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Written for the Banner of Light.

### KATIE MALVOURNEY

IRISH CHARACTER  
AND  
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,  
OF PHILADELPHIA.

The simplest incidents of life assume an importance and interest, when connected with certain individuals. The great law of attraction is not confined to the individual, but extends to their actions, and we learn to link the one to the other.

#### CHAPTER XX. The Doctor's Reply.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your letter, with that for Edgar, came duly to hand; for both of which I receive my thanks. At present I am so much occupied that I can only send you a brief response to the postscript of your letter. It is, alas! too true that we are now in the midst of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness" and "the destruction that walketh at noonday." Oh, the thought of the fearful responsibility that rests upon the physician at this time, fills my heart with an anxious dread. Experience has taught us that, in the beginning of this terrible epidemic, the disease is more severe and fatal than when it has expended its first deadly shafts. The popular mind has accepted the idea that all epidemics act thus because the physician does not understand the proper treatment; and when the disease seems to yield more readily to our efforts, by assuming a milder form, then they say that we have learned how to manage it.

The truth is, that there are persons in every community, whose systems are in a condition to invite diseases of this character, and for whom all treatment is of little avail. When these first victims have been swept away by the epidemic, its hold upon those who are still susceptible becomes less and less powerful, and success crowns our efforts. The first question which you would naturally ask is: "How can we protect ourselves most effectually from this disease? How do physicians guard themselves?" Our principal reply is—as you have truly expressed it—in a calm reliance upon the all-sustaining arm of Infinite Power. Where this is the case, a thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee, because thou hast made the Lord thy refuge, even the Most High thy habitation." See ninety-first Psalm.

The physician who realizes the true nobility and God-like character of his mission, feels constantly sustained and protected by a power which is ever present, as well as by the rectitude of his own intentions. Girt about by this armor, then, he can stand firm and trusting, even amid scenes of pestilence, death and desolation. The only precautions which I take are, to avoid adding to the labors of my system by eating improper food, and to rest whenever I can find a moment to spare. I have learned that a few minutes of silent intercession, in which I endeavor to banish every thought and rest in quietness, will refresh my wearied frame more than long and heavy sleep—which is mostly experienced when we are unable to obtain regular rest. The slumber which comes to the over-taxed system, is often more laborious and wearisome than wakeful and earnest action performed with a cheerful and hopeful disposition.

I am glad you feel called upon to labor among the sick, and I send you, by express, some medicines which I have prepared with my own hands, a measure that I consider of much more importance than is generally understood; and, if I had the power, I would not permit any sick person to be a nurse, druggist or physician. You may think this is a hard rule, and that I am too particular; but, from careful observation, I have a strong conviction that such persons always communicate more or less of diseased magnetic emanations to the medicines and the patient, while the magnetism of a strong, healthy, well-balanced person imparts to the medicine a potency which can be obtained in no other way, and, to the patient, that which can only be thus received. You will find particular directions upon each package, and your experience will soon teach you how and when to use them—if you are called, as I am sure you will be, to cases in which you will be obliged either to see the patient die, or put forth your powers to stay the hand of the destroyer.

One thing more, darling, and I must close, for I am now encroaching upon time that should be devoted to rest; but it makes me feel strong to write thus to you. If there is one thing more than any other to which mankind have stopped their ears from hearing the voice of God, and have closed their eyes from seeing the coming of the glory of the Lord, it is in their want of appreciation of the value of pure, fresh air, God's sweetest, noblest gift to man. It is not so bad with you as with me. I have wept over the poor little city—pent up in little apartments, often underground, where the bright sunlight and the free air never come, crowded together so that, even were they disposed, it would be impossible to be cleanly in their habits or pure in their surroundings. It is not surprising, then, that disease is a constant visitor to their miserable abodes, and that when it comes in a contagious form Death reaps a full harvest.

Let me impress this thought upon you, for your patients and yourself also. You will be compelled, as I am, to breathe the fetid and pestilential air from the dead and the dying. See to it that

you go away from all these several times each day, and beneath the vault of heaven, standing erect, expand your chest to its utmost capacity, and take in the deepest inspirations you can of that blessed pure air. My favorite spot for this purpose is the place where I worship, and you may think me a little heretical here, for it is not in dim aisles and consecrated walls, with windows shaded and festooned with curtains to exclude the free light and air of heaven, but out in the wide, beautiful fields, and beneath the shade of some old, majestic tree, through whose branches the winds for centuries have chanted their hymns; here, breathing the pure air and sending forth living, loving aspirations, I worship and am carried into that interior condition which rests and thrills me with joy unspendable.

But I must stop now. A thousand thoughts crowd upon me that I would be glad to write. I am impressed that you and I are to walk safely through this terrible ordeal which is now spreading death and desolation over our fair land, and that, however arduous may be our labors, strength will be given us to bear the burden and to do the duties which belong to a true life.

I shall be glad to hear from you soon and often. From one whose heart ever beats warm and true toward you, and who is always happy to subscribe himself your friend,

HENRY T. KENRICK.

Katie's reply:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND—I perceive by the date of your letter that a month has elapsed since it was written. What a month! The varied experience of years has been crowded into it.

I do not know that I can do better now than to give you an account of some of the most prominent incidents. Your letter, with its judicious and appropriate suggestions, has been to me of incalculable value. I have used the medicines you sent me, with great success, and followed your hints; and I almost fancy myself something of a doctor, but I will be modest. The nearest physician to us is a Doctor Stubbs, who, though a man of considerable ability, lacks many of the essential qualifications of a good physician. First, he is somewhat arrogant and dictatorial, and his patients, almost all of them, fear him. It would seem that he thinks he can put disease to flight by frightening his patients. I differ with him on this point, but I am only a woman, he says. Somehow the people seem to be on my side, and I was called to see more patients than he.

Do you remember when you lost your first patient? I know you do; but you had a diploma, and were a man, and could call on other physicians to share the responsibility with you. I had none of these, but stood alone when a beautiful young girl lay before me in the cold embrace of death. Had I killed her? Was everything done that should have been done? Something whispered in my soul, "Go on, child," and I did; and soon I began to conquer the disease, and stand victorious by the side of those who rose up to bless me. And then I had compensation for all my sad and anxious feelings, and, thanking God for his manifold mercies, worked on.

Would you believe it, Doctor Stubbs, who had sneered at me as a woman, and spoken very disparagingly of my labors, having heard of my success, actually called upon me, and inquired about the manner in which I treated my patients. I read your letter to him, and told him that that and my common sense constituted my diploma. I gave him some of the medicine, and he tried it with success, and now he comes to consult me almost every day. By the way, let me thank you for the second package of medicine. It came very opportunely, especially under the circumstances. I had just used the last that I had, and came home very much exhausted from excessive labor. I said to mother, "I am so very sorry I did not write to Dr. Kenrick to send me some more medicine. I know he would be glad to do it." "Why," she replied, "there is a boy waiting in the other room with a bundle; but I would not disturb you; I guess it is from him."

I started quickly at this news; and there, sure enough, was your nice package, with the note, saying that you had no time to write, but you felt that I must need some more medicine. I never was happier in my life; it seemed so providential. I was very glad, also, to think that amid all your cares and labors, you were thus mindful of me and my efforts. That night I had two new patients—very serious cases—and they were soon relieved by the medicine you sent, and have since recovered.

You will excuse this wandering letter. I am glad to find that the cases are becoming milder and more manageable, as well as fewer in number from day to day.

Accept my most sincere thanks for your kindness to me, and believe me, as ever, your

KATIE MALVOURNEY.

The Doctor's reply:

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND—You may think I have been negligent in not answering your last letter, unless you have seen how I have been engaged, and have felt how little inclination there was to do anything, when a moment's relaxation was found amid the arduous duties which have occupied my whole time during the past two months. I was very much gratified to hear of your labors and your success. I have never wished for you more than when, wearied with the toil and anxiety of the day, I have seated myself into still greater sympathy. And when you become my wife, you will be able to assist me in the cares and responsibilities of my profession, to sympathize in my trials, and share with me the joys in the blessings and pleasures which flow from appropriate and well-performed labors. I am not sick, and yet I feel weary all the time. Think I shall soon be better. Will you not find time to write me a short letter? They always strengthen me, and have a very soothing effect

upon mind and body. How glad I would be now to see you! I hope I shall soon.

Very affectionately yours,  
HENRY T. KENRICK.

This was a sad letter for Katie. She had felt gloomy forebodings; some coming event was casting its sombre and indistinct shadow across her pathway. The clouds closed thicker and more dark around her, as she read the letter over and over again. Those simple words, "I am not sick, only weary," portended more to her than appeared upon their surface. "For what is sickness," said she, "but a great weariness of the body and the spirit? And oh! how shall he rest? Be still!" she cried to her heart, as it throbbled and fluttered like a frightened bird. Then she attempted to write, but her thoughts melted away in the fervent heat and seemed to rise up in curling vapors from her hot brain, and then were apparently lost. But it was not so. These sympathetic thoughts and feelings, like the invisible breath of the ocean, went forth on the atmosphere, and, in due time, descended as cooling showers and refreshing dews upon the wearied and parched spirit of her friend, the Doctor, as he lay far away from his loved one, and at that same hour his friends saw that rest, sweet rest, had come to him, though no one knew from where or whence.

Every physician is aware that groans and visible expressions of suffering bring relief to the patient, but they do not know how, or why, they draw this sympathy.

#### CHAPTER XXI. Katie's Visit to Dr. Kenrick.

Katie's friends saw her falling, and were sure she was sick. No one but her mother knew of the chorals that were vibrating in her heart, and producing those sad notes that were shaking her blood to its very centre. How hard it is to bear such an agony? It was well for Katie that her mother's heart sympathy came to her relief in this trial hour.

A few days afterwards Katie received the following note from the Bishop:

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—My son is quite ill, worn down by incessant labor in his profession, to which he devotes soul and body. He speaks of you often; and at times, when his feverish condition bewilders him, thinks he sees you, and begs you most earnestly not to leave him. His physicians, who are very devoted to him, said to me this morning that if you could come, they think it would be an advantage to him. And I am very strongly impressed that you will do him more good than any one else, and therefore I hope you will come at once, if possible. You will have no difficulty in finding our residence, and we shall all welcome you.

Yours, KENRICK.

Katie received the above note about 4 P.M. The stage which passed their house every alternate day would go at an early hour the next morning. Being no fashionable lady, the thought never occurred to her that she needed more time for preparation. It was not long, therefore, before her clothes were neatly packed in a small satchel which Lind had given her. Then requesting her mother to call her early she retired, and slept more calmly than she had for some time. Even a disagreeable certainty is better than suspense. In the evening a servant brought a letter from Lind, which Katie's mother gave to her the next morning; but as she did not feel like reading it, she put it into her pocket, and, as we shall see, kept it for some time. She had risen calm and refreshed, and as her mother had her breakfast ready for her in time for the stage, she was soon on her way. There were six persons in the coach, and as we are to ride forty miles with some of them, at least, we shall find out something about their characters. There was an elderly gentleman, with a long white wig on, who was evidently the principal man of the company. He was very reserved and dignified. Next to him, on the back seat, sat a lady, very pale and haggard, who aroused the sympathies of the company. His story, as we learned it, was that he had lost his parents, two sisters and a brother with the disease. In short, the whole family had been swept away, with the exception of himself; and he, always sickly, strange to say, had escaped after a most severe illness, and was now on his way to seek a home among some distant relatives. Katie occupied the seat in front of the old gentleman, from which position she was able to watch the suffering boy. She had some medicine with her, which she kindly offered him; and he accepted it. By her side sat a strong, muscular country woman, ignorant but warm-hearted. On the front seat, facing the other passengers, were a man and his wife, who were about emigrating to America. Katie, by her intuitions, discovered all these things in less time than we have been occupied in writing them. Though her feelings were intensely interested in the doctor, she could not lose the opportunity of doing something for the poor boy. Offering him some cordial, she remarked:

"I perceive that you are yet very weak."

"Yes, ma'am," said he; "but I think that I should soon be strong, if I did not feel so sad and lonely."

"If sickness makes us selfish—as it surely does at times—sympathy with those who are ill often has the opposite effect. The elderly gentleman relaxed his countenance a little as he slipped a pound note into Katie's hand; for the boy, though he said not a word, he was not accustomed to speak to such people, yet his dignity did not quite crush out his humanity. The strong woman, moved with compassion, turned aside, so that the sick boy could lay his head upon her breast, and the throbbing of the great "strong heart" within seemed to give life to that weak child.

The man and his wife on the front seat seemed cold and indifferent. They had brothers and sisters in America, and their thoughts, the few they had, had gone there before them.

It was a long and tedious ride, and though Katie

did not desire to have the horses driven any faster, she found it exceedingly trying, both to her patience and sense of propriety, to have the drivers spending considerable time at each place where they changed the horses in low jesting and buffoonery after everything was in readiness to start. What a great gulf there ever must be between such coarse natures and the fine, sensitive one represented by our friend Katie, who was now constantly drawing in the delicate chords of sympathy, which extended from her inner being to the doctor. Oh how nicely did she draw these chords to the proper tension, so that she could feel the thrilling vibrations upon them, while all around her seemed confusion.

They arrived at Belfast about three in the afternoon. The strong woman had offered to take the boy to a friend's house. This relieved Katie of any further care of him, and she was free. Although an entire stranger, and not knowing one in the place except the doctor and the Bishop, she determined not to speak to the passers by, but to be guided by her impressions; therefore she walked rapidly away from the inn down a street the name of which she did not know. A sudden impression led her to turn off at a right angle, and go three or four blocks in that direction. This was leading her to the outskirts of the city. Still she went on, and coming to an open lot she walked rapidly across it, and found herself in the rear of a large building. At the gate she saw a little maid, to whom she put this question:

"Does the Bishop live here?"

"Oh yes, and the doctor, too," said the girl. "I guess it's him you are after seeing. He is so sick that he don't see nobody nowadays. You must go to Doctor Slogan's. He lives just round here. Come, I'll show you. It's forlorn that big house yonder."

"I do not wish to see Dr. Slogan," said Katie. "Do you know how the doctor is to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am, he's better; but the big doctor that tends him said we mustn't tell nobody so, 'cause they'd be after seeing him. So I tell you he ain't no better, and you must go to Doctor Slogan's."

"Won't you let me in?" said Katie, looking into the yard. "I wish to see the Bishop."

"Oh no; I see 'fraid of old Bridget, the cook; she said I mustn't let nobody go in; but you can go in if you won't tell her you seen me at the gate. I oughtn't to be here, now." So putting her hand up to her lips as a sign for Katie to keep silent, she ran down cellar.

Katie felt quite relieved. She had found the place before night, and had reason to hope the doctor was better. She breathed easier. Passing into the yard, she walked up to the kitchen door, which stood a little ajar. Looking in, she saw old Bridget, who was much more of a character than the little Port, as they called her, who was maid of all work and errand girl for the servants. Making a polite bow to Bridget, Katie addressed her as follows:

"My name is Katie Malvourney. I have a note from the Bishop, asking me to come here and see him and the doctor," at the same time drawing out the note and Lind's letter, both of which she had carried in her pocket.

There is a sort of reverence among this class of persons for one who can read.

"Sure and can ye read it for me? If ye does that, I'll let ye in, and call Miss Jennie, too, for to hear the likes of you read."

Katie read the note very deliberately, but Bridget was rather doubtful, and seemed disposed to fly from her bargain. "The Bishop is laying down," said she, "and mustn't be disturbed for nobody. Maggie and Jennie are both up with the doctor. Don't you think you'd better call another day?"

Poor Katie! how hard it was to keep calm under such circumstances. At last she thought she would suggest to Bridget to take the Bishop's letter up to his daughters; but she informed her that she could not go up stairs, but Mary, the chambermaid, would be down soon and take it up. She did not think to show the old woman the cross after the signature, which would have removed some doubts from her mind, or, what would have been still better, to have spoken of knowing Mrs. Sullivan, who was one of Bridget's friends. Katie was tired, and sat down; then the old woman asked her to "make herself easy." The latter was not possible under the circumstances.

Just then a young man who was Mary's friend came into the kitchen, and Bridget made a signal by which she knew he was there. How universal are these secret signs among all classes and in all conditions of society. Katie felt pleased at the thought that love was a blessing to her. Mary came into the room presently, and started a little to see a beautiful young lady sitting there with her lover. Katie made a bow, and asked her if she would be kind enough to take the note up to the young ladies. She had written upon the outside her name, and the fact that she had just arrived and wished an interview. This was joyful news to the doctor's sisters, one of whom hastened to the drawing-room and sent for Katie to come up at once. Their meeting was a cordial one; the girls, whom we shall describe directly, loved their brother very dearly, and they had learned of his feelings toward Katie, both before his sickness and since, and knowing how truly he loved her, and having read some of her letters, they were very desirous to meet this Katie of ours.

