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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 XXV.

Essay on Magnetism by Dr. Kenrick.—Continued from the same by Katie.

Not many days after the Doctor's arrival at the home of his betrothed, he produced his manuscript upon Magnetism. It read thus:

The question of relieving and curing diseases is as old as man himself. The rudest and most ignorant of nations have had their peculiar ideas in reference to it. The silent and insidious workings of disease could not long escape the notice of our primitive fathers, and there can be no doubt that among the earliest and most effectual means for relieving pain was the practice of laying on of hands, thus using the subtle and mysterious powers which are found within and around, our systems. In the traditions and records of profane history, reference is frequently made to these things, and in sacred writ there are numerous instances in illustration of this point.

The case of Naaman, the Syrian, when he was advised by the prophet to go and wash seven times in the Jordan and be cleansed, is followed by a very significant remark, when he says, "I thought that he would have come out and laid his hand upon the part, and called upon the name of his God." Why should Naaman think this, if it had not been a common practice at that time? But though it might be interesting to trace the history of this, as found in the occult records of the past, yet it is not our intention to dwell upon this position of the subject.

Here Katie remarked:

"I have been impressed with the idea that many of the religious rites and ceremonies have had their origin in this source. It would seem that the laying on of hands was for this purpose, and the baptismal rite is very intimately connected with it, and especially upon this plane were the wonderful cures made by our Saviour."

"Thank you for that suggestion," rejoined the Doctor, as he proceeded to read on:

There are emanations passing from all substances in the universe, peculiar in their character, and not always recognized by our senses. The term Magnetism was originally applied to the emanations from certain minerals, as magnetic iron ore, and has recently been extended to include other emanations, as, for instance, those from the human family. If you will not infer that these influences are the same, we can use one term for both. It would be well, however, to call that emanation from animals, animal magnetism, and that from man, human magnetism. The term Mesmerism, given in respect to Anthony Mesmer, who made some discoveries in reference to this, is not an expressive one. A variety of other terms, such as Biology, Psychology, &c., are applicable rather to the phenomena than to the general principle. The emanations from every object partake of the nature and character of that object, and often give an exact impression of their source to sensitive and impressive persons.

In order to arrive at the truth in regard to this influence upon man, we must consider him in the light of a threefold being—physical, mental and spiritual. Man has a large number of faculties, and each faculty results from the action of an organ, from whence arises a peculiar influence, according to the intensity of the action of the organ. Hence, on this plane mankind are attracted to, and influence each other in a great diversity of ways. If an organ be healthy and natural in its action, its magnetism will be of a like character, and in this condition there is an abundance of life-force generated, which must be given off and gathered into a frame which needs it. This I consider the entire scope of legitimate magnetism, and both persons are blessed by the action. Thus in no instance is the Scriptural language, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," more applicable than in this. There are certain positive and negative relations—which experience alone can clearly indicate—in which there is a strong, mutual attraction, and when any portion of the human system feels the want of the living magnetism of another person, and that one can approach them with a supply for this want, a curative influence of a very important nature is the result. But there are very many instances in which impure and diseased emanations are communicated, and hence it becomes a serious question whether it is best to wander forth into this great field, where poisonous flowers bud and bloom, as well as the healthful, life-giving plant; and though we may conclude that the abuse of a good thing is not a sufficient excuse to prevent a proper use of it, it should at least teach us to be cautious.

Physical magnetism is the most external of the influences which we exert upon each other; but it is not the only kind. Mental emanations play an important part, and produce, in many instances, more marked effect upon those who are susceptible to their influence than the other. The phenomena of trance, clairvoyance, and other mental conditions, depend upon this action of one mind upon another. In these states diseases may be cured, and by the same law it may be produced

for mental and moral impurities act very powerfully through these channels, and great evils may result from an improper practice in this direction. The operator, a positive individual, holds a very powerful and responsible position in thus controlling the mind and body of the subject, and there are very few persons who live upon a plane sufficiently pure to entitle them to practice this to its fullest extent. Those who submit to this form of magnetism, place themselves in a most perilous position, for they merge their own individuality in that of the operator, and are often compelled to say or do things to which they would decidedly object, if in their natural condition. From a considerable amount of observation, I am disposed to advise that this yielding to the power of another shall not be carried to any great extent, and only with a view to the restoration of health. That this influence may be extensively used to relieve pain and cure disease without any unpleasant or improper effects arising therefrom, I know, and therefore I consider that it is the duty of every physician to avail himself of all the power in this direction that he can acquire; and, furthermore, that individual should ever approach the sick with a pleasant smile and a cheerful, encouraging voice; for by so doing he carries a beneficial and healing influence, varying in degree in accordance with the relations that subsist between him and his patient.

When the Doctor had concluded his reading, his companion remarked, in a musing tone:

"I think that you have presented the subject in a clear and pleasing manner, and entered into it as far, if not further, than any medical society will be willing to do; still there are depths to which it seems to me you have not delved, and as I look down into the rippling waves, I behold great pearls of thought, which I would fain grasp and bring up in all their purity. It may be that in the attempt I shall gather sea-weed also; but we can cast it back, and it will soon sink into its native element. In looking at the different conditions of society, I find much that is far from desirable.

Magnetism is a subject but little understood, even by those who have turned their attention and devoted their time to its investigation, and many who are using this strange, occult power, know very little of its general, I might say, almost universal effects. We hear them speak of certain persons as magnetizers, and others as subjects, thus conveying the idea that these conditions are limited to a few favored individuals. This is an erroneous impression, for no human being lives who is not both a magnetizer and a subject, and the influences which prevail in society are the combined emanations of all the persons who compose it. The important point in connection with this idea is, that each one should endeavor to make their own magnetic current as pure and healthy as possible; and while they would seek to weave into their lives the strength and sweetness of those around them, be careful not to throw off any poisons for others to inhale, and the only way to avoid this is not to have any impurities in ourselves, for that which we have we give; and if corruption dwells in us, we cannot present the cup of health to our fellow-men.

Every child born into the world owes more to the influences of the magnetism which it receives than to any and all things else, and the contact of a person very much diseased to the body of a newborn infant is a great evil. Mental emanations, brain-breathings, act both of themselves and through the physical upon those around them. History presents numerous instances of mental epidemics which have swept over large communities, producing effects either favorable or otherwise, according to their character. Fear is often as potent as contagion itself in developing disease, and perchance has killed more than either sword or pestilence.

Moral magnetism, or that which flows from the soul, is still more refined than either of the others, and adds much to their influence and usefulness. When these spiritual emanations are obstructed by low and corrupt desires and feelings, the most deplorable consequences ensue; physical diseases are thus engendered, and all the evils which are found in a false condition of society are fed and strengthened. On the contrary, where the stream of magnetism flows on calm and undisturbed, power is given to man to bless not only individuals, but the whole human race. Thus do we become saviours one of another, and, like the blessed Jesus, who manifested this power in the highest degree, we shall be enabled to work wonders, doing not only the things which he did, but even greater."

"You have certainly thought of some things which I have not even touched upon," said the young physician, smiling. "I perceive that you will be of great assistance to me in the future in this, as well as in other matters."

"That I may prove the companion which your soul requires, is my earnest prayer," she softly answered; and then the twilight shadows drifted over them.

The Doctor remained several days with Katie, and they not only called upon the Dunderberys and Conants, but upon Mrs. Sullivan and her child; also, Mrs. Mulligan and Aunt Nanny, and everywhere prayers and good wishes followed them. Ah! the blessings which leap from true and earnest hearts are worth more than gold or silver.

In just three weeks from that time Katie's hand was laid confidently in that of her lover's, to be his forevermore.

Four years passed ere we again heard from Katie, and then we visited Lord Dunderberry, and found the Conants living near, and Lillie the happy mother of two bright-eyed girls. Mrs. Conant seemed very much pleased to see us, and we had not been there long before she imparted the very agreeable information that she was expecting the Doctor and his wife, with their two children, to visit them soon, and that she would be most happy if we would conclude to defer our departure until we had passed several days in the company of these old friends, which we consented to do.

We learned that Edgway had returned, having taken holy orders, and was now engaged in visiting the various churches in the country. Having ample means, he declined taking a settled position, but preferred bestowing his charities himself. His labors were very acceptable to his brother ministers, by whom he was much beloved.

We found Katie much more matronly, but with the same pure face and genial smile, and free, spontaneous ways and speech that characterized her as a child. We spent a pleasant week, and never in our life did we more deeply regret the loneliness of our bachelor estate, than when we beheld the beautiful family group which the worthy Doctor and his lovely wife, with their two attractive children, formed; still the resolve of the long ago was not forgotten, and among the many delightful memories of that happy week are several very interesting conversations with our own loved Mary, which amply compensated us for many sad, solitary hours; for we are fully persuaded that the true, spiritual marriage, which is of and for eternity, time, with its fleeting, fading joys, is but one drop in that great ocean of happiness whose musical rhythm is ever heard in the Better Land.

CHAPTER XXV.

Letter from John Dunderberry—Katie's Reply.

Two years later, as Katie and her husband were arranging for another visit to her childhood's home, she received the following letter from John Dunderberry, the banished forger:

County, Ind., U. S. A., May 17, 1862.

TO MY WELL REMEMBERED AND MUCH ESTEEMED FRIEND, KATIE MALVOURNEY—I have long been impressed with the idea that it is my duty to write to you, and ask you to do me the favor to inform my family of my condition and feelings in regard to them. If you will do this, and also give me whatever particulars you can concerning them, I shall be greatly obliged to you.

In September next it will be seven years since I left my native land, and I hope in that month to see my friends once more. I am sure I shall be very deeply indebted to you for your visit to me previous to my sailing for Australia.

When the green shores of my native land receded from my view, my heart swelled with hatred toward all mankind, and found expression in curses both loud and deep. Indeed, so furious was I that even my fellow prisoners on board the ship shunned me, but I did not care for that; on the contrary, I gloried in the fear which I inspired, and as I trod the deck, I longed to spurn its planks with my feet and leap far out into the waste of waters, or, what was better still, sink ship and all beneath the briny waves. Would you believe it, when I thought of you, who had come to me like a ministering angel, offering blessings, sympathy and counsel, my rage increased, and I wished all manner of evil to befall you, forgetting that as long as you walked in your own innocence and purity, though circumstances might bring sorrow to your face and heart, evil could in no way come near you.

I thank God now that that ship was my prison, and held me far away from those whom I would have injured. I know that the motives in me and the sin are the same, but they did not suffer, and I alone must atone for my condition.

During that long voyage of six weeks, I was morbid, melancholy and misanthropic, holding myself entirely aloof from my companions in sin, and becoming almost savage if any one ventured to intrude upon my solitude; still those fires which my own acts had kindled raged within until their fierce heat almost maddened me, and I knew no peace night nor day. Your parting words on that memorable occasion to which I have referred were that "God is a consuming fire. Oh may his love come to you and burn away all the chaff, dross and impurities that have gathered there." I said to myself, "What a fool to talk to me about God." And yet I could not forget your words, nor the clear music of your voice, and when the flames grew hotter and hotter I found myself repeating your declaration, and then the query came, "Can it be that this is God?" Then I remembered the words of the Psalmist, "Though I make my bed in hell, thou art there," and for a moment I paused in awe, for was not that my condition? The next I laughed scornfully, and strove to banish the subject from my mind; but the thought would return again and again, and thus my torment continued. My feelings of hatred which I had nursed into such a fearful intensity never abated, and, strange to say, they seemed to be one of the means appointed for my salvation; for when I left the ship, after cursing it that it had not carried me down to a watery grave, and, as I hoped, to oblivion, and then pronouncing a malediction upon every man on board because they had labored to prevent this result, I turned and strode away, determined to live in solitude and receive no favors from either friend or foe. Not caring to be recognized by any of my old associates in crime, I assumed a new name, and made such alterations in my appearance as would have deceived even my own family. I now desired to be independent, and therefore I went to work. Weeks passed, and at times the glad feeling crept into my heart that some day in the future might find me a man again. Was the fire burning up the dross, think you? I was very successful in my labor, and soon acquired property, yet I knew no one, and was not known save in the coldest business relations. For years drifted into the past, and all this time I had neither received nor

given one word of sympathy; and yet I was not wholly without comfort, for ever and anon memory bells rang out silvery chimes, as well as dirges, and then the burden of their song was the conversation that took place within those dismal prison-walls, and lo! as I listened my heart grew lighter, and the earth took on a new brightness. I think that had not those moments dawned upon me occasionally, I should have gone mad; for all those weary years of intense suffering. At last I became independent, and then I determined to avail myself of the very first opportunity that circumstances presented, and set sail for America. I found very little difficulty in doing this, for a twenty pound note was an argument that not only convinced the Inspector General that I had a right to leave, but that I ought to go; and so I obtained a passport, settled up my affairs and started for the new country. When I was once more on the blue sea, I concluded to resume my own name. I had been John White since I left the shores of my native land, and now I was John Dunderberry again, without the sin, follies and weakness of the long ago, I trusted and believed. This voyage was a new and strange experience to me. The ship was not like that other. The very atmosphere seemed purer, and the music of old ocean in sunshine and in storm stilled my soul, and breathed peace over the troubled waters of my life, and then and there I resolved to turn into a path of truth and right, and walk on fearlessly to the end, a vow that has never been forgotten since that hour.

