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### 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 VI.

##### Father Dunlery.

We do not wonder that the facts set forth in the last chapter should stagger the credulity of the reader, and induce the remark that it would be impossible for so young and inexperienced a child to give utterance to such sentiments as are attributed to her. We felt just in this condition of mind until after a long and interesting interview with Father Dunlery, which removed most of the difficulty from our mind. We will introduce the good Father to you, and so far as we are able, recall this conversation.

Belonging to the priesthood of Ireland is a large class of very honest and benevolent men, with quite limited education, strong religious feelings, a blind faith in the formulas and rituals of their church, and a large love of approbation, which is stimulated very much by some of the practices of the Church, and the confiding faith and trust of the people.

Father Dunlery was one of this class: a man of about forty-five years of age, with strong natural powers. Self-educated to a limited extent, he possessed very great power over his people, because, while he mingled freely with them he over-maintained his clerical dignity, not as a means of separating himself from them, but with a view to impress them with a proper respect for religion, and to elevate them. There is no class of religious teachers on whom a greater responsibility rests. Their flock, like little children, use the holy term Father in a sense above that of the external relation in life, and approaching that which we feel toward the Supreme Being whom we are taught to address as OUR FATHER.

No true man can assume the position of teacher to a people reposing so deep and confiding a trust and faith, without feeling that a great responsibility rests upon him, and Father Dunlery felt the importance of this more than many of his brethren. Like many others in the Church, he had a double nature. When engaged in the duties of his profession, with his mind deeply absorbed in his labors, he invariably presented the character of a strictly pious man, guarded in all his movements, and with an appearance of sanctity that impressed the minds of many as an evidence of deep religious feeling. He was devoted to the rituals and formulas of his Church, accepting its creeds and dogmas with an unquestioning faith, hence he bore a most exemplary character in the world, and in the Church. His other nature, which was the most real, was seldom manifest. Occasionally, he would throw off the weight of the theological restraint, and in the freedom of an escaped slave, give utterance to the true sentiments of his heart. He was naturally very cautious, and but few among his most intimate friends knew of these feelings.

"Somewhat," said he, "when I visit Dennis Malvoourney's family, there seems to be an atmosphere about me that for the time breaks the chains which a rigid set has enforced upon me. There are some persons who seem to have unconsciously the power of riveting the chains more firmly around you, while there are others in whose presence they melt away as mist before the morning sun; and you feel free and cannot restrain yourselves. I perceive that you," addressing the writer, "are one of this latter class. You have just such an influence over me."

"We had been much pleased with Father Dunlery, and were to judge of the man as he appeared to us, we should be disposed to deny that he had any sectarian feelings; yet we should have been very wrong in this; and how often does mankind err in drawing conclusions from limited observations, and under circumstances, perhaps, in which we may be controlling, more or less perfectly, the character which we give to another."

Father Dunlery said to us one day, "There are certain persons whom we meet to whom we are almost transparent. By some mysterious operation our whole lives seem to be laid out before them. Even our most secret thoughts are more or less perfectly scanned by these. I perceive that you approach me in this manner, and feeling that it is mutual, there springs up between us a warmth of attachment which comes in no other way, and which is measured by the perfection of this blending. I have a young parishioner, the daughter of my friends Dennis and Bridget Malvoourney, very honest and simple-minded persons, whose residence is not very far from this place. She is the most beautiful and transparent little creature I have ever seen. She has a power, at times, of reading persons' characters, as well, if not better, than they can themselves. I assure you, I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life with this little child, who is now about fifteen years of age. She has always been remarkable for the purity of her character, the dignity and beauty of her deportment."

We replied that we should be very happy to make the acquaintance of this young friend, though she may not feel much interested in us. He said he was very much interested in us, and that he would be glad to have us call on him.

important, not only to you but to mankind, will come from your acquaintance."

We gave him a very impressive look, and he started back and exclaimed:

"You are a mean old bachelor. I did not think that you were going to marry her, for I am not very much mistaken, her soul is already married to the Church and the work of her Master, and no man will ever divert her from these."

"Pardon us," said we, for we felt rebuked; "you know we are a heretic."

"Never mind that," said he; "if you have not entered the Church, I feel satisfied that the Good Shepherd has the crook of his love around you, and many others, who never have been, and never may be gathered into the visible Church; and I confess to you that this belief, which comforts and strengthens me as much in my labors as any or all the doctrines of our holy Church, was received by me through the influence of this little maid of whom I have spoken."

We were on a visit to a friend who belonged to Father Dunlery's Church, and had attended service at his Church on several occasions, and frequently met him at the house of our friend. This morning our conversation had been between ourselves alone. Each of us had thrown off all reserve. He seemed so deeply impressed by the character of Katie Malvoourney, that we became quite desirous of making her acquaintance. Continuing his remarks, he said:

"I would like you to see this little maiden; and while I would not raise your expectations to an improper degree, and thus render you liable to disappointment, I feel that I had better give you some further account of my experience with this child. For several years she has been subject to what her family call 'spells,' which many more enlightened people would have been alarmed at. Thus, at prayers, sometimes, and on other occasions, either alone or with her friends, her countenance, which is very beautiful, becomes fixed, and a glow of radiant beauty illuminates it. So impressive is the influence of this upon every one who sees her, that they become inspired with feelings of reverence. This experience commenced very early in life, and continued for several years without the expression of a word. She would go through certain gesticulations, and then, placing herself in the attitude of prayer, produce the most solemn impressions. During the last four or five years she has very frequently spoken on these occasions, and though some of my good brethren have been disposed to censure me for it, I have always been pleased to witness these evidences of what I consider the power of the Holy Ghost inspiring her, and I have always sought to be with her whenever I could, and listen to the words that fell from her lips, breathing, as they do, the loftiest sentiments of purity and goodness— which, at the time, impress me that she is inspired. I have watched the effects of this condition, and am fully persuaded that while it has not interfered with her physical health, which has always been frail and tender, it has tended much to favor the development of her mental and spiritual nature. Her parents think that she is physically stronger than she was formerly, and I have no reason to doubt it; and she has at all times a singular clearness and beauty of mental power, as well as purity of life, that impresses all. I am sure that if you can approach her, as I have, and be able to enter into the inner sanctuary of her soul, you will be delighted not only with the glowing eloquence and profound truths that flow from the pure fountains within her soul, but the impressions of her purity and goodness cannot fail to make you a better man."

I have conversed with her upon a great variety of subjects, and have always found her ready to answer my questions in a manner that has astonished me. The most profound problems in metaphysics seem to her mind simple and easily to be understood. While on the scientific plane I have never found her at fault, so far as my knowledge extends. You will pardon my freedom of expression; you seem to draw it out, and I am very glad to have this opportunity to express my convictions on a subject which I cannot freely open to my brethren in the Church. Indeed, I have never before found a person to whom I could thus freely unburden myself of that which for years has been growing with weight upon me. You will visit my young friend with me to-morrow, and I hope conditions will favor your reception. I will call for you to accompany me."

Saying this, the good priest retired, leaving me in a strange reverie. Having been long interested in these psychological subjects, which he had presented to me in so strong a light, I set about forming plans in my mind for the investigation of this mysterious science, about which so much has been written, and so little is really known. I hoped to satisfy myself—if not to be able to discover something for the benefit of mankind. I had seen, on the one hand, how strong and positive minds, with great bluster, have destroyed the conditions essential to nice psychological experiments, and then stupidly deny the existence of the whole phenomena, basing their proof upon negative conditions; and vainly supposing that because they had not seen the alleged phenomena, it did not exist.

On the other hand, I had seen blind but far-reaching credulity sweeping away into the dreamy regions of fancy, and gathering in the filmy cobwebs, and absurd and meaningless notions that are to be found here, and mingling them in the most incoherent manner with the facts and realities that belong to the fair fabric, thus weakening the foundations of a system which open wide and interesting fields for human study, driving away from its investigation sober and candid minds.

We have often thought that these profound and delicate psychological phenomena were particularly unfortunate in being seized upon so eagerly by visionary and superficial minds. This subject has, too often, been stabbed to the heart in the house of its own friends, and it might well ex-

claim, "Save me from my friends, and I will take care of my enemies."

But as the reader, as well as ourselves, must be eager for an introduction to Miss Malvoourney, we shall proceed at once to give an account of our visit.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### The Writer's first interview with Katie.

