

Property of

White Cross

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

— OF —

JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

BOSTON:  
1885.

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Lectures by J. W. Fletcher :

Why does not God Kill the Devil?"

"The Mediums of the Past," an historical discourse.

"Old Truths in a New Light."

## SKETCH OF

### JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

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*"Truth forever on the scaffold,  
Wrong forever on the throne,  
Yet the scaffold sways the future;  
And behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above his own."*

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JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER was born some thirty miles from Boston, at Westford, in the United States, in the year 1851. He held the position, and received the education, of an ordinary middle class American citizen, and the means which his father had realized from a manufacturing business gave to his son the prospects of a life full of ease, comfort, and many worldly advantages.

The story of his introduction to the subject of modern spiritualism, as it is called, is very simple. It was discussed at the school where he was educated, and William Fletcher learned for the first time that such a thing existed. Shortly afterwards a gentleman paid a visit to his family, who

again spoke of it, and whose personal experience and keen intuition enabled him at once to declare that the boy was a great medium. He laughed at the idea. His friend, however, induced him to write a letter which was carefully sealed, and to send it to the public seance room at the offices of the *Banner of Light*, in Boston, where answers were given to written questions. It was done. Mrs. Conant, who was at that time the officiating medium, quickly ran over the letter placed before her, and stopped at this one. The envelope was blank except for a small cross. It contained a communication addressed to one who had been William's tutor for several years, and who had told him he would always be near his favorite pupil in spirit, at the time of his death, and as the latter took no interest in anyone else in the spirit world, he remembered the promise, and selected his teacher as the only person with whom, if it were possible, he cared to communicate. The medium immediately wrote on the envelope a message, not a little to his surprise, to the effect that William was one of the greatest mediums in the world and that his work would begin at once. It came from the spirit to whom the inquiry was addressed. Our young medium returned home, and no sooner had he done so than the prophecy was verified. He sat down and wrote an essay in trance which was widely read, and excited great comment. The consciousness of his power seemed to be the only condition necessary for its higher development, and from this time he began to be influenced in an extraordinary way, being constantly thrown into trances, during which he invariably discoursed about spirits, and gave what are called proofs of identity in those who communicated through him, which excited astonishment among his friends. His family then began to hold a circle every night, and William's father, who became enthusiastic about the subject, engaged Mrs. Foster, the mother of the well-known Charles Foster, to give professional seances at their house, to which all who were interested were invited. They were not without



that element of the ludicrous which has attached itself throughout the history of the world to what is most touching and sublime.

One evening after they had been sitting together for a considerable time, the only so-called spiritualist in the place suddenly rose amid a solemn silence which had been unbroken and said, in a husky voice and quavering tones, "I, for one, would like to know if there are any of *my* folks here," and then sat down. Another long pause ensued. She then rose again, and to the great amusement of all present said to the medium, "Will you please go through the death scene of my brother Robert? He was *drowned*, and it will be a *great test*!"

The only incident of any importance that occurred during these little gatherings was the repetition of the statement that William was a great medium. He had always been delicate, and as he possessed at this time very indifferent health, he was advised to go to the backwoods of Maine for change of air. On the first night of his arrival at the little country village where he had been sent, he held a seance. It was a very extraordinary one. This was repeated every night and all the country people came to attend these little circles for miles around. He was often asked, while walking in the street, to come in and tell some anxious inquirer, "about the dead people," and such satisfactory tidings were generally given about them that interest and curiosity rapidly increased. Among others who were drawn around him was Mr. George Worcester, the son of a celebrated Swedenborgian clergyman, who used to join the circle, and was the only one present who possessed any insight into the nature of a gift which excited little more than curiosity and wonder in others, but which interested him for its own sake. He suggested to the spirits controlling the boy that they should give lectures at the school-house, and they consented to the proposal. The first intimation he had of the scheme was while walking in the village, when he saw a card in the window of a store, stating much to his surprise that "Willie Fletcher would lecture at

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the school-house on Sunday morning and afternoon." When the day came, however, he went, as father, was taken, fast on the appointed morning, instead of awaking as usual, he was thrown into a trance, carefully dressed by the controlling spirits, and led to the school-house, where some thirty persons were assembled, in a little, unpretending, low-roofed building, in which the village children learned their alphabet. It was a motley group. Dresses of all kinds and colors prevailed, and the little assemblage inaugurated the service conducted by spirit influence by upraising the strains of good old Dr. Watts' hymn, commencing,

