





NEW YORK CONFERENCE OF SPIRITUALISTS

Reported Photographically by T. J. Ellsworth

On Tuesday evening Nov. 16, a large audience met in Conference at Madison's Hall, N. Y. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. Dr. J. J. Ellsworth, who presided over the meeting by relating a circumstance which had recently come to his knowledge, in which a father in the Spirit world had early on satisfactory evidence of the truth.

The medium was accompanied with the same that had been used in the previous S. T. were present in the same manner. The medium then discussed the various cases which had been reported to him by the other world and expressed the hope that by presenting his comparison he felt that there before him.

After the first part of the meeting the members of the conference had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

After the first part of the meeting the members of the conference had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

After the first part of the meeting the members of the conference had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

After the first part of the meeting the members of the conference had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

After the first part of the meeting the members of the conference had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

After the first part of the meeting the members of the conference had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

After the first part of the meeting the members of the conference had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

After the first part of the meeting the members of the conference had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

After the first part of the meeting the members of the conference had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

After the first part of the meeting the members of the conference had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

There was an altar to the left of the speaker. The speaker had had a preliminary meeting in which the various cases were discussed. There were many persons present who had been familiar with these phenomena all their lives. He would have these cases—had the father world speak. Those who were present frequently the most solid in the respect. Those who have been in the habit of speaking at the conference in the past were present in the same manner.

Original Communications.

TO MISS L. M. CADY, OF WOODSTOCK, VT.

Let me, sister, in this angle, / Noddy whisper to thy soul, / How we are all the same, / In our hearts and our souls.

Where the happy spirit dwells, / Room and earthly hall / Let us give to our heavenly message, / Words of peace they bring to thee, / They have come, the joyful throng, / Of a glorious destiny.

They have come to fill with gladness / Every living, trusting heart, / They have come to kindle ardors, / And shining joy impart.

They have come to heal all aching, / Wipe the tear from sorrow's eye, / Life impart unto the dying, / In the realms above the sky.

They have come to save from sinning, / By inspiring holy love, / Thus the soul to virtue winning, / Singing hymns from above.

Hasten, then, to spread the tidings, / Acting cheerfully thy part, / 'Tis thine to raise the chalice / Of a self-offering heart.

Thou shalt thoust the coming / Of the sorrowing soul of heaven, / Soul souls the truth confessing, / Glad will seek the heavenly birth.

So soon your glorious mission, / Thus to initiate the "Word," / Is to be the sweet fruition / Of the high and glorious Word.

What though earth's defiled millions / Scorn the messages you bring, / Angels leave their bright pavilions, / And around you sweetly sing.

Truly are the words prophetic, / Spoken by angels, veiled, / "Walk with angels, side by side," / And when all your work is finished, / You shall be an angel too, / In that, your soul dimmed— / Paint not till your journey through.

There are pictures in life, as in canvas, which, / We do not forget. I remember one such. It was many years ago, when I was a young man, leaning against a lamp-post, which he left in my moments, evening wearied out, for an iron hydrant, on the square top of which he sat himself down to rest. There was something so mournful in his look, that I threw open the blinds of the window where I had been sitting, and, leaning over the casement, watched him with an intensity of feeling sick to anguish and tears. Over a brow on which, I should judge, not less than seventy wrinkles had pressed their feet, and as many summers their parched hands, and down the sides of which struggled a few grey hairs, was drawn a faded, lead, scarce shading his hollow cheeks, while his body was garbed in a covering which, though cleanly looking, bore unmistakable marks of a past age. His feet were cased in a poor apology for shoes; and thus accoutred, with "sivery beard unshorn," in the very sun of day, and yet, yet a-lone, as though no bond of earth claimed, and no mortal friend cared for him, he sat silent, immovable as the seat on which he rested.

There is to me no sight more tenderly touching than that of old age. I reverence the Chinese, in that they reverence old age. Even though comfort and happiness surround it, and youth and childhood smile lovingly upon it, it suggests to me more than the ripest joy of earth. So near the verge of life, it seems to me only so much nearer to heaven as the great mysteries of the grave, and it fills me with solemnly tender thoughts. "Strange" though it may be, I see my kin, my dear and dearest, and even my own self, imaged in it, and I could not more truly and irreverently than I could mock at it mediate death. Had old age in want, suffering by the way, side, and such a touching as that. It might be my father, or my mother, a wife, brother, or sister; if one suffer thus, may I not? And what if one's mother were shivering with cold, or dying with hunger, or suffering from pain, with no heart to bear tenderness toward her, and no hand to shield her grey hairs, such a sight more touching appear upon earth? Not so.

I watched the old man for an hour, full of reflections like the above, when I ventured out to speak a word with him, to inquire into his history, and, if he had them, his sorrows and griefs. If youth is reverent, old age seldom repels it. There is a childhood at either end of life, and the two mingle when they meet. So I found it. Freely to my question, "Friend, are you in want?" he replied that he was very poor and tired, and night starved; an extract, or cast out from his own home, a home which, in other years, he had reared so sweetly and made happy those images of himself who now had so fondly turned him forth to beggary and death.

It was poor indeed in this world's goods, but infinitely rich, trust, in the sympathy that divides what it has with the suffering, and I gave him that which I had. It was but little, yet I have a thousand times felt, and now feel, the fearful gratitude of that old man for so small a kindness, as never to me than "stranded boy." The memory of it flows into my heart like a red color.