Early the next morning, Father Dunlery called upon us, and in a few minutes we arrived at the little cottage of Dennis Malvoourney. It was a very neat place. Everything was cleanly in and around it. Flowers were trained with care over the doors and windows, and in various places about the house, with so much taste, that it seemed like a bower of paradise. We said jestingly to our friend:

"You are taking us to a fairy palace."

In a few minutes we were introduced to the family, and had no difficulty in discovering at once the centre of attraction. Katie was attired in a plain, simple garb. Her flowing ringlets fell loosely and gracefully around a beautiful neck and over her shoulders. Her form was symmetrical and well proportioned. Her face was a model of beauty, with gracefully formed lines, curves and proportions. Over all, her large dark lustrous eyes, with a calm, deep and indescribable expression, threw a loveliness and beauty that was exceedingly attractive. Her long eyelashes and eyebrows gave an intensity of expression, and decision of character that was unmistakable; but the most striking peculiarity of this picture was the remarkable transparency and spirituality of expression which neither the pen nor pencil can portray, and which must be seen to be appreciated. We felt that our good friend had not and could not overdraw the picture, and we knew that we shall not be able to do so for the reader.

Her salutation, and the manner in which she shook our hand, as well as the tone of her voice—so sweet and silvery—at once relieved us of any doubt as to how we should be received. It seemed that we might have been old acquaintances, long familiar with each other, and we asked her, as soon as the way was opened for conversation:

"Have you not experienced at times, when you have met strangers, a feeling as if you had seen them before?"

"Yes," said she, "that is a very common experience with me. I frequently become interested in a person from some incident I hear in connection with them, and, fixing my mind upon them, I become familiar with their characters, and even their personal appearance, so that when we meet we seem like old and familiar friends. Sometimes my experience goes further than this, and I meet with persons whom I have never seen or heard of, as is the case with yourself, still I recognize their characters, and feel that I must have seen them somewhere in my interior rambles, as I am sure has been the case with you."

Turning to our friend, we said:

"Shall we pursue this subject further?"

"Certainly," he replied. "There can be very few more interesting or important."

"Will you be kind enough to favor us with some of your experience in this direction?" we resumed.

"So far as I have any you are welcome to it," she replied. "But I have heard the idea advanced, that in the fields of psychological research, witnesses are not reliable on the last plane to which they have arrived. I know that there is something in this; but if we carry it out entirely, we shall be compelled to go to the blind to ascertain the nature of light and the objects which it reveals. There are times when I lose the consciousness of this body, and of the objects which are around me, and seem to be controlled by the thought which is most prominent in my mind at the time this condition occurs. If a similar thought has occupied the mind of some one with whom I am acquainted, whether I am aware of this fact or not, I soon find myself in the presence of the individual, and recognize him at once. The next step is to look into the mind of my friend, and see whether he has received the idea in such a manner as to accept it, and if so, whether he has added anything to it by way of developing it—for this is the manner in which ideas grow—and I would like to tell you what I have seen in that direction, sometime."

"We shall be very happy to hear you," she continued.

"Sometimes I find myself in rapport with strangers, drawn thither by some prominent idea. In these cases I become so impressed with their appearance, that I would recognize them anywhere. This, I believe, is part of the solution of your question; the remainder of it will be answered, perhaps, when we have discovered how one mind finds its counterpart in another, when they are brought into close relation to each other."

"Do you think," we remarked, "that such experiences are common to mankind?"

She replied: "No two individuals have precisely similar experiences, yet human nature is essentially the same; and this faculty, though it may be germinal in most persons, is common to all humanity, and may be cultivated. Our ignorance in reference to many of these phenomena, may have caused us to lose sight of them; and I incline to the opinion that many of them are much more common than mankind generally believe—because they appeal so strongly to our feelings when they are described, and their effects are much more common than superficial observers are aware of."

"We should be happy to have your analysis of thoughts and ideas," we said.

Without the least hesitation, she proceeded to give the following:

"There are atoms and currents emanating from all bodies in nature, and each atom and current is a representation of the substance from which it flows. Floating everywhere in the regions of space are these representative atoms of all the substances in the universe, imperceptible

to your ordinary vision, but influencing your mental organisms, and in turn being subject to influences from this. One of the grandest and most exalted attributes of mind is its power to control these invisible atoms, and bring them into combinations so as to form thoughts and ideas. The nature and character of the thought will depend upon the action of the mind. Many of these combinations are imperfect and transitory in their character, and the thought will be similar. Some minds have no power to do anything more than this, and hence their thoughts are but of little value to themselves or others. Many minds whose general tone of thought is of this character, occasionally mount up to a plane on which they are able to combine grand and beautiful ideas. A few minds occupy such a plane that most of their thoughts are valuable and important to themselves and mankind."

Those who seek only to develop and combine good and useful thoughts and ideas, become better fitted for the production of these. All the combinations of thought, above a certain plane, are immortal. These we would call ideas, as a distinction between them and thought—which are temporary, and very often do not work themselves out into tangibilities. Ideas are transmitted from mind to mind, and may have existed for centuries, and been wrought upon by mind after mind, until they reach a degree of perfection which enables them to manifest themselves in the outward world."

Thus how often do we see that when the condition of humanity demands a new idea, there are numerous minds who perceive the necessary idea, and one by one hint at it, almost reach it, until at last some bolder adventurer seizes upon the idea, 'chains it and tasks it,' and it becomes the common property of humanity. As mankind moves to higher conditions, these experiences will become much more common."

Having spent the morning very pleasantly and profitably, we were delighted, as we left the house, to have a very pressing invitation to call again soon.

We walked in profound silence for some distance, when Father Dunlery broke it by asking, "What do you think of the young lady?"

The reader will pardon us if we remark here that we are a bachelor of nearly fifty summers, who, having passed thus far through life's journey in literary pursuits, which have hitherto supplied, to some extent, at least, the necessities of our condition. We replied to our friend, "that we were lost in astonishment; having seen and mingled with society in all departments of life, high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, we have never before seen just such an instance as this; and therefore, while we say that we are both astonished and delighted with this beautiful child, you must wait until we have seen more of her before we can give an answer to your question."

"My design in introducing you to her," said the good Father, "was to awaken your interest in her. Knowing that you were engaged in literary pursuits, I thought it would be a useful thing for you to investigate this case, and, if I mistake not, you will find matter there for a rich and interesting volume. I took occasion," continued he, "during your temporary absence, to speak to Katie and her mother about your character and occupation, and to express the hope that you would embody the facts of her history in such a work as might be useful to the world. Her mother said she should be glad to furnish you with the facts in regard to the early history of this child. With these as a basis, and such facts and observations as you will soon be able to gather from her, you can make a very interesting story."

We had now arrived at the mansion of Lord Dunderbery, with whom we were to dine this evening. Parting with our friend at the gate, we entered the mansion in a very strange mood to see company.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### Dinner at Lord Dunderbery's.

It is as easy a matter for some persons to change their thoughts and feelings to suit the different classes with which they meet, as it is to put on the dress and costume appropriate for each company. Unfortunately for us this is not our case; and when we become intensely absorbed in any train of thought, we unite into any person or company who expect anything from us, unless they be in a similar mood of thought, and interested in kindred pursuits."

As we have already given some description of Lord Dunderbery's family, we need not repeat anything here. Maggie Ann, the second daughter, received us in a very graceful manner, and it was extremely fortunate for both of us that she was deeply interested in Miss Katie. An hour passed very pleasantly in hearing her recite many of the facts which she had treasured up in a diary, which she informed me—she was induced to keep mainly on Katie's account. And, on reading it afterwards, which she kindly permitted us to do, we found it composed almost entirely of incidents connected with her, and from which we have gleaned many of the facts interwoven into these chapters.

We felt very cautious about expressing any opinions in reference to this child. Miss Dunderbery was evidently similarly impressed as we were on many points. As the dinner hour approached the family came in, and we made their acquaintance. We had met Lord Dunderbery and John on several occasions, and had been introduced to Miss Maggie Ann; and it seemed very fortunate for us that we had fallen on so rich a vein of facts as her conversation and especially her well-written diary furnished us. This enabled us to carry out our plan of writing this narrative, to which we were not only pledged, but deeply interested.