"Hark, from the tomb a doleful sound"—

which, strange to relate, was considered an eminently appropriate one for the occasion. The subject of the discourse was then selected by the audience, which was more fortunate in its themes than in its songs, the choice falling upon the beautiful verse, "In my Father's house are many mansions." On this the young trance speaker delivered a lecture which lasted an hour, and was attentively listened to; and he only became aware of what he had done at its close, when he was speedily aroused from his unconscious condition. That this long sermon was appreciated is proved by the fact that the congregation decided, without a single exception, to wait for the next service, when a fresh theme was chosen, with similar good results, and William Fletcher descended from the little platform feeling that he had accomplished something, he hardly knew what, and with his heart full of longing for some little token of appreciation and sympathy, he accosted a motherly looking old lady, and asked her "how she liked it." She candidly replied that she "didn't know anything about it"; but by way of showing her gratitude for sitting through two discourses she put her hand in her pocket and pulled out a *Boston cracker*, which she handed to the youthful preacher. So sensitive was his nature, even then, to the kindness and love of those with whom he came in con-



tact, that he has often said since that his heart was more touched by that quaint token of sympathy in the little village school-house than by the diamonds presented to him in after years.

Shortly after this he gave a second lecture in trance, which lasted about an hour and a half, and which was preceded by the singing of a psalm, hardly less appropriate than the celebrated ditty of Dr. Watts, viz :

"My days are as the grass."

The subject was again chosen by the audience, which was also once more as felicitous in its texts as it was unhappy in its hymns,—the grand prophetic passage being selected, "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

From this time, about the year 1869, William, although hardly seventeen, instantly sprang into notoriety, and received invitations to lecture in various places, most of which he was compelled to decline on the ground of his health.

One incident may be mentioned, in connection with his mediumship, remarkable for its oddity. While in the backwoods of Maine, the mother-in-law of one of his acquaintances died of dropsy. Her body was deposited in a dry, large coffin, made by a carpenter retiring from business, and designed for the reception of his own. William was earnestly requested to attend the funeral, and give an address on the occasion, and accordingly he set out through the shady woods, which were very beautiful and secluded, disturbed by no sound louder than the singing of the birds, the flight of the squirrel from bough to bough, and the sudden splash of the leaping trout, as it darted at a gnat on the surface of the stream crossing the little pathway. With his spirit attuned to the harmony of the scene,—such harmony as seems to exist only in places far remote from the haunts of men,—he arrived at his destination. It was a curious change. Three

elderly women met him on the threshold of the house, swinging tansy on that hot day when every breath of pure air was beyond price. On entering the apartment where the people were assembled, he found them all sitting around it in solemn expectation, with their shirt collars starched, their trowsers starched, even their pocket handkerchiefs starched, and all likewise swinging tansy. Outside in the yard, and exposed to a burning July sun, lay the coffin, and in full view of this dolorous spectacle, and in the midst of the circle of friends, was placed an arm-chair, stuffed with pillows, into which William was conducted, and sank till he was nearly eclipsed. As may be supposed, the ordeal of this funeral oration was one from which he would willingly have excused himself, but a courageous spirit rose to the occasion and spoke through his lips with a power more effectual than the tansy, the starch, and the stall of pillows in which his body nearly experienced suffocation. He could not help being keenly alive to the ludicrous side of the scene in which he was invited to play a part, and to this hour he alludes to it with smiles.

Although he declined much of the work that was placed before him, he saw a large number of persons, sometimes as many as fifty or sixty a day, and effected some remarkable cures by spirit power, literally healing the sick, the lame, and even the blind. As he did not derive as much benefit from the change which had been recommended as was expected, no doubt, in part, owing to this sudden development of his mediumship and the various demands upon it, he returned to his father's house in the close of September, and from thence went to visit some relations in Concord, New Hampshire. While in that place he was directed by spirit influence to apply for a hall to lecture in, which he was told would be given to him. He did so, and his request was at once granted by the owner, with a singular kindness. His lectures were advertised in the local papers, and on the first night, to his surprise, the hall was crowded, and many persons were turned away, unable to obtain entrance. This first public address was

one of his most successful efforts, and was very favorably spoken of and reported by the press, and a gentleman, who was present, was so deeply interested that he made an engagement with the young trance-speaker to lecture twice in the neighboring town. Great success attended the meeting, and with his name already marked in connection with powerful and eloquent speaking, Willie returned home. By this time the spiritualist journals had taken up the matter, and he found awaiting him more engagements than he could fulfil.