Could I have done less for him, though I could do no more? Could I have passed by with sorrow and suffering without dropping if only one coin of worth? The words of kind words are sometimes both the bread and water of life. Nay, it could not have done less than to have been a blessing. Yet a little while, O child, no more blessed with sufficiency, and thy head will be lowered, and may be as poorly sheltered as this old man's. Then, too, mayst have children who will turn thee from thy home. It was a reciprocity founded on the possibility of even a star of swelling within me, that would not be repressed, a sentiment of compassion, not altogether unselfish, which, as with God's voice, bade me do as I did.

did, a duty, whose omission would have pained my heart forever after—whose fulfillment brought its great reward. I looked upon that old man, not as a beggar; no, he had been a happy boy, had felt the spring breeze kiss his forehead cheek and toss up his glossy, bright hair. He had been a light-hearted youth, had touched his lips to the fountain of life when it was clear and sweet, and had been happy with high aspiration and dreams of faithful love. Finally he had grown to manhood, passed the rubicon, and seen in the distance before him, transcendentally beautiful, the Mecca of life. Around him clustered his flock, beaming their bright eyes upon him, sobored face, shedding a halo over his home. Happy man a child, a youth, a man, and a father, blessed in affections that refined and purified him, and with affluence sufficient for all the desires of life—could he ask for more? Could he say to himself, "I come nearer to my soul?"

But hold! Change and bright light upon the issue of an hour. The wife of the happy man died, misfortune came upon him, and before the storm passed away much that was bright. The old oak, shorn of the protecting forest, caught the lightning, and stood charred and blasted against the sky. The stout heart pained, and the head withered at its task.

The old man, beaming eyes of children then smile upon the man—the father! Nay! but, with bitterness and reproach, his own blood thrust him forth alone into the world. He went forth, he knew not whether, not a beggar, but a venerable old man, cursed by the stung that is "sharper than a serpent's tooth." He was Lear, without the memories of a king. And this was not among savages, but in a Christian land!

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never see it but I think of the children who looked at Elijah, and against whom God sent a vengeance.

There are souls rude enough to mock at old age like this, who can ridicule even grey hairs. But can't you? Mendacity can crime could lay in my heart the rise of a tender feeling toward one old in ivory for the grave. Old age has my sympathy and my aims, whenever I see the silver signet on its brow. On earth, save God, I reverence nothing more. I never

Interesting Miscellany.

ASPIRATIONS.

How often we have seen the same man, a man of letters, a man of science, a man of letters, a man of science, a man of letters, a man of science...

A REMARKABLE VISION.

The following communication claims to be a spiritual revelation, and we give it a place, as we have done many other articles, and because we entertain the same conviction, but believe we have no means to verify its truth.

It is now about two years and a half since my attention was drawn to the subject of Spiritual Manifestations, and about two years since I began to be developed in a speaking and writing medium, since which time I have had a great deal of experience, the greatest amount of which has been in the form of automatic writing.

My mind was very much occupied with the subject of Spiritual Manifestations, and I began to feel that I was in a peculiar position, and I began to feel that I was in a peculiar position, and I began to feel that I was in a peculiar position...

CLAIRVOYANCE.

A man of extraordinary, which appears rather extraordinary, having lately been developed, if you think it interesting enough for publication, you can see it for the purpose.

The following is the facts, as I have them. Mr. John L. Taylor, of Middlebury, had a servant girl leave his employ recently, and a few days subsequent to this he found that a bag containing fifty or sixty dollars in gold and silver had also disappeared.

I have been directed to look upon the man, who I have seen in the Light of Reason, and I have seen in the Light of Reason, and I have seen in the Light of Reason, and I have seen in the Light of Reason...

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Mr. Taylor, a man of extraordinary, which appears rather extraordinary, having lately been developed, if you think it interesting enough for publication, you can see it for the purpose.

The following is the facts, as I have them. Mr. John L. Taylor, of Middlebury, had a servant girl leave his employ recently, and a few days subsequent to this he found that a bag containing fifty or sixty dollars in gold and silver had also disappeared.

I have been directed to look upon the man, who I have seen in the Light of Reason, and I have seen in the Light of Reason, and I have seen in the Light of Reason, and I have seen in the Light of Reason...

Partridge & Britton's Spiritual Library.

OUR LIST OF BOOKS. Endeavour all the principal works devoted to Spiritualism, whether published by ourselves or others, and will unhesitatingly send you a copy of any of them, if you will send us the name of the work, and the amount of postage, if forwarded by mail, we are pleased.

The Spiritual Telegraph, Vol. I. By R. H. Brown, Editor, and other authors, is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the Spiritual Nature and Influence of Man. It treats especially of the Philosophy of Mind, Moral and Physical Phenomena, and various interesting Facts and Speculations of the Spiritual Condition and Manifestations of our race.

The Spiritual Telegraph.

Published by Partridge & Britton, 302 Broadway, New York. The Spiritual Telegraph, Vol. I. By R. H. Brown, Editor, and other authors, is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the Spiritual Nature and Influence of Man.

OUR GENERAL AGENTS. The following are general Agents for THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, and will supply all the books in our list at publishers' prices: BELL, HARRIS, No. 25 Corhill, Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

DR. G. T. DEXTER, 80 EAST NINTH STREET, Between Lexington and Third Avenues, NEW YORK.

S. WINCHESTER BRITTON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, 31 WALL STREET (LAWYER'S CORNER).

THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT, BROADWAY, 200 BROADWAY, THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT, BROADWAY, 200 BROADWAY, THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT, BROADWAY, 200 BROADWAY, THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT, BROADWAY, 200 BROADWAY, THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT, BROADWAY, 200 BROADWAY, THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT, BROADWAY, 200 BROADWAY, THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT, BROADWAY, 200 BROADWAY, THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT.

THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT, BROADWAY, 200 BROADWAY, THE GREAT PIANO AND BIRD ENTERTAINMENT.