Of course many topics were introduced during the evening; but it always seemed as though

every topic introduced had something to do with our little heroine. We have noticed at times when any prominent idea has been on the mind of a guest, that each one would feel eager to respond to it, and give something interesting in connection with it. This reminds us somewhat of a story of an insane man, who had been placed upon low diet, consisting of gruel. His hallucination led him to suppose that he had all the different varieties of viands and delicacies that ever gratified the palate or injured the stomach of an epicure. But after eating an imaginary dinner of venison, with Burgundy and Hock, or a splendid lobster supper with trimmings, he would conclude that it was very fine indeed, but somehow it had a strong taste of gruel.

When a successful gold-hunter strikes upon a rich vein, he finds nothing but gold. When a botanist, after a long and earnest search, succeeds in finding some rare plant, he is astonished at the ease with which he can duplicate this specimen. So through life we never find anything without looking around to see if there is not something more; illustrating the saying, that "to him that hath shall be given." It is because some strong and positive thought draws to us like thought from others. Certain it is that every one we met during the next week seemed to have some new and interesting facts in connection with the object of our story. These were all gathered by us without any of the parties knowing that they were dropping seed into a soil in which they would soon germinate and produce a rich crop.

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### Second visit to Miss Malvoourney's.

Our next visit to Katie was by ourselves alone. We must confess, however, that a new train of thought and feeling occupied our mind. We had traveled much, and seen devoted visiting shrines in Pagan and Christian lands, but hitherto had never had any conception of the feeling which actuated these, in what appeared to us to be a blind infatuation. As we were arranging for our visit, more than once the question arose as to the feelings we experienced. Were we falling back into the days of childhood, when vague fancies and dreamy notions often lead us to weak and foolish actions; or was that other and more to be dreaded condition, old age and second childhood, coming upon us? We tried to banish the feelings, as well as the questions; but in vain.

In this mood, scarcely knowing where we were or what we were doing, we found ourselves at the door of Dennis Malvoourney's house—about which already clustered so many pleasant memories. Our object in this visit was at present very indefinite; and if you had asked us at any hour between our last visit and this, what we expected to ask, in our second visit, and we had been candid, we should have given a different answer at each time. Now, reader, do not jump at the conclusion that we are in love. We had a severe attack of that disease when quite a young man, and as measles and certain other diseases act as a safe protection to the system forever after, so we know this will be the case with us.

There is no more similarity between our present condition and that referred to, than there is between measles and mumps; and as we have had both of these, we know they are not alike.

We felt, like the Genoese mariner, that we had not only discovered a new passage to the Eastern Continent, of what has heretofore been called transcendentalism, but also a new Continent which lay in our route thither, and without which we should never have been able to reach that Continent. There are various grades of intoxication, and perhaps that of the new discoverer, when success has crowned his efforts, is as harmless as any other; yet, like all other intoxication, it must give place to sober, second thoughts before our conclusions can be safely relied upon.

It was only absence from our heroine that produced this unsettled condition of mind, for no sooner had we received the cordial reception which awaited us, than

"Richard was himself again."

"How singular it is," said we, "that when we discover new acquaintances, and become interested in them, we meet with so many incidents connected with them."

"Yes," replied she, "I have frequently noticed that the introduction of an individual has thrown a flood of light upon a long train of circumstances which have not been clearly understood before for want of this one link in the chain."

We expressed our regret that this would probably be our last visit, as we expected to leave for England shortly, and expressed a hope that we might witness one of those "spells," as her friends called them—ecstasies or trances, as we suppose they were, from the description we have had of them.

"So, then, some one has been telling you of my weaknesses, have they?"

"We do not think they may be called weaknesses in your case, as they do not interfere in the least with the practical duties of life. If mankind become so absorbed in transcendental investigations as to lose sight of the practical and important duties of everyday life, it will be well to pause and consider whether they are not leaving substantial realities for empty and profitless dreams. Is there any means by which you can induce that state?"

"Not any in particular, except that I must place myself in a passive and quiet condition. Perhaps if you were to sing some soothing air, it would aid me in gratifying you, which I certainly desire to do."

In a few moments we endeavored to gather in broken sentences, as memory would recall, a song that had often soothed us in the sad hours of the past, entitled, "The Meeting of the Waters."

"Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm calm I feel! In thy bosom of shade, with the sweetest heart beat. After a few nervous twitches, and assuming a different tone of voice, she offered me her hand, and said, in a strange, masculine voice, 'Good night!'"



"How do you do, sir?" to which we responded, "Very well, Miss," feeling at the same time rather strangely. However, summoning up courage, we were about speaking, when she said, in a similar tone:

"I see what you desire to have, and will endeavor to give it to you. It is an explanation of the state in which you now find this person. Truth is a unit, and the experiences of every age, so far as they reach this plane, must concur. I might go out among the heathen philosophers and select many of the most beautiful flowers of truth, the aroma of which they inhaled in their profound search after that which should be unto them a solid and substantial basis, on which they might build not only their philosophy and religion but their conduct in life also; but I shall not go to these. A few hints from the early fathers will suffice as a basis for our argument, without the danger of awakening any prejudices which a narrow religious horizon may have raised up as a partition wall between mankind in the present age and those to whom I have alluded.

The apostle has declared in the most emphatic manner, that there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body—not there will be a spiritual body, but there is a spiritual body. Then, again, on another occasion he speaks of a man, "whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot say." If it be true that there is a spiritual body acting within us through the ordinary channels of the senses—as we know that under certain circumstances these become so dormant that important surgical operations have been performed without producing pain, and especially in that peculiar disease called catalepsy—it seems to be quite probable that the spiritual body alluded to, has, for the time, left its usual tenement, and may manifest itself through other channels.

We have already spoken to you of an experience which is somewhat common, of leaving the body and traversing space, and coming into rapport with certain individuals, whose thoughts, under particular circumstances, become attractive to us. Do you not perceive that when the spiritual body is thus separated from its connection with the physical body, it will be capable of going to other individuals in like condition? And have we not a right to suppose that, when thus separated, these spiritual bodies may unite and coöperate, so as to produce the conditions which are under consideration, and which you now witness, manifesting a capacity far beyond that which, in ordinary conditions, the individual can exhibit? There are many instances on record of this class of cases, in which individuals have not only spoken in unknown tongues, but have solved profound problems which were entirely beyond their capacity in the waking state. I give you this, then, as my explanation of this condition. That is, that the body becomes so negative to the spirit, as to allow it greater freedom, and in that freedom there is a blending of spirits and a consequent exaltation of power which no one alone could manifest.

I am now ready to answer any questions you may desire to put.

"The question which we would propose might lead to forbidden ground. We are somewhat startled with your propositions, believing, as we do, that they involve much more than the mere statement that the spirits of two human beings can blend and produce an augmentation of power, which seems to us a reasonable proposition. You may not be aware that within a few years past there has sprung up in the United States of America, a sect, or class of persons, which, we have learned, is quite numerous, who not only accept this view, but going further, declare that disembodied spirits—those who have passed on through the gate of death, our own friends, the loved ones who are bound to us by the strong ties of affection—come to us in a similar manner, and blend with our spirits, and give such evidence as to establish their identity. We have read many of their statements, and are free to confess that they have taken a deep hold upon our mind. As the poet says:

"It must be so: Plato, thou reasonest well:  
Else whence this fond desire, this longing after immortality?"

She resumed:  
"Though I was not aware of the facts stated by you, every one must have experienced at times that there were certain convictions that came to us and are accepted without the evidence which at other times, and under other circumstances, would be necessary to lead the mind to accept them. Indeed, my impression is, that the most real and substantial truths which we have come to us in answer to a positive demand, and when this is the case, it is not necessary that they should be fortified by external evidence. In fact, such evidence, though required by some minds, would, in the cases to which I have alluded, rather weaken than strengthen the positions referred to. Having introduced this subject, you will pardon me if I give you my own experience in reference to it; for I have but little outside of this to give."

She had opened her eyes, and assumed a very natural appearance, and her own voice was restored. A stranger would not have discovered anything peculiar about her. We perceived, however, an exaltation of her powers, and replied:

"Certainly, you could not give us anything more interesting."