The young medium was now fairly launched in the work which, of all others, had been the most misunderstood, and the greatest this century has seen. His heart began to be fully engrossed in it, if indeed it could ever have been said to be apart from what had been a reality to him from his childhood.

It was about this period that the companionship he required, and which has ever since been a source of strength to him, was found in the event which, of all others, is the best or worst which can occur in the life of man. He became acquainted with Mrs. Susie Willis, who is well-known in the United States as a lecturer, and it was while addressing an audience that he first saw her. In the summer of 1871 both attended a spiritualist camp meeting, and in the course of a seance in the evening Winona, who had now become William Fletcher's spirit-control, spoke to her and said, "You will not marry the man who is engaged to you. I can see the one you will marry." Although received with utter incredulity at the time, Winona's prediction was, as usual, verified, and very shortly afterwards the Baptist minister's engagement ring was returned to him, and circumstances brought William Fletcher and Mrs. Willis closer together. Well for the sake of the truth was it that this event occurred, for had the marriages of the latter taken place as anticipated, the minister would have done his best to set aside the use of those great spiritual gifts which were given to Susie Willis from childhood, and which have effected so much



good to a large number of persons who have appreciated them, and value her friendship. She, also, was a clairvoyant from childhood, and commenced lecturing at the early age of fifteen, so that her whole life had well prepared her for the career which was before her husband. The marriage took place much earlier than had been intended, as they wished to commence an independent life, and it was accordingly solemnized at the house of Mrs. Willis' father, at Lawrence, Massachusetts, on the afternoon of March 24th, 1872. The wedding was celebrated by several little receptions given there, and also at Westford, where some rooms were placed at their disposal by William's father, and for a time the latter place became their home. The residence at Westford did not last long. The circumstances which led to an estrangement with William's family reduced them to a condition in which professional mediumship seemed the only resource.

William Fletcher and his wife then went to Boston, and presented themselves at the office of the *Banner of Light*, where great kindness was shown to them by Mr. Rich, one of the partners in the firm, who offered them rooms and introduced them to many persons to whom their unusual gifts were of great service, while their fame as test mediums rapidly increased. There they remained until the spring of 1875.

Success began to make his name widely known, but just as a pathway seemed open before him for permanent and influential work in America his health suddenly failed him again, and domestic trouble rose to its climax and severed him at once and forever from the home ties to which he had always clung. Symptoms of lung disease of an alarming kind showed themselves, and his medical attendant said that residence in a warm climate was absolutely necessary.

The New Year came. On the 1st of January, 1876, one of his band of spirits came to him and wished him a "happy New Year."

It seemed almost like a mockery, but the far-seeing spirit went on.

"This year," he said, "will be one of the most eventful in your life. You will cross the water; before a month is out you will be in London."

It seemed incredible: the two forlorn workers could only accept the message in silence, and await the result. They did not wait long. On the 7th a gentleman whom they had happened to meet called upon them to say good-bye. He was about to leave the United States and go to Europe for the remainder of the winter. In the course of conversation, and while he was expressing his regret at the condition of William's health, Mrs. Fletcher could not help exclaiming in reply, "I wish Mr. Fletcher was going with you!" The gentleman immediately answered, "Let him come." She, of course, replied that it was out of the question, and the subject was dropped. On the following Sunday night, however, their friend called again, accompanied by his wife. He said, "You know I am not a medium, but I dreamed that a spirit came to me last night and said, '*Take Fletcher with you.*' Why can't he come?" Mrs. Fletcher said, "You know his circumstances, and how impossible it is for him to take such a journey as you propose." The lady, however, pressed the point. "I ask," she said, "for his companionship as a favor. It will complete our party, and he will be able to accompany my daughter to places where I have not energy enough to take her. It will help his mediumship." But the Fletchers, from a feeling of doubt as to the expediency of the plan suggested, again declined the kind offer. In vain Mr. S. urged William to reconsider it. "It is the only thing," he said, "to save your life. Will you not come?" He replied "No," and Mr. S. left them, after being finally told that the plan was absolutely impossible. At five o'clock that morning a spirit controlled Mrs. Fletcher and said to her husband, "Get up and pack your trunk, and at once." The energy of the spirit and the urgent command had its effect: he was told that it was a duty, and that the proposal made to him had been purposely designed, and he felt an irresistible power was influencing him. He rose at once, and obeyed the order. Hardly was

his trunk filled before Mr. S. came again, and informed them that he had not been able to sleep. He found William, to his delight, prepared to join him, and only just in time. They drove off together: the berth was secured, and the following day the invalid was on his way to Europe, and the prophecy that he would be in London in the course of the month was fulfilled. After spending a week or two there, during which he had no connection with the work of spiritualism, the party travelled toward the south, visiting Paris, Cannes, Marseilles, Nice, Florence and Venice, till they finally crossed the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