The doctor was sleeping, and they thought him better; therefore their visitor desired them to be very careful how they spoke of her to him, as she wished to avoid any excitement. Jennie told her that he had spoken of her several times through the day, and insisted that she was coming; but they were not willing to encourage the hope, for fear that he, as well as they, might be disappointed. They did not know how truly Katie's nature responded to his, and how little the conventionalities of life would lay a restraint upon her in her

desire to do all that could be done for one who loved better than her own life.

After a few minutes' conversation, Jennie ran up stairs and sent Maggie down to see their friend. When she entered the room, the doctor opened his eyes, and, seeing his sister looking very happy, said:

"I fancied that my Katie had come; I wish I had not wakened to find it all a dream."

To which Jennie replied:

"Perhaps she may yet arrive."

"Do you really think so?" he cried eagerly.

"To be sure. Did not father write for her to come?"

"All that may be," was the rejoinder, "and I know that she will hasten to my side if she possibly can; but you are aware that, with regard to many things in this world, we are obliged to act contrary to our dearest wishes; and she, I am sure, cannot always follow out her own inclinations and desires, any more than other people. Her means are limited, also, and if I had written I should have sent some money. I know they have a large family, and, consequently, many expenses."

His countenance brightened perceptibly while thinking and speaking of his beloved one, so that his father, who had been resting in an adjoining room, but who now appeared at his bedside, was much pleased to mark the change that a few hours had wrought, and to see the smile which lighted his daughter's face, though he did not suspect the cause.

"Father," said Jennie, "there is a person waiting to see you in the drawing-room."

"Do you know who it is?" he inquired.

"A lady, I think."

The doctor looked at her and said:

"Is it anybody I know?"

"I believe so," with a smile. "I heard her inquiring after you."

"Is it Katie? Oh, why don't you bring her up?"

"I will, brother, if you will be calm," and she motioned toward the door, which just then opened to admit the Bishop with Katie on one arm and Maggie on the other. As soon as Katie saw the doctor's pale, worn face, she could restrain herself no longer, and the over-burdened heart found relief in a passionate flood of tears. Mingled emotions of joy and sorrow filled her soul—sorrow to see how disease and suffering had wasted the beautiful form and features of her loved one, joy to meet and recognize in his sweet and expressive smile the deep love that burned so purely up on the sacred altar of his soul.

The doctor had slept more quietly that day than on any previous one. Could it be that Katie's approach had anything to do with it? Oh, mysterious link that binds human souls, when shall we fathom more of thy wonderful nature and power? Who shall say that the winged thoughts of love and sympathy do not reach and influence those to whom they are sent?

Katie held the doctor's hand in her own, while he lay in a calm quiet, which is more refreshing than sleep to the weak and wearied system; and, while they are resting and holding sweet and sacred communion, let us introduce our readers to the Bishop's family. The Bishop's family, did we say? Don't you know that in the Mother Church the Bishop can have no family? Very true, kind and critical reader; but there is no rule without an exception, and we will proceed to explain how our worthy Bishop happened to have a family:

Father Kenrick entered the medical profession at the age of twenty-two years. He married Miss Maguire, only daughter of the Honorable Patrick Maguire, of Belfast, and they had three children, the eldest a boy—now the doctor—and two girls, Jennie and Maggie.

Shortly after the birth of the latter, Mrs. Kenrick died. Her husband, who had always been religiously impressed, after the death of his wife determined to enter the Church, and take an humble position there. He did so; but such was the purity of his soul and the power of his mind that in a few years he occupied, with great dignity and prosperity, the elevated station in which we find him. Our readers are already familiar with the position and character of the doctor. His father continued to retain a deep interest in the profession of his early life, and felt very thankful for the power and influence it gave him in his new position. Indeed, we believe that a minister should always be a physician, prepared to attend to the wants of both body and soul.

After the death of his wife, Dr. Kenrick obtained the services of a widowed sister some ten years his senior, a lady of great refinement and purity of character. It was under her care that the children grew up; and they owed much to this pious and exemplary woman who found pleasure in filling, as far as possible, a mother's place, devoting herself faithfully and lovingly to all the arduous cares that devolved upon her. She had passed into the Better Land a few years before we made the acquaintance of the family.

The eldest daughter, Jennie, was now twenty-three years of age, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, deeply attached to her father and sister, and especially to her excellent brother. The youngest member of the family, Maggie, had been a delicate and sensitive child, but, as the years crowned her, had become more vigorous in health. She had passed her twenty-first birthday a few months previous to this time.

The disease of which the doctor was suffering, was a peculiar one; it belonged to that large class which lies out of the regular domain of technology, and which neither physician nor patient can classify. It was the result of repeated losses of vitality, in a severe and long continued struggle, and as little by little he had gone down, the portion of his system after another had given way, until he seemed to be diseased almost everywhere. At times he rallied, and then hopes were raised; then he would suddenly grow worse, and new symptoms of an alarming character would manifest themselves.

The day that Katie arrived was the most en-



contrary one they had had. She requested permission to watch with him during the night, and his sisters, weary and worn from constant care and anxiety, to say nothing of wakefulness, willingly yielded their trust to so able a person.

The next day he had an increase of fever, with delirium, and spoke very wildly; he did not recognize Katie, and was continually asking for her, urging them to send for her immediately. Sometimes when she spoke, he would say:

"That is her voice, but this is not her; you cannot deceive me."

Katie feared that the excitement of her coming had had something to do with the change in his disease. The physician assured her this was not so, and that the repose of the previous day and night had been of the utmost importance to him; that there would probably be relapses of the fever, and that it was very important to keep all quiet around him, for even their thoughts would be reflected upon him in his nervous and sensitive condition. Toward evening he became more composed, and for a short time recognized Katie, to the gratification of all. This, however, was followed by a stupor, which lasted during the night.

Katie's vigilance and judgment were very important at this time, and she became a great favorite with all the family. There are no other conditions that awaken so strongly our affectional natures as those in which we are watching and waiting upon the sick.

Katie saw the doctor's spirit loosening its hold upon the physical, as the disease assumed a more severe type. She did not mention these things to the young ladies or their father. She could see that as the disease changed, the control of the spirit over the body changed also. There were times when the connection between the spirit and the body seemed almost severed. When she had these visions, her friends saw that she was in a very peculiar condition, but were entirely ignorant of its character.

There were times when the doctor was suffering from the wildest delirium, so that it became necessary to restrain him; but through all this she felt an assurance that he would recover, and that he had a work yet to do. Thus for two weeks of long and weary nights and painful days of suspense, did they watch and wait, with hopes sometimes buoyed up and then sinking so low as almost to reach despair.

At length the clouds broke, and like the appearance of the clear sunlight after a long storm, everything assumed a brighter hue. The physicians pronounced the doctor out of danger; but oh, how weak he was after these fevers and deliriums; he was as feeble as an infant, physically and mentally, and he required all the kindness and sympathy their loving natures could give him.

Katie was especially in her element, both as nurse and devoted companion. How eagerly did she watch every movement, day by day and night by night, as the fires of life, smoldering so long, began to blaze again—only flickering flames at first, but destined to grow brighter as the months passed.

The Angel of Death has been sadly misunderstood and misrepresented; it is one of the best and most beautiful of God's ministers and messengers, opening a flower-encircled door from a world of pain and sorrow, to a bright and glorious sphere, where joy and peace, and unending blossoms of purity and love are ever to be found. And when this angel only stirs its wings, as in this instance, over a loving family, though its influence may not reach so far as to claim its victim, the immediate friends are baptized in a living stream from whence they will draw more purity and stronger affection. Under such influences there go forth from the heart glowing fires of love which embrace all humanity. So was it here; gratitude for an unbroken circle, filled all hearts with a deeper devotion, and caused them to send forth stronger and nobler sympathies to the brotherhood of man everywhere.

A few evenings after this, as the family were sitting quietly in the doctor's room, Katie described a vision she had of persons around the Bishop. First, his wife, and then his mother, and afterward three brothers, each of whom had some peculiarity; and so minutely were they described that he had not the least difficulty in recognizing each of them. As it was the business of the Bishop to understand spiritual things, he had no difficulty in explaining this matter, at least to his own satisfaction. We shall give his theory, and leave our readers to judge for themselves.

Assuming the dignity which belongs to his office, and which made Katie shudder a little, he remarked:

"I have long noticed that the strong and prominently marked ideas which we carry in our minds for years, become so real and tangible as to be perceived by certain sensitive persons. Thus, for instance, the memory of my dear mother, who bore my infant form in her arms, and gave me the first embrace that awakened my consciousness, is among the most clear and vivid impressions of my mind. And the remembrance of those loving brothers, who were the playmates and protectors of my early childhood, is so deeply impressed upon me that you are now enabled to trace their very lineaments and outlines. And then the thought of that precious one, whose sweet image is ever my companion, is so constantly with me that I have no difficulty in bringing her up before you, even as Saul brought Samuel up before the Woman of Endor."

Katie did not feel like entering into an argument with the learned and venerable Bishop, but was soon made to say, in one of her spells, unconsciously to herself, for she had never heard his given name:

"Michael, I perceive that you are well satisfied with your own opinion; and I would not disturb you in it but let you remain so until you meet me on this bright shore, were it not that others are looking to you for truth. Many souls lift their aspirations to our Father through you and your influence, and I would not have you for a moment throw a cloud over the pathway of a single child of God; and for this reason I must say that your explanations do not cover the ground in question. Truth alone is able to cover itself fully, while error and falsehood always leave something exposed, and it often happens to be the very portion that it hopes most effectually to conceal. You have reversed the order of things; your mother is before you, and that which you supposed to be your strong impression, would soon pass away, or become obscure, if she left you, and so of the rest of us; but we cannot now convince you of this."

Let me say to you—and I wish you to note it particularly—that our brother James, who has been traveling on the continent for his health, is now a dweller with us in the inner temple. He passed out of the form very unexpectedly this morning, at Florence, to which place he had removed a few days previous, and after he had written to you of the improvement in his health. His death was very unexpected to his family.

You know that this child has never heard of your brother, and that you have no such thoughts as these on your mind to impress upon or bring up before her. When the facts come to your

knowledge through the outward channels, as they will, I will leave it to your honest convictions to say whether your theory will in any manner explain this."

I was with our brother when he passed over the river, and he now stands by your side, just as really as I do."

Here Katie described him, and gave some marked peculiarities by which he was identified by all present.

She continued:

"It was not your thought that brought this vision of him, for I perceive that you do not feel convinced that he has passed out of the body."

Jennie made notes of all that was said, for they were deeply interested in this, to them, strange subject.

Night after night they had these sittings, and the Bishop grew more and more absorbed in the matter. He asked many very important questions, to which she readily responded. As the Doctor gained strength, he, too, sat up with them, and was also exceedingly interested in the phenomena, which, for prudential reasons, were kept quiet. The Doctor and Katie were very much pleased to witness the increasing interest with which their father entered into this investigation; and though he was quite guarded in his remarks, they were entirely satisfied, from the manner and character of his questions, that he was changing his opinions very rapidly in regard to this mysterious phenomenon. They, as well as the girls, remarked this. The latter had formed their own opinions about this subject, and they were much strengthened by the course which their father pursued. Nor did he manifest the slightest uneasiness at their confident remarks.

Every one has a peculiar belief in regard to the spiritual and interior, and though we may approximate toward each other, and be gratified to perceive a similarity of views, yet in the present state of knowledge mankind must be, to some extent, willing to hold their views on this subject for themselves, and according to the measure of their capacity. The great lesson which all should seek to inculcate is that of the most enlarged and liberal charity, which, while it accepts nothing that does not carry a clear conviction to the mind, denies nothing which another may feel prepared to accept, so long as it does not come in contact with the rights of others, or violate any moral principle. The tendency of the age to this liberal ground is the most encouraging sign of the times; and when we find the religious and scientific teachers moving beautifully into line on this question, we may hope much for the coming time, or even the near future.

There were many interesting utterances given on these occasions, of which no record was taken. One day, as Katie and the Doctor were sitting alone, she accidentally drew out of her pocket Lind's unopened letter. "There," said she, "I wonder what our friend Lind would think of me if she knew I had carried her letter unopened four weeks? But I am certain if she knew how I have been occupied she would excuse me. Do you know I think it would be just as well to read our letters only as we feel impressed, as it is to write only under similar conditions? Don't you think you would like to hear how our mutual friend is getting along?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor, "but would it not be better for you to read it yourself first? Perhaps she has written something she would not like to have me read."

"I will take the risk of that," said Katie. So she opened the letter, and read as follows:

MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND KATIE—How I wish you were here with us this beautiful morning! We are on the Rhine, and spite of fleas and bugs, unnumberable, we are trying to find pleasure. I have often said life was a great humbug, but traveling is a still greater one. Oh, Katie! I have often wished once, since we left our aunt's, that I had taken your advice and remained quietly at home, and that has been all the time. But, you see, people who were wonderfully interested in our affairs, called upon us every day, inquiring whether we intended to travel, and where and when. Then others took up the question, until it seemed to be the only interesting topic of conversation to them, at least; but to us it was most annoying, even coming, as it did, from persons whom we cared nothing for. You, with your firmness and principle, would not have minded it, I suppose; but we are not like you, so it vexed us. At last, as though driven to desperation, Mr. Conant said to me:

"Lind, don't you think that we had better take this opportunity to travel? Everybody is talking about it, and some even go so far as to hint that it is only meanness on my part that has prevented our being away now. I confess I begin to feel that we shall have no rest until we do start, and that we must, whether we desire it or not."

I did not much fancy the proposition, but as friends and acquaintances all seemed anxious to banish us, and I was assured so solemnly that it was absolutely essential that I should see something of the great world before I settled down by my own fireside, that at last I concluded that, in this instance, fate, or popular opinion, was too strong for us to resist, and that in order not to be utterly overwhelmed by the current, we must submit. Therefore, my dear Katie, imagine Mr. Conant and myself as led forth like lambs to the sacrifice, attended by a host of triumphant friends. The wearisome details with regard to the preparations for our departure I will mercifully spare you. Behold us at length started upon our expedition, with happiness and contentment left at home. Well, we traveled down through England to Liverpool, then to London, and from there to Paris. I was rather eager to reach the last mentioned city. You know I had learned French at boarding-school under M. Pampore, and I was very certain that I could speak it as well as any foreigner. We arrived there in the evening, and went to the famous Hotel De Ville. There we found the most stupid set that I ever met. Not one of them could understand a word of French—at least not as I spoke it. I was exceedingly provoked, for even if they did half comprehend me, they would answer in broken English mixed with French, not the pure dialect at all. Mr. Conant made himself very merry over their stupidity and my vexation, and said that he would get me a traveling companion, who could speak all the European languages. So he put an advertisement in the papers, and we soon had a host of applicants. At last, from the powdered, rouged, bejeweled and befooled set, I chose a little creature named Blanche. The principal reason which I had for my selection was that she was small, and I fancied that I could have more control over her than the others. Many of them, I know, would have ruled me with very little difficulty. In Paris, my new maid was a perfect treasure, in spite of the spoil of wit and wickedness in her composition; but since we have come up the Rhine, I have found that the all-powerful motive which influenced her to accompany us was love, and I will not be so selfish and forgetful as to complain of her. She had a letter from this dear friend of hers a few days since, and she brought it to me to read, as that is an accomplishment which she has

not acquired. It was a strange composition, being a mixture of German, Dutch and French. I managed to decipher it after a fashion, and Blanche knew the meaning of every word, or fancied that she did, which is just as well. I realize now that, if we should happen to meet this person; my little maid, in spite of her apparent devotion to me and my interests, will not hesitate to walk off if he should say "come." Well, I have done the same thing, so that I can't blame her.

I wish to tell you about Paris. It is grand and beautiful, a world within itself. Every condition of humanity, from the highest to the very lowest, finds its representative here. You know Mr. Conant's penchant to visit the haunts of poverty and crime. I begged him to let me go with him; so, donning suitable attire, we spent two weeks in rambling through the hells of Paris. Such scenes of squalid poverty, abject misery and terrible degradation I have never dreamed of, and I dare not attempt to tell you about them in my letter, for it would soon swell it into a volume, and the horror and agony filling it would, I fear, consume it with their fierce fires. I am not yet able to look back upon those awful pictures without a shudder.

We left Paris, and passed over into Germany, and are now going up the Rhine. The weird beauty and unsurpassed grandeur of this wonderful river have been so inordinately praised and sung, that every one feels disappointed when they find that, though it is a Paradise, yet something of the lower, even the trail of the serpent, is visible here. You know it is a great disadvantage to have your expectations raised too high. All to soar aloft on eagle's wings, and then to suddenly realize that the earth is your resting-place after all, is very annoying. I am writing this on board of a Dutch steamer, with about as disagreeable surroundings as I can well have; and when I do go out on deck to view the really beautiful scene, my mind cannot wander far away without being brought back with a shock that makes me retire in disgust.