There was a little cabin boy on board the ship, who soon became a favorite with every one. It was strange what a feeling of attachment sprang up in my heart for him. He was full of vivacity, and yet at times a kind of sadness seemed to sweep over his face, but it was gone before you could really make up your mind whether it was ever there. No one knew anything about him, save from his own account; and when he said that he was an orphan, and alone in the world, the sad eyes and sorrowful voice checked all idle and impertinent questions. We became great friends, although he had seen but fourteen summers, while I was old in years and crime. A strange couple, truly; but is it not written that "a little child shall lead them"? And surely the beautiful golden chain with which he bound me to him lifted me into a purer atmosphere. We were now rapidly approaching land again, our destination being the city of Philadelphia, in the United States of America. About this time a dark and sombre cloud wrapped heart and brain in its sable folds. I had learned to love old ocean, on whose ever-rolling waves and unstained brow Time's changing finger writes no doom, but I feared the land. Was I to sink in gloom and woe and sad despair, or could I breathe on earth the pure, celestial air which my soul now inhaled? These were not the thoughts of a mind fallen into a morbid state, but because a coming event had cast its shadow over my path, baptizing my spirit in the chilling waters of fear.

As we entered the bay which leads to the gentle river on which rests the City of Brotherly Love, my glance fell upon fields that lay smiling in the soft glory of a May morning; but I was hardly conscious of it, for my boy, my beautiful boy, was sick, and oh! how I longed to bear his little weary form to some quiet resting-place far away from the rolling ship and its close, stagnant air.

We landed, and, hardly knowing what I did, I hastened up the strange-looking streets of that neat and beautiful city until I stood before the house of a physician. I read the words, "Doctor Child." Was it because his name was Child that I felt as though he would heal my boy? No; I have learned since that what we call blind impulse and mere chance is often the ruling of a power of which we as yet understand but little.

I went into the office, and there sat the gentleman writing. He was a plain-looking person, apparently about thirty-five years of age, with black hair, a full beard of the same color, and dark eyes. He received me with a pleasant smile, and after I had taken the chair that he proffered me, the following conversation took place:

"I have just arrived here," I remarked, by way of making known my business, "and I have left a boy on board the ship, whom I wish you to see. He is now very sick with a fever, and I desire to take him to some quiet place where he can have all the comforts of a home. Being a stranger in this country, you would oblige me very much if you could give me any information whereby I might find such a spot. I would like to have it sufficiently near so that you might attend him."

"Well," said the Doctor, after a silence of several minutes, "I think that I know a lady who is admirably fitted to supply this want. Indeed, she was speaking to me only this morning about obtaining some such occupation as this. I presume that she will board you, also, as she has plenty of room. Her name is Peaston. I will accompany you there; but first, where is the ship?"

"At Pine street wharf. It is the barque, Solind, from Australia."

"How old is the boy?" was the next inquiry.

"Fourteen years, but very slender and delicate."

"Do you think that you could carry him on your lap in my carriage?"

"Oh yes, easily," I replied, overjoyed at the thought of getting him out of his narrow berth.

"Well, then, we will go at once," said the Doctor, rising; and it certainly was not long before we were down to the landing.

My new-found friend gave one glance at his patient, and then pronounced it a case of ship fever, and taking the little fellow in his arms, he brought him to the carriage and placed him in my lap. As we rode up to the house of Mrs. Peaston, the Doctor remarked:

"This is not your son?"

"No," I answered; "I found him on the ship, and became so much attached to him that I have adopted him. In that sense he is my boy."

Mrs. Peaston received us very kindly, and gave

my child and I two pleasant rooms. Strange to say, the little wail that had wound itself so tightly about my heart-strings, proved to be a girl, and although I was surprised, I certainly was not displeased, for I never had a daughter, you know, and I have got three sons. For a time, however, I feared that she was to be taken from me, but at length the wailing tide of health turned, and she began to recover. Her history is briefly this: Her father went to California in search of gold in 1852, leaving his wife and this child. He died soon after of a fever, and in five years from that time, Isabella, now an orphan, was left in the care of some persons who felt but little interest in her, and who soon turned her out into the world, to beg, steal or starve. Perceiving that boys could obtain work much more easily than girls, she contrived to obtain some of their garments, and soon engaged herself as a cabin boy. She had been two voyages before this, and none suspected that she was other than she seemed, although she was small of her age, and possessed pretty, delicate features.

After her recovery, we remained sometime in Philadelphia, for I had become very much interested in the phenomena of Spiritualism. I found that the doctor was a firm believer in these strange things, and through his efforts I was enabled to witness many startling, not to say marvelous occurrences. I was a materialist, and had but little confidence in the belief of an after state of existence; but if we were destined to live forever, I wished to know the fact, therefore I embraced every opportunity that was afforded me of attending circles and visiting mediums, and thus learned much of this wonderful phenomena which has marked a new era, not only by the faith which it is instilling into the minds of hundreds of thousands, but by the modifying influences which it is producing upon all the churches in reference to their creeds and dogmas.

I attended lectures at Sansom-Street Hall, where the peculiar doctrines of these people are presented every Sunday to large and appreciative audiences, and I was much pleased with their exposition of the philosophy of this life, and that which is to come, as far as I could understand it.

There were mediums who read my entire life-history. At first it was rather humiliating to know that all my sins were thus laid open to the inspection of strangers, but after a while I comforted myself with the reflection that if they could perceive the dark side of my character, they were also conscious that I was now earnestly striving to walk in the path of truth and right. A Mrs. Goodfellow and a Mrs. Marshall were the most accurate in their delineations, and through them I was informed of many events transpiring at home, and also with regard to the welfare of my wife and children; nor is this all: they even prophesied with regard to my future, and several events thus foretold are now a part of my history.

I need hardly say that with so many convincing proofs of immortality, my doubts vanished like dew before the sun, and now I know that death is but the laying aside of these mortal bodies, and that love and knowledge belong to the spirit, and are therefore not laid down dumb and cold in the dark grave. Oh, God be thanked, that the light of that other sphere is streaming through the Valley of Shadows, so that human hearts need no longer throb with terror, and our eyes grow sad, and our feet tremble when we stand upon its verge.

After spending three months in Philadelphia, I visited the West, and purchased a rich, fertile tract of land in Indiana, on which I have erected a comfortable house, and am now a regular farmer. I expect to sail for Ireland next September, as I said before, and I hope that my family will be willing to accompany me when I return. I shall be anxious to hear from you, so that I may know exactly how things are. I am thankful now that I have been down into the depths, also that I have risen therefrom. With this feeling, I can bless God for all my experiences, painful though they were. I am conscious of the presence of the loved ones of the inner life, and as I know that you realized this truth long ago, I have not hesitated to express myself freely. Trusting that you will respond to me at your earliest convenience,

I remain, very respectfully yours,

JOHN DUNDERBERRY.

There was great rejoicing at the castle when Katie appeared there with this news. It seemed as though the prodigal son was about to return. A short time after the reception of this agreeable missive, Mrs. Kenrick wrote the two following letters:

JOHN DUNDERBERRY, Esq.—My Esteemed Friend: Yours of the 17th of May was received after it had traveled around for a few weeks. The pleasure that I experienced in its perusal words cannot tell. You will learn by this that in the changes incident to this life my name has followed the general custom. I am now residing at Belfast with my husband, Dr. Kenrick, of this place. Your letter found us on the eve of starting for a visit to my old home and my father's, from which latter place I am now writing. If I was filled with joy on reading those welcome lines from your pen, what, think you, were the emotions of your wife and other dear ones when they fully realized that their prayers had been heard, and that the lost was found?

Then giving a particular account of the changes in the family by death, marriage, etc., she proceeded:

Your visit to Philadelphia was particularly interesting to me, for during the last eighteen months I have been a constant reader of the Boston Banner of Light, and among the writers for that paper I have noticed the name of Dr. Child, of Philadelphia, and from your description of the man, I should judge he was the gentleman you allude to. It was certainly very providential that you should meet with him as you did. You perceive that I am not a believer in chance, or blind

impulse. I intend to enclose a letter to your friend in this. Will you be kind enough to forward it to him?

Truly yours,
KATIE M. KENRICK,
Belfast, Ireland.

DOCTOR CHILD—My Dear Friend: Although a stranger in the outward, and separated from you by the wide waste of waters, I have often seen you, especially after reading those interesting narratives which have been given through you and published in the Banner of Light. These have not only brought up the spirit before me, but yourself also, and when my friend, Mr. John Dunderer, gave me an account of his meeting with you, and your labors with himself and child, I felt that you were no longer a stranger to me. There have been many things in my experience which I cannot help fancying correspond with your own. A friend here, who reminds me of you, has written out a considerable portion of my life, and as he has placed the manuscript at my disposal, I have almost concluded to send it to you. Should I continue of this mind, Mr. Dunderer will probably be the bearer.

A line from you would be very acceptable to your friend,
KATIE M. KENRICK,
Belfast, Ireland.

John Dunderer and the girl, Izzie, called upon me as they journeyed to his former home, and gave me the above note, to which I replied in the following manner:

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your letter is before me. Believe me, I was most happy to receive it. How pleasant it is to think that, though the ocean rolls between us, there is a power that knows neither time nor space. And, as I see you in your quiet and beautiful home, I feel that I have a sister to whom I can send not only words of greeting in this way, but, on the inner plane of being, soul can speak to soul that language which mortal cannot express.

I should be pleased to see the manuscript to which you alluded. I have not time now to write more.
Sincerely yours,
HENRY T. CHILD,

634 Race street, Philadelphia, U. S. A.

To Mrs. Katie M. Kenrick, Belfast, Ireland.

Some months after this I had a very pleasant visit from John and his wife and their four children—the three boys and my Izzie. They spent a few weeks in our city before starting for their home in the West; and a happier family I have not seen for a long time. They brought the manuscript spoken of, with the accompanying letter to myself:

DR. CHILD—My Kind Friend: I have concluded to send the papers to you, and if you would be willing to revise them for publication, I should be glad to have you do so. I do not think that it would be well to publish them here. We owe much to the people of your country for the key which they have furnished us to these wonderful phenomena. I have been, through life, mysteriously accompanied by them, and although they have been a source of satisfaction to me, they were far less so before I became acquainted with the philosophy which has been so beautifully unfolded by many able writers in your country, among whom I may mention A. J. Davis, Rev. T. L. Harris, S. B. Brittan, Judge Edmunds, Robert Dale Owen, and yourself. I believe that the Banner of Light, which is now read by many on this side of the water, has done a work which no mortal can estimate, in giving a knowledge of this beautiful religion and philosophy to hundreds and thousands of seeking, starving souls. May it ever continue to wave, not only over your land, but all lands. I am impressed that you will visit Ireland at some future time. We should be very happy to meet you here.

There is a spirit who frequently comes to me, who gives the name of John Taps. He says that he was your mother's father, and a native of the Green Isle. He tells me that when he was a young man he emigrated to America, immediately after the Colonies had made a successful revolt, and settled in your city. It appears that his sister had some prejudices against the Quakers, and, having heard that the intermittent fever prevailed in New Jersey, she wrote to him, cautioning him to avoid the Quakers and keep out of the Jerseys; to which he replied that he had both been to Jersey and married a Quakeress. He says this was your grandmother.

Very truly yours,
KATIE M. KENRICK,
Belfast, Ireland.

[I answered this letter, confirming the statements made therein, and remarking that I not only desired to visit the Green Isle, but was really proud of my Irish blood. The story I have revised for the Banner, and I doubt not that its numerous readers will appreciate it as I do, and that the lessons therein inculcated will tend to the elevation of humanity, by awakening higher and nobler aspirations in all, and especially in those who are struggling amid the trials and temptations peculiar to this life.]

ROBIN BADFELLOW.

Four bluish eggs all in the moss!
Soft-lined home on the cherry bough!
Life is trouble, and love is loss—
There's only one robin now!

You robin up in the cherry tree,
Singing your soul away,
Great is the grief befallen me,
And how can you be so gay?

Long ago when you cried in the nest,
The last of the sickly brood,
Screaming a pin-feather warning your breast,
Who was it brought you food?

Who said: "Music, come fill his throat,
Or over the May be fled?
Who was it loved the sweet note
And the bosom's sea-shell red?"

Who said: "Cherries, grow ripe and big,
Black and ripe for this bird of mine!
How little bright-bosom buds the twig,
Drinking the black-heart's wine!"

Now that my days and nights are woe,
Now that I weep for love's dear sake,
There you go singing away as though
Never a heart could break!—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE HONEST MAN.—Most men are not so fond of moral principles but what they feel a spontaneous glow of admiration for the man who does right because it is right, no matter if he does make less money by it. Some few men may say he is a fool or a lunatic not to make the most of his advantage, right or wrong; but the heart of many is loyal to rectitude. We look, and admire and praise. We cannot help it. He who in a selfish, covetous age, when all men are scrambling for money, stands up strong in his integrity, and modestly does the thing—not that which is legal, not that which is expected, not that which is customary, not that which others do, or as many preach, but does the thing which is right—as a man is worthy of all imitation. If the heavenly-minded are few in the world, are not the right-covetous few likewise? A moral character that is genuine is seen as rarely as Diogenes' man, when hunted for with a lantern at noonday.