She proceeded:  
"Among my earliest recollections was a habit of seeing persons around me who were invisible to others. Mother says that I was accustomed to speak of them at a period anterior to my first recollections. When I would be playing with other children, strangers of the same class would appear in our midst and disappear. One of the first circumstances which produced an unpleasant feeling in this connection, was at the time and after the death of a little girl about my own age, one with whom I had been accustomed to play. She appeared to me just as I had been in the habit of seeing her; and when I told mother of this, she was startled. Soon after this, I began to notice that when persons visited us, I commonly saw some one or more of these shadowy persons about them. I seldom spoke of these to any one, except my mother and sisters, who would frequently perceive, by my manner, that I was conscious of something, and ask me to describe what I saw. Occasionally I was called upon by those who had lost their friends by death, and I have been able to describe many of them so that they could be recognized.

As I grew older, I was not only able to see them, but to hear and converse with them; and soon after this I became subject to those spells of which you have spoken. I would begin to converse with a spirit, and find myself becoming gradually unconscious of external objects; a mist would rise before my eyes, and then I would lose consciousness. The sensations were very peculiar, and I felt disposed to indulge in them. My friends were rather uneasy about this, but during no unpleasant effects resulting from it, and we were not to interfere with or prevent it. I have often wondered that an experience so common to many, should not be more generally known to a considerable number of persons; but I had no trouble in this way. Doubtless my sufferings are more acute than those of most

persons, but I am very confident that my enjoyments are correspondingly greater in consequence of this sensitive and susceptible condition."

We ventured now to ask her whether she saw any one with us.

"Oh yes," said she, "I saw a lady when you first came here with Father Dunderly."

Then proceeding to describe very accurately one whose image we had carried in our heart of hearts for many years, she continued:

"She says now she is waiting for you."

"What else does she say?"

"She says, 'You know that I was the victim of arbitrary parental control, and compelled to enter a forced matrimonial alliance with an old tyrant, whose only claim for my hand was his ill-gotten wealth. Crushed to earth were all my aspirations, and blasted for a time my best and holiest affections, and though my career was short, bitter indeed were the pangs of remorse at the wrong I was compelled to commit to myself and to you. You forgave me with a nobleness of heart that bound my soul closer to you; and when death came to set a poor prisoner free, as it did in my case, I left a luxuriant palace of wealth, where gilded sorrow filled my soul, to find myself free once more, and you humble in life, but honest and true to yourself and to me. From that hour to this I have been your companion.'"

The reader may imagine our feelings when we say that the first part of the statement was literally true, although nearly thirty years had elapsed since the transaction, and there was not a person in this country who had ever known any of the circumstances. In fact, very little had ever been known of it to any one but myself. But as I to remove all doubt of these facts, and to satisfy us that it was not by any sympathy between this gifted child and ourself that she was enabled to read our thoughts, she continued:

"Mary—"  
We started at the name. How strange! That was one of her names, but not one that any one had ever known or called her by. It brought vividly before our mind a scene which had occurred many years since. We were walking out on a beautiful moonlight night, and I sang the touching lines from Burns—

"I have wandered many a night in June,  
Beneath the hawthorn and the bonnie moon,  
With Mary at my side."

"Oh," said she, "do you know I have a Mary in my name?"

"No," said we.

"I have," she said, "and I now pledge myself to be your Mary, and I wish you to call me by that name, and I shall always be your Mary."

Katie continued:

"Mary says, 'Tell Joseph (she had not heard my given name) that his sister Marianne's child was taken very ill in the night at Barrington, England, at your grandfather's estate, and died at ten o'clock this morning, just two hours since.' She desires you to hasten home, as your sister is very desirous of seeing you in this trying hour."

We looked at our watch—it was twelve o'clock—took a hasty leave, and that evening went on board a steamer for Liverpool. On our arrival there the next day, we found letters awaiting us, informing us of the sad event which had been so singularly revealed to us the day previous.

Our first impulse was to embody the facts which we had thus far collected into an article for one of our magazines, but on more mature deliberation we deemed it better to wait for further developments; and as Miss Dunderly had promised to continue her diary, from which we had already obtained so many valuable facts, we concluded to wait until we heard from her again.

[To be continued.]

## HEART LEAVES.

NUMBER ONE.

BY LOIS WATSBROOK.

Heart leaves, as ye turn them o'er,  
Ye who are called a sage,  
Can ye read the mystic lore  
Traced upon their pages?

Oh the heart! the heart! What a strange, complicated piece of workmanship! The human heart—the seat of feeling and affection, of all the various emotions that go to make so large a share of the happiness or misery of the individual. Heart leaves! turn them over, and read them till their number shall exceed the leaves of the forest, but do not imagine, even then, that thy task is accomplished, for new ones continue to present themselves, each varying from the other, and stretching onward, onward, till the years of eternity are numbered. Only to the eye of the Infinite are they spread out in one ever-present panorama.

As the lights and shades, the rough and smooth places, and all which taken separately would look like unmeaning distortion, are needed to make the work of the artist perfect, to make a picture that shall proclaim a master's hand, so is each leaf, in that wondrous book called "The Heart," needed to form a perfect volume. But here there are no stereotyped editions; no thousand struck off from the same copy. No; each book is a new work, complete in itself, original and distinct from all others.

You may do them up in the same covers, give them the same title, and try to pass them off for copies of the same work; but it will not do. Sooner or later you will discover that God declares his infinity in all his works, and that variety is the natural language of that infinity. Cease, then, poor foolish mortal, to measure the capabilities or wants of another by thine own. Think not, when thou hast deciphered a portion of what is written on some page of thine own heart, that thou hast obtained so much of an insight into the multitude of hearts around thee, for none but "the dear God" can fathom the life-spring of humanity, and he only can touch the chords to which its deep pulsations vibrate.

SINGULAR CASE OF PSYCHOMETRY.—In the town of North Walsham, Norfolk, in 1788, "The Fair Penitent" was performed. In the last act, where Callista lays her hand on the skull, a Mrs. Berry, who played the part, was seized with an involuntary shuddering, and fell on the stage. During the night her illness continued; but on the following day, when sufficiently recovered to converse, she sent for the stage-keeper, and anxiously inquired where he procured the skull. He replied from the sexton, informed him that it was the skull of one Norris, a player, who, twelve years before was buried in that graveyard. That same Norris was her first husband. She died in six weeks. Possessed of considerable psychometric power, she recognized the influence proceeding from the skull, and the recognition produced such a terrible shock that her death was the consequence.

A Yankee boy had a whole Dutch cheese set before him by a waggish friend, who, however, gave him no knife. "This is a funny cheese, Uncle Joe, but where shall I cut it?" "Oh," said the grinning friend, "cut it where you like." "Very well," said the Yankee, coolly putting it under his arm. "I'll cut it at home."

## BEYOND THE HILLS.

BY CORA L. V. HATCHE.

All hail, once again, my native hills;  
I kiss your feet, ye blue-crowned king!  
A holy reverence my being thrills—  
Your loyal subject grateful homage brings.  
My world in childhood was amid your forms;  
The sunset glory was your royal crown;  
Majestic and unmoved ye bore all storms;  
And reigned in silence when the sun went down—  
When the sun went down to an unknown valley,  
An unknown valley beyond the hills!

I dreamed golden dreams, oh shining hills!  
I climbed to where the wild breezes play,  
Or wandered in joy by your gushing rills,  
To pluck the wood flowers in early May.  
Then life was but a fleeting hour of bliss,  
And the busy world seemed a fairy dream;  
I pressed to my lips the fortune's kiss,  
And eagerly sought life's changeful stream,  
Where the sun went down to an unknown valley,  
An unknown valley beyond the hills.

And I had fond friends, oh silent hills,  
Who came each day to the cottage door,  
And gathered around the warm wood-fire,  
To tell strange legends of ancient lore—  
Of the red man who trod the forest green,  
Who made the hills echo his loud war-cry,  
While his nodding plume, and his arrow keen,  
Went swift and sure when the blast swept by;  
But they all are gone to an unknown valley,  
An unknown valley beyond the hills.

I weep on your bosoms, oh, solemn hills!  
I water your emerald robes with my tears;  
I weep for the hours forever gone,  
For the hopes and friends of childhood's years.  
The world, when tried, proved false and cold,  
And Love was betrayed with poisonous breath;  
Kind friends drank deep of Lethe's stream,  
And one by one slept cold in Death—  
For they all went down to an unknown valley,  
An unknown valley beyond the hills.

But ye have not changed, my native hills;  
Though friends prove false, ye still are true,  
The pine trees sing their solemn praise;  
And the wild flower-sips the evening dew;  
Ye are robed still in royal green,  
And at eve ye wear a golden crown,  
While the pale moon flashes a silvery sheen  
On your darkening brows when the sun goes down—  
When the sun goes down to an unknown valley,  
An unknown valley beyond the hills.

