading broad and wide over this favored land; here the first returning angels will abide; the links between the heavens and the earth be renewed; the startling call go forth for the oppressed to strike for freedom's cause; here on this consecrated soil, where once the angel hosts lent aid, will the dawn of liberty break through the long night of gloom. Here, or in another sphere, I shall be with the wrestlers; I shall join the conflict. I shall hasten to thy rescue, beloved, down-trodden Fatherland!

In the dim, mystic ages past, my Rosalie would have been hailed the gifted priestess, the prophetess. Yet would her pure utterances have fallen on hearts not yet awakened to that higher life of which she is the participator. Now, men would deem her mad; I only listen charmed, almost spell-bound, to the wisdom fraught with eloquence sublime, that falls so musically from those rosy lips. In heaven she will sit beside the Virgin Mother, a risen saint; and many will throng to her to learn of life and duty. My dutiful, my blessed child! God and his holy angels shield her from every harm!"

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

AN INDIAN CITY.—A correspondent to the Bombay Standard, writing from Jyepore, says: "This is a most magnificent city—certainly the finest I have seen in Asia. Nothing in Constantinople, Damascus, Aleppo, or Cairo, can come near it. I had not the slightest idea there was such a place in India. Streets eighty feet wide, with palaces, temples, gilded domes, and porticos. All the fantastic glitter of Hindu architecture meets the eye at every turn. The view at the 'Chowki' is really imposing—indeed, I do not recollect having seen anything like it, even in Europe. Everything is in good repair. People seem to be rolling in wealth. Gardens and country palaces dot the surrounding country on all sides; the Rajas—a place called Amba—being of Alhambrian magnificence. Gaudy peacocks spread their golden feathers to the morning sun in every direction; in short, the scene is almost fairy-like."

THE WIDOW'S REPLY.

BY M. V. ST. LOUIS.

You was me in that soft, low tone,
It pains my heart to hear—
The years roll back—another one
Is echoing in my ear.

'Tis not like that which murmurs now—
More musical its trill;
A foreign language breathes each vow,
And richer accents thrill.

You check the question ere 'tis asked,
And yet 'tis but your due;
Your life to me has been unmasked—
So mine should be to you.

And when you hear this tale of pain,
This tale of long ago—
Then, if you will, again renew
This pleading, soft and low.

Four years have passed since first I knew
The lesson lovers can;
My teacher was as noble, true,
As e'er the sun shone on.

A scarce had childhood's boundaries passed,
Yet child I was no more;
He was my first love—his last—
Will be—till life is o'er.

See on this hand a ring—his ray,
Now dimmed by one sad tear—
It hailed me wife—and from that day
Each hour had found it here.

This plain gold earring, that I wear,
None other shall displace—
For the dear hand that clasped it there
Has left no other trace.

'Tis told—the foam has fled life's cup,
Wouldst still this heart were thine?
So wholly was it given up,
It is no longer mine.

Wounds inward, outward calmness hides;
Oh, ask me not to weep—
My duty with the living, 'bides,
My heart is with the dead.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE OBSESSED. A TRUE NARRATIVE.

BY A. B. CHILDS, M. D.

"Go to them in tones of love;
They'll come to thee, a nestling dove."

On Saturday morning, the fifth day of January, 1855, I received the following letter:

Clinton, N. Y., Jan. 3, 1855.

DR. CHILDS—Dear Sir:—But not surprised that a stranger addresses you, for I am compelled to do so from great necessity. I am the widow of Prof. Catlin, late Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy in Hamilton College, of this place. About two months since I was developed a medium. In a day or two after, two of my daughters and a niece were also developed. For a time, no one sat in the circle with us, except Mrs. Prof. Avery and two other female friends. At length, by the earnest request of a student, who is a loose young man, he was admitted to our circle, and since that time two of our circle are at times unmanageable, from the influence of dark spirits; and to prevent them from self-injury and destruction, we are obliged to keep a constant watch over them. The influence is upon them almost without cessation, and we have been kept up to watch over them for many nights. One of these children—my daughter, who is about fifteen years old—these spirits have gained such perfect control, that the spirit of my husband, who controls the manifestations through my mediumship, influences me to write this letter to Dr. Childs, of Boston, a person unknown to me. Through another medium, also, not controlled by dark spirits, he desires the same. He says:—"Write to Dr. Childs, of Boston, and beg of him to come immediately and rid you of these great afflictions. He is a stranger to you all, but he is not a stranger to the spirits who now write. He possesses the power, and will immediately come and cause these dark spirits to leave you. Should he not come, these two children will soon be past control, and the consequences will be disastrous."

It is a great favor to ask of you, a stranger; but the spirit of my husband assures me that you are enlisted with those who are laboring for the sufferings of humanity, and that you will come to the relief of these two children, and save them from ruin. I can offer you nothing in return but the thanks of a grateful heart. This whole affair, to us, is most extraordinary. We know little, scarcely nothing, of spiritualism. We cannot tell by what means this strange influence is in our family. Yours in the bond of spirit,
Mrs. P. H. CATLIN.

I read this letter with a deep interest. It made a powerful appeal to my sympathies. I had a desire to relieve these suffering children, if I had the power to do so, but knew not that I had this power—or if I had, in what way I could use it for their benefit. I was sure the letter was not a hoax, and that the request it contained was of a spiritual nature, as it purported to be. I felt that I must go immediately, and yet I had not the ready means to do so. The distance was three hundred miles, and the expenses of a journey there and back would not be less than thirty or forty dollars. Again I questioned my ability to afford the children any relief if I should go. I felt a strong internal desire to go—to go without a forethought of the means to be used, or the result of the effort.

While thus reflecting upon the subject, Mr. Geo. W. Keene, of Lynn, Mass., came suddenly into the office where I sat. I read the above letter to him, and he responded:

"You are going, are you not?"
I replied, "I only lack the means."
He said, "Go, and I will defray the expenses of the journey, and go with you."

This generous offer I gladly accepted, and we forthwith made arrangements and took the first train of cars that left Boston over the Western Road, at eight o'clock in the morning, and about midnight found ourselves in Utica. During the day and evening on our journey thence, we discussed upon the strangeness of the letter. We concluded that a smart business man, who was untouched and uninfluenced by spiritualism, would call our present mission a "wild-goose chase" of the wildest kind. We thought how easy it might have been for some wag of Hamilton College, who was opposed to spiritualism, to play off a hoax like this upon a deluded, crazy spiritualist, and make fools of us. These thoughts, however, were silenced by the voice that spoke from our inner, deeper convictions.

We knew from soul-impression that the letter was true; the mission was real, was for good. Yet neither of us had the most distant knowledge of the means to be used, or how, or in what manner we could benefit these children. We were truly passive and ignorant instruments, led by unseen guides, to be used we knew not how.

We took lodgings in Utica, N. Y., and at nearly hour the next day got on board a stage-coach, and about eleven o'clock the same morning found ourselves in Clinton, at our journey's end.

This was the first moment we had opportunity to learn whether the letter we had received was a reality or otherwise. We inquired of the landlord where we stopped, if the widow of the late Professor Catlin resided in that place. He answered in the affirmative. We began to have external proof of the truth of our interior convictions.

"We are not totally deceived," said Mr. Keene; "but let us see; we have yet to learn whether the letter was written by Mrs. Catlin, or by some one for the purpose of playing a trick upon 'poor spiritualists.'"

At our request the landlord pointed out to us the residence of Mrs. Catlin, and we lost no time in making our way to her dwelling. We did confess to each other, as we ascended the door-steps and pulled the bell, that we had fears that, after all, a trick had been played upon us. But we thought, what if it should turn out that our worst fears are realized? We know our purposes are sincere, our motives are for good, and no evil can come of good intentions.

The ring was answered by a very affectionate, intellectual appearing girl of sixteen.

"Does Mrs. Catlin live here?" we inquired.
"Yes, sir," she replied.
"Is she expecting Dr. Childs, of Boston?"
"Yes, sir; are you the gentleman?"

We replied in the affirmative. Her countenance expressed a joyful surprise, and hurriedly she said:

"Walk in, and I will call my mother."

Our hearts beat freer and fuller in confidence of spirit-impression. We were relieved of all uncertainty as to the reality of Mrs. Catlin's letter; our impressions were proved true; our business powers, as external business men, had made us doubt for nothing, and our worldly shrewdness had fallen in the background, to give place to the truer and the more beautiful, the soul's unspoken convictions.

A few moments brought Mrs. Catlin into our presence. She welcomed us with a heart overflowing with feeling; she was too full of emotion for utterance, and could not speak for some minutes. She gave us a most hearty welcome—was not surprised to see us. She had an impression as strong and certain that it made her say, with emphasis, "I knew that you would come!" She wept almost aloud. I thought in silence, what a noble soul she has; what a heart of sympathy, kindness, and love!

Our meeting was like the meeting of long absent and well-tried friends. Friendship for a lifetime could not have made a meeting more replete with gladness and heart-felt emotion. By practice and precept we have ever been taught to meet strangers as strangers, not as friends, to fear and distrust them, until we have tried and proved them. First, an introduction in form, then a gradual acquaintance, growing out of incidental meetings, repeated again and again, and finally amounting, by degrees, to friendship. But here is a new mode of meeting, not in keeping with the usages of society; no introduction by a third person who has a knowledge of both parties; no acquaintance, no association; but heart meets heart in real friendship;—brothers and sisters meet together in the family of God, as such—not as aliens and strangers to one another. What is the cause of this? We answer, spirit influence; it waxes the silly, unmeaning forms of introduction; the external customs and fashions of society it drops reputation and substitutes realities; it develops a love for one another, though we may be strangers, that needs no external means for its exercise. We met Mrs. Catlin as we meet a sister with whom we have been associated for life. We met as we would meet any human soul, in any condition of life, regardless of forms, ceremonies, or even conditions. We met her as an immortal soul, existing with, traveling to, and destined for, the same eternal home.

Mrs. Catlin's conversation immediately turned upon the afflicted children, who were the objects of our visit. She said that the manifestations through one of the little girls were most frightful, and her condition was truly pitiable. In her obsession, she was perfectly unconscious, and apparently perfectly under the control of some unseen intelligence, and that intelligence perfectly demoralized. Different spirits, of a most wicked character, purported to control her, and would cause her, if permitted, to commit the worst crimes, even murder.

We inquired what had been the character and habits of the obsessed girl before this influence came upon her, and were told that she was an innocent, harmless, good girl; was a member of the Sunday School; had been brought up strictly, and in keeping with the teachings of the Orthodox church, of which Mrs. Catlin was then a member in good standing. When obsessed, the spirit acting through her manifested great muscular strength, intelligence, shrewdness, deep and wicked designs. Knives had been secreted by the spirit, and there was reason to believe would have been used to take the life of the medium and others present, when a favorable opportunity offered, had there not been close watch kept, and timely interference made. Many and different manifestations of a nature equally evil were made through this poor, innocent child. The excitement in these fits of obsession was intense; the whole being of the child seemed filled with evil intent. When the spirit left, which was only occasional and at short intervals, the child was perfectly prostrated, weak and helpless, evidently in a sinking condition; pulse low, and respiration feeble; no appetite; listless and languid. It was not strange that a good and affectionate mother should feel a deep concern for her poor child, thus suffering, and that she should fear disastrous consequences. And it was not strange that guardian angels should make an effort through the mother's mediumship and that of others to remedy the affliction.

Under circumstances like these, Mrs. Catlin's hand was moved to write the letter with which this narrative commences. She affirmed that she never found of such a person as Dr. Childs, but that the letter was written or caused to be written entirely by spirit influence and intelligence; the truthfulness of which was confirmed by writing of the same purport through different mediums before it was sent.

The ruling spirit in this singular affair, claimed to be the good departed husband of Mrs. Catlin, both of whom were to me perfect strangers. I had never before the receipt of this letter heard of them.

There is no philosophy on earth this side of Spiritism that can account for this strange letter and the circumstances attending it. Mrs. Catlin did not know that such a person as Dr. Childs lived in Boston; and if she did she certainly did not know that he and the friend who would accompany him to her house in Clinton, three hundred miles distant from Boston, had the power to relieve her suffering children, for neither Dr. C. nor Mr. Keene knew of any such power, or thought they could use it. But there was an intelligence that ventured to boldly affirm that this power could be exercised through them.