What is the elevation of the soul? A prompt, delicate, certain feeling for all that is beautiful, all that is grand; a quick resolution to do the greatest good by the smallest means; a great benevolence joined to a great strength and great humility.

A man who lives almost exclusively upon telegraphic operator.

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 HUNT.

MOLLY'S HABITS.

"Come, Molly, do tie up your shoe-strings, and brush your hair; how untidy you look!"
"Yes, mamma, in a minute," said Molly.
But many minutes passed, and Molly forgot all that had been said to her.

"Now, Molly, dear, I wish you'd attend to what I say. Just look what a fright you are! Tie your shoe-strings, dear, and brush your hair."

"Yes, mamma, in a minute," said Molly.
But the minutes went by, and Molly remembered no better than at first.

Thus it had been for many days and weeks, till Mrs. Milbur wondered why her little girl cared so little for her wishes. And Molly herself wondered why she did not remember the gentle words of that kindest of mothers.

The beautiful month of roses had come, and everything felt fresh and lovely. The flowers bloomed, as if it was the easiest thing in the world to be beautiful, and the insects hummed, and the leaves were so happy in the soft air as if they understood all about the sky, and the rain, and the dew that made them grow so luxuriantly. But in all this beauty Molly put by none of her untidy habits. She made rose-leaf pies, and buried them in the ground, and forgot to wash her hands afterwards. She hunted for birds' nests in the hedges and bushes, and she might watch for the dear little birds; but she did not remember to smooth her tangled hair when she came home. She made flower-beds, and transplanted larkspurs and violets, and watered them until her apron was soiled and wet; but she forgot to put on her clean one before she came to the table.

The consequence of her carelessness was the frequent mortification of her mother and herself. For when strangers came to the house, they supposed her to be some forlorn child that did not belong to that pleasant, neat home.

"What shall I do?" thought Mrs. Milbur.
"What shall I do?" thought Molly.

But Mrs. Milbur still spoke gently, and Molly still forgot, and made no resolves to mend her untidy ways. At last she became quite unhappy about it, and thought so much of what she neglected to do, that she grew very restless and uncomfortable.

One lovely June morning, she went out into the garden and gathered her hands full of flowers. Beautiful roses of many hues, and garden lilies, and the phlox and clematis. Then she went through the field and picked clover-blossoms and buttercups; and into the woods and gathered the dog-toothed violets, the Solomon's seal, and the trilliums. She had at last filled her apron, and sat down by the brook to hear the murmur of the water. No wonder she fell asleep, lulled by the sweet sound, and let her apron fill with all its treasures; and no wonder that she had a dream as she slept there with the soft air breathing upon her.

Immediately it seemed to her that she was the queen of all the flowers, and dwelt among them, and heard all their complaints, and took care of them in quite a motherly way. And care enough she had, too; for she was anxious that each one should do its very best and loveliest. First, she thought to herself, I will be a very gentle mother, and let all the flowers have their own way; and as they had all been quite loving and obedient to the queen of the year before, she had no doubt that she could trust them entirely; so she resolved to go a journey, and let them all have their way.

But no sooner was their gentle queen gone, than a dozen spirits of evil seemed to be present among the flowers, and tempted them to all sorts of mischief, and they forgot all the good instructions they had received.

"Dear me!" said a little Strawberry-blossom; "what's the use of trying to have such fair, white petals? Let the mud defile me, and the sand cling to me, I can't take the trouble to wash myself in dew every morning;" so the strawberry-blossom became dingy, and quite like the soil in color.

"What a bother to be always trying to brush up!" said a Rose-tree. "I'll just stop shaking myself in the wind, and let the dust cover me all up."

So the great clouds of dust came up and settled on the leaves and stems, and they never moved a fibre to clear their beautiful garments. They were soon as brown as the earth.

"Here I've stood all the spring," said the garden Lily, "with my great buds growing and opening; and never a raindrop or a mist has passed me without my turning, as the breeze came, to catch them, that I might keep my garments as pure as the snow that went up to the clouds in the sunlight. But I'm tired of so much trouble. I'll just let the yellow pollen fall all over my pure petals, and the dust, too; and I'll not bother myself to show the people how lovely a place this world is;" and the Lily became like a bit of paper that has been blowing about in the gutter.

"What a bother to keep shining and shining, like the stars!" said a tuft of Tiarella. "I'll never dress myself again beside this brook, thinking to make the world a brighter place. I'll let the winds whirl me, and the rains deluge me, till I am as mopey as a dried-up sorrel-top. What's the use of doing otherwise?"

So the lovely Tiarella, that was fair enough to be a bride's crown, became like a withered stalk.
"Let's tear our petals," said the Trilliums, "and not try to light up the woods with our star blossoms. Who cares whether little girls and boys are pleased with us and our lovely blooming? When they hunt for us, who cares if they sigh, and wonder where the beauty of the forest has gone?"

So the Trilliums took no care of their garments, and looked like a lot of "beggars coming to town, some in rags, and some in tags, and one in a patched-up gown."

"What folly!" said the Water Lily, "for me to try and keep my head above water, and float my snowy petals high and dry. I close myself into a bud at night, that I may open myself fair and bright in the morning, and teach men how beauty may be found everywhere; and I never let a speck of the mud from the bottom of the pool deface me, that I may let the world know that what has purity within will show itself pure without. But what's the use? I'll just duck my head under water a few times, and then let the pickered weed rub against me, and I'll look like any old dud."

So the Lily became like a faded leaf, and opened no more its snowy petals to the morning sunlight. Seeing all these flowers thus careless of giving pleasure to others, thousands of other flowers dropped their orderly ways, until garden and field became like a wilderness. There were no longer white, delicate blossoms looking like snowflakes,

and bright opening buds like stars, and glowing roses, and fresh green leaves; and when Molly, the queen, came home from her journey, she looked in vain for her beautiful subjects.

"What change has come over my beautiful ones?" said she. "What will the little girls do that come in the morning to read by the blossoms the loving Word of God? What will the little boys do that wish to gather garlands, that they may consider the way in which God clothes the flowers? What will all the sick and weary do that want the brightness of the blossoms? Something must be done, and that right away."

So Molly, the queen, sent forth couriers to gather in her subjects; but what a pitiable sight they were! Dingy roses, dusty lilies, tattered pinkies, wilted violets, crazy-looking japonicas took the place of the sweet flowers she had left. Columbine, cinquefoil, eglantine and arbutus came from the meadows, and woods, and rocks, all tattered and disheveled, with their fringes all snarled, their stems broken, their petals discolored.

"Do tell me 'what has happened,'" said Molly, "since I left. Have you all forgotten yourselves, and remember no more what made you all so happy and content? You all continually tried to bless the world by your purity and loveliness. You clothed yourself in the beautiful garments prepared for you, and kept yourselves in delightful order."

The flowers hung their heads, and spoke not a word.

At last a pert Artichoke spoke up, saying: "Please, your highness, we have seen Molly Milbur running through the garden so much, with her hands dirty, and her hair in a snarl, and her shoe-strings untied, never trying to look beautiful or nice, that we thought it a pity for us flowers to keep at work so hard, when she gave us no thanks, nor tried to return our favors."

Molly felt herself blushing to her hair, and was so ashamed, that she suddenly awoke, and found herself with her gathered flowers all scattered on the green bank, while the brook was murmuring softly, and the birds singing over her head.

She shook herself to find if she was still Molly Milbur, and not the queen of all the flowers, and then went to a place where the water ran smoothly over a dark rock, and looked at herself, as in a mirror. She could faintly see her tangled hair, and could imagine how her face looked with its dingy marks. She looked down to her soiled apron and her dangling shoe-strings, and then she scampered home as fast as she could.

Never after that was Molly found with her clothes unnecessarily soiled, or her hands and face untidy. "For," said she, "I will be as good as the flowers, and make myself agreeable to everybody."

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE CITY.

Looking out of my southern window, my eye meets a long row of brick houses. There is only a short yard between my windows and those opposite. Very cold and cheerless those brick walls looked in the autumn. The driving rains from the North wet the bricks, and the water trickled down the yard. How different from the beautiful hills and the dark forests! And yet there was sunshine on clear days, and as it came creeping around the corner, it was pleasant to sit in it, and to think how it shone on many a pleasant home far away, and how it lighted up even the gloomy streets of the city.

For the sake of the sunshine, this southern window became the little home within the home. It was the pleasant resting place; the place to dream in and work in. But we are all social beings, and although we live in a city where no one expects to know who lives next door, yet we begin very soon to watch the windows and doors of our neighbors. It was not long before I found that a pale face looked out of the windows opposite and sought the light, and watched, through the vacant lot, the passers-by in the street.

Very blue eyes were set in that pale face, and a sweet smile was on the mouth; the light curling hair made a halo about it, and it soon began to seem very much like a little sun gleaming in the window. A little boy's face it was, although as fair as a girl's. Soon it seemed quite neighborly, and began to smile on me at my work, and I nodded back, whereat the pale face became brighter than ever, and the blue eyes shone more pleasantly. I soon had a dear little friend that I loved quite tenderly; but I kept wishing that there was something for those eyes to look on besides the brick walls and the streets. I wanted to put beautiful roses in my window, and honeysuckles, and fill up the little yard with lambs, and chickens, and birds; and I wished I had a beautiful home close by so that I could take all such into it, and give them fresh air, and oranges, and a great playground.

I saw that the pale face grew paler, and dark circles came about the blue eyes, and I began to wish I knew the little boy. After a time I accepted the invitation of his mother, and gave him a call. After this Robbie and I became better friends than ever. When I went to the window in the morning to see how heavy the clouds were, his face was there before me, and we had a cheerful nod, as if we quite understood each other. When I looked out in the evening to see if the stars were shining, I looked to see if Robbie's room was dark, and wondered if he was having pleasant dreams.

It was so pleasant to have this little neighbor that I began to think the brick walls quite delightful. The little yard was almost as good as a garden when those pleasant eyes looked out on it. But I noticed in Robbie's eyes that far-away look, as if he was feeling something that others did not see; and as if he knew about a home better than the one he lived in.

Robbie's father was blind, and he was very fond of him, watching him as he felt his way along the high fence, as if he must take very good care of him every moment.

One day I missed Robbie's face from the window. I wondered if he had gone away, or if he had some better fun than looking out to see the boys play. The next day he had his throat all wrapped up, but he was at his place again. He displayed a flag at the window, and some large letters, and I concluded he had taken cold and would soon be well.

It was quite like home again, to see him, and he had a hearty laugh at some sport in the street. We had several friendly nods, and I determined to give him another call. When I went in he was so glad to see me that he showed me all his treasures, and emptied out all his pennies for me to count. He would soon be well, we all thought, and then he was to return my visits.

But the next day, and the next, no sunny face looked out of Robbie's window. How lonesome it was. The beautiful sunshine, looked in upon me, but I missed something warmer than that. The blue sky showed me, in the little patch that I could see far up between the buildings, how very benevolent and true it was, but I wanted the soft light of the blue eyes.

When I next went to see Robbie, he had no strength, and lay on the couch all the time. He did not even talk of his playthings, but looked so

that he could hardly smile. He was so pale and gentle that it was pleasant to him. Christmas was coming, and we told him about the beautiful gifts that Santa Claus might bring, but he seemed to be thinking of something else. His eyes looked further away than ever.

When I went back to my window I felt quite homesick; some light seemed to be going out of my sky; a little flower seemed fading out of my garden. Robbie grew weaker and weaker, and at last we all said he was going to that other home. When he began to suffer pain he was just as patient as before, but he wanted his mother to pray to God to take away his great big pain.

When Christmas morning came, little Robbie went to get his beautiful gifts in his spirit-home; and when I looked up to his window it was all dark, and I thought I should never see any light there again. The little yard was no longer like a garden, or the light like the sunshine; but as the rain fell, and the mists settled down, it seemed as if a great deal of light had gone from our home forever. My little neighbor had been a great comfort to me, and I sadly missed him.

But this is always true: that which has blessed our spirit remains forever with us. Little Robbie's pleasant smile comes back to my memory almost every time I look out of my window, and my thought goes to his beautiful home where he is now enjoying so much. I often think, I wonder what he is doing in that home, and whether he gathers the bright flowers, and feels stronger in the air of heaven? Thus he is ever a little minister of good to me, leading my thoughts to that blessed time, and those lovely scenes that await us. Dear little Robbie, when I see you in your spirit-home, we will continue our neighborly intercourse, and your pleasant smile shall be one of the lights of that beautiful land.

WELCOME AND TEARS, ON THE RETURN OF THE ARMY OF FREEDOM.

BY G. W. LIGHT.

Living heroes! wreathed with laurel,
Pride of valiant sires!
Kindled by your homeward footsteps,
All the country fires!

Listen to the grateful beating
Of the nation's heart;
Where no words may sound the welcome,
Joyful tears can start!

While the sun shall gild the morning,
Through advancing days,
Your renown, with ages heightening,
Every land shall praise!

But the tread of noble victors,
Marching from the field,
Shouting for the great salvation
Martyr blood has sealed,

Keenly minds us of the heroes—
Offerings to the time—
Who with us are now rejoicing
On the hills sublime!