I am calmer now, oh, soothing hills!  
And I worship another Higher King;  
To the Spirit of Endless Life and Hope,  
To Nature's God, my allegiance bring.  
I bow my head to life's storm and pain,  
While onward I press o'er the stony ground,  
For I feel that hope's flowers shall bloom again,  
And the loved and lost be once more found.  
They will all be found in some pleasant valley,  
Some pleasant valley beyond the hills.

## Original Essay.

### THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

SIXTEENTH PAPER.

TEMPORAL OBSTRUCTIONS TO ITS EVOLUTION, AND HOW TO REMOVE THEM.

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

THIRD SECTION CONTINUED.

Woman to be Man's Redeemer.

That education is not a reformatory agent, except in a qualified sense; that it does not regenerate the personality of its subject, or reconstruct the pre-natal constitution thereof, will become inductively evident on considering distinctively the several minor propositions which result from a general analysis of this thought, as here and afore stated.

I should begin this analysis by saying that the generic and specific characteristics of every form of organic life, whether sentient or merely vegetative, are innate and hereditary—not at all acquired or induced by growth; those of every plant or animal being obviously transmitted from an older origin by the seed or ovum of its propagation, which contains the rudiments thereof. I should—if this fact in natural history were not so patent to common observation that nobody seems to ignore it. I have never known a farmer to attempt to turn rye into wheat by dint of cultivation, or to raise melons from pumpkin plants. Probably no peasant was ever unscientific enough to imagine that ducklings might be nurtured into geese, or even bantam chickens into shanghais. It is plain that every kind of animals, as well as plants, is generated as to all the items of its classification; new species being formed, and only formable, by hybridization. I have no reason to suppose anybody will dispute my saying, that those general characteristics of the human species which separate mankind into black, white and red, are also hereditary; that Negroes, Yankees and Indians are born such, according to the special pre-natal type of each race; and that one is not to be converted into another by any system of education; though as much may be effected in the course of ages, upon a lower race, as the combined result of eclectic parentage and culture. It is quite true, as one of the evolved "Arcana of Nature," that Man was born and is being developed to a worthy Son of God, by virtue of both these agencies, as well as that "a salt and bitter plant, like the chardcock, with green, waxy leaves was taken from the sea-side and transplanted into a rich soil, where it became changed into two plants, between which exist specific distinctions—the cabbage and cauliflower. The apple was derived from the sour crab, which ornaments the banks of rivers, and by variations in its culture, runs into countless varieties which add value to the orchard." The influence of culture in this remarkable instance is forcibly shown by comparing the greening or pippling with the crab-apple. So says a good naturalist, and so I would say with a different choice of terms, in reference to the gathered results of cultivating a longevous species (not an individual thereof), through the medium of its social generations; which sequel of so-called culture, if looked for in any single link of its genealogical series, will be found either too small to be seen at all, or at most quite unremarkable. Presuming that all this will be conceded by the intelligent reader, I shall, with this understanding, include in my proposed exposition only those minor propositions of its stated subject which relate to mankind.

I. Education does not transform the natal constitution of a human body.  
This is not saying that education has nothing to do with the post-natal development of the physical organism, whereby the personality of its subject

is duly unfolded. It is, indeed, consistent with the acknowledged co-agency of culture with goodly parentage in producing the better phases of human character in all its developments. It is important, however, to learn the respective parts which these distinctive agents consecutively, yet concurrently, perform; and these are best perceived in their physiological work, through an ideal comparison of an adult body with its natal prototype.

It has been aptly said that "the child is father to the man," not only because of their personal correlation and resemblance, but because, notwithstanding the common sense of physiological identity, their bodies are as substantially distinct as those of parent and child. Manhood is only a larger image of boyhood. This is true in the broadest sense; though, for sake of a clear conception, I for the present regard their likeness only in corporal structure. The adult body is a complete succedaneum of the infantile body, and yet its perfect similitude; every molecule of the first-formed being either excreted or discreted in the formation of its successor, which is made of other and more numerous molecules wrought into a carnate bust of the same form and features as the infantile body, only of superior magnitude and power.

The notable father of the Beecher family was born so tiny a personage, that the nurse, to verify his minikin appearance and heighten the admiration of his first acquaintances, put him playfully into an ordinary silver tankard. Even that was more roomy than the chamber of maternal conception wherein his lilliputian personality was generated; though it afterwards grew to the ordinary stature of men, and to an original doctor of divinity so sturdy and stalwart that no pale of Church, synod or sect could quite contain him. But I forget that I am to talk only of the outer man, of which in this instance there is nothing worthy of special remark, besides the notorious magnitude of its adult, as compared with its natal, proportions, except the identity of its form and features from birth to death.

There is a small dermal scar in the middle of my forehead, revealed to me through the mirror and by palpation of my finger-ends, as a memento of my accidental tumbling over a wall when about three years old, whereby my brow was gashed with an angular stone. I want no better proof than this unchanging scar, that my nose is just of the shape it had in my boyhood, and that all my facial features, as well as every limb and member of my body, are tenacious of their natal configurations. The reader whose own body may be unprovided with so ready a witness to its immutability of form, is reminded of the permanence of personal deformities, such as hump-backs, club-feet, hare-lips, squint-eyes, mongrel sexualities, and other "marks" of fetal misconception; not that these are more lasting than their symmetrical comparatives, only that they are more remarkable. Every face, whether handsome or ugly, is as unvarying in form as the identity of selfhood seems to be in essence. Noses of wax may be shaped at will, but noses of flesh are not to be looked out of countenance by any connoisseur of beauty, or mirrored aspirant of physiognomic comeliness. The lineaments of personality are constant—unchanged by growth or senescence—untransformable in the transition of selfhood from youth to age. And the same is true of the vital organs and all the interior chambers of the body. In proportion as the chest is broad and spacious, the lungs, liver, heart and stomach are large and powerful in their respective functions; and whether this fortune of development, or its opposite, be inherited, it can only be through generation, all the issues of which, as expressed in the natal body, are retained to the end of one's earthly days. In truth, education never adds a cubit to one's stature, which is always preordained by the impetus of procreation. But though it sometimes seems to dwarf a giant or plantize a dwarf, it surely never alters the pattern of personality which parentage presents. So much is evinced by the forecited facts, with exclusive regard to the physical organism; but I proceed to show that the proposition is tenable in its fullest sense.

II. Education does not transform the natal constitution of a human mind.

It is the leading principle of phrenological science, that brain is the essential organism of mentality, and therefore that the shape of a head indicates the organic attributes of its coëxisting mind. The fashion of heads is, indeed, as multifarious as that of faces, and human beings are as various in their mental aptitudes, affections, aspirations and capabilities, as in personal appearance. Moreover, it has been duly ascertained that certain characteristics of mind invariably accompany certain developments of body, of which the most definable are the cranial. A prominent brow denotes intelligence, and when it is also elevated, mental excellence. Unusual breadth of forehead to ear is inseparable from a pugnacious propensity and casual ferocity, both in men and brutes; and the bent of mind is sensual and animalistic in proportion as one's brain lies below and behind the ears, or spiritual and manly in the degree that it expands above and before them.

Now I think it must be obvious to every good observer, that the shape of the natal head is as permanent as that of the body itself and every other of its members. I have never known a person whose head appeared to undergo any considerable change in the process of growth. In the American Phrenological Journal for 1845, it is recorded as a singular fact, that the head of Andrew Jackson was unequally enlarged in the course of thirty years from the beginning of his public life. This fact, if it be a fact, was inferred from a comparison of "Old Hickory's" portrait as ex-President with a bust of the younger "Hero of New Orleans," taken in 1812; the forehead of the portrait being a good deal more prominent than that of the bust, thus showing a special development of the perceptive organs "from average to very large." But had not this whole range been originally of something more than ordinary size, there would have been no basis for their extraordinary exercise, however prompted by the scenes of a busy and eventful life, which was the only cause of their extraordinary growth. Therefore even in this remarkable case there was no reconstruction of the cranial organism; nor did the knowing phrenologist who made a note of it, imagine any. In fact, the editor elsewhere maintains the opposite opinion, that "Education may modify, but remodel what is constitutional it never can; nor either create or eradicate any primary capability or quality of any animal or thing." But most people are not observant as phrenologists, and therefore, in favor of the larger portion of my readers, I must support my position with a slightly different footing.