By the way, how is the doctor? Are you and he progressing finely? I trust so, for you are so good nobody can have any trouble with you. Please give my best respects to him when you write. There, my paper is full, and I have not said half that I wished to, so you may hear from me again soon.

I am yours the same as ever, although they will persist in calling me, LIND CONANT.  
(To be continued in our next.)

## Original Essays.

### INSPIRATION OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

Behind the vast array of forces from time to time developed by man, there is a providential plan, pointing to the past as the harbinger of the future. Plain facts are rapidly kindling into prophecies from the laboratories of art and nature. Splendid conceptions, glowing images and brilliant thoughts have found eloquence in words, and deeds have risen up, stored with grand examples of energy—intellectual and creative energy—that arrests the gaze of the nations. The fact is, that Americans have become an inspired people, against misrepresentation, prejudice, and caricatures in hostile array. They have steadily advanced, until they have won an honorable recognition from rival countries; and her sons and daughters are imbued with the mighty spirit of the age, that has condensed into one vast energy an expanding vitality which must attain, in due time, the highest grade of development. Can Americans lack inspiration while the truths of the Revolution, immortalized in their History, are ever speaking to their hearts, with ever-sounding trumpet tongue, of its significance, which every school-boy rejoices to hear and celebrate on the joyful Fourth of July?

Armed with his patent from Nature, born to the majesty of a fearless heart, with the certainty of achievement by perseverance, subduing the opposing difficulties, felling the dense forests and removing huge rocks, bringing into use the lightnings and the triumphs of mechanical inventions, almost with incredible rapidity cities are built, and States are organized by an indisputable sovereignty. Labor, instead of being a disgrace, has been exalted and crowned. And from its workshops and fields, America has sent forth her noblest sons, who have immortalized themselves by their literature, statuary, painting and poetry. Nowhere else has labor indicated its intrinsic value on so vast a scale, in such transcendent connections, with such abundant and significant fruits.

It is necessary now for the Americans, that things should progress as they have been doing for the last two centuries, and there will be settled upon this vast continent a population greater than that of all Europe, composed of intelligent, industrious, calculating men, who will be ashamed to be idle or ignorant. Inspired men pursue their work often very far apart from each other's knowledge, but they join at last, and the very merit of these inventions causes them to flow toward a common centre, as rills must flow into the ocean. In many ways these influences meet, with their valuable discoveries, long after the inventor's decease, combining as they never could have imagined.

Inspiration leads the human mind to win might and power from the progress of the useful arts. Liberty, knowledge and industry will raise society beyond the theorist's idea, in the progressive order decreed by his Creator. Familiarity with nature, through art, will bring purity and a fresher life. It has lifted men above the narrow horizon of the senses, and by faith extended their intellectual vision over the whole human family. Self love and universal love are to be harmonized into the same spirit—to be mutual helpers in advancing the welfare of mankind. It shows a prophecy in its varied forms of majesty and beauty. Like powerful chemistry, it works on for centuries mighty results for man, elevating his condition, augmenting his strength for profound applications to useful and practical ends.

Men inspired like Palissy, Newton, and Ledyard, will give noble examples of truth, and lofty devotion, and encouragement to all enterprises of a humane and spiritual philanthropy. The past fifteen years have seen American literature exert an influence across the Atlantic, especially that relating to modern Spiritualism. This shows that the public attention is turning toward this country, and stimulating to still further exertions among its writers and reformers. Inspired lecturers are the most valued. A fine composer may not be able to speak so as to awaken the interest of his hearers. Euphonious sentences fall on unheeding ears from the absence of vitality and meaning. The speaker's brain may be quivering with the spirit of his ideas and emotions, but wanting the inspiration, he cannot express them, while another, with not half his knowledge, will entrance his audience, by glowing descriptions

of sublime ideas and comprehensively of allusion. Hence the popularity of our spiritual mediums. They speak ideas as they receive them, and the often radiating from great minds, giving us lessons of wisdom that sink deep into the heart, and become to us as lights in dark places—strength in weakness—confidence, when the mind is trembling in doubt and fear—inspired words, that find their way surely along those mysterious avenues, which lead to the inner recesses of the soul; and the listener feels that he is face to face with spiritual qualities, which shine by their own light, warm by their own heat, breathing love and tenderness toward all, through streams of poetic beauty and divine sympathy.

The inspiration that has arisen in the hearts of the brave defenders of freedom, is of mighty import, powerful enough to crush out all rebellion, free the slave, and snatch our promising young men from the immorality and effeminacy that was increasing to a fearful degree among them. War, with all its horrors, has some redeeming qualities. It brings to light hidden talents, native bravery, and arouses every sense to patriotic energy; renders the careless, rigid disciplinarians—urging them to high purposes and to great achievements. Inspiration has brought out from private life, Generals, whose knowledge and tact in commanding our armies, has astonished all Europe—officers, whose bravery and forethought seem incredible to beholders, springing at once into perfect warriors. And words cannot depict the courage and discipline of our private soldiers, their bravery, patient endurance of fatigue, illness and separation from home comforts and enjoyments that they hold most dear, their devotion to their country and cheerful compliance with her demands. God bless all those who go forth to establish her freedom, to defend the Union, and protect its rights. May strength be given to enable them to hold on, with a firm grasp, the dear old flag, with its emblematic stars and stripes—a beacon light for ages yet to come.

## RELIGION BASED ON SCIENCE.

BY S. C. CASE.

War's confusion is giving place to visions of sunny smiles around the home circle, where kindred and friends will meet, to "go forth to war no more." It is now a fitting time to commence in earnest some great and noble work—some work that shall challenge the attention of the world. The mind of man cannot remain inactive. When the excitement of war is quelled, what shall next attract the public mind?

I am glad to see that Spiritualists are awake and active. Shall their beautiful philosophy be the next grand idea to attract thought? They have already called a convention to consider the great question of how children can best be brought under the influences of pure religion? The theme is grand, and worthy the attention of our most educated and talented minds. It calls in question the placing of Spiritualism upon a scientific foundation; for that is the most effective way of bringing the mind of the young to behold its preeminence as a religion. In the prevailing systems, science and religion are at war. If Spiritualists are the first to bring them into harmony and companionship, surely they shall have the reward.

Those who have been born under harmonious conditions, and possess healthy organizations, may be habitually virtuous, or easily guided into the true path; but those who are otherwise, need a good share of physical or scientific knowledge to show them the full force and beauty of spiritual, or religious truth. In other words, the latter must know, from a scientific standpoint, that one course of life can only bring pain, while the legitimate effect of another course will tend to happiness. When they see and understand this, it will be more easy for them to do the right.

Oh, that the world knew the importance of founding schools upon an educational basis, where children could be progressively taught, from the first steps in physical knowledge to glorious heights in spiritual truth. There is a true way, where every step forward and upward will cause the mind to expand according to its own laws. There is a method of building up, a going from the known to the unknown, which has for its object the calling into natural action all the functions of the body and organs of the mind. This method should be adopted.

I will at this time go no further than to say the study of ourselves should be a far more prominent feature than it now is, in an educational course. Every pupil should be well acquainted with the physiology of his own being; should better understand the laws of health, and the relation his body bears to physical nature around him, as well as the relation it bears to his own mind.

Founded upon physiology, he should study to understand his own mind, and the laws which govern it. This he can now easily do by taking up the new and beautiful science of phrenology. Is he alone, and without a teacher? Let him purchase O. S. Fowler's "Education Complete," and begin. Thus laying a strong and sure foundation in physical and mental science, in connection with the unfolding laws of magnetism, a glorious and God-given religion will naturally arise as a superstructure, which shall elevate, refine and bless; an angel religion, which shall teach man of the happy home which he is seeking, and learn him how to clothe his spirit in angel vesture, while he yet remains an inhabitant of earth. God will hasten the glad day, and let us not be idle. Let us seek the pure light of heaven, and bask in its sunshine, that we may be happy.  
Nashville, Tenn., 1865.

## SPIRITUALISM IN THE CHURCHES.

NUMBER ONE.

BY MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON.

It may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Banner to hear some extracts from my notes of travel bearing on the above subject. Facts do not lie; and these are our weapons against all opposition.

What is most generally acknowledged by the human mind, as supported by the evidence of the senses in the present day, and confirmed by the testimony of truthful historians in all ages, needs no argument to support it. Still it is especially pleasing to all who have seen the light, to find the scales falling from other eyes also. And one can sit very contentedly for an hour, or even two, and follow an exalted and exalted representative of the old school through a long and tangled, if not contradictory, recapitulation of old, stale objections and charges against modern Spiritualism, when conscious it is all sound, without substance. We can afford to be tolerant; in the same spirit in which the old Quaker met his swearing brother, "Swear away, swear away, John," said he, "and get all that bad stuff out of thee." As thunderstorms clear the atmosphere, so mental disturbances dispel unhealthy conditions, and enable us to accomplish what was otherwise impracticable. Sitting of an afternoon in the reception room

of Mrs. Whitfield in New York, a dozen ladies or more called to obtain sittings with her. Some had been before, and told me their convincing tests they had received of spirit identity, and all manifested unshaken faith in the genuineness of her sittings; but not one of these persons, as I could learn, were open advocates of the philosophy, but remained wedded to a ceremonial worship. A corresponding fact I have observed with all test mediums.

Not only the laity, but ministers and their families frequently consult the despatch oracles of the new faith. Said a clergyman to a friend of mine, "Can you not get some medium, or spiritual lecturer, to come into our place and give a course of lectures? I am very anxious to investigate, and would offer my church, but it would not do. If any one will come, and risk an opening, I will do all in my power to assist, though compelled to act privately. I know there is a great truth here, and am anxious to learn."

Another Methodist clergyman wrote me, "No one would hail this truth with more satisfaction than myself, were I convinced it were not a delusion. I am open to conviction, and will gladly investigate."

One Sunday morning, recently, I entered a Methodist church. The text from which the discourse was drawn was, "Are they not all ministering spirits?" &c. The speaker was a young man, and I afterwards learned he was quite different and retiring in company. Not long had I sat under his ministrations before I perceived a light encircle his head, and forms were faintly visible as standing around, and a little above him. I shall never forget that discourse. Step by step he scaled the heights of inspiration, pouring down upon the heads of his hearers the boldest of arguments in favor of the angelic theory—higher and higher he ascended, like the eagle soaring toward the sun, and as rapidly letting himself down to the valleys of human life, in illustrations of "benevolent ministries," and closed his sermon, at last, with an unreserved avowal of his knowledge (not belief) of spirit guardianship. Said he, emphatically, "The phenomena of the present time are not to be overlooked."

He held his audience spell-bound, and many dressed in the tall-tale garb of mourning were bowed in silent weeping. Spiritualism was not in any point contradicted, but the whole philosophy thereof was in general and distinctive terms admitted. I have no doubt, however, had this gentleman been questioned in his normal condition, he would have repelled the claim of direct spirit control or communication through the vocal organs of a human instrument, and in common with his brethren of the evangelical order denounced modern Spiritualism as demagogical and dangerous. I was really surprised to see such a congregation, for numbers and intelligence, by their presence and attention, assenting to the spiritual faith within the walls of their own Church, and by a duly ordained minister of the gospel of Orthodoxy; but I left the house with a new light over my pathway, for something said to me, "The heaven is working where the doubting least expect it."

Now lest I make this article too long, I will reserve other facts of similar nature for a future paper.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### An Hour with a Child Medium.

In all the various phases of mediumship, or spirit development, with which the press teems, and the minds of thinking men and women are now engaged, perhaps none engrosses deeper or more startling interest than that known as the physical, when given to us through the media of little children. It is reported of Jesus that he once said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," and it would seem, by rapidly accumulating circumstances, that our spirit-friends are to give to the world the strongest and most tangible evidences of an existence in a state, or condition, by the immortality part of our being—which, I claim, is all there really is of us, after those ties or bonds which connect us with the casket, our temple, which we now inhabit and possess, and call our own, have been rent in twain—through "little children," who are thus becoming great instrumentalities. Skeptics have more faith in that which is given through children than older mediums, for the simple reason that they consider there is less ability, as well as less desire, to practice trickery and deception in the child than in the adult. How important it is, then, that physical manifestations through this class of mediums should be encouraged and the facts made known, in order that investigators may be enabled to push their inquiries to a successful issue.

It has been my good fortune to spend several evenings with one of the favored little ones, and at a sitting recently, I made a minute of the proceedings, which I now lay before the readers of the Banner.

Laura Ellis is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Ellis; and was born the third of March, 1853. She was first developed as a tipping and rapping medium about one year ago. Last fall a drum was beat in her presence by the invisibles, a voice was heard speaking through a trumpet, and various other manifestations, which were improved upon, and the number increased by others during the winter. These demonstrations of spirit-power at first took place in a dark room; but the medium now occupies the ordinary style of cabinet, the room in which it is placed being brilliantly lighted, the light being so arranged as to fall directly upon the medium when the door of the cabinet is open. The cabinet is two and one-half feet deep, four feet eight inches wide, and five feet high.

On the evening of April 3d, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Dwight and Emma, brother and sister of the medium; Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Stebbins, Mrs. E. T. Blackmer, and the writer of this article. The medium's hands were secretly tied with a strip of cotton cloth, after which she entered the cabinet, and took a seat facing the door, when her hands were stoutly fastened to a ring in the back of the cabinet. Another strip of cotton cloth was wound twice around her neck, and tied. The door was now closed, and in twenty-five seconds the voice of what purported to be the spirit of Leon Blake was heard; the door was opened, when the string was found to have been untied and removed from her neck, and thrown upon the floor of the cabinet. The same was repeated twice, each time occupying only fifteen seconds. The string was then hung loosely around her neck, the door closed, and three knots tied in fifty seconds. This was repeated, with only two knots, in thirty-eight, and eight seconds. It was now put around her waist and tied; the door closed, and the string, untied by the invisibles in thirty-five seconds; the string was then laid in thirty-four seconds; and six knots tied in forty-seven seconds. Four knots were next tied in fifteen seconds. It was again laid in her lap, when the unseen intelligences took it up, placed it around her neck, and tied it in thirty-five seconds. This was repeated, in thirty-five and twenty-three seconds. A common hat was next placed upon her head, bottom



side up, and was turned by the spirit three different times in seven seconds each. A brass ring, or hoop, ten inches in diameter, was then placed upon her neck, the door closed, and the hoop removed and placed upon one of her feet in six seconds. It was returned to her neck in four seconds. The same was repeated, occupying three seconds each way.

A tambourine was now placed in her lap, the medium holding it with her mouth by a strap attached to the instrument. In twenty-five seconds after the door was closed, beating with a drumstick was heard upon the tambourine, which kept accurate time with a Jew's-harp, which was played upon outside of the cabinet. A dinner-bell was now rung, a triangle played upon, and a drumstick thrown out of the hole in the door of the cabinet.

An intermission was now had, after which, the medium being securely fastened, as before, a ring belonging to Mrs. Stebbins was placed in the pocket of the medium, and the door closed. In twenty seconds the door was opened, and the ring found to be upon the medium's finger. It was then returned to her pocket in twenty-five seconds. It was again placed upon her finger in four seconds, and returned to the pocket in seven. It was again placed upon the finger in five seconds, and the door being again closed, in the almost incredible short space of one second the voice called, "Come in," when the door was instantly opened, and the ring found to be in her pocket. The spirit then put it on the medium's finger, then in her mouth, returning it again to her finger, each in three seconds. The medium then took a block of wood in her mouth, and, while holding it there, the spirit conversed with us in a clear, loud and plain tone. The medium could speak but imperfectly at the time.

Much interest is added to these sittings, from the fact that the spirit was almost constantly employed in conversation upon different topics with some one in the room, and always notified us when to open the door.

I hope that the manifestations which are taking place in different portions of the country through little children may become more general, and the knowledge of them made public. This practical part of our philosophy is destined to play an important part in the drama of Progression, and its light should not be kept from the world.

Chicago, Mass., 1865. JAMES G. ALLEN.

#### The Phenomena of Dreams.

The article by Cora Wilburn, "On Dreams," in your interesting journal, recalled to my mind a strange dream I had in my youth. Since the time of my dream, I have read a great many books and essays, with the hope of solving this phenomenon of Dream Land; but as I have never yet seen a similar one recorded, I am still in the dark, and I hope I shall not trespass on your time by relating it, hoping to get a solution from some one.