Smiling, they the gloom would scatter,
And our sorrows drown,
While they beckon us to see them
Wear the patriot's crown!

And our hearts, with music thrilling,
Bless the Father's care;
Still the tears will flow, unbidden,
Round the "vacant chair"!

Ah! the minstrel knows the anguish
Mingled with the joy;
While he sings his heart is bleeding
For his martyr boy!

Martyrs, rest! from stormy winter
Passed to glorious spring!
Men shall now your deeds majestic
Through the ages sing!

Proudly rest! The world's great battle
Now is fought and won!
Leaving fame to shine in story
Brilliant as the sun!

Peace in morning bloom returning,
Every region glows;
While throughout the ransomed country
Freedom's trumpet blows!

THOUGHTS ON THE WING.

NUMBER SIX.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

The spirit saith, write, "Blessed are those that, through investigation, persecution and soul-consecration to truth, have entered within the veil, receiving as a reward for continuance in well doing, knowledge of immortality, communications from spirits, and the goodly fellowship of angels, as well as the 'white stone' of mystic memory, with the 'new name,' and the hidden manna, which is life everlasting."

This is truly an age of thought, research, marked individualisms and rapid transitions, the old overlapping the new, and the new striking its roots afar back into the fading past.

The political waters of this and European countries are in commotion. The Pope sees the handwriting on the wall; monarchies are before the judgment-seat; republics are, being tried by the fires of wars, assassinations and death; social storms are gathering over and around us; extremists are running to and fro; old religions are "getting religion"; revival converts are "backsliding"; into common sense; sectarisms are striving to Jerusalemize Americans of the nineteenth century; thinking Churchmen, both in the orient and occident, are hesitating between the disintegrations of Protestantism and the intensified centralization of Roman Catholicism; while all earnest souls are knocking at the gate that leads to the celestial city of eternal ideas.

"It is the tidal hour, then, for Spiritualism! A Spiritualism that shall spiritualize materialism, and celestialize the spiritual, bringing human souls by processes diverse and inverse into more conscious relations, not only with angelic existences, but the impersonal and the absolute; a Spiritualism compatible with science, refinement, the rarest culture and broadest measure of freedom; a Spiritualism pregnant with facts, yet looking to a spiritual philosophy that shall appropriate the good and the beautiful, the pure and the true of all past and present philosophies, inspiring the masses to higher, diviner action, and prouder military movements for the world's redemption. 'Christ's second coming' is now. It is coming in power and principle, in inspiration and angelic ministrations. Apostles, and the 'spirits of just men made perfect,' are in the 'clouds of heaven' over us; while a-down through the *aeles*, *arches* and *corridors* of distant eternities, silvery voices continue to roll, burdened with the psalm: 'Come, up higher.' Catching the key-note, I sound the refrain: Let us unite the scientific with the religious; the fact with the philosophy, earth with heaven, and go up as fraternal bands of workmen to repair Zion and rebuild the Jerusalem that is to be, and all to the glory of a divine humanity."

We need, in the world-wide vineyard, loving brotherhoods of laborers, and banded sisterhoods

of women who dare to think, and live what they know to be right; who are all a-glow with the inspirations of the day, the hour, and full of self-sacrifice, welcoming the cross of cypress, sooner than the crown; speakers, speaking as with tongues of fire, rapt and holy, too, as the sainted *St. Francis*, and full of ode and rhapsody, stirring the souls to the very depths, as did that *St. Francis*, *Peter the Hermit*. No wilderness of words, shoddy rhetoric, ineffectual eloquence, empty declamation, or poetic, moonshiny sentimentalism, will serve the spiritual gospel of to-day.

The age demands, not science and logic alone, but spiritualistic truths and humanitarian principles, bodied in good, solid, Anglo-Saxon words, with hearers who will listen as though in eternity, surrounded by throngs of white-robed angels, and not hear, merely, but practice, daring, doing, and dying even for a principle! Such, by losing life, or its more physical enjoyments, find it, and find it by having the celestial intruded into the spiritual, and the spiritual thus celestialized, introduced through the physical, spiritualizing the whole terrestrial being with a transfigured grandeur and glory, comparable to those highly unfolded souls long anchored in the harbors of heaven.

HARMONY.

It is no more true that "Order is heaven's first law," than that harmony is indispensable to spiritual growth. Earthquakes and whirlwinds may have their mission during the ripening and rounding of worlds, and so may rivalries and wars during the development and perfecting of nations; still the prophetic soul ever looks forward with hope and confidence to the dawn of a more harmonious age; an age when man, instead of being influenced by the spirit of the Mosaic Law, shall practice the principles of the "higher law," returning good for evil, and blessing for cursing. It matters not though Jesus came to "bring a sword on earth," I come bringing an olive-branch, symbol of peace, and purpose holding it till it withers in my hand, asking "Spiritualists," "Christian Spiritualists," "Progressionists," "Friends of Progress," "Progressive Friends," "Reformers," and all true workers for humanity, to cultivate charity and cherish only love and kindness toward each other. It should not be now, as in apostolic times—"one for Paul, another for Apollos, and another still for Cephas"; but all for the truth, abounding in benevolence and good works. I can and will work with all faithful workers—all worthy men and women, in their reconstructive efforts, regarding names as chaff and husks. My Church is as extensive as humanity, and my creed briefly this: I believe in God, in truth and myself!

BOOKS.

Speaking, during April, in Milwaukee, I called upon the Rev. John Hann, the Roman Catholic Bishop, for the purpose of examining his extensive library, and inquiring relative to certain European works not translated into English. The Bishop is an elderly man, very genial and affable with quite a tincture of the egotistic in his nature, owing in part to his position, and more to Church-ion influences. Our conversation soon turned upon Spiritualism, during which he said:

"A few years since I hoped much from these modern phases of Spiritualism, as an offset to an increasing tendency in speculative minds to German materialism; but my hopes have not been realized."

I asked him what estimate he put upon Spiritualism?

"Spirit-communion," he replied, "has ever been a fundamental doctrine of the Catholic Church in all countries, and has been so acknowledged, when orderly, and subject to the Church of Christ."

His library occupies some two hundred shelves, all literally loaded, and in character decidedly polyglot. It has a choice selection of standard authors, some literary, others scientific, but chiefly theological, the German editions predominating. He showed me a copy of the "Latin Vulgate," bearing the imprint of "Basil, 1496," with series of the ancient classics, both in Latin and Greek.

"These saved by me," he said, "the mummies, many a year."

I think the largest library in the world is the Imperial at Paris, numbering 1,084,000 volumes; then comes the Royal Library at Munich, with over 800,000; the British Museum, with over 600,000; the Berlin exceeds 600,000; and then comes the Astor Library, in New York, containing over 100,000 volumes. Reader, how many volumes may be counted in your library, and what the general character of the same? Every young man should not only gather *trophies*, *antiquities*, *fossils*, *paintings*, and geological specimens, but a choice collection of books, forming early habits of study for disciplining the mind. If a youth lack a delicate taste, let him read our best American and English poets. If wanting in power to reason systematically, let him read Buckle, Compton, Cousin, and John Stuart Mill. If deficient in path, and an intensified vigor of style, let him read and re-read Emerson's works; and if tending toward the blight of sectarianism, let him digest the volumes of Theodore Parker, A. J. Davis, and, so far as he can, gather up the truths that glitter on the divine pages of God's great rock-book, *Nature*, yet damp, fresh with biographical facts of constant formations, and musical with joyous star-gossams of progression.

DR. J. R. NEWTON.

Passing through Chicago, I had the pleasure of witnessing, for the first time, the doctor's "Gifts of Healing," and they are certainly remarkable. I conversed with a number who were rejoicing in the freedom of complete restoration to health. He does not profess to cure all. Jesus "could do no mighty works" in some Judean villages. The "Chicago Evening Journal," noted for religious conservatism, admitted this much: "Hundreds, with maladies of every description, hobbled forward to be cured. Whether or not cures were performed, we do not know, but certain it is that people who had lost the use of limbs and of the senses, were made to dance, see and hear." The doctor frankly admits that spirits and angels aid him in his mission.

Dr. Bryant is meeting, too, with wonderful success in Detroit. In August he goes to Milwaukee, spending some two or three months. Dr. J. Wilber, wielding a mighty magnetic power, is still in Delaware, Ohio, healing physical and mental ailments. Dr. Hathaway, a most estimable man, and permanent resident of Milwaukee, has his rooms continually filled with patients. Divinely beautiful is the mission of the "Healers," and those possessing these "gifts from on high" should cherish kindness and brotherly love toward the other; and, to use apostolic language, "manifest no rivalry, except to excel in doing good, for the love of doing good."

In this prairie village I lectured two evenings in the Baptist church to appreciative audiences, the deacons and family present, also the clergy, men and women, prayer, and the choir singing. Liberal theological ideas are rapidly reaching this State, and far more rational views of God, and the final destination of souls, and religious generally disseminated, even among churchmen.

Spiritual Phenomena.

The Allen Boy Medium at Rockland, Maine.

The Allen Boy is about thirteen years old, thick set and active, with red hair and corresponding complexion. He arrived in this city on Monday, May 8th, and was requested to attend a séance at the house of George Morgridge, in this city, on that day. The editor of the Democrat and Free Press, with many others, was invited, and on my arrival I found myself in the presence of quite a respectable company, both in regard to character and number.

Dr. Randall, who travels with the boy, manifested a good deal of anxiety and uneasiness for the result, as he wished, probably, to make a good impression on the editor, as his paper would come out on Wednesday, the 10th; but all to no purpose, for no manifestations were made during the evening, and we were all obliged to go away disappointed. However we were invited to attend another sitting at the same place the next evening, and we were all promptly on hand. Before proceeding to give the result, I will endeavor to give you some idea of the arrangements made for the sitting. In the first place, a chair was placed very near the corner of the room—as near as it could sit and hold the instruments—in this chair were placed three other chairs, so as to form a space behind them of about four feet by seven. These chairs were placed in the following order: One common chair, within four inches of the wall of the room; at the left of this, a high-back rocking-chair, eighteen or twenty inches from it; a shawl was then thrown over the backs of the two chairs, shading the instruments behind them from the light. Another chair was then placed to the left still further, in which the boy sat. These arrangements were made before our eyes, and all had liberty to handle and inspect the instruments.

Dr. Randall then took his seat behind the audience, about a part of the light—though still light enough to see everything in the room distinctly—requested us to choose the most skeptical, to sit in the chair. A gentleman was chosen, who, on being requested, took off his coat and sat down in the rocking-chair, and laid his left forearm across the boy's lap, the boy seizing it with both his hands, one above the elbow the other at the wrist, the boy facing the audience. A light shawl was then thrown over the boy's hands and the arm seized, the boy constantly keeping a motion of his hands, by gently pinching or pressing the arm, to notify the gentleman that his hands were still there. After sitting fifteen or twenty minutes, the shawl between the rocking-chair and the chair at the right began to move; all at once the instruments were handled, and in a moment the guitar was held out over the head of the gentleman in the chair, then it was placed in his lap in a proper position for playing. The drum was now thrown on the floor, and the dulcimer sounded, when we were startled by three smart raps on the back of the chair, as if demanding something. Mr. Randall inquired if they wished some one to sing, which was answered by three raps. Some one in the audience began to sing, the dulcimer playing an accompaniment. The singer would suddenly change from tune to tune, from slow to fast, from grave to gay, the player changing as suddenly without losing the time. This playing and sounding of instruments continued some ten minutes or more, when the boy called for some more powerful demonstration.

The chair on which the instrument had been placed, was thrown over the gentleman's head on to the floor in front of him. When he saw the chair floating over his head, he dodged and hit his head against it, which caused a swelling over his left eye. The boy, on learning this, remarked, "You have wounded the gentleman; now please heal him," telling the gentleman to lay his head back against the back of the chair. The gentleman obeyed, and a hand came and patted the place injured. During all this time the committee—the gentleman in the chair—often notified us that the boy's hands were on his arm.

Mr. Randall now asked if he should let on more light. This was answered by raps in the affirmative. The light being let on, the hands were shown more distinctly. This hand-showing continued for some time, till all were satisfied that there was no humbug in the matter. One hand seized the shawl between the rocking-chair and the chair at the right, say some nine or ten inches to the right of the rocking-chair, and drew it slowly down so that all saw it plainly. Mr. Randall again asked: "Will you write your name upon the slate?" which was answered in the affirmative. A slate without frame was shown us, then handed to the committee who passed it over his right shoulder. A hand seized it, and (I should judge by the peculiar, grating sound) laid it on the floor. It took the pencil in the same manner; then all was silence. Now we could hear the writing upon the slate distinctly; something was written, and then a dotting or crossing, as of Is or Ts. The pencil was then dropped upon the slate; in a moment we heard it writing again. The pencil was thrown out and lodged upon the editor's arm, and the slate was held up over the committee's shoulder. On examination we found two names written upon it, which appeared to be in different hand writing. Dr. Randall requested that they would shake hands with the audience, who, one by one, were shaken hands with, or touched, the most of them the latter. When my turn came I was touched very lightly, when I requested and rather insisted on shaking hands. I instantly received a smart slap on the back of my hand, which was distinctly heard by the whole company. At one time the boy threw off the shawl from his hands, saying: "Here are my hands and here are my feet," while the instruments continued sounding and seemed to turn over on the floor. At length two smart raps notified us that the séance was over, and I found myself astonished, but, I hope, somewhat wiser than before.