All the actors in this scene were moved by some unseen, irresistible power, over which their own reason, judgment, will and intelligence seemed to have no control. How unbusiness-like; how unprofitable for the interest of self; what unheard of folly it was, in a worldly sense, for Mr. Keene and myself to go to Clinton, thinking power would be given us to cast out devils; and go, too, resting on the truthfulness of a spiritual communication, written through a stranger. As "men of business," we should say that there were nine chances out of ten for the letter to be a hoax.

"Your presence here in Clinton," said Mrs. Catlin, "is evidence that the predictions in the letter are in part true, and I feel an abiding and certain confidence that your presence will verify the truth of all predicted there. You have come, as spirit in the letter said you would come, and with you she also said would come the power which would relieve these suffering children. 'This, too, I believe is true.'"

How were these afflicted children to be relieved? Were words or deeds to do the work? Our hearts were willing; our hands were ready, but the means to us were in darkness. Mrs. Catlin's household appeared exceedingly agreeable, well educated, intelligent and interesting. She had a son at college, a fine young man of about eighteen, and four beautiful daughters, the eldest, about sixteen, and a sister-in-law and niece. Everything around indicated harmony and happiness. Mrs. Catlin is a woman of deep and acute feeling, full of love and kindness, manifesting an earnest desire to do right in everything she does.

About 12 o'clock at noon on the day of our arrival, the daughter, in her fifteenth year, the one who had been most severely afflicted by obsession, was suddenly thrown into an unconscious trance, and was fully and perfectly under the control of a spirit, who manifested great opposition to everything we call good, and love for everything we call evil. The manifestations of a spirit through a medium, we thought, could not be worse than were the manifestations through this child. From her innocent lips came curses and oaths, which were emphatic and profane; her mouth frothed, and at times the spirit hissed like a serpent; her soft eyes, mild in expression, became like balls of fire; her features were contorted; her muscles were tense and powerfully exercised. A student, man grown, opened the door and came into the room, and this little girl seized him by the hair, pulled him in, spirit of his own efforts, prostrate upon the floor. She seized the poker and the grate wrench and made efforts to hurt them at the heads of the company, and seemed bent on the injury and even destruction of every one present. We made some effort to converse with this spirit, and while we did so, to drown our words, the spirit would sing, scream and howl; he even raised the window and screamed "fire, fire," to call the neighbors in and make a greater scene of confusion and discord, for which he manifested great delight. After many unsuccessful attempts, we finally succeeded in getting into a sober, friendly conversation with this spirit. I told him that I was no better than he was; that my words were not fictitious, but real and meaning; that no spirit, however dark and wicked he was called, was either below or above me, in the family of God; that "distinctions which gave love and kindness to good and withheld them from bad men were fictions, while a universal brotherhood, of equal rights and common equality, was a reality. If I thought myself better than he was, it was a vain conception of self-righteousness; and if he thought himself better than I was, it was vanity also. These remarks arrested the spirit's attention; he looked upon me with intense surprise, and became passive and submissive.

He said, "Talk to me more," and I continued in the same strain for sometime, interspersing the remarks with friendly and companionable conversation, and with various quotations and passages, of which the following are a few selections:

"We are of one great family; offspring of one eternal Parent; we have met, and hand in hand we must go on the journey of life. Some gather roses, while others bear the thorny crown. Let each have one rose. Shall I seek to crown my neighbor with thorns and decaying branches, and pluck for myself Spring's first offerings? No; we worship our Father in human hearts; we feel our Father's beating heart in the kind embrace of hearts bleeding from the wounds of affliction, plucked by sin and suffering."

"No sign of earth goes on without ruffling the breeze of the atmosphere of true love."

"All are God's children; even from where his image shines, to the lowest spark of human existence, where his bright image seems clouded over with the darkness of sin that covers it."

"All works are the works of God; the loud unfolding, the dried leaves of Autumn, the bright tinted cloud of evening, and the stormy wind that drives on barren rocks and makes a saddening wreck of a once freighted bark proudly sailing over the water."

"All sorrows and angels, all spirits and mortals, together, make up one great eternal family, the family of God. Each individual soul has the same Father, has the same brothers and sisters that every other soul has. Shall one claim distinction above another? Shall one be pompous, arrogant, self-righteous, and think himself better than another? No; let him sooner bow to a blade of grass and learn to love God in his works."

"It is the mission and the influence of angels to fill all space with love, to sweeten discord, to water dried leaves, to breathe on withered branches the dew of affection, and make the barren wilderness a cultivated garden; this is the mission of angel love to humanity."

Love strikes the harp of melody and outsways away the thorns of ignorance. Deep down in every soul of earth lies the sleeping germ of love, to be quickened, expanded and unfolded by angel hands, watered with their dew of affections and their tears of sympathy.

"The power of Deity is alike in the dew-drop and in the tear, in the humble and in the mighty, in the repulsive and in the congenial, and the spark of Deity in all things will burn with brighter glow as it grows nearer and nearer to him. In rayless development there dwells the sacred spark, the emanation of the God principle."

"Can one stand alone and from an eminence of light and love say, 'I am above, and thou, my brother, art beneath me? No; one pulse throbs in you, in me, in all humanity. We cannot yet see the undivided chain that connects and binds humanity.'"

"God is not to be found upon a throne; we find him in the heart that pulsates with love, in a brother's kind words, in a sister's gentleness, in a mother's kindness, and in a father's blessing. God fills all space; he is in all matter, animate and inanimate. Our spirits shall flow out and go up to a perception of God through the avenues of love, affection, kindness and charity."

After repeating these selections and others of a like nature, the spirit said: "You are my friend." I answered, "So far as I have a capacity to be a friend, I am your friend; you are kindred to me; I am your fellow-sufferer; I am as heavily laden as you are, in what the world calls sin and wrong; my wrong deeds may not be made manifest exactly in the direction that yours are; but that they are as weighty as yours, I cannot doubt. I am your companion and friend in darkness. I am your brother in earth-life and in spirit-life; in time and in eternity; progression is yours, progression is mine; hand in hand we go together, and humanity goes with us, forever. Life has conflicts and darkness; life has discord and contention; we must pass them. The soul over years and longs for peace, light, concord, love and kindness. The bitter cup does not pass from us; Christ drank it to the dregs, and we must drink it, obedient to our Father's will; and the longings and yearnings of the soul shall be satisfied somewhere, at some time."

Every manifestation of wrong is an elimination from the soul, acting in the laws of nature, which leaves the soul better and purer. God is good; all his laws are good; all his creatures are good; everything that he has made and governs is good. Can I ask you to be better than you are? Not without merit of my own, and merit to me is a stranger. Am I better than you are? God forbid that my vain imaginings should lead me to think so. The self-justified righteous might call your spirit wicked; but only through the cords of love and affection there, and the response is love and affection sent forth, deeper and stronger, perhaps, than could be elsewhere found. The chastening hand of affliction has been upon you, and by it your soul has been made freer; it has been nourished and expanded in darkness, to bloom fresher in the morning of spirit-light."

"You are not a minister, are you?" said the spirit.
No, I answered; if a slumber there be on earth, or in the spirit-world, I am one.

"Well, I believe you are my friend," said the spirit.
I answered, "But not influenced by my words, for words are deceitful, but feel the pulsations of my spirit, and know whether it beats in sympathy, in love, in harmony with your own; know whether I am your brother or not, without my saying so."

"You are my brother," said the spirit, "and I am yours. Ask of me what you will; if I have power to give, it shall be given."

I answered, "I have but one request to make of you and your companions, who are also my companions, which I shall ask in perfect faith, knowing that it will be granted. Mrs. Catlin is your sister, is my sister; she has a heart full of affection; her garments are a little tinged with the superficial righteousness that comes from church education, and this tends to call forth opposition in a spirit like yours or mine; but let us remember that we may have similar or worse tinges; this we will set aside as belonging to the material form, not the property of the spiritual. The material form of her husband has left her; his hands have long since ceased to provide for her and her little children, that we see cluster around her and cling to her in innocent love. Her life is full of toil and care; she desires, she tries, to do well and to do right. Now let us aid her; let us be kind to her; let us be her friends and her brothers. This is my request."

The spirit replied, "As you are my friend, and the friends of my companions, so am I and my companions hereafter to the enemies but the friends of this medium, and the household of which she is a member."

Our friendship was cordially reciprocated by the friendly shaking of hands through the delicate, veiled hand of the little medium. We said farewell to each other externally, with a mutual agreement that our spirits should not separate.

The spirit left, and the medium fell prostrate upon the sofa, almost lifeless. Her good mother administered to every want, and restored her in a few hours to her natural consciousness; yet the effect of the powerful action upon her system during the obsession, caused her to still continue in a very weak state.

We told the child that we felt convinced the spirit and his companions, who had caused her so much affliction, would no more cause her life to be miserable; but that they would hereafter be her friends, and influence her to deeds of love and kindness; that their capacity for influence in goodness was commensurate with the capacity that had been manifested for evil; that her future would be joyous and happy; that her pathway had been strewn with thorns, and now by the same hands it would be strewn with fragrant flowers.

Joy beamed from her innocent face as she looked confidingly up to her mother, and said: "Mother, want they come any more?"

The mother answered: "No, my child; let us trust in our Father in Heaven, and he will take care of us; he watches over the widow and the fatherless; dark spirits will not trouble you again."

Mr. Keene read well-timed selections from the Bible, and made a prayer; it was a prayer of deep and true inspiration; full of pathos, love and beauty. He addressed the mother with the little children all clinging around her, every one in tears—years, it seemed to me, of love and joy; he spoke with sympathy, with feeling, and with power; his voice was like that of an angel, and I believe it was the utterance of angels through his lips. His words of inspiration were caught and loved, too, by unseen auditors; his sympathy and compassion for suffering reached out without limits. A spirit could stand unshaken before his appeals. A kinder and nobler heart on earth I know not than that which beats in the bosom of George W. Keene. He feels that all men are his brothers, and all women his sisters; he has no condemnation for any one; no reproach to offer; no fault to find; heaven, and the help of holy angels, he aspires for with bounding impulses; he is alive to goodness, and dead to sin; he aspires to be happy in advance of no one; his aspirations for heaven are not limited to his own soul and a limited number of select companions, but they reach out and take in the whole caravan of human life. No creed binds him; no dogmas hold him; no selfishness confines him.

A poor unfortunate, unprogressed spirit, whose intents and purposes were for a time evil, would recognize in him a friend, a brother, a companion, a saviour; would feel the power of compassion, sympathy, kindness, fellowship and love. And where is the human heart however lost in the darkness of all sin, that will not be moved and respond in love to love made manifest, and become submissive and obedient?

It is the nature and the degree of development of the spirit of man, that acts upon and controls spirits in the spirit world, for good or evil manifestations, though modulated, words are nothing in spirit-life; they belong to the material world; they are deceptive and unmeaning; the real properties and developments of the spirit in spirit-life alone are of permanent avail. Tell a dark spirit, in words, you love him when you hate him, and it will avail nothing for good; he will show you the demon. We have been taught to love dark spirits only in words; we have been taught to repel them, resist them, to hate them in action. It is this feeling that calls forth obsessions and disastrous influences. The nearer we are allied to the self-righteousness of the "church," the greater is the liability of obsessions.

Vainly does humanity conceive of the power of his who can clearly see that all evil is for good; who is in fellowship in love, in rapport, with the worst sinner, without one feeling of condemnation, and without the consciousness that he is himself better than the worst. He has all the hosts of heaven and hell on his side; he is on the side of God. The open sinner, as nearly allied to God and heaven, as is the saint, have I a right to feel, or to say, that I am better than the worst? Has any one? God forbid the affirmation. If hell is on my side, because I love its unprogressed millions, heaven surely is; hell wars with hell and every creature in it, and with heaven, too. Every soul in hell is in inharmonious with every other soul in hell. By hell, I mean inharmonious, a low development of spirit; that condition of the soul out of which it comes forth to a better life. Hell is the ground in which the germ of the soul is planted and takes root; it germinates in darkness, then comes up to the light, to the air, and to freedom; it receives the genial sunlight of heaven, its refreshing rains and dews; it grows, expands, buds and blooms in beauty. We are all in hell, or in inharmonious, now—just coming up to light. Heaven is peace; a soul in heaven is in harmony with all creation; is in fellowship with all humanity; and hell is not excepted. No wrong is reflected from or upon the vision of one who dwells in heaven; no blame is felt, no fault, no condemnation exists anywhere. Heaven is a condition of the soul, and a locality, too; it may be in, upon, around or above the earth? Heaven is a condition of the soul to which all humanity is rapidly advancing; no one, perhaps, is going faster than another; afflictions lead us there; sin makes affliction. The inherent properties of the soul, fed by the influx of divine love, moves it onward. We are all going; all governed by the same immutable laws of nature that never speak in words, as man deceitfully speaks; but in silent utterance, and without exception, make manifest the will and purposes of God.