At the time my dream occurred, I was on a whaling voyage in the Pacific ocean, and had just got snug between the blankets for a mid-watch snooze, when, presto, I was on the Battery in New York. The time seemed to be early morning, in summer, and I appeared to be on a visit home; and what was very strange, I thought my time was limited to my watch below, viz, four hours; so I started up Broadway on a quick walk. Never was reality more natural than this dream; for, as I walked, the streets, that were at first lonely and silent, began to teem with early risers, plodding along to their work; carts rumbled along; the shop-keepers came out to open their shops. As I arrived up town, I began to meet familiar faces, but passed on with but a nod of recognition. When I came nearer home, friends would stop me to ask, "When did you get home?" but I would not stop to talk, as I felt that time was precious. At last I came within sight of the house (a small store). I wondered at the shutters being up, as our folks were early risers. "While I was thus wondering, an old schoolmate came up and shook me by the hand. We talked of the changes that had taken place since I had been away. I mentioned the circumstance of the shutters. "Oh," he said, "your mother has been very sick; and when you go in you will find a new sister." Just then the watch was called, and I was brought back to reality and the South Pacific ocean.

Now the most remarkable circumstance is, not that the birth of my youngest sister was told to me, but that on working up the longitude and turning it into time, I found that, after allowing half an hour to get comfortably into bed, it would be about five o'clock in the morning in New York. Now what I should like to know is, whether you think it was a dream, or did I really visit New York in spirit? I do not yet believe in Spiritualism, but as strange things have happened to me lately, I seek for information from journals and books on kindred subjects.

HUGH McKAY,  
85 Greenwich Avenue, New York, 1865.

#### Church and Henry's Seances.

In No. 24, Vol. 16, you published a communication from me in reference to what I witnessed at Church and Henry's seances, at Springfield, Illinois. A few days after the seance referred to in that communication, I again was present at another seance, where about the same manifestations took place, with this addition: A spirit, calling her name Miss Lookhart, who claims to have been in the spirit-world many years, materialized herself sufficiently to converse, place her hands upon my head, imprint a kiss upon my lips, and, at my request for a lock of her hair, she asked me to let her take my knife; I did so; I took my knife out of my pocket, and opened it; it was taken out of my hand as readily as if it had been light—(we were in total darkness). I, and all present at the seance, about a dozen, heard her cut off a lock of hair, which she placed in my hand along with my knife, which she returned as readily as if it had been done by mortal in perfect light; at the same time she said it would remain as perfect as any other lock of hair; said she was then on the material plane of life, as much as we before she passed to the spirit-world, and that a lock of hair, severed while in that materialized condition, would remain so, like any other lock of hair. I have the lock of hair now—beautiful brown hair.

The same precautions were taken to guard against imposition as stated in my last communication to you.

My own senses being the judge, I know there was no deception. It was a veritable reality. But I am willing to confess I do not myself believe in the present, and used my own senses to guard against imposition. I should have doubted the power of spirits to do what I now know they can do. It is a new feature of manifestation to me. I had not for a long time doubted the power of spirits to materialize themselves; but, until recently, I did not suppose they could do it perfectly, that if a lock of hair was severed while in that condition, it would remain natural. But as it is, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Yours, fraternally, S. S. JONES.

St. Charles, Ill., March 4, 1865.

Women are wise on a sudden; fools on premeditation.

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY E. LOUISE MATHER.

Another spirit hath gone home to thee, Oh Father-God! unto thy perfect rest, Thine all-embracing blessedness and love. A mighty spirit, with a noble heart, Tender, and true, and faithful, loving all, Even his enemies. The Nation mourns Its Father and its Head; the Nation vast Is bleeding to its centre, and the tears Are springing fast in many a manly eye United to weeping. And the tender soul Of Woman is stirred up to wallings and For him—our Country's pride, and hope, and joy. Even little children feel the sombre pall That falls around us, and their earnest eyes Are eloquent with innocence and grief. All nature is in mourning; from the soil Where old Penobscot rushes to the sea, Beyond the waves of Mississippi's tide, Where western rivers mingle with the main, Sad tears are shed. Old Niagara's voice Is hoarse with weeping; and the mighty hills Seem waving back the sunshine from their fronts. As all too joyous and too beautiful. His dirge is chanted in the mountain pines Of his dear North; and flower-bells, bending low, Mingle their grief with chimings of the wave; And at the South, the pendent moss that clings To the old oaks, a funeral banner makes. The Nation's tears embalm him, martyr true To Right and Liberty. A-down the years His name shall be emblazoned like a star Shedding rich light and glory on their path. Oh, cruel hand that dealt the deadly blow! Far more accursed than Cain, the fratricide, Shall not his blood—our Country's Father's blood—Cry up against him from the very ground? Oh! in the future annals of our time His name shall be detested—shall go down With that of Judas, Nero, Arnold, all Apostates, traitors, liars, murderers—all Abhorred and hateful beings of our kind. But, oh our God! watch over our Country dear, So lately jubilant with songs of praise, Now changed, alas! to dirges and low. Guide it through seas of trouble, storms of pain, To sit on highest hills of promise fair, And view the rising sunlight stream and pour Over a land of freemen, and no slave To clank his chain in mockery of right. Then shall a rainbow glory-span our land, And the Atlantic and Pacific waves Shall murmur on in ceaseless melody, "First in the vanguard of the human race!" East Haddam, Conn.

#### The Lecture Boom.

**A Lecture—Delineation of Character.** Since the arrival of Mr. Wilson in this city, Spiritualism has received a new impetus. For a considerable time prior, its opponents had been quite jubilant over the seeming decline of what they called an infidel innovation upon their old, established, true Gospel teaching. A high spirit even to attempt to be "wise above what is written." Mr. E. V. Wilson, of Wisconsin, came here the beginning of February last. Since then he has lectured twice each Sunday, making sixteen public lectures, besides giving, at intervals during the week, several public delineations of character of individuals taken from the audience, determined upon the audience, some of which we shall give a synopsis of at the close of this communication.

The lectures of this gentleman have been characterized throughout as being influenced by intelligent spirits who have left the form, and still hover near the plane of our Earth, determined to yet add us in our labors of love—for which we are truly thankful, as we stand much in need of their services. The eloquence, fervor of language, close reasoning and healthy advice, coupled with the constant inculcation of real Christian charity all the discourses, gave evidence that we were not forgotten by our spirit-friends. Brother Wilson speaks under inspirational conditions of a semi-trance character, with his eyes open.

The closing lecture of the course, on Sunday evening, March 29th, was an able treatise on "America, the Cradle of Ideas." The lecturer proceeded to show that the knowledge had been long confined to the Eastern portion of our globe, but since the discovery of America, and through the medium of the Printing Press, knowledge has found its way across the Atlantic, traveling with lightning speed, and by means of our glorious and free institutions, has taken such deep root on our soil that all the combined opposition in the world cannot prevail against us. Although at first sight, said the speaker, the Monroe Doctrine might appear tyrannical upon our part, yet there was a great truth underlying the whole; so much so, that, in looking at the past history of the Eastern portion of the world—their interminable wars, their quarrels about petty things, their quarrels with blood that fair portion of God's heritage, all in the face of Christian civilization, too—it was no wonder that the American people invoked the Monroe Doctrine to put an end to such ravages. All intelligent men applaud it, and look to America as the only nation capable of wiping such outrages and bid her God-speed! Nay, more, the whole civilized world is looking to America as the harbinger of universal freedom.

The speaker dwelt upon our success in the fine arts and our progress in Agriculture, showing that, in the latter, we are capable of feeding and clothing the whole world. The wonders of the Magnetic Telegraph, as an Amazon, their discovery were next noticed—steam-railroads—all contributing to the wealth of this great Republic. Naval Architecture was another of the ideals of American greatness. In this we hold the balance of power. The navies of the Old World are feeble, compared to ours. None of the Governments of the Old World ever dreamed of our raising an immense navy of six hundred gunboats in the short space of four years.

The vast armies, too, which we have brought into the field at the shortest notice, have astonished the world. Well may the great masses of the people set America on fire, and bid her God-speed! Before next May, said the speaker, the last great battle in America will be fought, and before 1870 America will contain a population of two hundred millions.

The lecturer also adverted to the rights of woman, about which so much has been said of late years, and so little understood. But the time is coming when she will be fully appreciated. At present she is not awake to her own importance to humanity, as teacher, wife and mother; but when, by proper education, she shall come to know herself, then every right that is hers will be fully guaranteed to her.

The speaker then adverted to the cruelties and uncharitableness engendered among the different religious sects, both in the Old World and the New, as being the cause of most of the wars in the Old, and a total want of that Christian charity, so much talked of but seldom witnessed, in the New. The various Christian sects came in for a full share of the speaker's attention, for their desertion of the true principles of Christ, as manifested in the Gospels, particularly in the United States. First the Presbyterians; when they obtained secular power, they persecuted the Baptists as heretics; next the Methodists; by the two former combined; then the three chimed in against the Universalists and Unitarians. These latter are looked upon by others as the worst of all. It is not a little singular, too, that they are classified by the modern Pharisees as quite akin to the early disciples of the Nazarene, on account of the wonderful things taking place in our midst through means of spirit agency. One of the speakers, "casting out devils" through Bezbozko, the Prince of devils; "just so our Spiritualism is termed 'the work of the devil' by hypocrites, and 'humbug' by Pharisees. But all such reproach amounts to nothing, for the truth is spreading rapidly. The speaker here gave an account of the history of this New Religion, as it may well be called, from its advent fifteen years ago in Rochester, N. Y., to

the present time. And this new Gospel of Truth and Righteousness is spreading so rapidly, that now we have upward of five hundred lecturers in the field, and more than three million of hearers, all anxious inquirers after truth. No wonder we are all-epoken of by the Orthodox; for ours is the Religion of Common Sense, as taught by Christ, without money or price, and without guile. It is the only true religion of Christianity, and all based upon genuine Christian charity.

Had the great body of the people in the South been as well educated as the North, this infamous rebellion could never have taken place, because they never would have submitted to become the dupes of a mere handful of base conspirators against their country's liberties—nay, against the rights and best interests of humanity. To ignorance, therefore, may be imputed this civil war. They never could have raised an army had it not been for the ignorance of their people. This led the speaker to observe that when present strife shall cease, and upon the return of peace, charity should be our ruling principle—charity for those who erred through ignorance—charity for those who were dragged to lift up arms against their country by a comparative few restless, designing men. America could afford to be thus charitable and forgive to all included in the amnesty which our noble President has proclaimed, and therefore, charity even extended to the leading conspirators themselves, by granting them their lives, which they had justly forfeited to the country, by the misery and desolation which they had brought to many a hearth, by banishing every one of them from the country for life, and confiscating their property.

#### DELINATIONS OF CHARACTER.

We will now give one or two delineations of character by Mr. Wilson, selected indiscriminately from the audience. This is not done phenomenologically, but by touch of the hand, thus putting himself in rapport with the individual. He not only gives the character correct, but gives some of the bygone incidents in the life of the individual, with the result accordingly. May heaven forgive our suspicion of some chicanery on the part of the medium, having seen such things before attributed to psychology; but when it came to our own turn to be examined, and the medium told us of incidents which we had long forgotten, we found ample reason to alter our too hasty opinion.

A public meeting was held at Mr. J. H. Hall, a young man came forward for examination.

"You are predisposed to commit suicide," said the medium, "and will have to guard against that element in your nature. There is a spirit now at your side, named Henry; he is your cousin (describing him); says he was killed in battle five months ago from this present date." This seemed a mere matter of fact, with all the circumstances then stated.

On another evening Dr. B. came forward as a test character, with several others. The doctor conceded that Mr. Wilson had given his life history literally correct, with dates and incidents, and asked how he obtained these facts? Mr. Wilson replied:

Your spirit-friends give them to me. There are two here with you now. One is a young man who studied with you in college. He was nineteen years old when he died. His death was occasioned by poison. While assisting in the dissection of a female corpse, he was being pressed, and he caught the index finger of his left hand. Though but a mere scratch, he died from the effects of poison which had entered his system." Here the medium described him, and said his name was "Charley." The medium, in continuation, said:

The other spirit is that of a girl, who was intimate with your father's family and with yourself. She was not your sister, nor do I believe she was any way related to you. She appears to me to not have been over sixteen when she died; if older she does not look so. One feature you must recognize—she had a most remarkable head of hair; color, a bright, dark, glossy brown. She was a fine looking girl, and she was in the habit of doing—that is, drops it down, shakes it out by shaking her head. It thus hangs over her shoulders like a dark cloud, reaching to her heels. She died very suddenly of some acute disease, and in your presence. You were twenty-two years of age at the time, and she was twenty years of age. She was in the embrace of some powerful anaconda squeezing the very life out of you! You staggered under the influence, and dropped into a chair. Its effect upon you was like that produced by a blow, or sudden prostration. Do you identify any of these things?

A lady, including many individuals of the audience, the incidents all occurred at the time mentioned. The two spirits I identify; I knew them. The young man was nineteen, and died, as you have told, from the poison taken from a female corpse. Her name, too, was Charley. The young lady I know, and you have said of her is true to the letter. She had the finest head of hair in the State of Maryland. She was engaged to be married to me in a short time, when she died. I was twenty-three; she was nineteen, but did not look over sixteen.

Wm. McDONNELL,  
Cincinnati, O., April 24, 1865.

#### An Extraordinary Persecution.

Several months since, the Chicago papers gave the particulars of a most extraordinary persecution, with accompaniments of refined cruelty, which was alleged to have taken place in the town of Waukegan, in the State of Illinois. The persecutor was substantially thus:—A Rev. Mr. Packard was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in that place. His wife greatly offended him by avowing liberal opinions, calling in question the dogma of total depravity, and criticizing freely other points of belief in the Calvinistic creed. He resented her position, and he determined to use these freedoms in the expression of opinion detrimental to the spiritual safety of his children, the welfare of his Church, and the good of the community generally. He resolved to put a summary, effectual, and permanent stop to the growth of heresy emanating from his own family. The object was to get rid of her. The evil was done by the heretic and free-speaking wife shall be declared insane! Two physicians are willing to certify that she is insane. This certificate puts the wife wholly in the husband's power. She is placed in the Jacksonville Insane Asylum, and is kept there three years. No law can reach her, for the "Common Law" makes the husband the guardian of the wife's person, and while the certificate of the physicians "in regular standing" holds good, the husband can keep the wife in custody! The circumstances of her escape we pass over, simply calling attention to the alleged facts, that a Presbyterian clergyman basing his wife in an asylum, basing his charges of insanity on the ground of her religious opinions, and finding two physicians willing to certify to the alleged insanity, they basing their certificate on the same ground of religious error!

Our readers by this time are incredulous. Perhaps they feel a little sympathy for us in being duped so far as to listen to the absurd story, and give it so much of publicity. They will not think it strange that a Presbyterian clergyman should do all the things alleged, for there are bad men in every communion and in every community. But they will deem it absurd to suppose that such a man could deem it proper to induce regular physicians to lend their professional aid, and to falsify their convictions to this end; that the managers of the asylum could be made to cooperate—all this in the year 1860; in the State of Illinois; among a civilized people, where are laws, and court-house, and churches and schools. We ask our readers, however, to have patience a little longer. We have seen Mrs. Packard. She is now in Boston, canvassing the city, with the first volume of her book, entitled, "The Great Drama." Her persecutions are of so extraordinary a type, that she naturally finds it difficult to get her statements credited. She accordingly asks us to publish the following letters in confirmation of the facts in the case, leaving the public to judge for themselves in this matter. The first letter is from Judge Boardman, of Waukegan, Ill. The second is from Hon. S. S. Jones, of St. Charles, Ill.

#### JUDGE BOARDMAN'S LETTER.

To all persons who would desire to give sympathy and encouragement to a most worthy, but persecuted woman!

The undersigned, formerly of the State of Vermont, now an exile of the State of Illinois, claims to be a regular standing, foolish or wicked enough to give the legal certificate, the wife is helpless! The "common law" places her wholly at the mercy of her brutal lord. Certainly the statute should interfere. Humanity, not to say

eastern part of said State. That in the duties of his profession and in the offices he has filled, he has frequently investigated, judicially and otherwise, cases of insanity. That he has given considerable attention to medical jurisprudence, and studied some of the best authors on the subject of insanity; has paid great attention to the principles and philosophy of mind, and therefore would say, with all due modesty, that he verily believes himself qualified to give an opinion on the subject of insanity, and on the question of the sanity or insanity of any person with whom he may be acquainted. That he is acquainted with Mrs. E. P. W. Packard, and verily believes her not only sane, but that she is a person of very superior endowments of mind and understanding, naturally possessing an exceedingly well balanced organization, which, no doubt, prevented her from becoming insane under the persecution, incarceration, and treatment she has received. That Mrs. Packard has been the victim of religious bigotry, purely and solely, and that she is a person of very superior endowments of mind and understanding, naturally possessing an exceedingly well balanced organization, which, no doubt, prevented her from becoming insane under the persecution, incarceration, and treatment she has received. That Mrs. Packard has been the victim of religious bigotry, purely and solely, and that she is a person of very superior endowments of mind and understanding, naturally possessing an exceedingly well balanced organization, which, no doubt, prevented her from becoming insane under the persecution, incarceration, and treatment she has received.