Mr. Randall held his séances every day or evening, (except Sunday), sometimes failing to have any manifestations, but generally succeeding, till Thursday, the 18th, when he left for Boston. Thursday afternoon a private sitting was held, when few except Spiritualists were admitted. The manifestations at this sitting were of a more positive nature, otherwise not differing from former sittings. At one time two hands were seen at once on the right side of the committee; at another, the committee remarked, "Hands press me on each side at the same time;" and again, the guitar was held over the committee's head from a direction opposite the boy, and played upon at the same time; and many other things were done, too numerous to mention. A small boy in the audience and a man declare they saw the face of a woman behind the screen.

Quite an excitement prevails here on account of these things. Some call it humbug, regarding it as the result of sleight-of-hand playing; others call it the devil's works; others, necromancy; others, mesmerism, psychology, electricity, &c.,

&c., making a complete confusion of tongues. However, the committee—all that have sat in the chair when there were manifestations—pronounce it real, and some of them say it is truly wonderful. And thinking people in general, here, as far as I have conversed with them, pronounce it no humbug, but very mysterious; and some say it will be scientifically explained by-and-by. A gentleman whom the Church calls infidel, remarked to me the other day, that he wondered at the Church for calling it humbug; "For," said he, "it is the greatest and only tangible evidence of the immortality of man that I have ever seen; and why the Church should discard this, which is strong evidence that they have been telling the truth, I cannot tell."

An old gentleman who has passed the bounds of the Church, a reading, thinking man, who opposed, disputed, questioned and denied Spiritualism in every phase, said to me: "I give it up; I am confounded! I will oppose it no more." These things convince me that Spiritualism is progressing, in spite of the many encombrances hanging upon it. Yours truly, L.

Our Washington Letter.

CLOSE OF THE LECTURING SEASON—PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE—J. M. ALLEN'S LABORS.

With the last Sunday in May our meetings in Washington stand adjourned until October, it being impracticable to continue our Sabbath evening gatherings through the hot weather. The universal success which has characterized the past season, is in no small degree attributable to the energy and practicality of those friends of Spiritualism here, who, when the organization was apparently swamped and going under, assumed the management of affairs, righted the little craft, and piloted her safely into port.

The cause is stronger in Washington to-day than ever before. The barriers of prejudice in every department of life are giving way before the onward march of Omnipotent Truth. The chief characteristics of Spiritualism, are manifesting themselves everywhere. The disintegration which precedes higher formation, is silently but effectually and practically progressing. This addition comes and power is gained. Next season will furnish increased evidence of a greater, deeper, and more universal appreciation on the part of Washingtonians toward the science, the philosophy, and the religion of Spiritualism, than has been manifested the past season. Verily, the cause must increase and intensify itself here, as well as elsewhere. The spiritual forces at work will not abate one jot or tittle, whether men and women hear, or whether they forbear. Divine and eternal energies are in operation, and will not cease until man is in every sense, in every particular, "redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled." Spiritualism, "pure and undefiled," must go on, conquering and to conquer, from light to love, from grace to glory, ever blessing as it goes. Meanwhile our ever-present duty is to faithfully

To blossom in their manhood, and bear fruit when they are old.

Bro. J. Madison Allen has been our speaker during May, and by his public and private efforts has greatly endeared himself to us. His style is both pleasing and persuasive, being generally animated and impassioned enough to keep the interest of an audience well up to the close. Alive with earnestness, he emphasizes more by voice than by gesture. Modest and unassuming, his deportment is in favorable contrast with those of the great ego school. In all he says there broods a tender and beautiful spirit of Love and Charity, under whose divine influence Spiritualists should be more and more willing to be reared. A revelator and constructor, rather than an expounder or interpreter, his present labors are but preface to the furtherance of the mission with which he has been delegated—the unfolding of a practical educational movement of the most valuable, vast and vital importance—the perfecting, in obedience to the direction and inspiration of higher powers, of a Universal Alphabet, which shall endure for all time. Based upon the immutable principles of Nature, such a system will stand all the persecutions of men, through all the convulsions of time, and prove one of the most effectual agents within the compass of man, for practically uniting the various Nationalities of earth, and bringing all peoples into a more brotherly and harmonious relationship.

In the agitation and presentation of this subject, he is aware that the world to-day, in the plenitude of its wisdom and charity, is disposed to give what it has always given to those who present a new idea for the good of humanity—anything and everything but a hearing. "Is ever the same old story. But thank God! the so-called idealisms of to-day are but the realities of tomorrow. There is precious encouragement in the fact that, "God never permitted us to frame a theory too beautiful for His power to make practicable." The Universal Alphabet, however, is not only a beautiful theory, but a glorious fact, the future will gladly accept and adopt. Tried by the impartial standard of exact science—the imperial test of Reason and Nature—and found to be true as the needle to the pole, "without variableness, neither shadow of turning"—it patiently awaits the hour when it shall be publicly proclaimed and fully made known to the children of men. In the meantime, "the world that moves" is fast getting to see and feel its necessity.

Progressive, practical and prophetic, Brother Allen's public topics embrace as wide a range of thought and action as characterized the various individualities who from time to time control him. Passing easily under control, individual spirits have but little difficulty in manifesting themselves through him, rendering his presence, in addition to lecturing, much sought after by those at whose residences circles are usually held.

I learn that his companion, C. Fannie Allen, whose communications to the Banner your numerous readers are conversant with, is also an excellent and versatile medium, and generally accompanies her husband in his travels. May the angels ever inspire, protect and direct them, as well as the entire army of our spiritual workers, who, marshalled under the "Banner of Light"—Love, Truth and Wisdom—are so effectually battling for the cause of humanity, which is the cause of God.

G. A. B.

Washington, D. C., May 28, 1886.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S DEATH FORETOLD.—Amongst the number of mediumistic predictions connected with the great American war must be reckoned the warnings which the unfortunate Lincoln received touching the danger which threatened his life. The tragic end of this great man had, amongst other things, been predicted a long time in advance. In 1863, in the month of August, Mr. Home, being in the trance condition at Dieppe, at the house of Mrs. Miller Gibson, wife of the English cabinet minister, foretold the event which befell the victims Lincoln and Seward. This fact was witnessed at the time by the witnesses present. Mrs. Gibson told us of it some days after. "We hesitate not, therefore, to give our testimony to this great fact of which several journals have spoken."—*Review Spiritualist*.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARIAN, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND. KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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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 man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and to apply the same to regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine Inspiration in man at all times, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occurrence of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine*.

Discussing Spiritualism.

The temper in which certain journals, magazines and pulpits go at the work of discussing Spiritualism, as they call it, shows, beyond the need of further inquiry, what are the aims and motives which inspire them in relation to it. Unable to make any impression on the truth by one-sided, prejudiced and inconsequential arguments, they next tried ridicule, and with no better effect. Still the developments went forward, and still they refused to learn of those facts which were every day accumulating. For a time, since such journals as the Boston Courier have ceased their rhetorically vigorous assaults on the New Philosophy, there seemed to be a lull in the labors of the volunteer force, which considered its special mission to overthrow Spiritualism and plow up its foundations. Some believers fondly thought, or certainly hoped, that the unwelcome work of opposing it was at an end, and that those who had been occupied with it had retired from the field altogether. It was but a temporary delusion, however, from which it will take but little to arouse them. We have of late fallen in with several ill-tempered assaults on the philosophy which has made, and is still making, so many converts and so much happiness, all going to show that the blind spirit of detraction and opposition is not yet killed, nor will be while there is a truth to be discovered and developed in the universe.

To illustrate our remarks: the Atlantic Monthly, in a late article, reviewing the recent volume of Browning's poems, makes the unsupported assertion that Spiritualism is a subject too ignominious to be handled with impunity; from which most readers would infer that his having touched the matter is a blot and blot on his fame as a poet, and that in order to have your genius appreciated, you should formally subscribe to the Orthodox style of religious faith. A writer in the Providence Journal notices the statement of the Atlantic, along with its inference, and says that it is a fact that the blot on Browning's fame, in consequence of his subscription to the spiritual philosophy, is "very generally conceded, even by his warmest admirers." And the same writer candidly adds, "Spiritualism, it must be confessed, is decidedly disreputable. It is only the few who can afford to live without a character for respectability, and the many who have but a slender chance of ever being able to attain one, who may venture, openly, to countenance it."

The last remark supplies the key to nearly all the opposition which our beautiful philosophy meets with. It is not assailed because it lacks for truth, because it fails to satisfy the inmost cravings of the human heart, because it offers husks when the soul seeks for nourishment, but—let the age blush for shame at being compelled to admit so low and disreputable a fact—because it is "decidedly disreputable." Of all the reasons why a cause ought to be opposed, this should be the very last, instead of being the first. What is reputable, then, is all that we are at liberty to consider, whether in science, philosophy or religion! This life is of no particular value except as it is in keeping with what is popular! We must follow the fashionable, even in our faith! We cannot afford to feed our souls, except with such food as has been prepared at the popular orthodox restaurants! Growth and development are to be permitted only according to the model Policy and popularity are to enter into and control all things, spiritual as well as temporal, religious as well as secular! What an admission is this to make, for an independent and intelligent American journal!

The writer in the Providence Journal, notwithstanding all his slavish palaver over what is supposed to be "reputable," still finds a great deal to admire, even if he does not approve it, in the character and career of the distinguished medium Home. He goes at a sketch of his life with an evident relish, especially dwelling on those parts of it which admit of an illusion to courts and the court circles of Europe, to nobles and princes, and "the beautiful Eugenie," empress of the French. It is all tawdrie, of course, and all in perfect keeping with his declared opinion about sticking closely to what is reputable. And Home's wife, too, is perfectly lovely in this today's eyes. She has a character, according to his scribbling pen, "whose intuitive grace and childlike innocence belong to a type as rare as it is beautiful." What is such a writer's estimate of anything or anybody worth, after he has so freely confessed the standard to which he refers all his opinions, viz., that of "reputableness"?

But we will pursue this matter still further, even at the risk of disgusting the reader, in order more thoroughly to expose the hollowness and impudence of these writers, who presume to tell others, in the columns of journals which should be ashamed to give room to them at all, what they ought to believe, and what not to believe, and why they ought to accept on the one hand and discard on the other. The same writer in the Providence Journal narrates the particulars of a séance given in New York by Mr. Home, just before leaving for Europe. According to the writer's previous confession, he must be either "one of the few who can afford to live without a character for respectability," or one of "the many who have but a slender chance of ever being able to attain one," or he never would have ventured to present himself in such an assembly in the world. He says the tables were turned, but his head was not. Possibly it was turned years before he ever saw Home. We have seen some very cleverly turned heads in our day, made to figure on vessels, and over doors. Our friend finds it suddenly "respectable" to be present at that séance. "There were persons there whom even he was not afraid to ashamed to meet. He states that he met there several persons of distinguished literary reputa-

tion," an "eminent Unitarian clergyman," and "the editor of a leading Orthodox newspaper." That made him all right at once. They, like himself, undoubtedly belonged to one of the two classes of individuals before mentioned by him, and so he rested easy, and came out of the evening's trial with his reputation unscathed. How he managed to do it, he might consider it none of our business if we should ask him.

There is any quantity of this sort of stuff about Spiritualism in the newspapers. Sift it all down, and people are surprised that they should for a moment have paid the least attention to such nonsense, much more that they should have been frightened by it. It is nothing better than what this shallow, cowardly, uninformed, and, as we incline to believe, thoroughly unintelligent writer, for the Providence Journal confesses it is—an effort to show that Spiritualism has not yet become sufficiently respectable to make an open profession of. Only let it become the fashion, or the rage, and in such views as his it would be all sound, and true, and right. Thus it has been, in fact, with everything that has gained a permanent footing and exerted a wide and powerful influence in the world. Thus, too, until men become indeed independent, will it continue to be. We are disposed to find no sort of fault with the fact; but when we can let a little light in upon the truth by exposing the paltry motives and motives of its detractors, we consider it our duty, as it is our pleasure, to take up the pen and do it.

The Result of the Late Convention.

The Spiritualists' Convention held in this city on Anniversary week, closed its sittings on Friday of the same. In addition to the well known and constant workers in New England, the Convention was favored with the presence and labors of our Bro. A. J. Davis and lady, Anna C. Doubleday, Giles B. Stebbins, and Henry C. Wright. Among the marked features, distinguishing this from all others we have ever known, is the entire absence of all fanaticism. The usual attendance of persons with special missions and methods for introducing the millennium in a few days, or at once, has fallen off entirely, and instead, this Convention has been composed of men and women deeply in earnest to find out some way in which their energies may be more successfully used in hastening the progress of truth. The general course of remark on the part of the speakers has been upon the question of Sunday instruction for the children. Good and beautiful thoughts have been uttered. We hope they will bear much fruit.

The Convention resolved to make itself a permanent institution, and adopted a constitution for that purpose, and appointed its officers for the ensuing year. Among them we notice Thomas Hunt, of Salem, as President, Daniel Farrar, of this city, as Vice President, and John Wetherbee, Jr., as Treasurer, and J. S. Loveland as Secretary. These names are a guarantee that what the Convention attempts to do will be accomplished.