I have no hesitation in believing that many persons who may read this strange treatment for obsession, particularly those who think they have virtues more than some others will think that the broad liberality shown to this dark spirit, and the total absence of all rebuke and condemnation for his evil actions, was wrong. We do as it may—the object was gained; omnia cessant—obedience and submission on the part of the spirit was the happy result. Peace, harmony, happiness and joy pervaded the place but just before replete with discord, inharmonious, sorrow, fear, suffering and agony. The spirit was not a vanquished enemy, but a friend, tried in the fires of affliction; won by the attractiveness of love; which we should sometime learn is to bind human hearts together.

In accordance with past teachings, in a case of obsession like this, we should have bid the spirit "begone, in the name of God." This had been done before our coming in this case; but the spirit was too well acquainted with the threats of humanity, to heed such words from the self-esteeming virtuous as having any power, either for his good or for the good of others. Jesus might have used such words with success, but not with the same intent as we use them; his nature was a great well of love, and the spirit could feel its influence even before the command was given, and knew they were not words of arrogance and self-righteousness.

After a rest of one or two hours, we assembled in the evening for spiritual manifestations. A large number of persons were added to our evening circle, some of whom had been attracted thither from a distance of twenty miles, to see the result of this strange affair. The manifestations of spirit-power on that evening were the most interesting and soul-stirring that I ever witnessed; trance-speaking, writing and visions, were produced in profusion. Never before did I interiorly witness such a strange commotion of spirit-influences as filled the atmosphere of the room. Spirit-friends and enemies seemed to approach each other in recognition of friendship. From these dark spirits gleams of pure light burst forth through the apparent darkness, in response to pulsations of kindness for them, from the hearts of those who had before felt antagonism and enmity. Conflicts ceased, darkness vanished, and a blazony of spirit-light made for the time a scene luminous with the light of friendship and love, that gladdened every spirit's heart present. Visions of darkness receded, and were only seen to exist down retrograde steps, fading away in the past. The present was full of joy, peace and happiness; the future was all radiant with holy hope.

"Bright stars were shining,
Fragrant wreaths were twining,
While floating in a cloud of light,
A holy band of angels bright,
Came chanting with seraphic lays,
A melody of heavenly praise."

The present moment was as replete with joy as the immediate past had been replete with sadness. Angel hands had wiped the tear from sorrow's eye, and hushed the sigh of misery. What made that little band of mortals so happy and joyous? Was it not the refreshing love of angels; the drops of eternal wisdom that they bring to mortals? Go back a little. Who sent the letter that begins this narrative to Boston? If I answer truthfully I must say, spirits. Who caused Mr. Keene and myself to meet these suffering mortals? I answer, spirits. We were as much the immediate agents of spirits, as perfectly under their influence, as the clay is under the influence of the potter's hand.

The obsession was wholly spirit influence, in which may be read a lesson of wisdom for all, could we read understandingly. The means used to change the intents of the spirits from evil to good, were purely spiritual, and known only to spirits, until the results of these means were made manifest. The whole affair was a manifestation of spirit-power from beginning to end, most admirably planned and beautifully executed.

All the spiritual manifestations on that evening, and the day and evening following, were agreeable, interesting, and harmonious. On the day following, Wednesday, Jan. 6, Mrs. Catlin's house was filled with kind and loving friends, who were not much afraid of devils or obsessions, but who felt a deep interest for herself and family, and a true love for the coming of spirits and angels. Never before did I feel such a power of love made manifest in a company of human souls. Every one was pervaded by an influence, the power of which seemed above the mightiest powers of earth.

We left this most agreeable company with feelings of grief, reluctance, on Wednesday evening, about eleven o'clock, and took the night train for Albany, homeward.

When comfortably seated in the cars at Utica, which we took at one o'clock in the morning, after three hours cold ride in an open stage, we began to reflect upon and talk about the strangeness of the mission we had been on.

A few days after our return home, we received from Mrs. Catlin a letter, from which I make the following extract:—

Clinton, N. Y., Jan. 13, 1855.

MR. KEENE AND DR. CHILDS—My dear spiritual guides, by what endearing name shall I address you? What language can express the gushing of a soul filled to overflowing with gratitude and thanksgiving? You shall have your reward. For your self-denial, kindness and love, I thank you. Fear not, for a cup of water given in the love and in the spirit of Christ, to thirsty ones, shall receive a rich return.

Since you, our precious Carle, the daughter obsessed, is all love, force, who is our bright and morning star. Her little ones, once influenced by spirits, their little hands shake but for good, no more for evil; love reigns in our dwelling place.

Yours in faith and love,
Mrs. P. H. CATLIN.

Mrs. Catlin also wrote, that a young man, a student in Hamilton College, was developed as a writing medium, and after his development was obsessed in a manner similar to her daughter; and that no one there had the power to control the dark spirit, and relieve the young man of the affliction, but Carle; the most unmanageable spirit would yield in obedience to her wishes. Mrs. Catlin says that this daughter, who had been relieved of obsession, was now, in her manifestations, so gentle, so loving and affectionate, that no spirit from heaven, or from the world of darkness, could see her example, without loving her and obeying her wishes.

It will be remembered that the spirits who had influenced her for evil, made a voluntary, solemn pledge, to use their influence upon her for good, and a promise made in good faith by such spirits, I have confidence in, and can rely upon its fulfillment. And it is reasonable to believe that these spirits, whom we had called dark spirits, will have a powerful influence over other spirits of a kindred development, for good. Where, we may ask, shall the influence of the progress of one soul end? Nowhere; nor shall eternally witness the end of its upward flight. "No wave of the ocean rolls on alone; millions move on from the first commotion, dashing the shores of time."

Leave your grievances, as Napoleon did his letters, unopened for three weeks, and it is astonishing how few of them, by that time, will require answering.

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels fire words long,
That on the stretched fore-finger of all Time,
Sparkle forever."

When Mary chose the "better part,"
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet!
And Lydia's gently-voiced heart,
Was made for God's own temple meet;
Faintest and best adorned is she,
Whose clothing is humility.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bows;
The weight of glory bows him down,
Then most, when most the soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must bow,
The footstool of humility.—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

In trifles, infinitely clearer than in great deeds, actual character is displayed.

Oh, say not that Jehovah
Bade us labor as a doom!
No, it is his richest mercy,
And will scatter half life's gloom!
Then let us still be doing
What'er we find to do—
With an earnest, willing spirit,
And a strong hand free and true.

Troubles are like babies—they grow bigger by nursing.
Don't meet troubles half way, for they are not worth the complaint.

There is no lot, however sad,
There is no roof, however low,
But has some joy to make it glad,
Some latent bliss to soothe its woe—
The light of hope will linger near,
When wildest winds the heart's emotion,
A tallman when breakers roar,
A star upon the troubled ocean.

The sentiment of sympathy is one of the noblest attributes of the human mind; to its exercise God has affixed an exquisite sense of enjoyment; it operates in a thousand ways to elevate and embellish the character.

A dreamer dropped a random thought;
'T was odd, and then 't was now—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And, lo! its light became
A lamp of light—a beacon ray—
A solitary flame—
The thought was small, its issue great—
A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheered the valley still.

A clear conscience is sometimes sold for money, but never bought with

Experienced agriculturists will tell you that the sap of

tree, after it has passed up from the roots into the trunk and branches, cannot return to the roots again. Now through all the avenues of circulation within the tree, there are many branches like those which exist in the human form, and which the sap has once passed up, it cannot go back; but so much of it as is not required for the growth of the tree, must escape in some other direction—through the leaves and bark, for instance. The bark is composed of fibres, through which the sap may have circulated, but which has gradually become hardened by contact with the atmosphere, and serves to protect other fibres through which the sap is able to pass. If you girdle a tree between the branches and the roots, too low for any new shoots to come out upon it, it will die, and there will be no life left in it, except it be in the roots, from which sprouts may afterwards spring. The tree dies because the membranous action is cut off. In consequence of the valves being thrown open, so as to admit the atmosphere into them, the circulation of the sap is destroyed.

This principle applies to the human form, even more forcibly than to the tree. We have said that to the membranous system are to be attributed all the vitality which belongs to the human mechanism. To the action of the membranes alone do we attribute the circulation of the blood through the arteries and veins. We do not think it is caused by the motion given it by the heart. We do not think it has so much force as to be able to send two ounces of blood coursing through the body at each beat. That the heart is not the cause of the circulation of the blood, is proved by the fact that all the pulsations of the system are simultaneous. This could not be the case if they were all caused by the beating of the heart, for time would be required for the blood to pass from the heart to the extremities of the body. Now there must be a simultaneous action throughout the entire system, which causes the pulsation at any given point to be simultaneous with the pulsation at any other given point, and that action must be caused by the membranes. The power which causes the circulation of the blood exists throughout the system. Each part is perfect in itself in this respect. Yet all the parts are dependent upon the centre of life, for their existence; for a man can live if his hand is cut off, but the hand cannot. So soon as the membranes of the hand are disconnected from the membranes of the arm, or so soon as the hand is disconnected from the centre of life, its life must cease, as the top of the tree must, so soon as its membranes are disconnected from the membranes below, or so soon as it is disconnected from the centre of life of the tree, the roots.

Respiration is also the result of membranous action, and depends simply upon the creation of a vacuum in the lungs. As you all know, it is a natural tendency of the atmosphere to fill up any vacuum that is formed. When the air is excluded from the lungs a vacuum is necessarily produced there, and the atmosphere rushes in through the nostrils, mouth and windpipe, and seeks to fill it up.

While replying to interrogatories at the close of our discourse of last week, we were requested, by the gentleman who desired us to speak upon this subject this evening, to give our ideas with regard to the process of digestion, that being, as he conceived, the most important of the functions of the human body. We did not then feel like detaining the audience or the medium so long as we should have been obliged to, to discuss this branch of our subject fully. We will now remark upon it. As we have twice said, sweet is the lubricating and concentrating substance of the physical system. Acids are the dissolving substances in nature. Now there are membranes for the secretion of acids, as well as mucous membranes. Those which secrete acids line, to a great degree, the interior of the stomach. The acids which they secrete, serve to dissolve the substances which are taken into the stomach, and are useful for this purpose. There are bilis, and acids, and juices secreted there which are absolutely essential to the digestion of food. That which is secreted in the largest quantities by those membranes, and which is most used by the digestive organs, is known by medical men as "gastric juice." Without this no food can be digested. If any other acids exist in the stomach in too large quantities, or if they are diluted, or if they are made too cold, especially by cold water, the secretion of this acid is prevented, and digestion is interrupted. Before digestion can take place, those portions of the food which are required to make blood, those portions which are required to make muscle, and those portions which are to be carried off, must be separated from each other; but before they can be thus separated, the food must be dissolved by the gastric juice.