After remaining abroad and travelling through the countries of the East, Mr. Fletcher returned to London in April 1877, and having decided to remain he presented himself to the British National Association of Spiritualists, without either introductions or friends. "My mediumship," he said, "is all the introduction I ever carry with me, and if you will arrange a seance I shall be very pleased to give one on the conditions that the persons present shall be unknown to me." This was done, and some good tests were given to the sitters, which were somewhat badly reported in the *Spiritualist*. After this he began to receive visitors as a professional medium. Of this work we cannot do better than quote the words of Alfred Russel Wallace, the eminent scienstist, who said, "my interview with Mr. Fletcher did more to convince me of the reality of the spirit life than all the physical phenomena put together." In a letter to the *Banner of Light* Florence Marryatt, the popular writer, says:

"I have been asked to comment upon Mr. Fletcher's capabilities as a speaker, and would commence by saying that his appearance on the platform, manner, enunciation, and mode of delivery, are all calculated to attract his hearers more and more to the religion which he professes to expound. His voice is clear, simple and unaffected; he grasps the subject he may have chosen to handle plainly and decidedly, and he does not leave it until he has exhausted it. His lectures on the future condition of the



spirit have been especially interesting, and opened a world of speculation for those who had never thought before. . . . To meet him on the platform is to see him in his own house. He is, however, of a very cheerful temperament in domestic life (which the semi-entranced condition of the platform might lead a casual spectator to doubt), and is ready to see a joke or make one, as the liveliest of his friends. But he never quite loses the dreamy appearance of one who is in such constant communication with the other world, and it is difficult to lose consciousness of the spiritual atmosphere by which he is surrounded. This idea is heightened in those who have had the privilege of 'sitting' with him, because Mr. Fletcher, whilst under control, is so perfectly natural and like himself, that it is difficult to believe that another spirit is inhabiting his body and speaking through his lips. I told you in my letter of last year that I had held a seance with him of so private a nature that it was impossible to make it public. During that interview several startling prophecies were made concerning what was then the future, and it may interest your readers to hear that several of those prognostications have already been fulfilled, and that the rest seem likely to be.

Wishing to procure some further proofs of Mr. Fletcher's power before I wrote this letter to you, I prepared a different sort of test for him last week. From a drawer full of old letters I selected, *with my eyes shut*, four folded sheets of paper, and enclosed them, still without looking, in four blank envelopes, which I then sealed. I carried these envelopes to Mr. Fletcher, and requested Winona to tell me the characters of the persons by whom their contents had been written. She placed them consecutively to the medium's forehead, and as she returned them to me, one by one. I wrote down her comments on each, on the outside of its cover. On breaking the seals the character of each writer was found to have been most accurately defined, although the letters had all been written years ago, a fact which Winona immediately discovered; she also told me

which of my correspondents were dead and which were living. Here, you will observe, there could have been no reaction of my own brain on that of the sensitive, as I was perfectly ignorant until I opened the envelopes by whom the letters had been sent to me.

"There is another point which I could mention, and one of the utmost importance: Mr. Fletcher preaches the religion of purity, truth and charity, and (as far as human creatures can judge of each other) he leads a life in accordance with his doctrines." And the letter concludes with a wish that the religion of Spiritualism were thus lived out by all.