The question may be asked, how this could happen, especially in Northern Illinois? To which I answer that the common law prevails here, the same as in other States, where this law has not been modified or set aside by the statute laws, into the hands of the legal authorities, and a wife can only be released from oppression, or even from imprisonment by her husband, by the legal complaint of herself, or some one in her behalf, before the proper judicial authorities, and a hearing and decision in the case; as was finally had in Mrs. Packard's case, she having been in the asylum place taken by force, by her husband, and sent to the Insane Hospital, without any opportunity to make complaint, or without any hearing or investigation.

But how could the Superintendent of the Insane Hospital be a party to so great a wrong? Very easily answered, without necessarily impeaching his honesty, when we consider that her alleged insanity was on religious subjects; her husband a minister of good standing in his denomination, and the Superintendent sympathizing with him, in all probability, in religious doctrine and belief, supposed, of course, that she was insane. She was not sane to him, but to the authority of her husband, as insane, and Mrs. Packard had taught doctrine similar to the Unitarians and Universalists and many radical preachers; and which directly opposed the doctrine her husband taught, and the doctrine of the Church to which he and the Superintendent belonged; the argument was, that of course the woman must be crazy! And as she persisted in her liberal sentiments, the Superintendent persisted in considering that she was insane. However, whether moral blame should attach to the Superintendent and Trustees of the Insane Hospital, or not, in this transaction, other than to produce and sustain ignorance, it may now be seen, from recent public inquiries and suggestions, that it is quite certain that the laws, heretofore, in all the States in relation to the insane and their confinement and treatment, have been much abused by their relatives and cunning, who have incarcerated their relatives for the purpose of getting hold of their property, or to the disfigurement of our State and condition in the future state of existence, or religious belief.

The undersigned would further state: That the published account of Mrs. Packard's trial on the question of her sanity, is no doubt perfectly reliable and correct. That the Judge before whom she was tried, is a man of learning and ability, and high standing in the judicial circuit in which he presides. That Mrs. Packard is a person of strict integrity and truthfulness, whose character is above reproach. That a history of her case, after the trial, was published in the daily papers in Chicago, and in the newspapers generally in the State, arousing at the time a feeling of indignation against the author of her persecution, and sympathy for her; that nothing has transpired since to overthrow or set aside the verdict of popular opinion; that it is highly probable that the proceedings in this case, so far as the officers of the State Hospital for the insane are concerned, will undergo a rigid investigation by the Legislature of the State.

All of which is most fraternally and confidently submitted to your kind consideration.

WILLIAM A. BOARDMAN.

Waukegan, Ill., Dec. 3, 1864.

#### HON. S. S. JONES'S LETTER.

To a kind and sympathizing public!—

This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Mrs. E. P. W. Packard, late an inmate of the insane asylum of the State of Illinois. That Mrs. Packard was a victim of soul and cruel conspiracy; that she was sane, and that she was ever has been, as sane as any other person. I verily believe. But I do not feel called upon to assign reasons for my opinion, in the premises, as her case was fully investigated before an eminent judge of our State, and after a full and careful examination she was pronounced sane, and restored to liberty.

Still I repeat, but for the cruel conspiracy against her, she could not have been incarcerated in a lunatic in an asylum. Whoever reads her full and fair report of her case, will be convinced of the terrible conspiracy that was practiced toward a truly innocent and accomplished woman, and long since passed, and such as we should be loth to believe could be practiced in this enlightened age, did not the records of our court vivify its truth.

To a kind and sympathizing public I commend her. Her deep and cruel guilt, as she has suffered, at the hands of those who should have been her protectors, will, I doubt not, endear her to you, and you will extend to her your kindest sympathy and protection.

Trusting through her much suffering the public will become more enlightened, and that our noble and benevolent institutions, which are the glory of our State, will never become perverted into institutions of cruelty and oppression, and that Mrs. Packard may be the last subject of such a conspiracy as is revealed in her books, that will ever transpire in this our State of Illinois, or elsewhere.

Very respectfully,  
S. S. JONES.

St. Charles, Ill., Dec. 2, 1864.

The above is not all. Mrs. Packard has shown us a paper signed by six distinguished citizens of Waukegan, and dated by J. O. Biddlecom, Clerk of the County Court, confirming her statements in all the essential particulars. Further, the Chicago papers took the responsibility to treat her statements as reliable. Further still, one of her pamphlets has a regular imprint, namely, "Times Street, Job Printing House, 74 Randolph Street, Chicago."

In view of all these corroborating testimonies, we do not feel at liberty to prejudice the case against her on the score of intrinsic absurdity. Such testimonies certainly make it the duty of the accused parties to come out in plain explanation and self-defense. Their silence, under the circumstances, is significant.

Assuming, as in view of all the facts it is our duty to do, the correctness of the statements made by Mrs. Packard, two matters of vital importance demand consideration: 1. What have the "doctors in the church" done about the persecution? They have not publicly denied the statements; virtually (on the principle that under such extraordinary circumstances silence gives consent) they concede their correctness. Is the wrong covered up? The guilty party allowed to go unchallenged? The cause of such a conspiracy to be explained? If they will explain the matter shall be prompt to do the injured full and impartial justice. We are anxious to know what they have to say in the premises. If Mrs. Packard is insane because she rejects Calvinism, then we are insane, liable to arrest, and to be placed in an insane asylum! We have a personal interest in this matter.

Christianity, demands that special enactments shall make impossible such atrocities as are alleged in the case of Mrs. Packard. Such enactments, which, according to Judge Boardman, can be enacted in the name of "common law." We trust that the case now presented will have, at least, the effect to induce Legislative bodies to such enactments as will protect women from the possibility of outrage, which, we are led to fear, ecclesiastical bodies had rather cover up, than expose and rebuke to the prejudice of sectarian ends—the "sacred cause."

(From the Philadelphia Daily Press.)

#### Proposed Home for Poor Outcast Women.

LETTER FROM MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

To the Editor of the Press:

SIR: I beg to remind my friends in this city that in a public address made here some few years ago, I presented a plan for the foundation of a Home for Poor "Outcast Women," on what I then thought and still deem a more practical basis than any other at present in operation in this country. At the meeting in question I solicited subscriptions in aid of a fund for this purpose, and the collections made in this city, in addition to others contributed at and through my public lectures on the subject, amounting to about \$1,800, being now invested in a somewhat different way to the object for which they were solicited, I beg to call the attention of contributors to the following statement, one which I make in justice to myself on the resignation of the trust I undertook on the occasion of the meeting referred to.

When I first commenced lecturing in this cause, I proposed to build a home in the country on a self-sustaining basis, and to present what I

My scheme required for its accomplishment a commodious house, with land for a large nursery ground, laborers to work the ground and persons to teach the inmates horticulture, seed preparation, herb drying, pickling, preserving, fruit-dressing, and various other branches of industry, all growing out of country housekeeping. I trusted the prospective benefits of my plan, on the ground of the remunerative, as well as healthful and instructive character of the employments, and the moral and physiological benefits to be derived from them. I took the best counsel I could obtain on the subject, and presented what I deemed would prove a highly practical plan, requiring, however, for its completion, at least \$50,000. To obtain this sum I devoted a large share of my own slender earnings as a sinking fund, adding thereto every contribution, large and small, that I could gather in. I did not expect to make much progress toward the accomplishment of the required sum in this way, but trusted that the spread of my plan, through the public lectures I was giving on the subject, would attract the attention and enlist the aid of the benevolent capitalists, through whose large donations my purpose could be accomplished. The audience of the year, just as I had succeeded in collecting about \$1,800, and enlisting the sympathies of a large and zealous body of practical friends in Boston, completely paralyzed my efforts in every direction. For nearly three years after this disastrous period I worked incessantly, but almost alone, to carry out my plan, even on a small scale. I risked all I possessed on earth of my own private means in the purchase of a small estate in the country, which I hoped to conduct into the nucleus of my home, but I found it required an income to cultivate, put into order, and keep up a country home far beyond any which I could earn.

I have spent months in searching for estates and getting up petitions to the citizens of different places to purchase and loan such estates to me to try my experiment with, but unwilling to risk the money I had collected, I have never withdrawn one cent of it from the Boston Savings Bank, where I deposited it with trustees, bearing all my own expenses, and pursuing all my experiments at my own private cost. Three winters since I presented petitions to the New York Legislature, accompanied with a bill seeking to obtain an appropriation for a State Home, founded on the plan I proposed. After many weeks of the most anxious efforts of my life, I succeeded in getting my plan fairly before the Committees on State Charities, and, in their printed report, myself and my entire scheme are most warmly commended to the approval of future Legislatures, although the exigencies of the war rendered it inexpedient at that time to lend me personally any aid, or commit themselves to any promise to adopt my plan. Financially, I have spent upwards of one thousand five hundred dollars from my own narrow means in my efforts. Personally, I have nearly wrecked my health, devoted a large share of fifteen years' labor, and, finally, so wrought upon my mind by anxiety and fruitless effort, that friends and physicians alike determined "I must stop." For the last fifteen months I have been almost in California, endeavoring to recruit a mind and body almost wrecked by my exertions, and a purse so depleted that I had not the means to carry out the plan. States without borrowing my traveling expenses. I return to find the war still raging, the same obstacles to my success as formerly, existing in greater force than ever, and many of my kindly considerate friends still urging me on to further efforts in the same direction as formerly. They counsel I have determined to reject for the following reasons: All my experiences of the unhappy and problematical condition of those for whose benefit I am laboring, have convinced me that it is an evil that far outweighs the relief of private philanthropy, and must be dealt with by the State.

Twenty thousand of these unfortunate women live and practice their infamous and ruinous trade in and about New York city. One private institution and one hundred benevolent individuals may reach and benefit the few whose peculiar cases require the tender and delicate treatment of secret philanthropy, but the main bulk of the evil can never be thus reached; too many are too much longer neglected as an item of municipal government. A thousand reasons exist, which my largely varied experience has shown me, why this vast evil must be dealt with on a large scale. My own plans are only adapted to such a movement; and despite of the sneers of those who have never wandered with me through the night streets and other dark and haunts of infamy, to practically learn, as I for years have done, its working, but who philosophize at home on the Magdalenes of engravings, and the reforms which never get beyond theory, I am convinced that small and individual efforts may benefit a few, but will leave the gigantic evil its cause and effects, alike untouched. My second reason is: utter exhaustion of private funds, determination not to appropriate any collections to my expenses, or the daily demands of a missionary in such a work, together with physical and mental incapacity for its further prosecution, and the absolute necessity of my going back to Europe with as much speed as the awkward condition of the currency and the expense of English money will permit. These are my reasons for temporarily suspending my efforts to establish my proposed home for outcasts. When the condition of the country justifies another appeal of some of its Legislatures, I shall need no spark from theoretical reformers to urge me on to a renewal of my labors—all things else combining to favor my work. Meantime, being unwilling to permit the money I have collected to lie idle, or only draw small interest, whilst thousands are suffering for the very necessities of life, I have determined to bestow the money on the Temporary Home for Women and Children, the noble institution in Philadelphia, differing only from a refuge for Magdalenes in the fact that it is a preventive rather than a cure. It affords shelter to poor, homeless women, provides them with work, and prevents, and has prevented thousands from plunging or starving, and now, in these calamitous times when thousands of desolate women are cast upon the streets in the dreadful impoverishment of war, its demands are so great as imperatively to call for support from all who love their country, would do justice to the victims who have died for it, leaving victims to mourn their loss, or who would stretch out a hand to rescue despairing virtue ere it is driven to crime to save itself from perishing.

I cannot trespass on these columns further, by a description in detail of this institution, but have only to conclude with the brief statement that the money I have collected, after lying at interest for nearly four years, and amounting to the sum of \$2,500, has been bestowed by me, first in \$2000 on the Temporary Home for Poor Women and Children, Philadelphia, and the rest in the hands of Mr. H. B. Dyer, of that city, as trustee



for the same institution, when they (the managers) shall have added, at my suggestion, a laundry, workroom, and other things, to repeat the statement with which I commenced this address, that I make it as a resignation of the trust confided to me by those who have contributed towards the fund. A list of their names and donations, together with the charges of banking the money, was kindly furnished to me by Mr. E. Gay, Esq., of Boston, and the Hon. J. S. Ladd, Esq., of East Cambridge. Both these gentlemen are amongst the largest contributors to the fund, saving myself, whose collections, as shown by our papers, amounted from my own earnings to about \$1000 of the gross amount. As the three principal contributors, they agree in the useful disposition of this sum, which I am now making, I trust all others interested by donations in the matter will feel satisfied likewise. To the grumblers, whose only contributions are intrusive advice, I can only say go to the Temporary Home, see the poor houseless wanderers rescued from the streets, and determine for yourselves whether it is better to wait till the taint of sin and degradation is on them before we stretch out the hand of pity to save them. My own mind is made up on this point, even if the logic of events had not compelled my decision by an arbitrary necessity. What I now write is not an excuse for a change of operations, but simply in justice to myself and my kind allies in my long and onerous labors, to make this public statement of a trust, publicly confided to me in public contributions.

EMMA HARDING,  
8 Fourth Avenue, New York.

The managers of the Temporary Home Association of the city of Philadelphia for women and children, hereby publicly acknowledge the receipt of two thousand dollars from Miss Emma Harding, the said sum to be appropriated for the uses and purposes of the said institution.

Signed by direction of the Board of Managers.  
SIDNEY ANN LEWIS, President.  
EMILY S. STACKHOUSE, Treasurer.  
ANNE C. PARKER, Secretary.  
Philadelphia, May 8, 1886.

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## Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY,

EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx. It is the effort to discover all truth relating to the spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous divine inspiration in man; it aims through a careful, reverent study of facts, to acquire a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; the relation of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world; it is true, catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

### Spiritualism vs. Old Theology.

The Religious Press feels impelled, quite frequently, now-a-days, to run a tilt against Spiritualism—as the widening skirts of her progressive garment are quietly but rapidly superseding the fashions of the ancient swaddling-clothes of stolid ecclesiasticalism—and ventilate their wonted ignorance of spiritual things by misinterpreting, and therefore utterly misrepresenting a new development of Nature, which is so superior to their own procrustean theories, that their native element of bigotry entirely prohibits them from appreciating its truth or its logic—much less comprehend the liberal scope of its sublime religious philosophy. The adherents of "Old Theology" having for centuries satisfied their spiritual cravings by indulgence in the indigestible pulchritude of mystery, and having eked out a specious life of spirituality upon the "miraculous" manna of SUPERNATURALISM, have become totally unfitted to intelligently apprehend the "System of Nature" as seen from a spiritual standpoint, even after it has been literally translated into the plainest and most comprehensive language of human thought.

We were led to the above reflections by nothing in a recent number of the *Central Christian Advocate*—published at St. Louis, in the interest of the Methodist persuasion—an article which displays the usual characteristics of "Christian" onslaughts upon Spiritualism, and which is creditable neither to the intelligence nor the morality of the writer: to his intelligence, seeing that he pretends to know all about Spiritualism, and signally fails to present scarce a single one of its vital principles, or sensibly portrays the remarkable features of its external evidences—which are amply set forth in our various publications, to which he doubtlessly has had access; to his morality, inasmuch as, manifestly having met with a better report of Spiritualism than he deigns to reproduce in his affected comparison of its teachings with the "Christian" scheme, he outrageously distorts the external phenomena of spirit-manifestation, and maliciously and meanly falsifies their—in themselves—truly wonderful aspects, as the essence of our spiritual Philosophy and Religion!

This astute critic exhibits altogether too much ability—however little it may be comparatively—to know better than (as per example of St. Paul) to lie, in order that the glory of his God might so little the more abound. He doubtlessly did know that a *manly statement* of the easily found claims of Spiritualism would prove a burden for his feeble shoulders that he was unwilling to risk the responsibility of encountering in public; and he therefore proceeded to set up his "man of straw" for a target, and aimed the heavy guns of his bare assertions to its demolition and annihilation. The substance of his effusion is the merestrodomotade and twaddle, and is totally unworthy of a respectful reply, *scilicet*, and the only reason that induces the present reference to it, is to endeavor to set our "Christian" opponents, elsewhere and anywhere—who may possibly be influenced by its want of candor and positive untruthfulness—a better example of liberal and honest dealing with an adverse Faith, than they every now and then exhibit through some clerical gladiator of the Press or Pulpit, or unfeignedly bantling of a "religious critic," not having before his mind's eye the fear of a trial by jury at the bar of common sense. The "odor of sanctity" shall not save such supercilious bigots from merited rebuke and exposure of their pettifogging counsels to mislead and deceive the unwary, by forestalling the ultimate popular opinion and judgment, through the quasi-authoritative channels of the Religious Press.