What is called indigestion is usually caused by indigestion. When men die suddenly, the physicians frequently say it is because their hearts cease to beat, whereas their death is caused by their taking too much food, or too much fluid into their stomach, so that the pressure against the breast is too great, and consequently the heart must cease to pulsate, and the life of the body must cease to exist. Everything which affects the stomach or digestion, affects every portion of the system. The circulation of the blood, respiration, the nervous system, and the mind, are all influenced by the condition of the stomach. The stomach may be said to be the seat of life, instead of the heart or the lungs. Health and life depend upon what is taken into the stomach, and thence distributed throughout the system. All physical power depends in a great degree upon what men eat and drink. The stomach may be said to be the laboratory of the human system, in which all the chemicals that enter into its composition are prepared, and from which they are sent forth, in various directions, upon their proper missions. It is strange how little men understand the capacity of their stomachs. Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred who are diseased, may trace their difficulties to disorders of the stomach. The physicians say they have the heart disease; that their hearts are enlarged; that a portion of the functions of the heart are interrupted; that their spines are curved; that their lungs are undergoing rapid decomposition; that their brains are too active, or something else which is far removed from the real difficulty. Ninety-nine human beings out of a hundred do not know how to treat their stomachs properly. They get them and play with them, and tamper with them, as a fond parent does with a spoiled child. They feed them with sweetmeats, and overload them with all kinds of admixtures. The consequence is that the membranes of the stomach become weakened, and frequently the injurious substances upon so prey upon the vital portions, as to cause ulcerations upon them. Diseases caused in this way are frequently called heart diseases, and lung diseases, when the lungs and the heart are as sound as ever. Many men destroy their physical constitutions, and themselves, by tampering with their appetites. By being abused, their appetites become depraved, and capricious, and desire things which are unfavorable to bodily health. Everything that enters the system which it does not require for its sustenance, eats its life away—remember this. If any of you are complaining of the palpitation of the heart, just look to your stomachs, and see if you are not troubled with it most after you have eaten and drank too much of anything and everything; for instance, after you have drunk too much coffee, and eaten too many sweetmeats. It is not so much what men eat, as it is the quantity of the food they take into the stomach, that destroys their health. Though a certain amount of bulk of food is required in the stomach, yet it will not bear everything. When it is so overloaded with food that it cannot digest it all, then look out for palpitations. Nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand of throat diseases, such as bronchitis, have their origin, not in any difficulty of the lungs, but simply in a disordered state of the stomach, which prevents the proper lubrication of the membranes of the throat. If the stomach is in a healthy condition, exposure to winds, or storms will not cause bronchitis; but when the stomach is out of order, anything may be looked for in the way of disease.

We have thus given, as briefly as possible, our ideas concerning the process of digestion. We now propose to speak of that department of human physiology known as pulsation, or the circulation of the blood. The blood is composed of two substances physiologically termed "chyme" and "chyle," which are contained in the food that is eaten, which are separated by the process of digestion, and which are again united to form blood. This blood, after having been purified by the heart and lungs, passes through the veins and arteries into all parts of the system. It is said to bear with it the elements of life; but in our opinion it does not. The blood is simply that portion of the material that enters the stomach which is absorbed by the membranous system, in order that this mechanism may not be destroyed. That it bears with it the elements of life we do not clearly see. We think the circulation of the blood is simultaneous in every part of the body. We think the essential property of pulsation is to be present in every part; and for it to be present in every part, there must be life in every part; and in order that there may be life, there must be circulation. The membranous system is so intimately connected with the blood, that one cannot act without the other acts. The blood carries heat. In doing this it performs an important function; for, usually, where there is no heat, there is no circulation. By carrying heat, the blood assists materially in keeping up the stimulating process of the body.

Respiration, or the introduction of air—that is, the vital properties which the atmosphere contains—is probably the greatest cause of human life. It is not the mechanical action that accompanies respiration which is important, for this may be produced anywhere; but respiration is important on account of the life-giving properties which it introduces into the lungs, which are thence carried throughout the system, which are absorbed by the membranes, and which exhilarate and give life to the whole. The atmosphere is filled with living aërial matter, which may or may not be analyzed, but which, every time you breathe, you take into your lungs, from which they are carried, by the action of the membranes, to every part of the body.

The pure fresh air of the valleys and hills and mountains of the country, that is laden with life-giving perfume of the forest trees, which are themselves filled with life, is of far more value for sustaining human life, than the indigestible substances which are taken into the stomach three or four, and perhaps five or six times a day. In cities, the atmosphere carries death in its very presence. It is filled with decay, not with life; it is filled with decomposing substances, not living substances; it is filled with acids which rise insidiously, and it poisons all such portions of the system as it comes in contact with. Through it, pestilences and miasmas are introduced into communities. To it can be traced such dreaded diseases as the cholera and the small-pox. It acts readily upon such of the membranes as it can come in contact with; but it gains access to the system most effectually through respiration. By coming in contact with the membranes, it interrupts their healthy action, and so deteriorates the whole physical system. The blood does not at once become diseased, after the breathing of infected air, but the membranes, the active elements of life, are impaired, and in proportion as their life is destroyed, the whole body suffers. It is for this reason that prussic acid, when it comes in contact with any part of the system, causes instantaneous death, and not because, as is generally supposed, it at once diffuses itself throughout the whole system. It could not travel over the system in so short a time as it intervenes after it comes in contact with the body, before death ensues. The membranous action being simultaneous in all parts of the body, when it is interrupted in one part, it is at the same time interrupted in every part.

In consequence of the intimate connection of the lungs with the blood, the membranes and all the vital portions of the system, whatever is introduced into the lungs by respiration, at once affects the whole system. By the inhalation of cold air, the whole body may become suddenly chilled. When cold air comes in contact with the hands and face, the hands and face are alone affected thereby; but when it comes in contact with the lungs, the vital seat of life, the result is such as we have described. And if the cold reaches the lungs through external exposure, there is danger of serious consequences. For this reason, ladies should be very careful, in inclement seasons, to have the lungs well protected. Other portions of the body should also be well protected—particularly the feet—but the greatest danger is to be apprehended from the exposure of the chest, since if the seat of life once becomes impaired, it can never be fully restored.

The perfume of flowers conveys to the senses certain distinct, positive ideas of matter. You cannot see, nor feel, neither can the chemist analyze, anything so diffused as perfume, yet they are introduced palpably through the nostrils, into the lungs, by which they are absorbed. The lungs of some persons are so sensitive that the perfume of a rose, or any fragrant flower, will cause them to faint. This is not because respiration is interrupted, but because the action of the perfume upon the membranes of the lungs of such persons is too violent and sudden, and positive. Now, if the lungs of some persons are so delicate, imagine what must be the effect upon any person of constantly breathing field atmosphere. Think of what must be the effect of breathing noxious vapors, when they are brought in immediate contact with the very seat of life. The result is that the membranes, through which life is sustained, become inactive; and therefore there can no longer be healthy life in the system.

We have now expressed our ideas on the important subject of respiration. We think there is nothing which has so important a bearing upon the healthfulness of the body as the action of the membranous system in connection with respiration. And although the mucous membranes act in connection with respiration, and perform an important office in such connection, yet respiration itself is the cause, or the effect of the cause, of the great principles of the life of man. When a man dies his breath stops last. Although the beating of the heart and the breath may seem to cease simultaneously, and although there may be a slight pulsation even after perceptible respiration has ceased, still respiration is the most vital, and continues longest. The slightest pulsation of the heart, or movement of the blood, can be detected; but respiration takes place so gradually, and the membranes which act upon the respiratory organs are so delicate, that life may be long sustained after the blood has ceased to circulate. This is why so many persons who seem to be dead are not so.

The physiological condition of no two persons is the same. What one man can eat or drink with impunity is poison to another man. And yet, civilization has had such an amalgamated effect upon the human race, that what one does the rest feel that they must do, in order to be in fashion; and this feeling is carried to such an extent, that what one eats and drinks the others eat and drink, without regard to the varying requirements of their physical systems. This accounts for the great amount of disease which exists among civilized nations. You never see a man who is always well, because you never see a man who always obeys the physiological laws of his being; because you never see a man who only eats when he is hungry, and who controls his appetite according to the requirements of his own physical nature; because you never see a man who sleeps for the sake of refreshment, instead of because his exhausted condition requires him to; because you never see a man who has any positive idea that his physical form is anything but a machine, and that it requires any other nourishment than that which he, in his caprice, may take a notion to give it. It never occurs to men that the laws of nature apply to their material structures as well as to any other department of creation. It never occurs to them, that as the sunlight appears regularly every morning, and disappears regularly every evening, so there are certain conditions of activity by which the human system requires to be regulated. It never occurs to them that the stomach requires time to rest after it has been exercised, and its powers are exhausted. It never occurs to them that after it has been engaged in the digestion of food, nothing should be introduced into it until it has renewed its strength. Persons sometimes take stimulants into the stomach by way of assisting digestion, which perhaps interrupt the very process of digestion which is already going on.

One man asks another to take a lunch, who, by way of variety, accedes to the proposition. Soon after he goes home to dinner; then, in the afternoon, he takes another lunch. Perhaps he takes another dinner after that; and then, later still—say at ten, twelve, or one o'clock, he sits down to a sumptuous supper. Now all this time the stomach must be actively at work, or else what has been taken into it must pass off undigested, and so obstruct the avenues of life, and disturb the circulation of the blood, respiration, and the action of the mucous membranes, the consequence being the destruction of health. He wakes in the morning, and wonders why he is so tired. The reason is that the body has had no time to rest. The digestive organs have been obliged to be so active, that the whole system has been more severely exercised than it would have been if he had remained awake. The effect, of course, is to produce a feeling of depression. Many people are melancholy after having indulged in late suppers. Their prospects look dim in the morning. While the sun shines brightly on all the glad world, fresh with dew-drops, and sparkling under the brilliancy of the morning light, the fashionable civilized man opens his eyes, and wonders why he has such a tremendous headache. He yawns lazily, gets up, and takes a cup of coffee to assist digestion, thinking, meanwhile, that there is no joy in the world for him. This is such a sad, dismal world, and his prospects seem so dark, that he wants to die—and no wonder; for each successive night, and each successive day, his stomach has more than it can do; and all the membranes, aqueducts, secretory organs, and vital organs, of his system, are in such an inflamed condition, that his mind must sympathize with them in their deranged state, and become depressed in consequence thereof. To have a clear mind you must have a moderately empty stomach. To think happily as well as clearly, on any subject, you must be refreshed in sleep.

Look at the flowers. See how, when twilight comes on, they fold up their petals, drink in the evening dew, and go to sleep. They are not inactive, but all through the night the sunshine that has been absorbed during the day, is diffused, by the process of floral digestion, through all their membranes, and all the avenues of their life, while the pencil of nature touches the edges of the leaves, and the dews assist in the process of coloring. And thus the life of the flowers goes on. During the night-time they are appropriating, to their benefit, what they have received during the day, and in the morning, when the sunlight streams upon them, they

are just as eager to open their eyes, and put forth their petals for more life, radiance, and beauty, as the night before they were to fold up their petals, and close their eyes in sleep. In rest, so it should be with you. The food which you eat should be of such a nature and quantity, that the stomach will have no difficulty in digesting it during the night, and that you will be left in a strengthened and refreshed condition, so that when the morning dawns upon you, you will be prepared, with an empty stomach, a light heart, and a clear brain, to enter upon the duties and cares of another day. Each morning the stomach should be ready for new food, the heart should be ready for more impulses, and the brain should be clear for carrying out more fully digested plans, as the result of proper physiological conditions. But instead of this, just the opposite is the case.

Now how is this error to be remedied? There is no science of health which will apply to every man; there is no system of medicine which is adapted to all classes of persons; there is no preventive of disease which can be safely followed at all times, and under all circumstances. Every person should understand his own condition. Each should know what are his hereditary tendencies, what portions of his system are most active, in what manner the healthful properties of his body are diffused, what kind of food he requires, how that food is to be taken, at what times it can be taken with the most benefit, what portions of his physical form most need to be exercised, at what hours he requires rest, etc. Every person should have a standard of his own. In regard to these things, one man can sit up till twelve, one, two, or three o'clock. It may do for him; but another man may be so constituted that he can never endure sitting up late, so that if he practices it he will live but a short time; and when he dies, it will be said that he has been taken away by an act of Providence.

When a miasm breaks out in a city, and all men are stricken with terror, why is it that so many die? More die through fear than from the prevailing disease; but those who die from the disease, do so because their systems are in a state in which they are unprepared for that disease; so that there is nothing to prevent the impure gases in the atmosphere from acting upon the membranes of their systems; and hence they are attacked by the pestilence almost simultaneously; whereas, if their systems were in a healthy condition, they would successfully resist the action of those portions of the atmosphere which are injurious to them. We frequently see persons with systems in such a healthy condition, that they can walk with impunity in the midst of the most deadly diseases, which are supposed to be contagious. Their systems are in such a state that they are prepared to throw off any matter that is introduced into them which is injurious to them.