The Convention has been highly favored by the sweet singing of Miss Laura Hastings and others, and also the magnificent readings of Mrs. D. R. Stockwell, of this city. We noticed only one thing which grieved us. In some instances there were, as we thought, unnecessary personal reflections, when a single word to the one implicated would have entirely relieved the misapprehension. Spiritualists preach the largest charity, and certainly should practice an ordinary degree of it.

We publish a portion of the proceedings in this week's Banner, and shall continue them in future numbers.

Summer.

We are come to Summer again—delightful Summer. June is always a welcome month. If earth is ever attractive to mortal sense, it is now. We offer the heartiest of welcomes to the new season. A pleasant and remarkably advanced Spring has preceded it, making its final entrance all the more delightful. The country sights now are at their finest. Farmers are happy; and farmers' boys enjoy themselves as they will not again, until they hunt woodchucks in the stone walls while gathering the ripe corn in the month of October. The anglers take this month to be at the streams, and follow up the courses of the brooks with delightful zeal. About rural homes the trees are green, and grass, vegetables and flowers are doing their very prettiest. The expression of the time is that of active life; there is no death anywhere to be seen; all things are springing up, developing their vigor, and making the face of the earth look as beautiful as possible.

The Foreign News.

The British Government is slowly talking over the propriety and policy of withdrawing its recognition of the South as "belligerents," and, on the whole, thinks it will not take so rash a step so long as even one rebel port—as that of Galveston—is left blockaded. In France there is a great panic over the stories about emigration from the leading cities of the United States to Mexico. The Emperor was to be recalled from Algeria to Paris, to see what was best to be done, and the Paris correspondent of a London journal declared that he "would not stand it." By the time he begins to formulate on the subject he will find that our seven day's excitement is all over. There is little use in Europe's trying to shape or direct affairs on this continent. We shall hereafter have things entirely our own way.

To Conductors of Meetings.

The friends who have charge of spiritual meetings in different parts of the country, should be more prompt to inform us of any change that takes place in regard to them. In several localities where meetings have been suspended, no intimation has been given us to that effect, consequently the notices have continued to appear in print. This is not right. We insert the notices of such meetings gratis, whenever they are sent to us, and the least we expect is that someone should feel interest enough to notify us of any changes. We wish to have our List of Mediums' Appointments and the Notices of Meetings as correct as possible for general reference, and trust that all parties interested will promptly aid us in keeping it so.

The National Fast.

The National Fast in honor of the memory of our late President was observed in this city on the 1st inst. All business was suspended. A procession was formed under the auspices of the city government, composed of about three regiments of military, the Fire Department, State and City officers, Masons and Odd Fellows, the various organized societies of workmen, the benevolent societies, and marched through the city to Music Hall, where an oration was pronounced by Chas. Sumner. The procession was very long, being one hour and three-quarters passing any given point, and was looked upon by hundreds of thousands. Our city rarely if ever has had so many visitors at one time.

Newspaper Change, Etc.

Rev. Moses Hull, of the Kalamazoo Progressive Age, informs us in his paper of May 20th, that this is the last number he shall publish; that it has lived its time and done its work; that it has not received patronage enough to support it, and would have ceased to be there, had it not been for the aid of a few well-souled Spiritualists who came to the pecuniary aid of Bro. Hull. We deeply sympathize with our brother, whose soul is in the good work, and trust that his future labors in behalf of the cause of Spiritualism will be more remunerative. In lieu of the Age, its subscribers will receive the forthcoming Chicago Philosophical Herald, to be issued from Chicago, Ill. We should indeed be ungrateful to our country, did we not take this occasion to especially thank him for his kind notice of the Banner.

In Brother H's "Parting Word," he says: "We shall answer calls to lecture anywhere between the two seas, or perhaps, settle down and take the 'regular' charge of a congregation. We have several invitations to that effect already."

Mrs. H. E. M. Brown also sends out a parting word in the Age, appropriate to the occasion. "We, too, have been through 'a sea of trouble' similar to that alluded to by our brother, since we established the Banner; but, by indomitable energy and angelic aid, we have surmounted all obstacles, and are happy to inform our numerous patrons that this paper is now established upon a basis so firm—THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE—that neither foes from within nor foes from without can do us any material harm."

As our patronage increases, we shall, from time to time, add increased talent to our already large corps of contributors, and otherwise improve and beautify our sheet, thus making it not only acceptable to the Spiritualistic reader, but to the public generally. In fact we design it shall be a First-Class Family Paper. And we would here take occasion to announce that we shall publish a fine story in our next, from the facile pen of Miss Sarah A. Southworth, whose writings are already familiar to our readers. Its title is, "VIOLET LEE'S VOW."

Free Meeting next Sunday.

The meetings in Lyceum Hall, next Sunday, June 13th, will be free to the public, afternoon and evening. Mr. J. S. Loveland, one of the ablest minds in the lecturing field, will speak upon the present duties of the Boston Spiritualists in reference to the subject of Children's Sunday Schools or Lyceums, as the great necessity and means for our growth and success as a progressive power in the world. As this is a very important matter, we trust that all parents who have their children's interest at heart, will be present. Our friends appear to be taking hold of this matter with an earnest determination to accomplish something. Success will crown earnest labor in a good cause.

Meetings in Haverhill.

The Haverhill Publisher, of May 30th, speaking of N. Frank White, says: "This eloquent and talented speaker closed his lectures here on Sunday, the subject of the afternoon lecture being 'Special Providences,' and that of the evening 'Individuality, the Ultimate of Unfoldment,' both of which were treated with great ability, and presenting many seemingly new truths with a force and clearness which could scarcely fail to carry conviction to the dullest comprehension. At the close of each lecture a beautiful poem, embodying the sentiments of the remarks, was improvised." Mrs. E. A. Bliss lectures there during this month.

The Picnic.

We are informed by Dr. Gardner that he has made arrangements for a picnic at Island Grove, Abington, on Tuesday, June 20th. Cars will leave the Old Colony Depot at 8½ o'clock in the morning. This is the first picnic of the season, and Dr. Gardner was urged by numerous friends who visited the late Convention in this city, as well as our own citizens, to have it take place as early a day as practicable. Our people are eager for the enjoyment of another of those pleasant excursions, so popular of late years, and which afford so much pleasure and recreation, in connection with a spiritual feast for the mind.

"The Gist of Spiritualism."

The work, which we have before referred to, being a series of five lectures delivered by Warren Chase, in Washington, last January, is now ready for delivery. It makes a neat volume of one hundred and eighteen pages, elegantly printed on clear type. Those who have ordered the book will be supplied at once. We anticipate a large sale for it, and trust we shall not be disappointed, for it is well calculated to engage the earnest attention of a large class of readers.

Personal.

Dr. A. Paige, well known in the Northern and Western States as an eminent lecturer on electricity and reform topics, died, on the 26th of May, at his residence in Springfield, Mass., after a painful illness of eleven weeks. He was especially a faithful advocate of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Plymouth Meetings.

Fannie Davis Smith, having recovered from a severe illness, has resumed her position in the lecturing field, and is speaking during this month, before the society of Spiritualism in Plymouth.

Spiritual Poems.

"VOICES OF THE MORNING," by Belle Bush. The spiritual believers have put forth a large number of books more or less instructed with their peculiar views, but all marked with rather liberal tendencies. The "Voices of the Morning" is one of these publications, and viewing it as an assortment of pious poetry, it is about the least objectionable in sentiment of anything of a similar kind that we have seen; while the versification itself bears unmistakable evidence of the intellectual ability of the fair poet. Her book contains about seventy poems on as many different subjects, and those of a patriotic, moral and philosophical cast, more particularly, are really very pretty, and deserve to be popular. *Spiritual poetry*, being beyond our comprehension, prevents us from saying much on that part of the book.

We will add, however, that we like and always did like the liberality pervading this and the rest of the spiritual publications. They do not, that we can perceive, set up any precast or divide off mankind into sects with insurmountable partition walls between them; but they regard the whole human race as belonging to one family, and therefore treat them all kindly, whether they be Jews, Gentiles, or Indians. This is a good, just, democratic, and as it should be. It is the best for the present world, and probably will be deemed necessary for the next (if there is one), in order to guard against the quarrelling and animosity caused by Christian priests and sects.—*Boston Investigator*.

The Springfield Republican, in speaking of Mr. Garrison, says: "He will now devote himself to the building up of a new edifice, not based on rationalism and the denial of special revelation, but on a return to the lowest terms." Mr. Garrison seems determined to have no peace with the clergy, while he lives.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per dates, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Invocation.

"And there shall be no night there?" Heaven grant that the night of oppression, of ignorance, of slavery, in its manifold forms, shall no longer find a resting-place on these fair American shores. Heaven grant that thy people shall have learned the value of peace. Heaven grant that they shall now be willing to accord for each child of the Father, such justice as they would ask for themselves. Heaven grant that the fair robes of America's guardian angel be no longer stained with blood. Oh, Spirit of Eternal Truth, come and enter the temple of liberty and freedom; come and take thy seat in every heart, and thou shalt perchance find a resting place here. Oh grant, Eternal Justice, that these thy children may henceforth know thy meaning; grant that they henceforth understand thy voice, and know that thou art eternal in all thy ways. Oh grant that thy sons and thy daughters, who shall in the future enjoy peace and plenty, remember that they have been dearly bought. May they not forget the fallen ones. May they remember, with tears, the green graves and sad hearts that have grown out of this war. May a part of their mission be the washing away the tears that fall from the eyes of sorrowing ones. May the green graves of the fallen become altars whereon they shall hourly bring fresh buds of peace. Oh, may they go up and down in the land proclaiming good will to all mankind. And while the Chief of the Nation, from yonder heart of freedom, proclaims peace and good-will to all, may it find an echo in every heart. May each son and daughter of the living God turn with nobler purposes and higher resolves, forgetting that they are many, and remembering that they are only one. So they shall prosper, so shall they enjoy thy smiles; so shall they forget war and learn peace.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider the inquiries of your correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—G. T. of Rensselaerville, N. Y., sends two questions, as follows:

1st QUES.—Do individualized evil spirits exist in the spirit-world?

ANS.—In brief, then, evil exists only in your finite comprehension of good. In the absolute, there are no evil spirits.

2d Q.—What is meant by the unclean spirit spoken of in Matthew, 12th chapter, 43d verse, and what are the seven other spirits mentioned in the 45th verse.

A.—Simply an allegory; a something that existed in the mind of the writer, and there alone.

Q.—In old theology there seems to be a person called an angel of light; is not that human reason?

A.—Well, human reason would certainly be a very appropriate sphere for the angel of light to dwell in. Indeed, we are not certain that you are not right.

Q.—If departed spirits can and do take forms like the hand and body, where would the old resurrectionists stand?

A.—The old idea of the resurrection of the physical body has been exploded long ago in all honest and reasonable minds. That the disembodied can return, we know. That thousands and tens of thousands do return, we also know. That it is a fact that has been many times demonstrated, we know. That it has become not only a belief, but a positive knowledge with many, we also know. You are constantly being resurrected; constantly leaving the old and entering the new.

Q.—How is it with those who, having died, are said to have been seen after that, bodily?

A.—If they were seen at all, they were seen in spirit; surely they could not have been seen in the body. That would have been an absolute impossibility. Nature is very exact in all her movements; never breaks one of her laws. It is said by a class of false reasoners, that Jesus the Christ, arose from the dead in physical life. This is not so, nor is it so that any individual, either of his time, or any other time, ever arose from the dead. When once a separation has been effected between spirit and body, the spirit cannot return to its body again, for it has come under a new and higher law.

Q.—Is that the reason Mary did not know Jesus, when she met him in the garden and took him to be the gardener?

A.—We are not sure that he met even Mary according to the record; indeed we place very little confidence in the record.

Q.—If he was not with them in body, why did he say to Thomas, "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless, but believing?"

A.—Why does the returning spirit at the present day, grasp your hand; showing to you that they are physical, real and tangible? The same power by which they took on physical, tangible life, in those days, is made use of by the returning spirit to-day.

Q.—How could he have ate with his disciples, if he was not present with them in the body?

A.—Are you sure that he did? We are not; the revelation says so, and a very poor, fallible revelation it is. Pardon us for our declaration.

Q.—May not the record be true, and Christ have been there spiritually?

A.—Doubtless he was there spiritually.

Q.—The record then may be true, may it not?

A.—There is very little life in the record, consequently very little truth.

Q.—The record says that he ate fish with his disciples.

A.—The record says a great many other foolish things.

Q.—If we throw the Bible aside, what shall we have to guide us?

A.—Your own common sense, which is far better than any other; and the Spirit of God, which will never mislead you. You must remember that this so-called sacred and infallible record was written many hundred years after the death

of Jesus, and this should teach you to believe it is liable to be faulty.

Q.—What became of Christ's body after it was laid in the tomb?

A.—Well, supposing we should tell you that the body was claimed by his father and friends; that the authorities gave it up to them; that it did not find a resting-place where the record says it did? You have many things to learn and many to unlearn.

Q.—Wouldn't the Angel have been likely to have known if the body had been removed from the tomb?