That conduct is a clear expression of character, is a maxim of common sense. As a tree is known by its fruit, so mankind know each other by their works. As we commonly judge of causes by their effects, so we infer the attributes of mind from the deeds of men, which are the sensible doings thereof; and we do this not only because actions speak louder than words, the secondary symbols

of thought, but also, and more especially because they speak first and speak to the senses, the rudiments of both thought and language being the items of sequacious impression. To judge of what men are by what they do, is therefore as just as it is popular. In this way the aptitudes of mind and specialities of human nature were somewhat definitely collected long before Gall and Spurzheim discovered the organic structure and local functions of the brain. And I presume the reader, unless the same, be a phrenologist by profession and of long practice, knows more about one's friends and neighbors by consideration of their personal manners and habits, than by any proper inspection of their cranial developments. All this is a product of instinctive intelligence: a property of mind which is common to both men and brutes, implying an unconscious deduction, or else a rational forecast without a logical process. Conjoined with this endowment there is in every sentient being an instinctual sense of personal constancy in whatever specifications of mentality are manifested by individual organization and action. Thus the term *thief*, in the vocabulary of common information, signifies a person who is always inclined to steal—not merely the fact of theft on any one or more occasions, but a perpetual weakness of moral character, which is presumed to show itself as often as opportunity and temptation concur for its trial. So authors, artists, and workmen of every various cast, are esteemed such in no transient sense, with bare reference to their occasional achievements, but as stable characters, enlarged by the conception of reserved ability or latent gifts of which other and equally surprising revelations are possible. Great occasions are indeed indispensable to the reputation of the ablest performers, as they are to their best efforts, special impulses being necessary to awaken the creative genius of every gifted soul. The greatest heroes may be unconscious of this truth in their experience of it, though it is often realized by public speakers. But nobody imagines that Patrick Henry, for instance, was an orator only on the eye of our national Independence, nor that Washington and Lafayette would have been any less the noblemen of Nature that they were, had England wisely done her duty to our country in advance of their interposition. Surely, Arnold had as good an opportunity to show his patriotism, if it had not been overpowered and smothered by an unprincipled selfishness, as any of his contemporaries. Was he no traitor until the day that he turned the sword of Liberty in favor of her most rampant foes?—a sword which he had obtained by hypocritical pretences and held only in the name of his country's earnest defender? No; not so. The birth of our Republic made none of its founders and early patrons: it only published their patriotism and celebrated their valor. Neither did it make the heart of Benedict Arnold, but only exposed it, and named it infamous. And the personal histories here alluded to are no singular exemplifications of the more note-worthy, humanitarian verity, that men, women and children of like characters act alike, and unlike unlike, in the same predicament of personal surroundings; which fact signifies that mind is master of circumstances—in a manner superior to all its temporal conditions in every stage of its development—is, in the main, more controlling than controlled; and this can be only because the principal agency in the formation of character is anterior to the beginning of personal experience, which is the era of education. The principal agency in the formation of character, since there are but two, must for said reason be the prime, that is generation; whereas the upshot of inquiry in this direction is deductively something more than the second minor proposition of my leading statement: it is another, burdened with cumulative evidence that education does not originate character, and with the most positive implication that generation does. It is this:

III. Every person is educated exclusively in those characteristics with the germinal organs of which one is born, and in them respectively according to the relative fullness of their natal expression.

The best conceptive evidence of this is the manifest law of Animated Nature, that character is vested in organization, notwithstanding, nay because, the former is the issue of experience and product of education, whose central conductive principle is voluntary action, which is possible only in effect of organic being; and because furthermore, organization, as the scheme of character, determines the order and measures the results of education, while every organism is a thing of birth. But since many cannot see the truth in this transcendent light, a general knowledge of which is deemed to be of great moral consequence by virtue of its parental applicability; I am minded to attempt its more perceptible demonstration by an array of biographical facts.

## Potent Truths.

Brother Hacker, in his *Chariot*, gives utterance to the following plain and comprehensive statement, which embraces too much truth to be lost sight of, and deserves a world-wide circulation: "I am daily sensible of the presence of those who have passed from outer light, and am more or less impressed by them in all I write, and have no doubt but all of us have the spirits of departed friends present with us, and were our minds in a right condition, we should all be sensible of their presence."

The popular idea among religionists is, that those who die are either made pure and perfect at once, or else are banished from the presence of the Lord and his angels. This is not so. The soul enters the spirit-world as it leaves this. If in a high state of purity here, it begins its life in the new world in that same high state and progress. If the soul leaves the body in a low, ignorant or impure condition, it commences its life in the same low condition, and must progress gradually to a higher condition, for progress is the order of all creation.

Birds of a feather flock together; is an old saying often applied to men and women here on earth; meaning that those of the same attainments or disposition like to associate together. So with spirits. Those in the body, who are in a low condition, will have around them spirits like themselves. There are no bar-room spirits, ball-room spirits, theatre-going spirits, and so to the end of the long list of characters, all seeking the company of those like themselves, until others of a higher order take them in hand, to guide them to higher conditions; hence if we desire the company of pure, loving, truthful, reliable spirits, we must become pure, loving, truthful and reliable.

The transmutation of sounds is one of the most curious mysteries of the air. A word spoken in the focus of one ellipse can be heard in the focus of an opposite ellipse hundreds of yards away. Such a principle was oddly illustrated in the great church of Ayrington, in Sicily. The architect—very probably intentionally—built several confessional of an elliptical form, with corresponding opposite ellipses, in which whoever stood heard all the confessions whispered to the priest. A horrible amount of scandal immediately springing up in the city, nobody's sins were safe from getting into unaccountable publicity. The church soon became such a temple of truth that nothing was left to be hid in it. At last, by chance, a robbery was made of the tale-telling tones; and the walls had their ears stopped.







## The Spirit-World.

## "Birdie" in Spirit-Life.

Many of our readers undoubtedly remember the poetic gem, by the spirit of Anna Cora Wilson, given through the mediumship of Miss Lizette Doten, entitled "Birdie's Spirit-Song," which we published at the time, and also several other smaller poems by the same spirit, through Mrs. J. H. Conant, at the Banner Office, all of which were much admired. Since then the parents of "Birdie" have received several communications from her, among which is the following, given through Mrs. Laura Cuppy, one year ago this month, at her residence in Dayton, Ohio, and was taken down at the time by her husband. These beautifully expressed thoughts give the reflex of a sweet, innocent and affectionate nature, happy in pursuing studies which could not be finished here, and finding bliss in caring for the little, tender fledgelings who pass to their spirit-home at an early age.

Mr. Cuppy, not knowing the parents of the spirit, asked to whom he should send the communication, and received this reply: "Please send it to my father, Mr. L. B. Wilson, at the Banner of Light Office, Boston." In Mrs. C.'s note enclosing it, she says: "Very beautiful is the influence she imparts. She controlled herself, and was, my husband says, though anxious, very deliberate and distinct."

As some of our readers may not be familiar with the particulars in regard to this bright spirit—one of the fairest buds of earth, plucked in all her purity—we will state that she passed to her celestial home six years ago, after an earthly sojourn of nearly thirteen years; during which time she attracted the marked attention of all who knew her, by the sweetness of her disposition, amiability and warmth of affection—which characteristics she appears to retain in spirit-life, where her intuitive mind and unfolding soul finds ample fields from which to gather stores of knowledge.

"My Precious Father and Mother—I have waited a long time for the conditions necessary for this communication. The lady has been ill—a long time—and then other duties intervened that were more pressing than her obligations to me, but at last, my darling parents, dear, cherished objects of my best affections, the day has come when I may send my message of love to you.

(The following paragraph has reference to an assertion made by a spirit, in the hearing of Birdie's mother, that there were no flowers in the spirit-world.)

I would not, dear father and mother, have any of your beautiful conceptions of the world in which I dwell and await your coming, rudely dispelled. When,

\* With flowers in my hand,

I came to greet you, those flowers, though invisible to you, were not illusions or symbols, but to your "Birdie," fragrant, lovely realities. Our only fear is, that we may not be able to convey to our earthly friends an adequate idea of the tangibility—the reality—of all those beautiful existences that live with you but as types, foreshadowings and crude germs, of what we possess and enjoy in the perfection of higher unfolding—more advanced development.