Therefore be always fortified against disease. Preventive is the only true medicine. Cure usually comes too late. To know how to cure those who are diseased, is far less important than to know how to prevent disease in future generations; for there is no such thing as effecting an absolute cure where disease has really set in. Remedies may be administered, and the system may be patched up, still it cannot be made new; but a system that is new can be prevented from growing prematurely old. All the evils which past generations have experienced through physiological ignorance, may be avoided by future generations by the introduction of one element among them, which is *knowledge*. If you want a physician, get knowledge. If you want a reliable medicine, get a knowledge of yourself. If you want a preventive of diseases of all kinds, obtain a knowledge of physiology. If you want the safest doctor and surgeon in the world, get knowledge. If you want, at all times, and under all circumstances, to have present in your household and sanctuary the truest kind of providential protection, get knowledge. With knowledge, you will not be obliged to depend upon the druggist or apothecary to prepare the medicines which you administer to your children, and you will not, therefore, be liable to lose them through any carelessness on his part.

If now a physician commits an error, by procuring a poison for your child, and the child dies in consequence of taking the poison, it is said to have been taken away by an interference of Divine Providence. But the better way is to know how to prevent sickness, so that no medicines will be required. Strive to prevent disease, and Providence will surely help you. Providence always helps those who strive in that direction. Let each one keep a clear head, a searching eye, a steady hand, and a stomach as empty as consistent with the proper sustenance of the body, and Divine Providence, such as the sudden taking away of a lovely member of the household, will seldom occur.

The legitimate cause of death in the human family is old age. Men should not die till their bodies absolutely wear out. There is a certain number of pulsations—we say this without any reference to faculty—there is a certain number of pulsations which every human system is organized to make; and the faster the heart beats—the oftener these pulsations are forced to occur, by the introduction into the system of any deteriorating substance—the sooner will the body wear out. Of course, the number of pulsations of the physical form cannot be concealed, or nor is it alike in all individuals. The frail, delicate child, who is born with disease, and whose slight frame the merest breath might almost blow away, is formed to die; for it has not an organization which can sustain the functions of life, except for a brief period; and the beatings of the heart very soon wear away what little vitality it has. Remember this, if you are fond of stimulants, in any form, whether as food, or drink, or mental excitement, the faster your heart beats, the sooner will your body wear out. If, therefore, you want to live a long life, live moderately; but if you want to live a short life, live rapidly. This may be considered a digression, but it appertains to the effects of the cause of which we have been endeavoring to elucidate.

Now what you need to do, to become acquainted with your physical, material self. Do this, and the mind will take care of itself; because where there is a healthy and normal state of the physical system, the mind will independently perform its own functions; whereas, if the body is diseased, and inactive, and continually racked with pains, the mind suffers with it, because it is prevented from performing its legitimate functions. The object for which all men live is that they may be happy. Everybody is in the pursuit of happiness. Happiness is the object which the miser has in securing gold; happiness is the object which the man of pleasure has in plunging into dissipation; happiness is the object which the epicure has in overloading his stomach with unhealthful articles of food or drink. Now we claim that no man can be happy unless he is in a healthful condition of body, so that the mind can act healthfully and happily. Whatever is antagonistic to bodily health, is also antagonistic to happiness; and thousands, in seeking happiness, do it in such a way as to destroy their health; and thus they take the most effectual means of defeating the object which they have in view.

Secure, as nearly as possible, good health, at whatever sacrifice of social position or wealth; for a man with a good, healthy, powerful physical frame, can work his way through life anywhere. To such a man, labor is nothing; and if he is reduced to want, he can work. And, generally, those who are healthy have clear heads, if they are not so well cultivated. At the close of this lecture, some twenty minutes were occupied by the medium in replying to interrogatories by persons in the audience, on the subject of the evening. Her replies were very interesting, being, as they were, full of original and striking thoughts. We regret that our space will not admit of our embodying them in this report. After having answered the questions that were asked, she said:

As this is our closing lecture of this course, we have a few—and but a few—remarks to make. The subjects upon which we have addressed the audiences that have assembled here, have been so varied, and their nature has been so diversified, that we may, at many times, have seemed erratic, and the arrangement of our ideas may have seemed to lack consecutiveness; but you must remember that we have had to adapt ourselves to promiscuous audiences, composed of a great variety of minds. The subjects of our discourses have usually been presented by persons of your own choosing. There is such a thing as making a good lecture out of almost any subject, but it requires almost supernatural powers, and powers quite beyond any claims we make of supernaturalness, to produce intelligible, instructive lectures from subjects which do not embody material for them. If, therefore, any of our lectures have been stale, recollect that the subjects treated of have not always been chosen by us. We have endeavored to confine ourselves as strictly as possible to the sphere of mind, and of causes, and effects, and facts; and if we have ventured into the field of theory, it has been owing to the nature of our subjects. We thank you, and through you all who have attended our lectures, for the interest you have manifested in them, and the courtesy and attention you have received at our hands. And our time, and our knowledge, and our utterances, have not been misapplied if any have received an additional ray of light or truth from anything we have said. We commend you all, in every department of life, to the care and guidance of that Source of life and light, whom men call "God," and whom all worship and adore.

PRAYER.
To thy name, Infinite Father, and Spirit of all life, be the praise, and power, and glory, for as much of truth as we may have perceived on this occasion. Hear to every heart some new message of light, some new development of power, some more perfect understanding of themselves, that by understanding themselves, they may know more of thee and thy works. And forever will we praise thee. Amen.

Mrs. Hatch will occupy the platform at Dodworth's Hall, the last Sunday in May, and every Sunday during the month of June.

An Old Spiritualist—No. 9.

Phenix relates the following curious incidents as having occurred within the last year. Dr. E., a fellow of Oxford University, called upon him with a letter of introduction from a friend, and asked if he had seen anything of the modern Spiritual manifestations. As he had been severely educated as a theologian, at Oxford, Phenix was somewhat surprised, and asked him why he made the inquiry. "Why," says Dr. E., "myself, in common with many others who have been close students of theology, have had no doubt of the truths of Christianity, and that doubt has arisen from the fact that we have not had intercourse with the spirits of the departed, which is evidently held out as a truth which would occur throughout the Scriptures; and if revelation be true, then the spirits of the departed must have the power to communicate; and under all the phases through which humanity has passed, the conditions must have occurred, and, indeed, somewhere must exist, be those conditions what they may. Phenix suggested to him that such communications might have occurred almost continuously, since the time of Christ, and still, from the general spirit of theologians to deny all spirit influence, they had been suppressed. He cited to him the trance of Tarrant, and many of those incidents given in the appendix, by Fishbough, to Gov. Talmage's book.

Dr. E. stated that he was fully prepared to believe in spirit manifestation, and he only required its occurrence to his satisfaction, to confirm his full belief in Christianity, Divine Revelation, etc. Dr. E. had been in the city but two days, it being his first visit to America, and the previous five or six years having been spent in Australia, British India, and elsewhere. Phenix went with him to Mr. R., and introduced him under an assumed name. They took their seats at the table, and just at that time some one called to see the medium, and R. went to the entry where he was heard talking with his visitor; and while there, Dr. E., at the table, prepared twenty or more pellets, in the usual way, writing names of departed spirits on small bits of paper, and rolling them up in balls, and placing them before him on the table. Mr. R. returned and took his seat. After a few moments, his hand was influenced. He placed all the pellets in the hand of Dr. E., and brushed them all out, but one, with his finger. This one he handed to Dr. E., and immediately got the pencil, and wrote, from right to left, and upside down, "Dear brother, I am with you. John E." The Doctor immediately admitted that this was the name of his brother. Phenix advised him to endeavor to prove his identity. The pellet still remained unopened. He then asked, "How did you die?" and the medium immediately wrote the entire history of his death, which included the fact that he died in consequence of a surgeon being present to staunch the blood, he having attempted to bleed himself, being a physician, and becoming too weak to stop the bleeding. All this, Dr. E. stated, was a truth, and that it had occurred in the East India, at the place written by R. The pellet was then opened, and was found to contain the name of Dr. E.'s brother.

He immediately received another communication through R.—"My son, your brother's widow and son, with her present husband, Captain B., have just arrived in England," and the name of his mother was signed to this communication. The Doctor remarked, "This is indeed curious; for last year, being seventeen years after the death of my brother, his widow did marry Captain B. It is also true that he left a son. But I do not think it can be true that they are in England. And, what is still more strange, my mother, who purports to give me this communication, is not dead." Phenix and the Doctor then left R.'s room. The Doctor returned to his room, and there found a letter from his mother, sent that day from the Post Office, in which it was stated, "My son, your brother's widow and son, with her present husband, Captain B., have arrived in England, and are now at my house."

A few days after, Dr. E. asked Phenix if the spirits would ever answer questions of a political character, involving business affairs. Phenix answered that such instances seldom occurred; they, however, might try. They then went to Mr. E., and on the way to his room Dr. E. related the following facts: In the first year of his fellowship, he made use of the periscope to travel, and visited Australia, or, rather, Van Diemen's Land, where he purchased real estate. In consequence of the success in gold digging in Australia, this property had increased materially in value. His agents there had not remitted for many months, and he feared that he was not fairly dealt by. He was anxious to ascertain. On arrival at F.'s room, the medium wrote as follows: "My son, your agents have obeyed your instructions, and remitted to me so many pounds, shillings and pence"—naming the sum—which have placed to your credit, at your banker's; and I have sent you their account current." Three days after this sitting, the Arabis brought to Dr. E. a letter from his mother, enclosing the account current of his agents in Van Diemen's Land, and stating the same amount as that in the communication to have been received, and deposited at his banker's, subject to his order.

Dr. E. spent many weeks in New York, almost every day visiting some medium, and always having communications most freely. He assured Phenix that in all these sittings every reply to his questions had been pertinent and satisfactory. If any part could give rise to any suspicion on his mind of its being psychological, it was only where opinions were asked in relation to disputed points in theology. In all such cases the replies coincided so closely with his own former convictions, that he feared he influenced their character without being aware of it. Among the mediums he visited were trance, psychometric, and test mediums; but all were alike successful. Phenix states that Dr. E. was the only self-made Spiritualist he had ever met. And the effect upon him was evidently what he himself had anticipated; namely, to confirm his belief in Divine Revelation, and to fix his confidence in Christianity.

This peculiarity of receiving communications from spirits still in the form, is not exactly new, although not so usual as from those who have left the form. Phenix states that some of the best tests he has ever had have occurred in this way, and still evidently without the knowledge of the individual whose spirit so communicated. Accounts of visions have been given by Brittan, Fishbough, and others, as having occurred with themselves. For instance, Mr. Brittan saw in his room at Worcester, Mass., a Philadelphia publisher, whom he expected to see the next day, in New York. On going to the ears in the morning, at the Worcester depot, the first person he met was this publisher, who used the very expression with which he had impressed Brittan, the night before, in his room. Mr. Fishbough relates that when he was absent from home, Mr. C. C. Wright seemed to walk into his room, hat in hand. On returning home, and inquiring what Mr. Wright was doing at the exact time when he saw him, he found that he caught up his hat, and said to his wife, "I am going to Mr. Fishbough's house; I want to see him." On arriving there, Mr. Wright found that Mr. Fishbough was absent from home. It would seem, then, that spirits in the form are ubiquitous, omnipresent, at least in degree, and without externalizing, to the individual form or comprehension, that they possess such powers.

In the next number of this series we shall give Phenix's experience with Mrs. Mettler and Mrs. French, healing mediums.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCE will lecture at Dodworth's Hall, on the 22d inst.

Philadelphia Correspondence.

Lecture by Mr. Rehn—Miss Munson.

DEAR BANNER—Truly, summer has come, with the deposit of blue skies, the balmy breezes, the sudden uprising of flowers beneath its almost tropical warmth. Messages from the country penetrate even the brick and mortar of the city. In the absence of messages from the eternal summer-land of the spirit, our friend Mr. Rehn lectured on Sunday evening for us at Sansom-street Hall. His discourse was a thoroughly instructive and practical one—liberal and suggestive. He defined his own views of Spiritualism, saying that unlike other faiths, we had no exponents invested with authority, but every man was responsible for his own opinions only; and the conscience within, the guiding light he possessed, was the only judge of his actions. The tribunal held in judgment was seated in the soul of each individual; there every one was daily and hourly judged, here and in the world to come. Mr. Rehn related how he had advanced from a troubled state of mind regarding religion, to the acceptance of Spiritualism as a scientifically demonstrated fact to his entire satisfaction. Begin-

ning with mesmerism, he became convinced of the existence of a spiritual light and hearing—of faculties beyond the normal comprehension—and finally spirit intelligence and identity were established. He spoke of the reconciliation of all seeming evil to the reasoner's view, who saw that the discord and antagonism, the perversions through ignorance were incidental only in the march of progress, and that God ruled in everything for ultimates that were good and divine. To deny this is to ascribe imperfection to God; and to give power to that imaginary being the Devil, was to invest one with authority whom God had made subordinate.