Spiritualism challenges candid investigation and criticism, and many of its representative votaries are even ambitious to cross swords with the ablest adversaries that can be pitted against them, in open field, well knowing, from ample experience, that the verdicts of even unsympathizing public audiences will afford them such measure of justice; as to prove that there is an intellectual, a moral, and a religious power in their cause,

when truthfully presented, as to command the most respectful hearing, if not the ready assent as to the genuineness of its spiritual claims.

While we have but little confidence in the efficacy of the best arguments or statements of facts quietly disseminated through our books or our press, to "convert" the sectarian presses or preachers, their readers or hearers, to the bonds of our faith as Spiritualists; and while very many of the unchristian notices that are volunteered by them to bring us into bad notoriety, simply excite our contempt and derision, still we are not unkind of the baneful influences which ignorance, misrepresentation and downright falsehood originate and scatter abroad among the less thoughtful, the less reading, observing and intelligent, to the discredit and positive detriment of new and unpalatable truths; and we feel it to be a duty we owe to a glorious cause and work, to continually repeat the arguments which to our sense are logically sound, to enlighten the mysteries of a hitherto inscrutable subject, to advise of the new phases that are constantly being developed to swell the category of occult, spiritual psychological phenomena, and even to occasionally administer a wholesome castigation to the small-souled oracles and pyrotechnic scribbles, who will not allow the Almighty any larger field of activity and manifestation than is embraced in their own limited horizons of vision, and contracted circles of thought; and who confidently believe that, with the aid of a little brimstone and theological greek-fire, they can produce a conflagration that will devastate in speedy ruin any presumptuous "philosophy" or "religion" that militates against their own chosen Faith!

With a few extracts from Sir Bonham's of the *Christian Advocate*, we will endeavor to present a brief parallel between Spiritualism and "old theology," which will be apt to put quite a different aspect upon both, and admonish this writer—as well as others who may incline to his method of treatment, by wholesale denunciation and stigmatizing of God's latest and most glorious revelation to man—to take heed to their disposition for licentious vituperation, and to withhold their foul and venomous slime for a more legitimate prey.

He says of Spiritualists: "They have discovered that this thing of a hell is all 'bosh,' got up to frighten ignorant people; that Jesus Christ was only a great healing medium; that regeneration is only mesmerism, and *holiness living a sham*: that all Christians are either weak-minded or hypocrites; and that atheist is only another name for a man who is more talented and wiser than his neighbors!" • • • The idea of the Spiritualists' future state—"if it be such a state as they represent it to be—is incomparably meagre in all that constitutes excellency, with that which the Christian by the eye of faith explores." And this future is represented as the indulgence of spirits through eternity, (and by implication, as this alone) in "visiting the earth and choking the native spirits out of their living bodies, taking possession of human brain and tongue, and in bad grammar speaking such words of wisdom that the utterances of Jesus are the merest twaddle in comparison: crawling into the brain of some silly woman, and uttering such incomprehensible nonsense that neither intelligences in this world nor the world to come can understand it." • • • "Spiritualism is inconsistent with past known and believed truth." • • • He makes A. J. Davis, in his Harmonical Philosophy, promulgate the sublime conception, that "there is no God, and no soul in man, except a secretion from the brain!" &c., &c.,—summing up his crude and rank digest—the more ridiculous portion of which is so wretched as not to deserve notice—by saying, "And yet this is Spiritualism!" We will pass this absurd trash of obfuscation by without present special comment, not desiring that such chaff should come too directly between the wind and the nobility of our sublime philosophy, and proceed to our main purpose.

Modern Spiritualism is founded on a new unfolding of heretofore obscure or hidden principles of matter and mind, and upon the development of natural laws of spirit-essence, of which the human mind has, in the past, possessed little or no definite and practical knowledge; and, in its scientific, philosophic, and religious aspects, is based exclusively upon spirit intercourse with human beings. Those who, with any show of noteworthy interest, oppose Spiritualism, mainly, at this present stage of its progress, aim the shafts of their criticism at the religion which it inculcates; and, although not yet allowing, by any means, that spirits do communicate with us in the flesh, still they seem to tacitly admit that the phenomena we allege to spirit-intervention do actually occur, and, if spiritual in their origin, are the works of only bad spirits. So little have they now to offer, to disprove the supermundane evidences, that, were these to confirm their own spiritual doctrines and theories, they would make no difficulty whatever in readily gliding into a full acceptance of all we claim for the activity of disembodied intelligences in our midst.

The fact of spirit communion with the world has been fully and satisfactorily demonstrated to us, and we feel that we have only to exercise our unprejudiced reason in examining the revelations which are made to us from the spiritual state, and, after acquainting ourselves with the laws of the new intercourse, and their *modus operandi*—in the light of modern attainments in the principles of human magnetism and psychology—that we can and should bring our understandings to bear, and sit in judgment to determine the truthfulness and acceptability of the teachings of spirits, regarding their own estate and that of the earth from which they have bodily been separated; and thus settle confidently upon such as are worthy to establish genuine authority for human guidance and government. And it behooves us to exercise the choicest discrimination in the selection of the choicest means for the conduct of our investigations; for the spirit-world is made up from the heterogeneous elements eliminated from this world, and is, like our own, exposed to a like variety of opinions, and diversity of mental perceptions of truth.

We ought surely to allow, since spirits of the departed have convinced us of their ability to return and hold intercourse with us, that they should be capable of shedding an abundance of light upon those mysterious realities in regard to our future state, that have been only so faintly foreshadowed to feeble human vision in the past: more especially those, who, by a long sojourn in the higher life, have outlived their earthly prejudices, and now with clairvoyant eye and unclouded perceptions behold the very arcana of Nature, which constitute the familiar elements of their unfolded life. And when, moreover, the unmistakable utterances of our best and loving kindred and friends, who have but recently left us, greet our newly educated senses—and in overwhelming demonstrations of identity—with the intelligence of their translated condition, we ought to feel all the more blessedly assured that the kingdom of Heaven has been let down to earth, and that angels are descending and ascending freely from one to the other. Is it strange, then, that we should call upon our souls and all that is within us to rejoice, and joyfully turn our listening ears to catch the

welcome sounds of celestial thought; that the Creator Father has in loving wisdom vouchsafed to be thus wondrously transmitted to his earthly children?

From the well-ordered and critical investigations and comparisons of experience which have been abundantly instituted, and pursued untiringly for months, and even years together, an exposition of corroborative revelations has been attained, which systematically acquaints us with a reliable compendium of the philosophy of life on the earth, and life in the upper sphere, as beheld from a spiritual standpoint—free from all mystery, and as easily comprehensible by the human mind as its own higher earthly experiences. Let us take a cursory view of some of the principal revelations—that more immediately concern us—which have been afforded us from spirit-life, and contemplate the contrast they present to the accepted theories and beliefs of popular religious philosophy. These latter need not be specified, except incidentally—they are full well enough known already.

It may be premised that these revelations are, mostly, neither strange nor extraordinary—in themselves considered—for they are but the confirmations of man's highest and most natural intuitions. The mind naturally gravitates to the grand simplicity of truth, when allowed free exercise, and the fearless activity of all its faculties and powers: and all ages furnish us isolated examples of interior illumination, that, undeflected and undimmed by the influences of external conditions, has reflected the light of highest truth upon the prevailing obscurities of the spiritual life. It is the very naturalness of the spirit revelations that constitutes their acceptableness, their beauty, and stamps them with the broad seal of divine authenticity and authority.

I. God is an Infinite Principle of Intelligence, impersonal to our perceptions, for human conceptions of personality imply, necessarily, limiting lines of form in space, which, of course, would nullify the idea of infinity. Spirits "see God" no more than do we, and their idea of Him is no more complete than their own development is perfect: nor do they ever expect to behold the Creator, except in their enlarged perceptions of his attributes, as apprehended in His creation. Yet do they acknowledge Him as immanent in all the sublime immensity of His universe, and as becoming, eternally, more and more manifest to the eternally progressing soul.

II. All planetary orders of created intelligences have been developed from the lowest and simplest forms and activities of matter as pervaded by the universal principle of life, which is but the activity of God working the grand law of eternal progression to illimitable spiritual ultimates. Retrogradation, nor evil, as principles, find no place in the procession of the divine plan and purpose. The soul of man, being the individualized and only personal expression of the essence of the Infinite Soul, is unchangeable, indestructible, and immaculate as its divine original. The life of the soul, or, rather, its spiritual manifestation through its varied experiences onward from the birth of the body, is subject to misdirection of Nature's progressive tendencies and purpose, and is only responsible for its conscious departures from the instinctive promptings of the law of righteousness, though, nevertheless, subject to legitimate penalties from ignorant violations of the laws of unfolding life.

Although the soul is always perfect, the manifestations of its individualized life are exposed to all the imperfections of its external surroundings; and its failure to wisely appreciate and healthfully employ the unnumbered variety of impelling forces of development in Nature—in the centre of which every individual constantly exists—disobedience to the promptings of its inborn spiritual instincts—often times latent in the heart to almost ineradicable promptings of the law of righteousness, for which it is accountable. Indeed the admission of "total depravity" as the inherent character of human nature, would be nothing less than forestalling the utter damnation of God's highest and only representative handiwork; the absolute denial of the "Good" which He is represented as pronouncing upon the resultant of His creation. "Original Sin"—the essence of which, according to the inventors of the dogma, is nothing more, nothing less than an *inborn desire for knowledge*—is but a foul and blasphemous stigma upon God's "perfect work," translated into its logical significance. And yet what direful consequences to the race has obedience to the impulse of this only element in man's being capable of instigating the soul to spiritual progression—the attainment of the condition of individual happiness—originated, and everlastingly entailed!

If God had "made" man, and placed him upon the earth a perfect being, should not the earthly life eternally suffice for him? Because, no higher aspirations than he was created with being possible for him—for he was "created perfect"—the earth being, in the wisdom of his Creator, a fit abiding place, at creation, must ever continue to hold all the needed supply of means for the eternal satisfaction of his entire nature! Therefore any higher life for man could never have been contemplated in the divine plan. How absurd!

III. Man having been created imperfect, as a spiritual being, i. e., the being he was destined to become, though entirely perfect as a rudimentary organism, endowed with powers and faculties adapted to the first stage of the soul's development—the earthly life—was left comparatively free—though under the necessary restraints of a relatively imperfect sphere of life—for this life was not to comprise all of his existence, but typify the possibilities of an eternal future: and he was made so far responsible to the "divine government," as his own will to morally elect a "righteous" or a "sinful" course of conduct might prescribe. He was appointed the exclusive and supreme cultivator of the divine heritage—the garden of his own soul. There were no "rewards," as such, for righteousness, nor no "punishments," as such, for sinfulness; but, instead, legitimate fruits of happiness or misery—relative in extent and duration—naturally outgrowing under the imperative and inevitable law of Cause and Effect, from his own chosen acts of obedience, or dereliction from Moral Law. Rewards and punishments are peculiarly human institutions, and the spirit of neither is truthfully typical of God's "dealings" with His children.

The "whole duty of man," therefore, is comprised in individually serving himself and his fellow-men, by conforming his every action and thought to the superior attractions of God's loving inspirations, which, as the sun-warmth and light develop the hidden beauties of the flowers from the secret interiors of the rooted germs, shall expand the spiritual perceptions of the soul to apprehend the loving nature of its divine progenitor, and allure the spiritual affections of its heart of hearts to responding worshipful allegiance and devotion. Spiritual worship is man's need, and not God's mandatory requirement. In truly serving himself and his kind, man is obedient to the highest behest of his Maker, and is thus only fulfilling the development of his own spiritual nature. God's commands to his creatures are only

the revelations of his unbounded Love and Wisdom, for the attraction and guidance of their earthly lives; and through the natural avenues that conduct most directly to Spiritual Freedom.

IV. The most important revelation—in a scientific point of view, at least—and the one, in the light of which, alone all others from the spirit-world could be intelligently alleged to their real sources, is the elucidation of the "Mystery of Life." The solution of this problem lifts from off the face of Nature the veil which has, in all the past, concealed from the keenest perceptions of mortals the mechanism and physiology of their own spiritual organisms. We are now enabled to behold, with clairvoyant vision, how we are "fearfully and wonderfully made," in our immortal part, and how immediate a relationship subsists between ourselves and disembodied intelligences. We know that there is a spiritual body within the material body, which is indestructible, and completely identifies us, upon resurrection, to the higher life, and eternally preserves our personality, our individuality; and that all Nature is pervaded by the same indestructible Life, the same grand principle of spirit-essence, however differently it may be manifested in the lowest and highest forms of matter. For spirits have succeeded in establishing a perfect telegraph of communion between themselves and our own spiritual organisms, and have, by their own aural and psychological powers, developed in a vast number of mortals the hitherto latent spiritual senses, corresponding with the external, the material, and have thus brought a multitude into immediate rapport with their own condition of life. Hence the mystery of life has in good measure been dispelled, and we have come to learn how naturally and intimately the spiritual world is linked with our own, and in an everlasting bond of union.

However shallow may be the depth of our present penetration into the arcana of spiritual principles and realities, as perceived by spirits, we are abundantly assured that we have at least entered the vestibule of the grand laboratory of Nature's mystical processes, and have become duly initiated into the long-hidden secrets of all so-called MIRACLES—which far back in the centuries have ever been a mighty stumbling-block to the progressive development of the race; have raised up and nourished into giant life, among all nationalities, the dark and blighting Genius of Superstition, that has degraded and enshrouded the nobler impulses of humanity, and cast a funeral pall over man's highest spiritual instincts and hopes of Immortal Life. Miracles and Mysteries are no longer inexplicable, in the vocabulary of the Spiritualist; for the spirit-world has become his Teacher, and the universal Word of God according to Nature is the only sacred and authoritative text-book for his completest earthly education in preparation for the life to come. Naught to him, even as to the world of spirits, is supernatural, save God alone. And He is the unific, omnipresent Spirit, of whom all Nature is but the manifestation: the central Sun of the Universe, vivifying all spiritual creatures unto a sphere of eternally progressive happiness. Not much longer shall Jew or Gentile, Catholic or Protestant Christian, offend the "moral sense" of the spirit-world, by holding over the devoted heads of mortals the terrors of a God of Wrath, dealing out eternal damnation to the misdirected sinner. Not much longer shall the name of the mystical Jesus, joined with the other two of the Infinite Personalities of the "Trine God," supplant the Deific Soul of the universe, whose Wisdom and whose Love are only now becoming truly revealed to the minds and the hearts of his earthly children, through the abounding radiance of spirit enlightenment.

It is no special virtue in the Spiritualist, to behold God and his creation, and human destiny, in the light of spirit-counsel and tuition—no more than to acknowledge the radiant light and cheering warmth of the natural sun in the firmament. It is only coming out from the darkness of the caves and the shadows of the valleys, to which the terrors of superstition and the degradation of ignorance have driven him, and standing upon the broad, open plains, or ascending the hill-sides, and even unto mountain-tops, where the unobstructed light and glow of Truth may shine into the receptive soul, and consume the effete rubbish of error there: only—in simpler form—obedience to the primary impulses of the laws of intelligent life.

Spirit-eyes have beheld no Christ, the Son of God—in the ecclesiastical acceptance and understanding of his nature: but those who have been favored with the vision of the glorified spirit of one Jesus, who once dwelt in the flesh as a human being, and no more, represent him as transcendentally beautiful and lovely; and as crowning his earthly mission, in spirit-land, by inspiring, with his matchless example and celestial wisdom, all gradations of spirits beneath him, with heavenly missionary zeal to reach the spiritual interiors of the children of time, to expand their souls for the receptivity of highest truth, and the unfolding of their immortal affections in responsive sympathy with the all-pervading, all-inviting Love of Father-and-Mother God.

V. And now, finally, what of the Spiritualists' Future—whose Hell, our Western defamer has discovered, (and on the authority of Spiritualists themselves) to be all "bosh," and whose Heaven, to be "incomparably meagre in all that constitutes excellency with that which the Christian by the eye of faith explores"? The most "reliable information" from beyond the Jordan of this life assures the Spiritualist—were his own intuitions inadequate to the apprehension of the truth—that the future existence is constituted, primarily, to every individual, of the spiritual life that has been unfolded in the experiences of this world. Just what the earthly man has made himself he at once commences to be, upon translation to the world of souls, and continues to be, until the universal law of progression—working with lessened obstructions in his quickened nature—purifies his affections, eradicates his errors, and thus expands his capacities to apprehend and enjoy a sphere of being which is as unbounded in its capabilities to afford complete spiritual happiness, as the wisdom of the Creator is perfect, and His being eternal. The spiritual world being the truly IDEAL, and consequently the only real world, is to the spirit emancipated from material life, the sum of its own spiritual perceptions and affections. And, according as these are obtuse and vitiated, or clairvoyant and holy, will be the spirit's real condition of Hell or Heaven: the intensity of either condition is in adequate proportion to the intensity of the spirit's earthly life. A willfully vicious life on the earth merits, and will inevitably gravitate the soul to a justly compensated hell: an indifferently good or bad life will attract an equally indifferently spiritual condition, neither of abounding happiness, nor unmitigated misery; but the soul that has thirsted for spiritual wisdom, and has guided its affections by the "higher law" of its being, shall enter upon a life of unmeasured freedom, and shall become recipient of the holiest joys to which it may aspire.