I am a member, dear father, of an association of young persons of both sexes, whose studies and enjoyments are of the most elevated and celestial character. To us are vouchsafed many privileges seldom bestowed upon those whose wisdom and advanced intellectual culture deserve the promotion, but who, through the contamination of a long intercourse with worldly things, are denied what is granted to our simplicity.

I always loved to watch the stars, when a child, and many were my speculations regarding them. Now one of our celestial guides is giving us lessons, or rather teachings, that throw great light upon what, to our young minds, appeared to be almost impenetrable mysteries of the universe. It is a glorious illumination—and coming into perfect magnetic sympathy with his enlightened mind, seems to have the effect of flooding ours with light upon this great subject. I wish I could convey to you, dear father, a clear perception of this mode of teaching. He seems to concentrate his thought upon the subject on which he designs to treat, and with a corresponding intensity of receptiveness on our part, the transfer of knowledge seems to be instantaneous.

And, dear mother, we have yet other teachers—who lead us back to the gardens of earth, where he exhibits to us the wonders of Flora, calling our attention to the aura, or spirit, of the flowers, and explaining to us how that which once lived on this planet of yours must continue to exist, in some form, forever, because, though passing through many phases of being, extinction finds no place in the economy of this Universe. Very beautiful are these, our botanical researches.

One of our teachers devotes himself entirely to our instruction regarding the laws of control to be observed in our approach to those media who are our blessed intercessors with the world we have left. Others are our social teachers, guiding us in our intercourse with our loved friends of earth, in order that we may not, through ignorance, exert an influence that might be injurious to their peace.

And yet others direct us in our efforts to impart to those in a lower grade, or less developed condition than ourselves, some of that knowledge that has divined and beautified our own spirits.

Thus are our studies rendered more charming than the sweetest recreations of earth—and our hours of leisure are a perfect abandonment to delight.

Much of my enjoyment, mother, I find in the society of little children—and I am deeply interested in those tiny entities, the children who have not known an existence in your sphere, but came to us ere they had breathed the earthly air.

Thus, darling mother, you perceive that your Birdie is constantly surrounded by benign influences, and rejoices with her that she has been spared a contact with the blighting influences that mar the harmony of that cruder state of being from which she has passed.

You will discern, dear father, with your quick perception of spiritual things, that the culture I receive is tending to prepare me for a yet higher association, whose destiny it is to have an elevating influence upon the spiritual associations of earth—for, until the transition of my mother and myself, Birdie, as an individualized influence, must still be linked to earth in efforts to benefit that condition of existence with which the filial magnetic currents of her being are so intimately blended.

Still, precious ones, I am with you as the playful Birdie of old. In your home, a caressing, though invisible sunbeam—finding my most cherished happiness in the united hearts and lives of those who gave me being—catching the heartbeats that fall from your loved eyes when you weep, and the tears, though removed, tinging with mother's hair, and striving, by a thousand silent devices, to make my loving ways manifest to you, as when I was with you.

And, dear mother, I am with you as the playful Birdie of old. In your home, a caressing, though invisible sunbeam—finding my most cherished happiness in the united hearts and lives of those who gave me being—catching the heartbeats that fall from your loved eyes when you weep, and the tears, though removed, tinging with mother's hair, and striving, by a thousand silent devices, to make my loving ways manifest to you, as when I was with you.

than the daughter; to be disciplined and admonished. Thus no shadows from the past intercept between us, and the spirit-daughter and the earthly parents form a beautiful triad, and the love that makes your lives so fair, forms part of the sunshine of Birdie's spiritual existence.

Thus, my treasured ones, ends the most elaborate effort I have ever made to communicate with you—oh, I trust, to be repeated.

Oh! the joy, the bliss of seeming—  
Rose and centre of your being—  
Guardian Angel, spirit-child,  
ANNA CORA, "Birdie," mild.

In another communication from "Birdie" to her parents, received a few weeks ago—from which we make the following extract—it will be seen that she is contemplating the delivery of an address on "The Culture of the Young in Spirit-Life."

"My Dear Father and Mother—Since I wrote you last—through the kindness of Mr. Cuppy—I have been formally accepted as a member of a yet higher association, the members of which are solemnly dedicated to the service of humanity. I wear across my shoulders the peculiar badge of this association—a blue ribbon and a star; the star signifying the 'anointed,' and the color of the ribbon, 'fidelity to Truth.' The ceremony of our initiation (for several other spirits—fellow-students—were admitted with myself), was peculiarly interesting. Scarcely a spirit whose appearance and language are alike impressive, portrayed most eloquently the labors, the self-denial, the suffering, and also the rich recompense that would fall to our lot, and asked us if we had fully counted the cost, and were willing to educate ourselves for the work of elevating fallen humanity. Upon our assenting, he presented our badges to our several teachers, or guardians, and they, with tears and blessings, fastened them upon us. Our pupils also wear badges, but the ribbons differ in shade, and the stars in magnitude. As there are many associations in spirit-life, we are thus enabled immediately to distinguish each other. Each one of these graduates—for I know of no better name—seeks the medium of his or her choice, in order to essay a public expression of his or her thoughts upon some given subject. The one I have chosen is the following: 'The Culture of the Young in Spirit-Life,' as I have been so highly favored in this respect."

## Vineland, N. J.

Thirty miles south of Philadelphia, on the Jersey side of the river, and on the Cape May Railroad, lies the Vineland tract, comprising about fifty thousand acres, which is, in, has passed through, and is still in the ownership and agency of Mr. C. K. Landis, a very large part of which is already owned by actual settlers, numbering now about four thousand, who are making faster and better improvements than I ever saw in any Western town during my travels of nearly twenty years. The population, also, comprises collectively more enterprise, intelligence, independence and progressive sentiment than I have found in any settlement of its size which I have ever visited.

I find here a large number of progressive minds with whom I have met before, and from nearly every Northern State, from Maine to Iowa; among them are several of our friends from Illinois, with means and ability, who have already struck the stake, received the land, and made the commencement of an INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE, of which the readers of the Banner will soon see more notice, and of which those who are ready to take an early interest can learn more by writing to John Gage, Vineland, N. J., or Dr. George Haskell (at present) in Rockford, Ill. Mr. Landis is a young man, but a man of wealth and much business experience, who, unlike most wealthy men, is trying to deposit and increase his wealth in the hearts of the people and secure a property in the growth of better conditions. He has laid out the village and surrounding country, as far as his lands extend, on the most liberal and extensive scale, with wide streets at right angles, with parks and public grounds, etc. The railroad passes nearly through the centre from north to south; and with the station for a centre, is one square mile of village laid out into small lots; then come five, ten, twenty and forty acre lots; and these and larger lots are even more extensive, and are sold, and improved, than the village. And over the whole, the buildings, orchards and gardens show a superior class of settlers.

Mr. Landis guards as effectually as he can, in his sales, against speculators, by requiring improvements or forfeitures, and always expends the interest in public improvements. He also invests receipts for sales and contracts on the place, and has as yet shown no signs of separating his fortune or his wealth from it and the general growth and wealth of the place. In the act of incorporation he has guarded the place against the sale of intoxicating drinks, and other vices so common in new places, except by the vote or consent of a large part of the people, which is not likely to be obtained from such people as have settled here.

Three Churches are partly settled and hold meetings, and the Spiritualists have the lots ready for a hall, and now a good public hall ready for the station, and have regular meetings on a Sunday Evening. Error is rampant, and truth is being gained upon it in religion and morals. The soil is sandy—red and white sand, less of the white—but is by no means all sand; it is well mixed with gravel, loam, marl and clay, with lime and other ingredients in sufficient quantities to make it a productive soil for roots, trees and grain, although it has been reserved for growing crops of wood until the repetition of the same crop has made it appear to be a poor soil—of which sorrel is also to many persons another sign—yet experiment and analysis both establish the fact that it is an excellent and highly productive soil, and for a village is the best quality, being too light for mud and too heavy for desert. Water is soft and abundant, at about thirty feet from the surface. The general surface is slightly rolling, but generally level.

It has been stated in a public lecture, by Mr. Landis, since my visit here, (I believe truly) that more fruit trees and flower seeds have been planted in Vineland within the last two years than on any spot of the same size in the United States, and very extensive arrangements are being made for a large increase the present year. An agricultural and horticultural society is organized and prospering, and Mr. Landis adds to the society's premiums, besides his own encouragement efforts in these departments. He has also commenced furnishing power for mechanical and manufacturing purposes.