He said that we revered Jesus as a brother, in place of worshiping him as a God; that we received the Bible as a record and an inspiration, through human agency, of the time when it was given, and not as an infallible revelation from God. The lecturer said most eloquently, that if the infallible word of God was inscribed on the face of the heavens, it would need infallible minds to read and understand the record there. Spiritualism rendered us individually accountable—accepting no atonement, no late repentances in return for violated law; but it taught us to live in accordance with the laws of the universe, and our own highest sense of right. Each man's experiences were his guide, and that experience could not be imposed upon another—it was essentially his own. The trials of life were a necessary process for the growth and development of the spirit; the pages of the book of life were inscribed with the records of the soul's experiences, and as such are teachers leading to a better future. Viewed from the standpoint of these life experiences, we find that every trial was necessary for the soul's discipline, and that through just such a course as it passed through was it rendered capable of the appreciation of higher and better views of life and progress.

I am happy to inform you that our much-esteemed friend Miss Munson will remain for some time with us. She is extremely successful, as she deserves to be, and is continually engaged in that holiest of all earthly offices—healing the sick. Often she brings balm to wounded spirits, as well as healing to the aching frame. Her absence from our city would create a void not easily filled.

Nature has drawn a misty veil over her blue eyes and sunshiny face to-day—perhaps in preparation for the coming music of the pattering rain. With grateful hearts we can welcome the gloom and rain, if the sunshine and heart-warmth of home and spirit bliss be continually.

Yours for truth, CORA WILHELM.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1859.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. M., BRATTLEBORO—Lines by Mrs. B. Bemis will appear in our next.

C. R. C.—"We are Two," is in type.

H. W. BOZZER—Your article was published in No. 6.

E. B., EVANSTON.—The gentleman you inquire about claims to be a Spiritualist.

"PHILADELPHIA."—Should be pleased to hear from you often. J. SMITH, CHESTERVILLE, OHIO.—We are thankful for your assistance. Your course meets with our approval.

H. P. FAIRFIELD.—You will please address yourself to George M. Jackson concerning a convention which you are expected to attend at Watertown, N. Y., the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th of June.

OLIVER SISON.—We cannot attend to your order till you send us your post-office address.

M. S. TOWNSEND.—There is a letter for you at our office, which we will transmit if you inform us where.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

HARMONY HALL, 419 Washington street, will be open every day through the week as a Spiritual Reading Room, and for the reception of friends and investigators from abroad. Mediums will be present, and others are invited. Circles will be held evenings, when the hall is not otherwise engaged, to aid investigators and the development of mediums.

A CIRCLE for trance-speaking, &c., is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1/2 o'clock, at No. 14 Broadfield street. Admission 5 cents.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, Whittemore street. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

PLYMOUTH.—The Spiritualists of this town hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening at Leyden Hall, commencing at 2 and 7 o'clock.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings on Sundays, forenoon and afternoon, in Wells's Hall, speaking by mediums and others.

NEWTON.—The Spiritualists of Newtonbury, have a Free Hall, which they will furnish free to any speaker on reformatory subjects, said lecturer to have for his or her services the whole of the collection which will be taken up in each meeting. Any letters addressed to Dr. Sherman, No. 5 Charles street, will receive immediate attention.

LAWRENCE.—The Spiritualists of Lawrence hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, forenoon and afternoon, at Lawrence Hall.

ENTERTAINMENT OF THE DUTTON CHILDREN.

The smallest girls of their age in the world, being 9 and 11 years old, and weighing only 13 and 15 pounds. They are the following: 1. Gentle Annie, 2. Darling Nelly Gray, 3. Nancy Till, 4. Rosalie, the Prairie Flower, 5. Old Cabin Home, 6. The Hazel Dell, 7. Willie We Have Missed You, 8. The Mountain Maid's Invitation, 9. Oh Come, Come Away, 10. Wait for the Wagon, 11. What is Home without a Mother? and dance the Polka and Waltz. They will appear at Boston, Mercantile Hall, every Afternoon and Evening, to Saturday, May 14th, inclusive, at 8 o'clock. Admission 25 cents; children under twelve years of age, 12 cents; in the afternoon, 10 cents; 5 tickets \$1. my10 1p

ALBERT NOTTON, Manager.

PROF. MAPES'S SUPER-PHOSPHATES OF LIME!

Superior to Peruvian Guano for

CORN, POTATOES, GRAIN, COTTON, TOBACCO, AND ALL OTHER CROPS.

To be applied at any hoeing or plowing.

Testimonials from hundreds who have used it for ten years.

Made of Calcined Bones, Peruvian Guano, Sulphuric Acid, Salts, and Ammonia, and is of uniform quality. No variation in quality. In strong, new sacks, 100 lbs. each.

Per ton of
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the people. And here let me say, to all progressive Spiritualists, that Mr. W.'s spiritualistic theory is deserving of careful and full investigation, by such as desire to reach forward to a higher and better life. I know of no speaker on Spiritualism, in the normal or abnormal state, who lives to the bottom, and builds his superstructure so completely, as does Mr. Wright; and therefore, that community of Spiritualists that has his services, even for one lecture, may count themselves fortunate and favored.

To return to Grimes. After he had given two or three lectures, the church found that he was proving too much, eliciting that very inquiry and investigation which they wished so much to suppress and obstruct. Grimes was dismissed, and the revival was urged forward as usual, but it seemed to have taken leave with Grimes, leaving the whole field to Wright and the Spiritualists. Let Truth and Error grapple; Truth was never put to the worst in fair combat.

Condition of Prisoners.

WESTERN CONTRIBUTOR, WHITEWATER, WIS.—"I love the truth spread out on the pages of the BANNER. Not long ago, my heart-strings were swept to feelings of deepest sympathy by the story in the lecture of Miss Emma Harding on Moynemensing Prison. My soul is ever drawn out toward those poor unfortunates of prison cells—those poor, morally diseased people—whose propensities are, as the child's, beyond their control, and taking a rational, reasonable view of the matter, are nothing more nor less than diseased individuals—in a moral sense of view—and should be treated as such. They are thrown, by the laws of our government and the powers of the people, into a place and condition which would corrupt the most moral individual in the community, should he be similarly situated. The prisoner is here surrounded by naught but cold, gloomy walls and grated windows, forbidding even the pure, free air of heaven, and God's glorious sunlight, which "he permiteth to shine, both on the just and the unjust," to shed its benign influence upon and aid, in the work of redeeming that polluted spirit from its low, groveling, soul-debasing materialism. Nay, even this is denied; and the poor unfortunates are permitted to breathe the field, poisonous atmosphere, feeding his already diseased mind, stagnating soul and body, and then permitted to remain a series of years, months, or days, to contemplate a crime in which his remorseless, untutored nature, with his own base thoughts for tutors and companions, instead of high, moral teachers, to be let out at the expiration on society in a much lower condition than when entered there. Looking at this, can we wonder at the continual filling up of our prison-cells by these poor unfortunates of the land? Will not we all look at this? Will not the great heart of humanity send out its warm pulsations, beating in sympathy for these poor, poor prisoners? Shall not the hearts of humanity go out to the relief of human suffering where it is the greatest, and raise their feeble hands above this sea of misery? Without the aid of some friendly hand, they must remain in misery and in suffering. Look at your prison; come with me to its dismal abode. See you the felon in his cell? Know ye what brought him there? One he was happy and good—now he is wretched and sinful. He was perhaps betrayed and deceived by friends he had dear, and after that he cared for naught, and recklessly plunged into crimes, and now you see him here. Come with me a little further; see ye that fondling glare, as that criminal looks on us through his iron-grated cell? He says, "Way with ye; what seek ye here; would I might devour ye." Look at his sunken brow; where are those high moral organs which make man a man, an upright, moral and religious being, likened unto God? Are they gone forever? No, they are only sleeping; they need only the stimulus of morality and true religion sent out from others to awaken them to action. Poor creatures! there is need of pity, kindness and love from the more favored, of God's children. Kindness, untaught also, will succeed to make the prisoners better, and the sooner the labor is commenced the better; old dungeons will never warm their frozen heart. Pass on; that see ye here? A poor female! one of God's best gifts to earth. Was she thus portioned; and didst thou seek to hide thy sin in deeper, darker guilt? Was thy wayward nature too strong to overcome, and didst thou yield at an evil hour, and that was thy proud spirit, thereby crushed by the hands of so-called friends? Do it as it may, thou art imprisoned to lead a life of disgrace and wretchedness. What misery! What unendurable wretchedness is this to thee! These prisoners are only single specimens of ten thousands, throughout the earth. The voice of the people says, 'It is just right for them; they are miserable wretches; they ought to be strung up by the neck; they are unfit to live; they are disturbers of our public peace; they endanger our well-being—our very lives; cruelty and torture for them cannot be too great; they ought to be punished.' Think, think, my friends—mediate and reflect upon the treatment inflicted upon poor prisoners. Revenge imprisons criminals. Take of its cloak of hypocrisy and examine it, and do you find it to be any better than other sins? Let us fear not the criminal; let us not imprison him for our protection, but let us rather look to God and the gutter for safety, support and strength; not in the dark, filthy gutter of crime and corruption to be strung, adding suffering to suffering and misery to misery for our own self-protection and well-being. Let us send out the warmth of human kindness—of brotherly love—and its genial influence shall be reflected back on us, and our tender nature shall be elevated, and all hearts shall be ignited with a flame of love."

Remarkable Physical Manifestations.

J. C. HALL, BUFFALO, N. Y.—"I noticed a case reported in the last issue of the BANNER, of table-moving in Virginia, without touch or contact. I wish, also, to simply bear my testimony to a similar case. There is a medium in this city, who possesses such extraordinary medium powers for physical manifestations, that as soon as he comes into my room, candlesticks, lamps, and various other articles, will be conveyed from one part of the room to the other, without human contact. A fluid lamp has been frequently taken from the window or table, and set down in the middle of the floor; and various articles brought into the room, such as chisels and other articles used by mechanics, when the doors and windows were shut, and no place larger than the key-hole for them to come in at. I have seen cases like these, more or less for five years, and I presume to say, more than a hundred times. I have repeatedly, with this medium, stood at one side of the room, and he at the opposite side, with the table standing next me, and by a request, the table would move across the room and back, without visible touch; and so continue to do as often as requested. On one occasion, a large, heavy lounge, sitting on one side the room, opposite me, started, and table, lounge and all, went across to the medium without touch, and at my request the lounge as readily resumed its place. This medium's powers are truly remarkable, and still he does not seem to appreciate them scarcely at all, and cannot realize that it is spirit-power; if he could, he might make his mark in the world as a medium, second only to Hume. I wish to have it understood that all the manifestations here mentioned, have taken place when it was light enough to see all objects in the room. This medium has told me, in the course of the week past, that if I would write to the BANNER or LIGHT, he would answer any call to go with me where the people might wish for a physical test medium."

Influence of the Banner.

Mrs. B. DRACUT, MASS.—"My mother was educated in the Orthodox faith, and notwithstanding every member in the family besides herself, numbering twelve, were Universalists, in sentiment at least, our influence has not been sufficient to overcome her dreadful doubts and fears about the future world. She has passed the last seven months with me, during which time she has with me been a constant reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT, the influence of which has so dispelled her doubts and fears, strengthened her hopes, consoled her mind, that she cannot, now she leaves me, give up the reading of the BANNER, which is a balm to her soul. Enclosed is \$2, for which you will please send her the BANNER for one year."

I am located in the midst of conservatism; dead forms and ceremonies being the religious order of the people. If there is aught of the Spiritual, it is buried so deep within that it cannot be seen, felt, or known, except through profession; and the atmosphere would be cold and dark indeed, were it not for the BANNER, which bears LIGHT on its way, reaching me once a week; and at times, a loving voice from spirit-life, whispering love, breathing love, cheering my vision, and warning my soul to life."