A.—Again we tell you we have no belief, not the smallest portion of belief in the record. It is fallible from the beginning to the end.

Q.—Then have we reason to believe that Christ ever existed and was crucified?

A.—Yes, you have.

Q.—And why, if we are not to believe the Bible?

A.—Because there are other evidences than that given in your so-called sacred record that Jesus existed. Even those who are not friendly to him or his doctrine, admit that such a person did exist at such a time; that he was crucified according to the law of the land. Indeed, we have abundant evidence from other sources that such a person as Jesus did exist. Aside from the so-called Bible, and better than all, higher than all, is the evidence we have from himself. We certainly could have nothing better.

Lieut. Col. Price.

Well, you have killed us—what will you do with those who live? You have asked for your way, and we have asked for ours. Might has ruled. We have died, and you live. People who fight for the supremacy, always think they are right. The nation struggling for its liberty always struggles amid prayers and tears, and feels that it has a God aiding it.

Scarce forty-eight hours have elapsed since I passed from mortal life, and to-day, while I am speaking through this foreign, borrowed body, my own dear friends are weeping over my dead carcass.

You're victorious. Well, for your sakes I'm glad. Allow me to ask, sir, is there any way by which I can communicate with my family? I fear they are in no condition to seek out these persons, [meaning the medium].

Well, will you say that Lieutenant-Colonel Price, of the 19th Georgia, visits you to-day, with the hope of meeting his friends? [Certainly.] I am sad, sir. The sorrow of my friends reaches me and overwhelms me. I do not regret the loss of my body, so far as I, as an individual, am concerned, but I cannot endure to see those dependent upon me, now mourning in utter hopelessness, knowing no way to turn. Oh you may ask why do not they apply to persons in power? and I might answer they would rather die as I have. You are strongest, you are greatest. Go to your temples, and thank your God for it. He will hear you, no doubt, and bless you, as he has. Farewell, sir.

William Conners.

17th Massachusetts, sir, Company D, William Conners my name, twenty-five years old. I have been in the spirit-world ever since the second battle of Bull Run, and I just got here to-day, after more than five hundred thousand promises. [A large number.] Well, maybe I've stretched it a little. I suppose I have, but then I was promised so many times that I should come.

Now, sir, I've come here to tell the folks that my brother James was not in the rebel army at all. He never was in the army. They put him in, but he would not work in the harness, and so they let him out; and it was reported that he had gone into the rebel army; that he was fighting on one side, and I on the other. Well, I always said he was not there by his own free will, if he was in the rebel army. And in the course of a few weeks, perhaps sooner, he'll be this way and report for himself. So the folks need not feel unkind toward him, thinking he's in the rebel army; and there's a good many of 'em that do.

And now as for myself, and the money that was said to have been due me, it was not due. It was paid, and I sent the money home to the folks by Tim Kelley; and if it has not arrived at its destination, why then it's stopped in Tim Kelley's pocket. I thought he was honest, and I'm not a-going to say now that he isn't honest. But if the folks have not got what I sent home with him, why, if he got there—and I'm pretty sure he has got home—if they ain't got the money, why then it's stopped in Tim Kelley's pocket, that's certain. And if it did, why, the very best thing for him to do is to go to work, and pay it up. No matter if he goes to shoveling dirt for Uncle Sam; it would be more honorable than stealing widows' and orphans' money when they need it. Oh, I—I'm talking hard, sir, I know, but you have to talk pretty hard, else these folks here, that are living in such thick skulls, can't understand you. Now I'm not going to say if Tim's got the money, he borrowed it, or he did anything else with it. He stole it—that's all you can make out of it.

Now if Tim did not give the money to the folks, that I gave him to take home, why then he's stole it, that's certain. Now if he should come on the other side, and I knew he did not give the folks the money, if it's a thousand years in the future, expecting I can feel right toward him while he's got that infernal bad garment on, he'll be very much mistaken. So he'd better get rid of that garment before he comes to me.

I don't feel very outrageous toward anybody that's harmed me; but I only want to show 'em where they're wrong, that's all. Well, that's what's called me back here. All have to have something to pull us back.

Now if I can get a chance to come again, I should like to. And if Tim has really done this wrong, and wants to confess to some one, tell him to come to me. I'm the right confessor. Tell him that I'll stand at the confessional from morning till night waiting for him. Good-day, captain.

Col. Thomas L. D. Perkins.

How do you do, sir? I am not very well posted in your manner of carrying on business here. I heard something about this Spiritualism before death; believed nothing in it. I come here for the purpose of clearing up my own character, of setting some of my friends on the right track. They seem to have been led astray, and I don't wonder at it.

I was sick for a long time; in all over two years. Sometimes I would rally and get to feel pretty well; then I would come down again. But I never thought for a moment that I was going to die; and up to the last hour of my life—on earth I should say—I had every expectation of living, getting better, if not entirely well. I expected to live, I expected to get better, expected to be able to attend to my business matters, and arrange everything satisfactorily.

I called in the assistance of a physician, who was recommended to me as being one of the best in the city, and he never so much as intimated to me that I was not going to get well. In fact, he

encouraged me, when I have learned since that he told others he knew I could not live. He didn't do anything for me, because there was no use in it, for I was past being helped.

Now instead of telling that to me, and giving me to understand my true condition, he kept me in the dark, for which I've cursed him many times since I went to the spirit-world, and I'll tell you why. In passing out from my body in the way I did, I left my affairs in an unsettled and tangled condition, so much so as to make it almost impossible to straighten them.

I was under obligations to many of my friends, which obligations were left undischarged. I might have discharged them all, if I had known that I was so soon to leave the earth; and then instead of their feeling toward me as they do now, they'd feel very differently. Now they feel that I was dishonest, unjust; that the world is better without me than it would be with me.

If I know myself, I did not mean to be dishonest with them. I was only waiting to feel well enough to attend to business; only waiting to get along; as my medical adviser said, "Oh, I'd be all right soon." And so I went on the other side.

I return here to-day, sir, for the purpose of giving those friends to understand that I did not mean to wrong them; that had I known my true condition, I would sooner have destroyed my own physical life, than have wronged them. I didn't fear death. It was not that that gave me this intense hope, but somehow or other I had been restored to health many times before, when I was far sicker than then, as I thought, and so I expected I should still live on.

My good friend, Captain Slade, of the Landers, I was under great obligations to; and he oftentimes thinks I was a rascal. I don't like it. Had I have known my true condition, I should have been just with him and all others. And if there is any one at fault in this matter, it is my physician; charge the fault home upon him, for in my opinion—I don't want to say he's either a knave or a fool—but he seems to be one or the other, to me.

You speak, sir, of my giving incidents of my life. I don't think there is any need of it. I was Colonel Thomas L. D. Perkins, former proprietor of the "Hancock House," in this city. I shall be known. And if any of my friends want any stronger evidence that I still live, and that I meant to be honest with them, let them come and talk with me. Good-day, sir.

Emma Stacy.

How do, sir? I am Emma Stacy, and I lived in 4th Avenue, New York. I asked permission of the gentleman in the spirit-land to come and to tell my mother that my father is coming home. He was a prisoner in Richmond, and he's coming home now.

My father's name is William Stacy. He was a private in the 62d New York, and he's been a prisoner ever since last spring; not all the time in Richmond, but most of the time there. The last my mother heard was that he had died. He was sick, very sick, but he got better and got well. He's only just a little lame. He is not sick, and he's a coming home just as fast as he can.

My uncle Henry is in the spirit-land, and he says tell my mother to—not to be afraid; write back and let these folks know when your father comes home.

My father'll say he's been through worse than death, but he's escaped that. Oh yes; oh yes; he's out of prison. He's only waiting for a chance to come home, and he's coming right along just as fast as he can.

I've got my little brother here. Tell my mother he's a-going to talk when he learns how. [Is he younger than you?] Oh yes; he is not three years old. Yes, sir; I should be ten, if I was here. [Have you been in the spirit-land long?] Oh, no, sir; only since my father went away. It's most, it ain't two years. He's a coming home sure, true, and nothing'll happen to him; nothing'll happen to him. He'll come home safe. Good-bye.

Invocation.

Eternal Source of Life, in whom there is no death, we know we are in thy Presence. We know we are surrounded by thy blessings. We know thy right hand is leading us through all the darkened waves of infinitude. And yet, oh Eternal Fountain, we only know thee as the Infinite Jehovah; only know thee as a Presence, great, sublime; a something we cannot analyze. The past has not revealed thy mysteries to us, the present refuses to do so, and the eternal future, maybe, will hold the secret from us. Yet whatever and wherever thou art, the soul will turn to thee. The soul will ever lift itself in prayer to thee. The soul will ever be beguiled by thee. The soul must know thee in its own interior life, must comprehend thee. But, in its finite expression, it cannot understand thee, for life's leaves are only turned one by one; life's lessons are learned one at a time; so the soul cannot grasp all things. It cannot turn and view even the mysteries of its own life. It is a mystery to itself. Oh, then, thou Infinite Creator, though we cannot know thee, we will praise thee. We will worship thee, we will adore thee, and sing glad halleluials to thy honor and glory, throughout that endless future through which we shall journey.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider inquiries.

QUES.—Why do we but seldom get a communication, through mediums, from persons or spirits who, while on earth, lived a strictly Christian life?

ANS.—The question seems to be almost utterly devoid of common sense. Who shall determine what soul does really live a true Christian life, except the soul itself? Your correspondent certainly cannot for any one outside of himself. That all classes or grades of intellect have communed through the various God-given subjects, is a fact that has been well proven. It needs not our assertion.

Q.—Why do not those who have been members of Evangelical Churches more often commune through this medium?

A.—That is a question that they could answer much better than I could. All have the privilege of communing through this medium; but they must obey the law of the organism; also remain in harmony with their own law, and the law of surrounding conditions. Many thousands of persons, claiming to hold good standing in Evangelical Churches, have communed through this, as through all other subjects.

Q.—It is said that our particular friends in spirit-life watch over us. Why is it that those particular friends are not here with us?

A.—Are you sure that they are not here? They certainly are.

Q.—Why do they not communicate, and endeavor to identify themselves to us?

A.—Simply because this sentence is not formed for that object. It is formed for another distinct object, which is, that those who have not that

blessed privilege of communing with their friends personally, may do so in this indirect way.

Q.—Does every soul find in spirit-life what it expects to find?

A.—No, we do not think it does; certainly not at once. You may expect to be supremely happy immediately after passing through the change of Death. It does not follow you never will be happy—that your expectations never will be realized.

Q.—When the soul finds the objects of its expectations, are those objects objective or subjective?

A.—Well, they are not a part of the selfhood of the individual, therefore must be objective.

Q.—How is it ascertained that they are not a part of its selfhood?

A.—Because they do not belong to his individuality.

Q.—How is it ascertained that they do not belong to his individuality?

A.—It is ascertained by consulting the law of correspondences; also the law of individualities.

Every outwrought form possesses its own distinct individuality; and whoever is able to read the law of that individuality, may ascertain that fact.

Q.—Can you tell us how those objectives are produced, that appear to the spirit in spirit-life?

A.—All those various forms that you are familiar with in spirit-life, are not what you call objective forms, but they are mere external spiritual conditions. They have been wrought out through your own soul-life as physical beings. You never could have made a table without the help of your individual spirit. That assisted Nature in producing form—the physical, the external. Now that same indwelling spirit, when free, produces those objectives from its external surroundings, by following out the same law in the spirit-land that it followed out here. If you here wish to make any article of furniture, you go to work in the usual way and means to produce that article. So it is with the spirit. Do they desire certain conditions in spirit-life, they straightway go to work to project those conditions for themselves, to give form to the wishes that have been born of their own internal lives.

Q.—Whence those wishes born of their own internal lives?

A.—Can you tell us whence comes the thought that the words you have just uttered have given form to? No, you cannot; neither can we answer your question.

Q.—Are not a very large per cent. of the answers given here, produced from the brains of the mediums themselves, being acted upon by the minds of the questioners?

A.—No, we think you are wrong. Although there are very many instances when the plastic brains of some mediums are thus acted upon, and you oftentimes are deceived, yet, in the majority of cases, personal, outside communion you certainly do have.

Q.—How can we discriminate between the two classes of communication?

A.—Well, in the first place, you should try to avoid producing similar conditions; namely: those that are but a reflection of your own minds. You should seek in all sincerity for the highest and best truths at all times. You should lay down your own positive nature, and be willing to be led like teachable children; and, rest assured, whenever you approach any of your well-developed subjects under these conditions, you will never be led astray.

Q.—Why is it that when we must believe as a necessity, rather than because we know our condition, that spirits do not make the effort to produce that evidence to us, so we may understand our condition?

A.—One of your most highly prized poets has said:

"He that's convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

Supposing that they did return and seek to enforce the truths that were such to them upon you when you were unprepared to receive them? Why, it would be like casting pearls before swine. When you are ready to receive truth, it will be given you. "Ask, and you shall receive. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." There are many spirits, who, in their anxiety to return and give you truth, oftentimes overstep the boundaries of good judgment and reason, to find that they are coldly repulsed. What is the consequence of their coming? They are sad and depressed; sad for years. Is it wise to force truth upon you under those conditions? In our opinion it is unwise. The time seems very short since, in one of your distant cities, the would-be wise world cried: "Crucify them! crucify them!" to the physical subjects through which certain over-zealous spirits sought to enforce truth. The inhabitants of the spirit-world then and there declared they would never make another attempt to instill truths into human minds until such minds were ready to receive them.