If the "Christian" eye of faith has "explored" any more rational condition of future life, than is in very general terms hinted above, it must abide

in the private secrecy of his own soul: for we have been wont to hear only of a material heaven and hell; as "revealed" to this class of religionists: the former, "a land flowing with milk and honey," having a great city called the New Jerusalem, whose streets are paved with gold, and whose walls are precious stones; the constant and only occupation of whose inhabitants—that we have ever heard of—is, singing to the accompaniments of golden harps, praises to the Most High God, who "sitteth" upon a throne surrounded by the Heavenly Hosts, that never cease nor tire in their musical adulations of the "King of Kings" in the latter, a sulphurous lake of unquenchable fire, that, under the infernal management of the Devil and his fiendish courtiers, is made to eternally burn the souls—or rather the bodies—of such unfortunately organized and developed beings as had, in the earth-life, provoked the wrathful displeasure of an "avenging God!"

The truth is, the Christian religionists have never had a rational idea of the future state, its heaven, or hell: for all their "revelations" of this stage of being are confined within the limits of the Bible, the really spiritual part of which, bearing upon this point, they have never even professed to understand. And whenever any of the Christian teachers have been so fortunate as to approach any genuine conception of the nature of the world of souls, they have only been obedient to their own native intuitions, have only heeded the prophetic annunciations of their own spontaneous spiritual instincts. If a spiritual future is to crown the present material life, that soul who has made a true preparation for such a state of being, by living a truly natural spiritual life, will, without any miracle, intuitively perceive the essential characteristics of that future: for Nature is always prolific in resources to meet the highest as well as the lowest needs of humanity, and the soul's very "longing after immortality," under wise self-enlightenment, cannot fail to anticipate the elementary condition of its ultimate destiny.

Spiritualism has now made its indelible record on the historic page, and spite of all the senseless prejudices opposed to its acknowledgment; is surely and speedily destined to vindicate the blessedness of its mission to the race. For it comes, the true benefactor of man, to solve all mysteries of supernaturalism, that have been the bane of his spiritual enlightenment, and to open a broad highway that shall conduct the aspiring soul directly into the penetralia of Nature's treasury of knowledge, lead it up to her Heaven-canopied Temple to worship her God in the beauty of holiness, according to the Heavenly revelation of His glory shining in clearer and diviner effulgence through the crystalline openings of the spiritual firmament. A new order of things has been successfully inaugurated, and the native progressive tendencies of the human mind must ultimately insure its universal acceptance, and allegiance to its divine authority.

We will conclude our somewhat desultory reflections upon a subject whose simplest aspects, in contradistinction from the accepted teachings of popular Life Philosophy, would require a volume to do them justice, by quotations from the able expositions of representative Spiritualists, that will, we trust, present an intelligent summary of the nature, purpose and spirit of the new Spiritual Dispensation.

I. Who are Spiritualists? Those who believe man is an immortal spirit; that human spirits exist after the death of the body, and can and do come back—to speak—manifest themselves, and communicate to mortals, in the use of various methods, demonstrating immortality, the reality of the spirit-world, and tangible intercourse with the inhabitants of the earth. All who recognize the fact of spirit-intercourse may be regarded as Spiritualists in theory, without reference to life, character or profession; while practical Spiritualists, the true, the genuine, the reliable, are those who seek to make their lives, characters and professions in harmony with the teachings and inspirations of the purest spiritual intelligences communicating with mortals, and the divinest standards of the unfolded soul. • • • The Spiritualists' creed is summed up in the Golden Rule and the Christian commandment of love to God made manifest in love to man, and is enforced by all the solemn obligations which belong to intelligent beings made conscious of the dignity, the divinity, the eternal and undivided destiny of the human family.

II. What is Spiritualism? It is a System founded on the cardinal fact of spirit-intercourse with mortals, embracing all truth relating to man, the spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny: all that is now known or can be known relative to other spiritual beings, and the occult laws and forces of the universe. It is thus catholic and comprehensive; and Spiritualism, in short, may be regarded as the culmination, the essence of all truths, inspirations and revelations brought down to the practical man, and the spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny: all that is now known or can be known relative to other spiritual beings, and the occult laws and forces of the universe. 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**Assimilant.** This medicine is composed entirely of Native Herbs. Price, \$2 per bottle; three bottles for \$5. To be had wholesale and retail, of S. LITCH, 50 Kneeland street, Boston. 4win—May 6.



James Hobart	25
James M. Williams, Fly Creek, N. Y.	1.00
Phoebe Robinson, Prairale, Cal.	1.00
Friends at Circle Room.	1.00
<b>BREAD TICKET FUND.</b>	
Michael Murphy, New York City	25
E. W. Tuttle, Boston, Mass.	25



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**Medicines in Boston.**

THE NEW CURS.

**NATURALISTIC HEALTH INSTITUTE.**

**DR. URIAH CLARK.**

**Practical Naturopathic Physician.**

**SEES** Diseases at a glance! Heals by the All-potent Elemental Naturalistic Cures immediately by Powers once deemed mysterious! Sooner than Dr. Clark's long contemplated INSTITUTE, is now open daily, and will be held in the building of the Dispensary, 114 N. CLARK is constantly thronging his rooms. In the large, low, a few patients lately occupied by Dr. H. J. Higelow, as before-mentioned, are waiting treatment for a week or more, can be accommodated in the Institute, on giving few days' notice. The qualifications of the treatment are liberal, and the cures prompt, free, and successful. The treatment is of the most successful and efficacious sort, free, if writers send prompt answers, unhesitatingly, and equally so. The poor free on Tuesday and Friday forenoon. Send references to numerous patients and physicians, can be given.

**Address, DR. U. CLARK, 18 Chauncery St., Boston, Mass.** May 30.

**HEALING THE SICK, CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS, ETC.**

**MRS. H. B. GILLET, Medium for Healing by laying on of Hands, has taken Room No. 37 in the "Elmwood House,"**

830 Washington Street, where she will receive patients, or will visit their residences.

She has also associated with her an excellent clairvoyant, who will examine patients, describe their diseases and prescribe for their cure, by seeing the person, or by a lock of hair, by mail, for the moderate fee of \$1.00. She will also act for spirit-communications. ELMWOOD HOUSE, 830 Washington street, Room No. 32. May 13.

**OLIAVOYANT PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM,**  
No. 6 Pine Street, Boston,  
CONTINUES to heal the sick, as Spirit Physicians con-  
sider for the benefit of suffering humanity.  
Examinations \$1.00. All medicines prepared by her wholly  
composed of Roota, Bark and Herbs gathered from the garden  
of Nature. (If—Jan. 7.)

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**DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,**  
AT NO. 71 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.

Those requesting examinations by letter will please en-  
close \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the  
address, and state the name of the patient. Jan. 7.

**DR. D. D. BUNNELL,**

**DR. A. F. PIERCE, Chiropractor, Magnetic and Electric Physician,** attends to diseases of Body and Mind; also, Developing and Business Medium, will examine, prescribe and magnetize the sick, at his office, No. 8 Haymarket Boston, which enters by a very street from Washington street, or at their homes, in or out of the city. Charges moderate. 12w<sup>th</sup>—May 20.

**MRS. FRANCES, PHYSICIAN AND BUSINESS**

**MRS. CLAIRVOYANT**, describes diseases, their remedies, and all kinds of diseases. Price One Dollar. Has all kinds of Medicine, and all kinds of Remedies. Diseases of the Lungs, Cough, &c., &c., 25 Cts. a Box.

**DR. J. H. BOUT STRETT**, Room No. 14, Floor, 2d, No. 9 to 9 1/2, M. & N. Y. M. DO NOT MISK. April 28.

**SPIRIT COMMUNION**.—**Mrs. Laura Cuppy** has taken Rooms at No. 8 Aven Place, where she will receive sitters each day from 10 to 12 M., 3 to 5, and 8 to 10 P. M. excepting on Wednesdays. Her communications are so delicate character. Terms \$1.00. She will lecture, as usual, on Wednesdays. May 6.

**DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE**, Sympathetic, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electrical, Cures all kinds of diseases that are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings removed. Advice free. Operations, \$1.00. No. 4 JEFFERSON STREET, (near Court), Boston. Wednesdays, 7 to 9 P. M.

**MRS. LOUGEE**, Clairvoyant Physician, will receive the sick and relieve their sufferings at No. 2 Prescott Place, leading from 1088 Washington Street. Hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M., and from 2 to 5 P. M. Wednesdays, Fridays and Fridays. Examinations, \$1.00. 2nd—May 26.

**CLAIRVOYANCE**.—**Mrs. COLGROVE** may be consulted personally, or by letter, respecting Business, Health, Love, Marriage, Property, Disposition, &c., &c. \$1.00; lost or stolen property, \$2.00. 2nd—April 22.

**MADAM GALE**, Clairvoyant and Prophecy Medium, 16 Lowell street. Examination of Diseases by Letter, \$1.00; three questions answered on other business for 50 Cts. 2nd—April 22.

**MRS. LIZZIE WETHERBEE**, Healing Medium, Room, No. 12 Lincoln St., (near Summer), Boston. Hours

Mrs. A. C. LATHAM, Medical Clairvoyant  
 815 Dixie Place, Room, 202 Washington street, Boston  
 Treatment of Body, Mind and Spirit. Jan. 12.

MISS NELLIE SCARLEATWEATHER, Writing  
 Test Medium, No. 7 Indiana street, near Harrison A.  
 Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. 23m—May 20.

SAMUEL GROVER, Healing Medium, No.  
 13 Dixie Place, (opposite Harvard street.) Jan. 1.

DR. J. DODGE WARREN, M. D.,  
 OF LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK,  
 PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN  
 No Surgical Operations Performed!  
 No Chronic Diseases Cured!  
 Acute Pain Instantly Relieved!  
 HEALS ENTIRELY BY THE TOUCH!  
 I have making the tour of the West, prior to his departure  
 for Europe, given for his healing work at Detroit, Mich.  
 and eight weeks at Chicago, Ill., with great success, and for

The past thirty days, ending April 30th, at St. Louis, Mo. There have been local and national work, free of charge, without money and without price; performing, training, and teaching operations with a degree of power, and an assurance of success unprecedented in the annals of modern history.

Will be in CHICAGO, Ill. from May 1st to June 15th. Due notice will be given in the columns of this paper of the dates of opening. We will operate openly and publicly in the largest hall that can be obtained, and will be able to pay; all others will pay in proportion to property.

For Testimonials of Cure, or other information, send to him for Circulation.

2w. May 20.

**SOUL READING.**

the last thirty days, ending April 30th, at St. Louis, Mo. There he published a paper, and cured a large number of cases; without money and without price; performing a Yernum's Universal operation with a degree of power, and an assurance of success unprecedented in the history of the world.

It will be in CINCINNATI, O., from May 15th to 16th 1884. Note will be given in the columns of this paper of the place of opening, of the time, of the number of the largest hall that can be procured. Free of charge to those unable to pay; all others will pay in proportion to property.

For the Treatment of Cures, or for information, send to him for Circular. 2w May 20

## SOUL READING

### Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MIL AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, or send a sample of hair, or a lock of hair, will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and present life; physical, mental and moral qualities; what business they are best adapted to pursue; in order to be successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those in mind and marriage; and to those who are married, whereby they can restore or perpetuate their former love. Those who give invincible self-improvement, by telling each other the truth, and the nature of their own mind, what faculties should be restrained, and what should be used.

Seven years' experience warrants them in saying that they can give an accurate description of the character of those who desire to testify. Skeptics are particularly invited to investigate. Everything of a private character kept strictly as secret. For Written Instructions, and a full and complete description of the system, send for Circulars, and send for Circulars, and send for Circulars. Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by either one or the other.

J. B. SEVERANCE, and MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,  
Jan. 7, 1884, at Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.

## DR. J. WILBUR,

### MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN

#### FOR ACUTE AND CHRONIC DISEASES,

Will, take rooms at the American House, DELAWARE, OHIO, May 8th, remaining thirty days. He treats with few operations. No medicines given.

Terms for treatment very reasonable. 6w\* May 13.

## TO THE SICK AND AFFLICTED.

### DR. JEHIEL W. STEWART

OF 122 PLYMOUTH AVENUE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

### PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN

#### FOR CHRONIC AND ACUTE DISEASES,

Will be in UTHICA, N. Y., at the TOMPkins House, on the 15th inst.

**DR. H. S. PHILLIPS**  
MAGNETIC HEALING PHYSICIAN,  
HAS LOCATED at VINELAND, N. J. Office two doors west of  
H. Railroad Station, on Landis Avenue. His treatment is the  
most successful in the world. My 2nd. 20-25c.

**DR. JERIEL W. STEWART** will be in Thinean,  
N. Y., at the Towns House from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M.  
to treat the sick. He treats all diseases, both Chronic and  
Acute, without giving nauseating medicine. 2w-May 20.

**G. & P. B. ATWOOD**, Magnetic and Clairvoy-  
ant Physicians, 181. Marks Pl. 2m Cooper Inst., N. Y.  
March 4.

**J. B. CONKLIN**, Treat Medium, 509 Broad-  
way, New York, Room No. 5. 1m-May 20.

**MRS. C. S. HULL**, Magnetic and Electric  
Physician, 89 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill. May 20.

**SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND**  
NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE SAGE  
by HUDSON TUTTLE  
THE Artist has endeavored to convey on canvas the view  
he has often had clairvoyantly of a landscape in the  
Spheres, embracing the scene of a group of Sages. Wishing  
those who have the eyes of the heart to see, let the mys-  
terious land beyond the veil of darkness, he has published 10  
copies of the scene in the form of a book, with 25 cents, per  
copy of postage. Large size photograph, 61. Large size colored  
63. Under discount to the Trade. For sale at this office.

**PROGRESSIVE HUII LOU**

**PAUPER-PROGRESSIVE PUBLICATIONS.**  
WESTERN DEPOT, No. 346 STATE STREET, corner HARRIS  
Avenue, Chicago, Ill.  
Agency for the "Banner of Light,"  
AND ALL  
LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL, PROGRESSIVE AND  
REFORMATORY BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.  
By A. the assortment of STATIONERY, NOTIONS, PHOTOGRAPHIC  
TOUGHRIPS, &c., will be kept constantly on hand.  
Address, TAMMIDGE & CO.,  
April 26. Box 2222 Chicago.

**SIX DOLLARS FROM 50 CENTS.**  
CASH, or exchange something urgently needed by every  
body, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents, cash  
or postal for \$4.00. H. L. WOLCOTT, 176 Canham Square, N.  
Nov. 26-19



## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,  
192 WEST 27TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."  
(Lionel West.)

Written for the Banner of Light.

## THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;

OR,

MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND JOE.

## CHAPTER XII.

[Continued.]

Many years passed over Oakland and its neighboring city, from that Christmas Eve to a bright spring morning like the one with which our story began. These years had brought each their gifts of beauty. Most wonderfully nature fulfilled each new year the promise of the last. The soft spring airs had blown over the meadows and hills, and wakened up their buds and blossoms; and the summers had brought their glowing light and the fruits had ripened, and the fields put on a yellow hue; and autumns had come and gone with their ripened nuts and their scarlet berries, their brilliant tints and sparkling frosts; and the winters had brought their cold and storm, and their seasons of merry-making. And ever, through all, that great worker, the sunlight, had done all this and much more. It had brought beauty to the woods and fields, and joy everywhere. It had even crept into the streets of the city, and warmed up the narrow by-ways, and brightened the humble homes, and been the great protector of life.

And there had been in these years another sunshine glowing—the sunshine that comes from loving and cheerful hearts. It had warmed up many dark places and brought forth many tender buds and blossoms; and it kept doing its work, never tiring, and never forgetful of all that needed to be done.