Tests.

R. MCELLEN, CHET, ILL.—"Our talk with spirits is as plain and tangible as with each other. Spirits come to our house and talk through a horn without giving any chance for deception. We also have singing from spirits, like that of our own vocal organs, given to us in such a manner as to produce the possibility of collusion. We have had beautiful drawings executed with the medium blindfolded. The ex-

traordinary spiritual manifestations we have are too numerous to specify. I could relate more than one hundred tests, which are given with no room left for doubts. I write this to let you know that the cause of democratic religion is making its way into the small towns of Illinois, as it is in other places. Mediums here ask no aid. As men and women we know how to work for our bread, and give the bread of spirit-life to those who hunger after spiritual things, without price."

Test through Mrs. Conant.

WILLIAM THORNTON, PORTLAND, ME.—"The communication in the BANNER, dated April 20th, from the spirit of John Allen, is a great test. I found out that this spirit had a mother in this place, and called on her. She informed me that she had a son who was accidentally shot in California, and all the particulars, as related by her, agreed with the report of the spirit in your paper. I asked her if she would like to hear from her son, and she, not knowing about Spiritualism, could not tell what I meant, till I read to her the communication from her son, in the BANNER. She said it was all correct, except the age."

Mr. Cluer and his daughter Susie.

Mrs. A. FLYNN, CHET, ILL.—"Mr. Cluer and his young daughter Susie were with us on Sunday and Monday evenings, May 8th and 9th. The reading of several of Burns's poems, by Mr. Cluer, was very beautifully executed; and as he gave us the true Scottish dialect—himself being one of Scotland's sons—he undoubtedly did more justice to them than any one else could; while those who are familiar with the writings of that over-to-be-remembered poet, know that they cannot be surpassed in pathos and beauty of sentiment, and sweetness of expression."

The recital of many poems by Susie was extremely fine, and would have done justice to much older heads than hers; indeed it is but rare that we find so beautiful a reader. As she recited the poems of 'Over the River' and 'Out in the Cold,' the eyes of all present showed the sympathetic feelings they aroused in their hearts. The recital of one of the 'Candle Lectures,' and the 'Irish Schoolmaster,' convulsed the entire audience with laughter. We trust the time may not be far distant when we shall have the pleasure of listening to them again. May success and blessings attend them wherever they may be, and may they ever meet with as appreciative audiences as they did in the home of the 'Pilgrim Fathers.'"

Cortland, N. Y.

Rev. William H. Fish preached a sermon in the "Stone Church," Cortland, N. Y., on the subject of Christian liberty vs. Ecclesiastical despotism. The sermon was called forth by the excitement that had grown out of the late ecclesiastical trial of Mr. Brewster, who was charged with the awful sin of listening to such noble men as Emerson, Phillips, Garrison, May and King, which we have before noticed. Mr. Fish treats the subject like a man, calmly and philosophically. The lecture is printed; it is a brief, but handsome production. He takes the ground that error, though false, is weak; and truth, though young, is strong; he goes for free thought, free speech and free hearing; he goes for liberty, "the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free." He says, "The worst effect that the suspension of Mr. Brewster can have upon him, it to make him vain—he has become so popular."

Woburn.

"The little religious world of Woburn is made up, like the readers of your valuable paper, of many men of many minds. Out of the many who go to church for the fashions of mere materialism, may be found a few earnest men who know what a true church is; who want a church to be to them what a true church should be—a school for spiritual instruction, for the cultivation and growth of their spiritual natures; these have given up the attempt to worship regularly with any church, from which no progressive man can ever draw spiritual truth. Old Theology, which is modern materialism, is not food for a Spiritualist."

Message Verified.

MARTIN SQUIRES, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—"The BANNER of May 7th contains a message from George Weston, which is fully recognized. He has been an acquaintance of mine for many years; he was an actor upon the stage in New York, Albany and Boston, and traveled much in the country, following his profession. He made a short engagement with me several years since, in a traveling temperance theatre, in the State of New York. His communication could easily be identified by his acquaintances, as 'Great,' 'Small,' or 'George,' but generally he was called the 'Big Weston.' Although an actor in nature, yet he was considered large in his profession as an actor. So far as his communication goes, it answers my acquaintance perfectly well. Whether he be dead or alive, I know not. I never have learnt of his death, nor heard from him for many years; but have often made many inquiries for him to no effect."

By request, I send you the above. I have been waiting three weeks to see the message in print.

Written for the Banner of Light. BABY'S GRAVE.

LINES SUGGESTED BY READING A LATE NOVEL.

There at thy tomb, oh baby mine!
Whom love nor art could save,
If we knew, while weary showers
Baptize the wreath of faded flowers,
That crowns thy little grave.
Oh greatly loved!—too early dead!
How brief, yet sweet thy stay!
A beam from Heaven's own brightness cast;
A beam so bright it could not last,
So quickly passed away.
I see thee yet, in all the grace
Of thy fair infancy,
As when thy smile-wreathed lips I pressed,
And in that kiss, supremely blessed,
Felt heaven approaching nigh.
But bitter thought! that while alone
I weep thy grave above,
Thou hast no place within the heart
Of her who, reckless, dared to part
The sacred ties of love.
But curse her not, my child, though now
She's passion's wayward slave;
Ere long she, too, will come to shed
Remorseful tears, and lay her head
Upon her baby's grave. G. J. L.

THE GENESIS ACCOUNT OF CREATION— ALLEGORICAL.

Though a regular reader of the Spiritual papers published in Boston and New York, and a careful listener to lecturers in our city, I do not know when I have been more pleased than in reading the synopsis—as I take it—of the lecture by Mrs. A. M. Spence at Clinton Hall, April 12, published in your paper of April 22. The position there assumed and elaborated, to wit: that man was born an animal creature, the subject of active controlling passions—through growth became an intellectual being, and from this higher condition he progressively advanced to a moral being, is to my mind in entire harmony with all that history and science teach of the past, and with the laws to which all created existent beings are subject.

If we assume that the Genesis account of creation is allegory, we can reconcile the "six days" in harmony with the disclosures of science, while we may wonder where the writer of Genesis derived the ideas he put on record, unless we ascribe it to inspiration. But if we construe the "six days" as allegory, we may apply the same rule of interpretation to the residue of the record, and, doing so, can find in the theory enumerated by Mrs. Spence, a rational explanation of the theological dogma of the fall of man, the birth of Eve, and the temptation of the serpent. If the residue is construed as allegory, then we may regard the term "man" to mean humanity collectively, the term "Adam" to mean that intellectual department of the human brain which Mrs. Spence argues was, in the course of ages, stimulated by the animal or physical plane, to a growth and unfolding of inherent being, resulting in, and including, a corresponding stimulated growth and unfolding of his moral nature.

The theory presented, and to my mind truly is, that in the infancy of humanity, man was characterized chronologically by a developed brain, inherited from his origin or source, the brute animal kingdom, and a germinal fore brain, or intellectuality, the specific and peculiar feature of the higher or human animal form. That this germinal department was the subject of a gradual, progressive growth, over acting under the promptings of man's developed animal or brute brain nature, and in harmony therewith, until in its growth it reached that point of development where it became the

base and germ of a moral, mental department, consisting of varied parts, represented by specific brain organs. The allegory is that it was only then that man had the mental powers which would involve moral responsibility or the capacity to fall. If we assume this view as correct, we may, in harmony therewith, construe the term "Eve," also, as allegorical, and to mean this moral nature, and thus recognize how it was "created" out of Adam or intellectually, while we may construe the tempting "serpent" to mean that animal or lack-brain department, which also so intelligently entices and deceives. It is absurd to say that so much of the Genesis account of creation relates to creation, including man, is allegory, and the residue literalism. It is not difficult to construe the residue, including the terms Eden, four rivers, tree of life, breath of life, &c., in entire harmony with the revelations of science, and the teachings of history and reason; thought to do so involves conflict with the theological ideas of our education, and with doctrines urged on us as truth by the spirit teachers who now so arrest public attention. But we live in an age of progress, and truth will make itself heard. It seems to me probable that the public mind is being impelled to accept the Genesis account of creation as allegorical, and when it does so fully, its next demand will be to know whether the residue of the record is not equally so, and what is the true meaning thereof, including the designated seventh day, or day of rest.

EVIL AND GOOD.

[CONTINUED.]

Last January the heart of that poor little beggar girl bent beneath the thin covering of calico, as sensitive to the treatment of cruelty or kindness, as did the heart of the child of fortune beneath warm clothing and furs of fitch or sable. Each one of these little girls are governed by the same eternal laws. The despised poor and the courted rich have the same claims on the laws of nature—on the laws of love. The Duke of Richmond, with his home farm of thirty-five square miles in crowded England, which farm is covered with everything material love can ask for, and an income of \$800,000 a year, is governed by the same unerring, undeviating laws that poor Patrick is, who shovels up the grades of our railroads for a dollar and a quarter a day. The laws of birth, of life, of death, are common to each; the laws of God, through nature, govern both; destiny holds one, and destiny holds the other too, in her eternal grasp. God is impartial—destiny has no monopolies. All is everywhere; it is not theft to breathe it. All that pertains to the spirit is free—what to one is free, to all is.

Material monopolies are monopolies of fiction; the laws of nature level them. Every sinner had birth pretty much after the same manner that every saint had. Trace a sinner and a saint along together from infancy to old age, and it will be found that the laws of nature govern both about the same; an earthquake would swallow one the same as the other; when it rains it rains for both the same; the sun shines for both; water quenches thirst and food satisfies hunger the same in each; each have necessities to be answered which do not differ. The saint has two hundred and fifty bones in his body, and so has the sinner; cut off the femoral artery and either would bleed to death in fifteen minutes. Tubercles in the lungs will ulcerate, meters paribus about alike in both. Each has consciousness and intelligence, has love and hate, good and bad; nature chains each; destiny holds each. Where, in nature, shall we look for that mighty difference between the good and the bad man? Nature points no finger to it; and Nature, Spiritualism affirms, is the purest revelation from the hand of God. This great difference between good and bad men is a moral and religious action, found nowhere except in the vapor of man's belief, in his material distinctions, in man's judgment. Men curse and swear; and, for aught we know, they have since Eve gave birth to Cain. There is a cause for this; and while this cause exists men will curse and swear.

Acid water mixed with soda water has always made bubbles rise on the surface, and always will; for this there is a cause, too, over which man has no control; man cannot curse and swear without a cause; bubbles will not rise on water without a cause.

Nature calls forth the true elements of every soul, not lawfully, but lawfully. And shall you or I say that the laws of nature are inconsistent?

Go back a little and we shall see how nature made the meeting-house, and the religion of the meeting-house too. Go under the surface a little and we shall see a cause in nature for the many thousand religious beliefs now on the earth. All religions come from the hand of nature; in each is the work of God. Destiny holds them all. They are all but smoke rising up from the fires of life.

The quality of man made visible grows out of the germ of his spirit nature. These various qualities produce various beliefs; these beliefs make an external religion, and religion makes the meeting-house for a still more airy worship, the fruits of which are bags of air, just like the air outside the bags.

Deep hidden lies the main spring of life's over-acting laws of God, that move with unerring certainty the vast and complicated machinery of all creation. The foolish and the wise, the young and the old, the good and the bad; each one, and all, are wheels in the mechanism of life, all in gear all moved by the main-spring of spirit power. If we examine the mechanism of life we shall see the connections, and the mighty workings of this unseen power. Spiritualism takes us by the hand and leads us to examine and understand this great and beautiful work of nature, where the handiwork of God is made visible in all things; his wisdom, power and munificence, so generous and profuse, that the heart of man will pulsate, faith in God, while the tongue is silent and cannot speak the heart's emotion.

Sunday, we have been taught, is more holy than any other day. Does the revelation of God in nature say this? We breathe, and our hearts beat about the same, on Sunday as on Monday; we eat and drink the same; vegetation grows the same; the earth revolves; water runs; the sun shines. All things in nature go on the same on Sunday as they do on the other days of the week. Is nature our Bible? If so, then we will go there to know what we shall do on Sunday. Christ worked Sunday, and taught us to, notwithstanding the Jewish law was against it.