Mr. Fletcher's success in public and private was phenomenal: his lectures were attended by the *elite* of London, and his name everywhere spoken with respect. The *White Hall Review*, *Life*, *St. Luke's*, *The Telegraph*, and hosts of other prominent journals, quoted his opinions and printed interviews. At the evening lectures persons highest in society circles were constantly to be seen, while the rooms of the medium were filled with interested seekers of some of the things "not dreamed of in our philosophy." Probably no greater success was ever attained by any one person in so short a time. In the year '81 a party consisting of the Fletchers and others sailed for New York. In the party was Madame Davis, who had fastened herself upon them and who was afterwards cause of great trouble, carrying her venom so far as to call into action subsequently in London the old witch law, and have Mrs. Fletcher imprisoned for "consulting with familiar spirits." It is not our province, however, to enter in upon the case which has been dealt with by marvelous power in that highly interesting volume, "Twelve Months in an English Prison." After the voyage was made to America Mr. Fletcher, amidst crowds of enemies, began his public. "Small beginnings make great endings," they say, and for a little time, while the cloud which slander and misrepresentation had made hung over him, it was a struggle. Yet determination wins in the end, and he began the work which requires fortitude and

courage known only to the martyrs of old. Too proud to ask for assistance, and too strong in innocence to bend to circumstances, he took his stand with an unswerving devotion to the truth. Everywhere he has appeared the public has been ready to recognize his great talents. Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Boston, and in fact many of the intellectual cities of America have come in crowds to hear the "inspirations" that have never failed to uplift and bless. The nature of the teachings has always been opposed to every kind of sectarianism, and have insisted that the genius of spiritualism must be of that grand and comprehensive sort that embraces all things, all men, and all truths. *for are* In all its teachings opposed to those of the gentle Nazarene, for, to quote from a recent discourse, "we are constantly being asked if Spiritualism is not opposed to the teachings of Jesus and to Christianity. We answer No, what spiritualism must ever oppose is not the Christianity of Christ but the Churchianity of men, which has ever been one of humanity's direst foes. Jesus was the great medium, whose life came as a prophecy of what we now are the fulfillment. For, said he not: 'The same things I do shall ye do, and even greater, for I go unto my Father, who has the gifts of the spirit.'"

In this brief sketch we have but outlined a life, whose work has as yet but just begun, despite the many years of earnest labor, and as years shall roll on possibly the seed sown may add a still richer harvest to the life of the spiritual worker.



courage known only to the martyrs of old. Too proud to ask for assistance, and too strong in innocence to bend to circumstances, he took his stand with an unswerving devotion to the truth. Everywhere he has appeared the public has been ready to recognize his great talents. Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Boston, and in fact many of the intellectual cities of America have come in crowds to hear the "inspirations" that have never failed to uplift and bless. The nature of the teachings has always been opposed to every kind of sectarianism, and have insisted that the genius of spiritualism must be of that grand and comprehensive sort that embraces all things, all men, and all truths. Nor are its teachings opposed to those of the gentle Nazarene, for, to quote from a recent discourse, "we are constantly being asked if Spiritualism is not opposed to the teachings of Jesus and to Christianity. We answer No, what spiritualism must ever oppose is not the Christianity of Christ but the Churchianity of men, which has ever been one of humanity's direst foes. Jesus was the great medium, whose life came as a prophecy of what we now are the fulfillment. For, said he not: 'The same things I do shall ye do, and even greater, for I go unto my Father, who has the gifts of the spirit.'"

A few began to recognise the earnest spirit of the man, and one, himself a sufferer in the Anti-Slavery cause, Dr. J. Murray Spear, of Philadelphia, lifted up his voice in his behalf with a clearness of perception and a nobility of feeling which make his words deserve to be permanently recorded.

"Being," he said, "one of the first mediums developed in America, and now probably the oldest, I have seen and studied mediumship in all its multifarious forms, and have settled opinions respecting the powers and uses of this class of persons. Some of them have sailed on smooth seas and been honored, while others, quite as faithful to their convictions, have been despised and rejected because used in ways that violated popu-

ular standards of society, morals and religion. Socially ostracised, or neglected by those who could, but did not aid them, some good mediums, becoming discouraged, have been compelled to seek other avocations and return to private life. Others have nobly braved the storms of persecution and become stronger and more earnest workers. Among the last named is to be found John William Fletcher. While speaking in Philadelphia during the months of March and May, I have enjoyed frequent and favorable opportunities of hearing and observing him in public and private, and have read attentively what the newspapers of England and America have said of him, and have the high satisfaction of believing him so far removed from the mean motives and low practices ascribed to him as surely to be able to comprehend the imputations made upon his character. He has uncomplainingly and manfully gone forward in the work which called him hither, commanding larger and more appreciative audiences from week to week. Making no reference in public and scarcely in private to the heavy afflictions resting upon him or to the cruel and malicious attacks of persons both inside and outside the ranks of Spiritualism. Sustained by a rectitude of purpose he has become a more able and religious and spiritual teacher. Young, pleasing in manners and person, with a strong, clear, mellow and suasive voice of a devotional and religious nature. Extemporizing with grace and ease, he treats his subjects with a beauty, candor and power rarely excelled by any speaker in our ranks, and is, I believe, destined to rise above suspicion and to reach the heads and hearts of the liberal and intelligent everywhere."