When Marianna first went out to hunt violets by the hillside at Oakland, she was a little girl, and had learned but little of the world and all that it needs; but all these years had given her much knowledge, and she had grown to be quite a young woman. She had sought to gain in herself that most beautiful of all blessings—the blessing of love; and she had become like the sunlight in her power to shed beauty on all she met. There seemed ever within her, warmth and gladness, which she could no more keep hidden than the sun can hide his shining. And now, this beautiful spring morning, she is going out again to look for violets—and of what is she thinking, as she winds her way through the old familiar path? The little Marianna of years ago, was thinking how violets grew, and of the glad light that called them up from their winter's sleep.

Marianna is wondering still concerning the beautiful blue flowers, but she also has many other thoughts. She keeps wondering her thoughts about a pair of dark eyes, and a manly form, and she wonders if violets, speaking to the skies of Italy, tell the same story of love that they do here. She wonders if the sunshine everywhere that begins in the heart keeps shining until it finds some beloved one that calls it forth more and more.

Joe and Marianna were going to be married, and so Marianna had gone out to get violets for her hair, and to think about many things; and but few of her thoughts were selfish ones, for Joe's experiences when a boy had made him, as a man, very thoughtful of others, and he was spending much of his time in caring for the needy and suffering. He had become a great musician, as Mr. Welter had told him he could, and had earned much money, but never a selfish wish came with it. He seemed to care for everybody; and he went among the poor like an angel, and wherever he went there seemed peace and rest. He did not sing and play merely for money, but he richly gave to him that which he wanted to give to others.

Mr. Welter had adopted him as a son, and given the use of his home to him; and here, every morning, came little children with their baskets to be taught to sing; and later came lads and girls to be taught to sing; and after this Joe went forth with basket on his arm and money in his purse to give to such as he knew needed his help. After this, came the evening, when he went to receive the favors of the rich for his fine singing and playing. No wonder he needed another helping hand with him, and that Marianna had much to think about as she gathered the violets for her hair.

And where was Willie all this time? Was he, too, in the glad sunshine? It does not seem to children that one victory over selfishness can do a great deal of good, or one step from the path of wrong can be of much importance. Did you ever walk through a path all covered with rocks and stones and brambles, with here and there muddy pools; and as you went on and on, it seemed to be more and more disagreeable, and at last you found a path quite dry and smooth, and soon were pleased with the sight of blossoming flowers and soft green moss, which seemed refreshing to your feet? Just so, sometimes, one step from the path of wrong and selfishness, which is always a rough way, into the path of goodness and love leads to a great many beautiful things.

Willie's one great effort to be kind to Miss Jackson, showed him the great blessing to himself of doing right. Day after day and month after month, Miss Jackson yielded her sour, disagreeable ways, and became more loving and kind, until at last, when Timmy had served his time with the farmer he lived with, and had become a young man, he hired a farm for himself and sent for his aunt to live with him.

Mr. Tom, hearing of his good qualities, had at last engaged him to come to Oakland to superintend his place, building for him and his aunt a nice cottage just where Willie's old home used to be. And here, as the same sunlight crept through the windows and shed its beauty on the meadows and hills, Miss Jackson gained a spirit of content that made her really quite a charming old lady. She used to say to Joe and Willie:

"If it had not been for you, who knows where I would have been? Like enough a poor, forlorn, wretched old maid. Now I am quite young—yes, really quite young."

Mr. Welter's hair had grown gray, and his step feeble, and he was continually looking forward to the day when he should leave his worn out body and enter his beautiful spirit-home. He made a great pet of Willie, calling him his youngest boy, his baby, and he established him in a fine business, and he became respected and honored.

The wedding is over, and Marianna is established in her new home, and begins a beautiful life of loving deeds. Never does a tired, weary heart come to her without receiving strength and life. She is never weary of giving, for the more she gives the more she receives. It is a beautiful May day, and the garden is all in bloom, and the soft air blows through the open windows.

Mr. Welter sits in his large arm-chair, looking

at the lilac blossoms and the gay tulips. Mr. Tom has just come in from Oakland to see his old friend. Mr. Welter bids him call Marianna and Joe, and to send for Willie. When they were all together he said:

"You wonder why I have sent for you all, for you do not see that I look differently from yesterday, but I know that I am going home. This morning I saw those beautiful lights that seem to float from heaven, and I smelt the odor of sweeter flowers than grow in our garden, and I heard a chorus of voices singing, and I am very sure that all this means that my spirit-eyes are opened, and my spirit-ears; and this is because I shall soon become a spirit. And, in these voices, I heard the voice of my dear Angelina, and she said: 'Come, come, and I heard the voice of my mother and she said: 'Come, come, and dear Susie, too, said 'Come,' and thus I know I am going. So, my dear children, do not be sorrowful, for I am glad to obey their loving voices. But I wanted to tell you one thing: I have lived a great many years, and I never knew but one way of getting any real good and that was by doing right; and I never knew any real happiness, except that which came by love. Now, Joe, play on the organ softly and sweetly, for I feel very sleepy."

Joe played till it seemed as if he had in his hands the gift of an angel; and Mr. Welter fell asleep, and they watched him long. He breathed more and more gently, and while they watched, his spirit left, as if the sweet music had called it gently forth.

"Now," said Mr. Tom, "we have another loving one in heaven to bless us. Susie went like a beautiful, fading lily, Mr. Welter has gone like the great oak that put out its leaves more and more feebly, and at last stood bare and leafless. You know that most men like to leave a will to be read after they die. Mr. Welter gave me something to read to you all, after his spirit had gone."

"Read it now," said Willie, "and perhaps his spirit will linger to hear."

Mr. Tom unfolded a packet and read: "There was once a noble prince who, as he grew old, thought, 'Now I am going to die, and I wish to leave my sons something worthy my name and rank. What shall it be?' And he sent far and near for counsellors, and many came; and some said: 'Give them your lands and your estates.' Others counselled that he should give silver and gold; others, precious stones. So they brought to him his little deeds and his coffers full of gold and silver, and bracelets and necklaces of diamonds and pearls, and his rings of emerald and amethyst and opal. But he did not feel satisfied, 'for,' said he, 'I wish my gifts to last forever, and to be such as cannot be taken away.'"

There were many wise men in his kingdom, and he sent for them all that he might consult with them; but none could give him advice that pleased him. 'Your lands may give to waste and your buildings be burned,' said one; 'The silver and gold may be sunk in the sea or scattered far and wide,' said another; 'Your precious stones robbers may steal,' said the third. And the rich prince died and left his sons nothing but a few acres of land.

There was in the same country a very poor man; and when the hour of his departure from this life came, he had not a thing to leave them; no land, no silver and gold, nor precious stones. So he called them to him and said, 'I am about to leave you, and I take with me all that I possess of this world's goods, for they are nothing; but I leave you the best that I ever possessed: good, honest, loving hearts. These cannot be taken from you. With them you will conquer all obstacles and esteem me a generous parent; for I have given to you, also, my own heart's best offerings, through all your lives, and you can keep within you these treasures.'

"This poor man," continued Mr. Welter in his document, "is the man I am like. I have spent the best I had while I lived, on Joe, my nephew, and Willie, my adopted son. I have given them all my living, and I die carrying with me my whole worldly possessions, which are nothing; but I have helped give them honest, noble, loving hearts, and so I leave them rich, and I die happy. If I had been a prince, and hoarded for them money and gold, I might have left them miserably poor."

This was found to be true. Mr. Welter had spent his whole fortune in aiding these boys and others, and he died leaving them no fortunes. Mr. Tom bought his horse and his organ, and came to live with Joe and Marianna, and they together made it a beautiful home of light and gladness where thousands were made happy.

And now we have given the history of all that we have so long been following, except Susie, the angel; but she was one of the principal participants in all these scenes. She inspired many of the loving thoughts that led to loving deeds. Willie felt her presence often, and called her his fair bride whom he was waiting for, and who was waiting for him. If he ever felt doubtful of the path that he ought to pursue it seemed to him that her loving hand led him aright.

And Mr. Tom ever found the sunshine of his own love bringing to him a sweet influence from Susie's spirit. Joe and Marianna always thought how much Susie would be blessed by the good deeds they performed; and when Joe played on Mr. Welter's fine organ, then it was that he seemed to come near and give them all beautiful thoughts of heaven. Thus was the beautiful sunshine of heaven gained while yet they lived on earth, and there was "no night there," for love was the light.

## To Correspondents.

CLARA AND PHIBE P. WESTPORT, MASS.—Your very pleasant letters were much like spring blossoms that send their sweet fragrance forth as if they were doing their best to make the world happy. I think you must have a merry time with so many brothers and sisters; and if you only have a spirit of love sufficiently strong to govern you at all times, you can make quite a heaven on earth. Can't you get strong, Phibe, by going into the sunlight and fresh air? There is nothing better for girls and boys. I thank you both for your loving thoughts. You must give my love to all your family, the little ones and all. You ask if I ever saw the children I write about. I do not always exactly describe any particular girl or boy; but I have known just such children with just such ways, and who did the same things I write about.

With much love, your friend,  
LOVE M. WILLIS.

Every bush and lifted tree  
Warbles sweet philosophy;  
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
God provideth for to-morrow.—Heber.

## Correspondence in Brief.

## "Demoralizing Tendency of Popular Theology."

"How to guard our children against the demoralizing tendency of popular theology." It is proposed to discuss this subject at the coming Convention May 30th and 31st. It is the only time to say that of all subjects, none can be more vital to the temporal and eternal well-being of young children. The popular theology directly tends to blunt conscience, darken reason, and to pervert and bewilder the entire moral and spiritual nature of children and adults, and to prepare the way for any crime against humanity. The statistics of crimes perpetrated by those born and bred under the influence of that theology, are appalling. I hope somebody will be prepared to present some of them to that Convention. Permit me to mention two doctrines of that theology:

1. That man, acting as ecclesiastical and governmental organizations, has power to create, or annul, or reverse at pleasure, moral obligations and duties.

2. That we can find and enjoy heaven because of what somebody else has done; that we may find heaven, not because we deserve it, but because somebody else deserved it.

The influence of these dogmas, so prominent in the popular theology, is subtle, but sure and deadly. It is the influence of the popular theology, should guard the souls of their children against their corrupting and deadly power, as they would their bodies against the pestilence that walks in darkness, or the virus of a rattlesnake.

God has also laid on parents the solemn injunction to guard their children against the fictions and delusions of the popular theology in regard to the disembodied life of man. The immortality of that theology is an appalling Romona, from which those who profess to receive it as fact shrink with ghastly horror. "Death, Judgment and Eternity" is the theological trinity of horrors. I do hope the friends of humanity will meet and discuss these matters. God save the little ones from the "demoralizing tendency of popular theology."

KENNY C. WRIGHT.

Vineyard, N. J., May 15, 1885.

## The Hammon Convention.

In the Banner of Light for May 14th, is a call for a Convention of "The Friends of Societarian Construction," to be held at Hammon, N. J., on the 20th of May. No names are appended to this call, but the names of some of the prominent Societarians are used as a Committee of Arrangements, without their knowledge or consent—at least one name (Mrs. S. B. Nichols) has been, and we presume that all have been so used. The Societarians of Hammon have not voted to give this call, do not endorse its objects, and do not wish to be connected with it in any way. Our platform and creed are published in the Banner a short time since it is there for all to see. We have no desire for a community life, and we earnestly pray that all "Reformers," "Teachers," "Sages," and "Philosophers" will remain at home, and first reform themselves.

We, here in Hammon, are content to work out the great problem of life, humbly, but earnestly, according to the faith that is in us. And until we have further light, do not care to have an influx of "Free Lovers" or "Affinity Hunters" to reconstruct society in Hammon. Spiritualism has been cursed enough by the vagaries and vices of this class of teachers. To earnest, progressive men and women, who can subscribe to our articles of faith, and live them, we are ever ready to welcome to the land of grapes and sunshine. None others need come.

SAMUEL B. NICHOLS,

MAINTA B. NICHOLS,

Vine Cottage, Hammon, N. J., May 13, 1885.

## Moses Hull in the West.

L. W. Morse adds a postscript to a letter, to say that he had the pleasure of hearing Bro. Moses Hull deliver a course of lectures May 9th. He spoke in Milwaukee the Sunday previous, and is engaged to lecture for the month of May, and is very much liked as a speaker. I understand he is soon to hold another discussion with one of the Orthodox divines. I am willing to trust him with any of them.

Brookfield Centre, Wis., May 15, 1885.

## Maine.

Mrs. H. T. Stearns is proclaiming the Spiritual Philosophy to the people of Penobscot county, Me., with good results. She has just closed a course of four lectures in Dover, where the interest in Spiritualism is increasing. Prof. Stearns is giving a course of lectures there on Psychology. They both expect to be at the Convention to be held in this city next week. Mrs. S. speaks in Bradford, Me., June 4th.

## Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY  
JOHN A. ANDREW,  
GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION  
FOR A DAY OF  
Special Humiliation and Prayer.

Whereas, the President of the United States appointed Thursday, the twenty-fifth day of May current, "a day for special humiliation and prayer," and recommended the people "then to assemble in their places of worship, and there to unite in solemn service to Almighty God, and did by subsequent proclamation" suggest that the religious services recommended as aforesaid should be postponed until Thursday, the first day of June next;

Now, therefore, to be established and promulgated, that this Commonwealth do observe a day of special humiliation and prayer, in recognition of the recent bereavement of the nation and of the people by the lamented death of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, late President of the United States, I do hereby, with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, the first day of June next, to be observed as a day of special humiliation and prayer throughout the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; and I recommend to all the people that they unite before the altars of religion, and in all their holy places, in the solemn offices of prayer, penitence and humiliation, receiving consolation in their grief for the loss of ONE who was honored as the chiefest man of his generation, and revered and loved for his virtues and fidelity by contemporaries; and establish us as a nation on immovable foundations of Truth, Justice, and Eternal Right.

Given at the Council Chamber in Boston, this fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-ninth.

JOHN A. ANDREW,

By His Excellency the Governor, and with the advice and consent of the Council.

OLIVER WARNER, Secretary.

God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

## Middle Granville Yearly Meeting.

The Yearly Meeting of Spiritualists and friends of progress will take place on the 16th, 17th and 18th of June, 1885, in Middle Granville, at their hall in that place. The course of physical slavery has received its death-blow. Let there be a vast gathering to consider how the shackles of mental slavery may be broken. Entertainment furnished free to all. Henry C. Wright, Mrs. Augusta A. Currier, Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, and others are expected to be present.

By order of Committee, STEPHEN WING,  
G. F. BAKER,  
V. P. SLOUM.

Middle Granville, N. Y., May 14, 1885.

## Meeting of Spiritualists.

The Spiritualists of Verona, Mo., and vicinity will hold a Grove Meeting at their place, one-half mile from Buckport village, on Tuesday, July 4th, at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Isaac R. Greenleaf is engaged to lecture, and several other speakers will be present. A general and cordial invitation is extended to all, as the platform will be free. Come one and all and let us have a good union meeting. Per order Committee,

Verona, Mo., May 15, 1885. NEEHEM HABBETT.

## Spiritualists' Convention.

A Spiritualists' Convention will be held in the Melancon, (Tremont Temple), Boston, on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, May 30th, 31st, and June 1st, 1885. The following subject will be prominently before the Convention for discussion; viz: "Can any plan be devised to secure the cooperative action of Spiritualists for educational purposes, especially to bring our children under the influence of spiritual teachings, and thus to guard them against the demoralizing tendencies of POPULAR THEOLOGY?" All Spiritualists are cordially invited to attend.

H. F. GARDNER, M. D.

Boston, March 24, 1884.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont-st., (opposite head of School street) every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, from May 3rd to June 1st. Admission, 50 cents. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Hardinge Butler; J. S. Loveland, June 1st.

The Boston Spiritualists' hold meetings every Sunday in Tremont Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets, at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker, Secy.

Religious Service, with vocal and instrumental sacred music, is held at Dr. U. Clark's Health Institute, 18 Chauncy street, Boston, Mass., every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. Admission, 50 cents. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Hardinge Butler; J. S. Loveland, June 1st.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 7 o'clock. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:—Sister M. Johnson during June. B. W. Widdowson during June.

CHELSEA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be addressed to Dr. J. C. Grandon, Chelsea, Mass. Speaker engaged:—N. Frank White during June.

NORTH CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Meetings are held in Bruce's Hall, every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, May 28; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 4 and 11.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Service in the forenoon at 10 A. M., and in the afternoon at 2 P. M. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Laura Curry, July 2 and 9.

FOXBORO, MASS.—Meetings in Town Hall. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, May 28; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 4 and 11; Charles A. Hayden, July 2. Meetings during the summer months at 1 P. M. and 5 P. M.

FAIRPORT, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Concord Hall, every Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. A. Currier during June; Charles A. Hayden during June.

LYNN, MASS.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee's Church. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, May 28; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 4 and 11.

LOWELL.—Spiritualists hold meetings in Lee's Church. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. S. A. Byrnes, May 28; Mrs. A. A. Currier, June 4 and 11.

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