Q.—Do you, by the aid of clairvoyance, foresee the coming of a war between the religious systems of the earth?

A.—We certainly do see that.

Q.—Within what period of time will this war occur?

A.—That we cannot tell; but, in our opinion, it will come during the present century.

Q.—What has been the effect of the present war, but that?

A.—The present war has tended to individualize you, as a nation, more than anything else we know of. It has learned you, each and all, to rely more upon yourselves, and less upon those who rise up from time to time, claiming to be your teachers. Now, out of your present religious systems will grow a condition of warfare, at the end of which your present systems of religion will die. They will die, for you've starved them almost to death. Even now, there are but a few crumbs left for them to feed upon, and very soon these must pass away from you. And, as all great changes come by war, the present systems of religion must die by war.

Q.—Will it come by the sacrifice of individuals?

A.—No, but by the great general flood-tide of progress that is rolling through the nation.

Q.—What do you perceive to be the main principles of this religious warfare?

A.—We may call it a war between the greater and the lesser good. Now you all know that the great things eat up the little things. Therefore you know which will conquer.

Q.—Hasn't it always been hitherto the case, that the lesser ones have eaten up the greater?

A.—No, we do not so understand it. It may so seem when you have not carefully observed. But if you look beyond the surface, you will see that the greater things have always conquered the lesser ones.

Q.—Does everything that occurs appear to be the greater good?

A.—Yes; the very greatest good that could have occurred, to your comprehension. All evil is only such, to human comprehension. War, to your human comprehension, is an evil; and yet, when spiritually and divinely understood, it is a great good.

Q.—Whatever occurs, then, is the triumph of the greater good over the lesser good?

A.—Yes, that is so, in our opinion.

Q.—It is the "same thing," then, as "whatever is, is right?"

A.—Yes; we do not believe in the existence of a second power in the universe. Now, then, if God holds superior control, governs all these manifestations, they must be good, because they are from the great principle of truth, justice, love, and wisdom. If this be so, it follows, as a matter of course, that God is supreme. Now it is impossible to overthrow that theory, and still claim to believe that God is supreme.

Q.—If everything is in constant change and progress, then, human life in the future will be far more glorious than at the present, I suppose?

A.—Yes; and yet life is constantly repeating itself. Everything lives, moves or grows in cycles, and growth with nature is very slow. Her steps are very precise. She is very sure; never makes any mistakes. So it is very possible, that the same conditions, apparently, may exist in the far distant future. We say it is possible, judging from the past; we at least have a right to expect this.

Q.—Do souls really improve?

A.—Not as souls; in their manifestation they do improve. But the soul, as a soul, is ever perfect; that is our opinion. It is a principle, an immutable principle. The manifestations change, not the soul.

Q.—Is it your opinion that the souls living on earth at the present time have had a previous existence?

A.—Well, it is our opinion that you have had a prior existence on the earth, some of you, in what form we are unable to determine.

Q.—Why do not such ones have any recollection of it?

A.—The soul, as a soul, remembers all conditions through which it has passed; but it cannot project that knowledge through its human consciousness. But the time will come when memory shall stand up in its dignity and assert its rights.

Q.—Then in the cycle of time afterwards will not memory forget itself?

A.—Not as memory.

Q.—Will the soul be unconscious of itself, and so become unconscious?

A.—No; the soul is never unconscious of its own inner experiences. You talk of the soul's remaining unconscious for years. It does not for did it, it would lose its individuality. It is only shut out from its external surroundings; only unconscious of those surroundings, not of its own inner experiences.

Q.—Are not introspection and consciousness one and the same thing?

A.—If not one and the same, they are very closely related to each other. You may ask how it is that we know so much concerning the soul? What we have learned we have learned partly from intuition, by observing the changing spheres of souls on the earth, and by communing internally with them. What if I should tell you that I had, at some past time, communed with your soul? You would say, "oh, I don't remember it; I know nothing about it." It is very possible that your soul may remember it; that your soul may reach out its hands toward me, and welcome me as its friend.

Mary Catherine Gerry.

I hope now to be able to send a few thoughts home to my friends. I left them on the 18th day of last May. I was forty-two years of age, and I died at Clinton, Virginia, having gone there from Richmond.

My name, Mary Catherine Gerry, wife of Colonel William Gerry. I have left two daughters and a son. I am anxious, oh, so anxious to get some word through to them. I have learned with delight that your forces occupy Richmond. I do hope that I may now be able to send some word home to my friends. Oh, try to aid me, won't you? [Certainly.]

I want to tell the children their grandfather Bill is very, very anxious to communicate with them. He died leaving the most of his effects to strangers, and they thought very hard of him. So did I, before my death; and many hard things were said of him, and he has felt very bad about it. He wants to communicate with my children, who were his direct heirs, so he may clear up that in their minds.

I won't reflect upon what I suffered during the last few years of my life. I believe it was good for me, made me ready to go. It changed me entirely. I am happy in the spirit-world, although everything is different from what I expected. I see nothing, I realize nothing as I expected. It is far better than what I expected, only I seem to be in such close relationship with those I left, that all their sorrows I make mine. Good-day. April 6.

Dr. Abijah Kinney.

I am very glad to be able to come here, although I feel rather sad.

When this war first commenced, after the first heavy battle I went into the field as a surgeon, although

SPIRITUALISTS' CONVENTION IN BOSTON. IMPORTANT MOVEMENT FOR THE **EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.** THREE DAYS' SESSION.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

FIRST DAY.

The Second Anniversary Convention of New England Spiritualists met at Melrose Hall, Tremont Temple, Tuesday, May 30th, 1865.

The Convention was called to order by Dr. H. F. Gardner, at 10 o'clock, by reading the call published in the Banner.

H. C. Wright was appointed temporary Chairman, and Dr. H. F. Gardner temporary Secretary. On motion, J. S. Loveland, F. W. Robbins, Lizzie Doten, A. B. Child, J. Edson, A. E. Giles and O. H. Wellington were appointed a Nominating Committee.

This Committee reported the following persons as permanent officers of the Convention, who were elected:

H. F. Gardner, Boston, President.
H. C. Wright, Lizzie Doten, Boston, Emma Harding, New York, Thomas Middleton, Woodstock, Vt., J. G. Waters, Salem, A. J. Davis, Mary Davis, Orange, N. J., Vice Presidents.

J. S. Loveland, Medford, L. B. Wilson, Boston, Secretaries.

Dr. H. F. Gardner, Dr. A. B. Child, J. Wetherbee, Jr., Business Committee.

The following persons, from the several Conventions represented in the Convention, were appointed a Committee on the Call:

J. S. Loveland, Middlesex, Mass.; Annal Brown, Suffolk, Mass.; J. Buffum, Essex, Mass.; A. E. Giles, Norfolk, Mass.; F. W. Robbins, Plymouth, Mass.; S. Thayer, J. C. Rae, Bristol, Mass.; Mrs. E. A. Bliss, Hampden, Mass.; J. W. Foster, Andover, Mass.; I. P. Greenleaf, Penobscot, Me.; Dr. N. Randall, Windsor, Vt.; Seth Shaw, Providence, R. I.; R. J. Durant, Grafton, N. H.; N. F. White, New Haven, Conn.; Mrs. P. J. Russell, Fairfield, Conn.; Anna C. Doubleday, New York City; A. J. Davis, Mary Davis, Orange, N. J.; H. C. Wright, Cosmopolitan.

The Convention then adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

On the assembling of the Convention in the afternoon, H. C. Wright presented the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Popular Theology of Christendom, in its fundamental dogmas, ignores the self-evident truths and facts of human nature in relation to our relations to God, and to our relations to our fellow-men, and by so doing it directly tends to darken reason, to stupefy conscience, to bewilder our moral perception, and render the mind incapable of distinguishing between truth and error, and right and wrong.

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EVENING SESSION.

The Convention was called to order by the President; after which Miss Laura Hastings favored us with one of her most beautiful songs.

Dr. A. B. Child opened the speaking with the following address:

Dr. Gardner has announced that the subject prominent before this Convention will be to devise and secure some plan by which our children may be guarded against the demoralizing tendencies of popular theology. The following remarks are not designed to cherish any opposition to popular theology, for it has been right that it had birth, and growth, and maturity, and it is right, also, that it should die. Neither have the following remarks any resistance to popular governments, for they are inseparably woven into the tangle of popular theology.

The past has been right, the present is right, and the future will be right—but changes must come. And woe to the glory of existing institutions when such changes come upon them as this century shall reveal. Justice and mercy—justice and charity is the theme of the following remarks.

In popular theology, and in popular governments, justice is a very large institution, and charity is very small. I get the meaning of the word justice from every-day life, from the practices and professions of the people, and with the people's definition of justice, with their practices in justice, I do not feel at all in saying that human justice is a sort of phantom—a jack-of-lantern, that can be seen only when it is dark. There is no virtue in justice, nor is there justice in any virtue, for virtues stand above the need of justice. Charity is a virtue, justice is not. Virtues, in practice alone, can make light shine on the present darkness of the world.

Like stars, virtues shine brightest when the heavens are the darkest. As one star differs from another star in magnitude and beauty, in light and power, so virtues differ; and, of all the virtues, charity is the greatest.

"One star alone of all the train,
Can guide the sinner's wandering eye."

And that star is charity. It is charity that gave brightness and attractive power to the Star of Bethlehem. In silence it directed the footsteps of the Wise Men of the East. In silence, too, it shall direct the footsteps of the wise men of the world. Some time in the future development of human wisdom there will be no power so powerful to move the tide of popular sentiment as charity; for there is no influence so genial, so generous, so fervent, so factual, for human nature. In every department of human government charity will be the guiding star, when man shall govern man in wisdom. All the efforts of men, isolated or combined, to banish sin and crime from the world, have failed, and will forever fail, till man shall govern man with some government that shall differ from the government of popular theology, which is, in church and state, too, human justice.

The institution of human government, charity will be the guiding star, when man shall govern man in wisdom. All the efforts of men, isolated or combined, to banish sin and crime from the world, have failed, and will forever fail, till man shall govern man with some government that shall differ from the government of popular theology, which is, in church and state, too, human justice.

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Just men have never come to read the motto on the title page of justice yet, which is: "Do unto others not as you would have others do unto you."

The world has never known the danger of justice and the security of charity. Wisdom has kept men blind to the dangers of justice, in order to give them schooling in life. Had not this been so, the world would have been a more dangerous place. Children play with edged tools, not knowing their real use. They cut their flesh, their blood runs, and their tears flow. Men know the use of edged tools; that they are to cut wood, hay, cloth, &c., with, not flesh. So spiritual manhood has learned that justice is for dead things, and for living life. But the experience of childhood must be passed to come to manhood.

As man must pass the sad experiences of suffering, so to this end the wisdom of Nature makes him sincerely believe, in his greenness, that justice, in his earthly life, is his only security. So he sets about the work. The working capital is large, and is all invested in state-houses, meeting-houses, court-houses, prison-houses, armies, and navies, and the institutions of popular theology. All these institutions are only for the support of justice. And I tell you, in the name of reason, man handles justice in these institutions with no more discretion than babies handle open razors. It is the business of Nature, not of man, to deal justice to the mortal world.

It is justice in human nature that makes human blood run—it is justice that makes human hearts ache. It is justice, directly and indirectly, that makes the great volume of human sorrows everywhere. But all this is well, and is a necessity in the ordinances of nature. Man's greenness must be passed through. Nature lets man have his childhood ways, so that in the cruel experiences that come therefrom he may find his folly, and thereby learn to be a man. When a man gets smart enough to see how foolish nature makes him act to cure him of his folly, he will no longer need the curse of justice.

When a people demand the blood of man on the battle-field, demand that an evil deed be punished, they demand the horror of solitude or execution on the gallows—look at that people, then look at Moses, then look at Christ, then look at the long generations of slow progression through which that people has to travel in sorrow to come from the retributive justice of Moses, from the childishness of the Church and State, to the practical charity of the liberalism of Christ.

Rebeld no man standing before the world as Christian, a generous man, a follower of Christ, before he forgives his neighbor, his countryman, his enemy, his fellowman everywhere, every of course, without any payment, without any punishment.

Justice has no command for charity; it cannot prescribe or proscribe it. Justice is of the earth, charity is of heaven. Justice is physical, charity is physical—charity is divine. Death dissolves the former, and unshakes and frees the latter. Justice is the instrument of man's meaner nature, charity of his diviner nature. Justice asks payment for debt—charity forgives all debts. Justice asks payment, and gives punishment; charity gives more than it takes, and treats him with clemency and generosity. Justice says: "Take the life of the murderer, for he hath taken life—charity says, 'Oh Father, forgive the murderer, for he knoweth not what he doeth.'"

Justice makes the bleeding wounds of sin and crime bleed more—charity dries them up and heals them. Justice sees only evil, and charity sees only good. Justice sees all sides, charity sees all sides. Justice deals with fragments, angles, thorns—charity with whole things, circles, round worlds.

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