It is the best, the truest part of any being, that affinitizes with nature, and reads in the volume of nature the word of God. The perceptions of reality here begin.

It is the most unreal, the most fictitious part of our being that can accept a printed book as a *finality*, as the full word of an infinite God, given to a child of eternal progress, for a complete system of government. In nature nothing is left out; nothing is left undone; nothing is fictitious; all is real; while every book is almost the reverse of this.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A. D. CHILD.

THE TREATMENT OF CHILDREN.

The earliest impressions made, leave the most forcible marks or effects, both in regard to the mental and physical being. Whatever may be the natural and instinctive tendencies of an organization or character, it is unquestionably greatly modified by education. Nothing, then, in human life can be more important to the welfare and progress of the existing and future races than the education of the young.

A child possessing an organization that, under one course of treatment, would become developed into an harmonious, healthy man, both in body and mind, would, by pursuing another system of education, be but a deformed dwarf, mentally and physically; for at the present time there is as much mental disease among you, and deformity, as physical. No child should be taught to believe in any one creed or doctrine. Give your child good, natural and moral instruction, teach him the laws of his being, and leave his mind free and unbiased; and when he arrives at maturity, or when his judgment is developed, let him select his own religion; he will then be a more harmonious man. By teaching him any one creed, you draw a circle around him that by the very magic charm of prejudice and superstition, prevents him from going beyond it. My province is not with the mind; but, then, views and opinions may even effect the body. I believe that more physical disease has been induced by the dark, heathenish theory that has been taught, than you would hardly conceive possible. A happy, cheerful faith or belief, will impart a vigor to the body. On the other hand, a faith in a gloomy theology will have its own corresponding effects. And as God never made any man to suffer—and no one would, if he knew enough of nature's laws to live in harmony with them—it follows that it cannot be a true theology that would produce such effects.

Well, in the first place, there is often a lasting injury produced, and frequent deaths, by the apparently simple and harmless medicines and cordials that are so frequently administered in early infancy. It is the commencement of an injurious habit, creating an unnatural desire for the same, until, like the opium-eater, the child cannot live without it; and not being natural, a greater or less injury is the result. Not one case in fifty can it be of benefit; it produces the

same effect on the body that erroneous ideas do on the early mind; and should be avoided, if the parent or nurse has the health of their charge in view.

Another great error in the treatment of children, is too much clothing; only sufficient for mere comfort should be used. Children should not be regarded like green-house plants—too tender for the sun—but give them plenty of exercise out of doors, in the open air, winter and summer, and overcome, instead of inducing, physical weakness. As nature made the provision for the child, in the early months of its existence, to receive its nourishment from the breast of the mother, it is better in all cases to follow it, when the mother is in any degree of health; but when sickly, especially if troubled with any humor, the child had much better be taken from the breast, as it would almost invariably take the disease.

From man's organization and desire for it, I am satisfied that his being demands both vegetable and animal food; though there is not that demand for it now that there has been among races of people less physically refined; there are organizations now which do not need it; and the time will come when it will cease being used as food among any.

But I am merely speaking of children in this chapter, and in no instance would I advocate giving animal food to a child, before seven or eight years of age. The system does not demand any stimulating food; and, to a child, such drinks as tea, coffee, etc., are highly injurious. Milk or water is all that is needed. When understood, it will be no harder, nor so hard, to wear a child right, as wrong; only the simple laws of health should be observed, of course, considering the relation the child, by its organization and temperament, holds to things around. God never intended a child should die; and when nature is obeyed, no child will come in the world to be swept away by some fierce disease, but live till the lamp of life gradually burns away; and then the spirit will leave the form that has been outgrown, without pain, hardly knowing that it is throwing off its material covering.

Suffering and early death is the effect of some transgression of natural law. When natural laws are understood and obeyed, the cry of human suffering shall cease; the desolating blasts of sickness and disease shall be lulled into tranquillity, and death be only a sweet slumber—not a king of terror.

Greater injury than is supposed is done by sending children too early to school; for the sake of keeping them still, or getting them out of the way, they are sent where they must be still. It is positively necessary for the welfare of children that they should be active, and seven or eight years of age is sufficiently soon to send them to their studies; and never, when health is to be considered, should they study more than four hours per day—the rest should be devoted to such recreations as will be for their benefit, and in accordance with their tastes.

MARY E. FRANK.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Written for the Banner of Light. IN THERE, OH WORLD, WITH ALL THY CHARMS.

BY J. R. M. SQUIRE.

In thee, oh world, with all thy charms,
My life is very weary,
My days are full of strange alarms,
My nights are lone and dreary,
Weary, dreary.

My empty house, a trysting seems,
Where death will meet me, only,
And else I'll be in fleeting dreams,
I'm lonely, very lonely,
Only, lonely.

For dreams, like memories, oft recall
The joys unfulfilling never,
Till we can hear sweet angels fall
From love, death could not sever,
Never, never.

Memory brings back the scenes of old,
The hours when we were youthful,
When twilight gray and morn of gold
Still found our little hearts truthful,
Youthful, truthful.

But ah, the days have long since fled
When truth so held our fancies,
That souls were known, as they did shed
Their glory through men's glances,
Fancies, glances.

Alone I wander here about,
No more in my bosom,
Since life's dim lamp hath flickered out,
Seems happiness to blossom,
Bosom, blossom.

But sometimes in my mind's dim aisle,
An olden memory, trying,
Wins from my saddened soul a smile
That dies away in sighing,
Trying, sighing.

Oh, kindly ones of happier years,
Blest be the watch you're keeping;
'Tis said, I know, to see my tears,
That trickle o'er me while sleeping,
Keeping, sleeping.

How oft rude hand ere harvest hour
Hath plucked the bud while growing!
So were my hopes with all their power
Bowed in their brightest glowing,
Growing, glowing.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF ONE WHO HAS BEEN A SAILOR.

A man who has his dormant energies aroused—instead of remaining tied up to a stationary creed, and all his lifetime floundering in the slough of despond—steps on board a clipper ship, takes command, provides himself with the best charts, and sails forth upon the broad ocean of Truth, which God has spread out before him. As upon this ocean, in the present order of society, an overhauling trade-wind blows dead ahead to all its navigators, he close-reefs, braces up sharp, steers right into the wind's eye, keeps a bright lookout, and suffers nothing to get to the windward. Every clear day he takes an observation of the sun, and every good opportunity a lunar observation. He also consults other heavenly bodies, when conditions are favorable. By these means, with the help of the old chart, explained by the new (ancient and modern revelations), his daily progress is ascertained, and his precise situation known.

Thus he was prosperously pursuing his voyage, when suddenly a gale sprang up. [They of his own household made war against him for pursuing this voyage.] The wind whistled—the sails flapping and fluttering—the mate alarmed—saw out, "Call all hands—stand by the yards—be ready to let go the sheets!" The captain, ever watchful, instantly sprang on deck. He looked to windward—looked aloft—then, with a voice of thunder he sang out to the mate, "Hoist on!" Seeing the ship had fallen off her course, he ordered the helmsman to luff her hard up and keep her to it. The waves ran high, extending off in undulations sublimely grand. The wind roared, thrashing the rigging like a hurricane through a forest. The hands being unacquainted with this ocean, and ignorant of the nature of the voyage, feared the ship would run under, or go on her beam-ends, never more to right up. All eyes were now upon the captain. Some said, "He is crazy!" and plotted to confine him and deprive him of his command. [His nearest of kin said he was lunatic, and took counsel how they might confine him.] But the captain had seen service, and this voyage only remained to complete his glory. He knew that he was not only sovereign of himself, but sovereign of the ship while she was at sea; and, in spite of all opposition, he was determined to pursue the voyage. His firmness, with the aid of the good spirits, enabled him to do it.

The gale gradually subsiding, and steering by the light of the Logos within, [for the office of the Logos, see John 1, 9.] he continues to press forward on his course. As soon as he was able to get a good observation, he made up his reckoning. He now finds by the old chart, published by order of the King of England, and by the new one more recently published by direction of the King of Kings, [King James's Bible, and the history of the origin of all things.] that he was rapidly nearing the port of his destination. He had performed the voyage without starting tack or sheet. The day-star had arisen with him, and the day was dawning. [For outer and inner light, see 2 Peter 1, 19.] He speedily arrives at the haven of peace, discovers a new world, anchors within its veil, communes with its inhabitants, and receives from them the living bread from heaven, which changes him from death to life. [For the nature of the bread of life, see John 6, 32-38.]

How wondrous the transition! There is now a new joy in his heart, and a new song in his mouth. His vision also is purified; he seeth life and harmony pervading all things. The mountains and the hills break forth before him into

singing, and all the trees of the fields clap their hands with joy."—[Isaiah 55, 12.]

During this voyage, he learned that man, as he now appears on the earth, is a twofold being; that the body, formed of earth, is allied to all below, and hath powers separate and distinct from the soul, which being an emanation from God, is allied to all above; that the body was made for the soul, and that the soul was placed in the body for its government, and to obtain a knowledge of good and evil by experience, and that the soul (which is the real man) is continually subject to the one or the other; that while on earth, progression or retrogression is inevitable, and that past progress is often lost for want of perseverance.

Gaining this information, and having stepped upon the internal or spiritual plane, he puts on the whole armor of God, taking with him the sword of the Spirit, which is not the Bible, (as Christians suppose,) but the Logos or God; which is anterior and superior to the written word; and with it, he scatters the chaff of all man-made theologies and Gods to the four winds.

Like Daniel and the three children—like Peter and the other Apostles—he is passive and obedient to the wisdom from above; but to the wisdom from below most impassive and uncontrollable. He acknowledges no hierarchical state engine, no ecclesiastical authority, no man master—the Christ-spirit within is his only master. He looks to all outward things as helps, when they can help, but never as authority; and to the light of the Logos, which is God's inspiration within, as his last resort and only infallible rule of action. [The Logos spoken of in Heb. 4, 12.] Being thereby at all times guided, he volunteers into the service of his master. Being the Lord's freeman, he becomes Christ's servant; and, having armed himself with the same mind, he goes forth with him to the warfare of the spirit against the flesh, conquering and to conquer. At every step, he bruises Satan under his feet, and goes through the world like an iron man—not to be pierced by any weapon—not to be conquered by any foe.

N. H. B.

Philadelphia, April 26, 1859.

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscribers to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

Rev. JOHN PRENTISS will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism. Address at West Medford, Mass.

Miss EMMA HARDING will lecture in Worcester, Lowell, Portland, Oswego, and various adjacent places during May and June. Next Fall and Winter she designs to labor exclusively in the West and South. St. Louis, Memphis and many other places are already promised, and she desires to complete her route via Pittsburgh, &c., before September, early applications will be still received, addressed to No. 8, Fourth Avenue, New York.

PROF. PAYTON M. SPENCER and AMANDA M. SPENCER will respond to invitations to lecture, addressed to Jamestown, N. Y., or to New York City, care of G. W. Westbrook.

WARREN CHASE announces that he will lecture in Battle Creek, Mich., May 22d; Harmonia, May 25th and 26th; Kalamazoo, May 29th; Grand Rapids, June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th; Grand Haven, June 6th and 7th; Milwaukee, Wis., June 10th and 11th; Chicago, Ill., June 15th and 16th; Berlin, Ohio, July 1st and 2d; Geneva, Ohio, July 10th; Connecticut, July 15th and 16th; Buffalo, N. Y., July 17th and 18th.

Dr. JOHN MAYNARD from the first of June to July 14th will attend to the wishes of various friends, on or near the La Crosse and Milwaukee routes, including Slaybogan, Neenah, Appleton, and the region roundabout. From July 14th to August 31st he will be on the Michigan route, from Grand Haven to Detroit.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will answer calls to lecture. Address Lowell, box 815. She will speak as follows—East Stoughton, May 2d; Foxboro', June 6th and 12th; Springfield, June 16th and 20th; Putnam, Conn., July 3d and 10th. (She will deliver a few days in each of the above places, and will sit for tests of spirit-power, by trance, clairvoyant and physical manifestations.)

Mrs. SARAH A. MAGOON will answer calls to lecture in the trance state on Sundays and week day evenings. Address No. 33 Winter street, East Cambridge, Mass. She will speak in East Princeton, May 20th.