The above is ably seconded by the following notice selected from a large number that appeared in the *Providence Telegram* of a recent date, to wit: "The eloquence with profound wisdom of the lecturer, was the grandest stroke of the series of lectures given by Mr. Fletcher. It is not in my power to give even a part of so valuable a lesson. The Kingdom of Heaven was within, as well as the Hell or Eternal Punishment. The

description of the Satanic majesty was pictured, who was pronounced as a myth; and in answer to the question 'Why does not God kill the Devil?' there was none to kill: that the world was so filled with the Almighty, there was no room for Satan, and God would not fight a shadow. When man turns from the busy world for contemplation and is left alone in silent communion with nature and his own thoughts, with no bounds to the movements of his feelings, and shutting out from his soul this Almighty Orthodox Devil, he would see God's own hand in all before him, would be touched by that love which his Creator has imaged in all he has formed. His soul grows stronger and more active within as he sees life intense and working throughout nature with a Father's love, than the narrow belief that if he should fall, the Creeping Serpent is ever near, seeking whom he may destroy. His spirit, guided by love, is ever awake with happy sensations, cheerful and trusting, soul and body are blending into one, the senses and thoughts mix in one delight, he sees a universe of beauty, joy and life, of which he becomes a part, and finds himself carried along in the eternal, going to a Father's loving kingdom. Such thoughts and visions are tinged with holier and brighter light. The love and reverence of the Creator makes their abode in his soul, and his heart is made good in the perfectness of so tender and loving a parent. Freedom, order, beauty and grandeur are in accordance with his mind and give largeness and height to his thoughts. He moves among the bright clouds, he wanders away into the measureless depths of the stars, and is touched by the love and goodness of God.

"We regret exceedingly that Mr. Fletcher's story was so short, and look again with much anticipation for his return in our midst, when we hope to be favored with a lecture from his beautiful and gifted wife, whose lessons and teachings of pure love and sympathy are life-giving and ennobling if maintained upon their higher level. She is recognized as one of the rarest women of our time, one indeed



"Within the measure of whose breast  
Dwells the human love with God love  
Who has found life's truest rest."

"Mr. Fletcher carries back with him the gratitude of the many whose eyes he has brightened by loving messages from 'lips forever stilled' and to others for his interesting and instructing lectures."

We might add many others, but in this brief sketch our object has been to outline a life that has as yet but just begun, despite the many years of earnest labor, and as time shall roll on, possibly the seed sown may add a still richer harvest to the life of the spiritual worker.

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# The Fraternity of the White Cross,

12 Pemberton Square, (Room 9.)

*Boston July 1st, 1885.*

*Dear* .....

The work of the Fraternity is now progressing most satisfactorily, the attendance being much larger, and the interest manifested in the work increasing with every month. The object of this communication is to ask your hearty co-operation in the work now in hand, by your personal attendance at the meetings now held on the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each and every month, and to call the attention of your friends to the Society and its work. The initiation fee is one dollar, and in view of the expenditures incurred in the locating of the present headquarters, and the amount of good work already accomplished in so doing, we venture the suggestion, that if you are really interested in the work of the Fraternity you will be only too glad to do your share in contributing whatever sum may be needed to defray the actual running expenses. To this end it has been thought advisable to invite such contributions, and the sending of this letter with a request that you remit to the Secretary as soon as convenient, one dollar, or such further amount as you are inclined to send to meet the necessary expenses for the year ending December 31st, 1885. A full and complete report being made at that time by the Treasurer for all moneys had, and received; and it is earnestly hoped you may be able in future to be present at the regular meetings, and receive the benefits to be derived therefrom.

The rooms of the Fraternity are open daily to each and every member from 10 A. M. to 12 and 12.30 to 4 P. M., and the Secretary is prepared to give full information as to the work accomplished and what is desired to be done. The By-Laws are ready for distribution, and will be mailed upon receipt of cost, ten cents.

Hoping to hear from you at an early day,

Fraternally yours,

THE FRATERNITY OF THE WHITE CROSS,

SECRETARY.