There are other enterprises of which it is not best to speak here and now, which will add largely to the inducements for settlers to come here who wish to live in a large inland town, with extraordinary society and advantages of industry and education. There will be three railroad stations on the tract, and only six miles from the central one to navigable water. The land was, and much of it is still, covered with a growth of thirty young timber, mostly oak, but some pine, pine, from twenty to forty feet in height, with considerable undergrowth of grubs and bushes. Every building and improvement is new; not one in sight from the station is over three years old.

I have given six public lectures here on different subjects, and attended several others, which, with my visits and old acquaintances, enable me to speak with confidence and some knowledge of the place and people; and of Mr. Landis. I find the best people here are his best friends, and have full confidence in his ability and honesty of purpose; but it is not well for any person or family to depend on him or on the people here or elsewhere, but on the earth and its resources, and on labor and its products, on enterprise and on spiritual and physical growth and culture, and with these, and a proper application of them, Vineland is a desirable locality.

The soil in its natural state is not so rich and productive nor the climate as warm as where I live at South Pass in Illinois, but the soil is less sandy, and the climate cooler, (and where else, the winters less and summers more agreeable, and for aught I can learn, both about equally healthy for those who know how to live and use the knowledge.

The original settlers about Vineland are more intelligent and enterprising than those in and

about South Pass, but it is difficult to make the people out here realize it. Whiskey and tobacco hold high rank in both, but more in Egypt than in this part of New Jersey; but in both the people need regenerating twice—once into and once out of sectarian Christianity—and this, to be well accomplished, with education, will require about two generations, with large improvements in each. The lovers of whiskey and profanity often hold high carnival in South Pass, and every other settlement in Egypt, although the northern settlers and reformers of course take no part in it; but they have no place to rest the sole of a foot in Vineland, and starting with wonder and astonishment at the growth of the place without whiskey, they move slowly through it and tell the wonderful tale to their astonished neighbors. Over 4000 settlers in three years, and over 2000 more already under engagement to come, and these mostly with means and ability to purchase and improve homes, with a large per cent. of Spiritualists. Reformers and progressive minds, in a certainly a promising sign, and leaves no doubt in my mind that this is the place for the Industrial College, without sectarianism, which we have so long felt a pressing demand for among Reformers.

WARREN CHASE,  
Vineland, N. J., March 7th, 1885.

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

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## Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communication and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and progress in the next life. It is a science, a philosophy, a religion, a revelation in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe, of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the universe. It is a science, a philosophy, a religion, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

## Local Co-operation and Organization.

Almost every local community now possesses tolerably well defined notions of the magnitude and high purpose of the Spiritual Philosophy, as well as a sufficiency of numbers to make very respectable beginnings toward the formation of efficient societies for the dissemination of our new order of Religious Principles, and for the exemplification of their superiority—through combined efforts—for practical application to social regeneration. Then let each community combine its resources of time, capital and enterprise to establish liberal organizations that shall become the prominent exponents of all the latent energies which are now struggling for an earnest expression, but which are necessarily restricted and subdued in their manifestations, from want of the united individual batteries to inspire a strong and homogeneous current of concentrated purpose.

If the glorious patrimony now being bequeathed to us from the angel-world is what we claim it to be, it is worthy of all sacrifices of old attachments, and should receive the most liberal contributions our circumstances, our abilities may afford, to maintain it unimpaired, and to cultivate it with choicest care for the fruits which we believe are destined to bless humanity in every respect, as no other gift bestowed by God to man has ever done in the past.

This community already numbers its thousands of intelligent and earnest-minded Spiritualists, and its tens of thousands who have become awakened to a decidedly favorable interest in Spiritualism. But a large proportion of the latter, as well as no insignificant part of the former, are rarely, if ever, visible in the limited congregations of this city, devoted to the new Religion. And why? Because there has been no bold, outspoken movement of concerted action here, which might duly represent the grand epoch which Spiritualism has inaugurated; no determined throwing down of the gauntlet to the Churches, and challenging them to meet the test of our wonderful revelations from the spirit-life.

There must be some powerful external attraction—as the world goes—to draw out the quiescent and retiring elements of our strength. Many of us are only withholding our presence and cooperation for a louder call—a more imperative impulse—a waiting for the uplifting of some broad, protecting eagle that shall cover such as fear to identify themselves with an unpopular cause, because of its feebleness of outward manifestation. People who have been, a life-long, closely linked in every social relation with time-honored and popular religious customs and teachings—though not immediately connected with any particular sectarian organization—need extraordinary encouragement, even after conviction of new truths such as we acknowledge, to practically emancipate themselves from the relentless tyranny of the "powers that be," and they must feel that there are impregnable strongholds to which they can betake themselves, ere they will dare to avail of the freedom which they secretly cherish as now Heaven-vouchsafed to them.

Our great, and perhaps leading want, in this city—as well as in other great social centres—is, a SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, which shall serve, externally, to focalize our interests in the Spiritual Religion—a place of common resort, primarily, for the preparation and partaking of a healthy spiritual pulchrum for our own souls; secondarily, to invitingly constrain the outside world to enter in with us to gain a true appreciation of the new Gospel, and, ultimately, to join our numbers in hearty rejoicing that the light of the spiritual heavens has dawned upon our common humanity.

Men of liberal sentiments, men of wealth, men of enterprise, put your shoulders to the wheels of Progress, and move in this hour of our common need, and glad hearts shall stimulate you with their sincere thankfulness, and "widow's mites" shall be added to your own contributions of means and efforts, to compass any material or moral force required for the success of this undertaking.

Let us not rest from our labor to bring about such a cooperation of healthy action, in our city, at least, wherein diversity shall be dissolved into unity, and out of the present chaos of individualisms, here, may be brought forth harmony. When the smaller communities of our great nation shall have become developed to work together in the strength of a uniform and harmonious purpose, then can all the parts be successfully brought together to establish a grand, Magna Charta of National spiritual freedom and worship.

Fear not that we shall not be able, in due time, to promulgate our System to the world, in a manner worthy of its inherent beauty and majesty. There is a power behind the throne of the great Spiritual Dispensation of this age that will prove irresistible to accomplish its high aims and inten-

tions, for it is in the hands of disembodied spirits, who will, in their higher wisdom, admonish us of the fullness of time for the consummation of their ultimate designs. It only needs our concentrated human mediumship, in the localities to which we belong, our combination of practical, customary agencies in our communities, together with frequent and familiar interchange of workers, and mutual enlightenment of plans and progress, to eventually succeed in flooding the world with the heavenly light from the spirits' abode, that will spiritually illumine the universal pathway of man's immortality.

## The Allen Boy Medium.

The physical manifestations given through the agency of Master Allen, of Vermont, were a decided success in this city. We had several sittings with him, and tested the demonstrations thoroughly. We know there was no trickery on the part of the medium, or any one connected with him. There is no occasion for fraud, hence the motive to cheat is out of the question.

Private sittings in the presence of the medium were held at the residence of Mr. Daniel Farrar, a highly respectable merchant of this city, who endorses the genuineness of the manifestations in the following unmistakable language: "In the course of seven or eight years, during which I have carried on my investigations, these are the most satisfactory of any I have ever witnessed."

Mr. Ezra Sargent, a well-known literary gentleman of this city, also endorses the reliability of the manifestations given in the presence of the medium. He says, in writing to Mr. Coleman, of London, upon the subject, (as published in the London Spiritual Magazine), "Through this boy Allen we have some remarkable manifestations in the light. While his hands were held by me, hands were seen over and around my head, and I felt them distinctly on my face and hair. All precautions were taken against deception."

So much for the physical manifestations of the Boy Medium in Boston.

Now we find great excitement over him in the good city of Portland. Mr. J. B. Hall, the editor of the Evening Courier, Mr. Blanchard, and several other reliable gentlemen, attended sittings held there, which were entirely satisfactory to them. Mr. H. says in his paper that during all the time the manifestations were going on, the boy's hands were on his left arm, and that the lad had no physical agency in producing them. We quote verbatim:

"The manifestations, as we have described them, do occur, have occurred in our presence. We are entirely convinced of the honesty and truthfulness of the boy medium, and also of Mr. Randall, and we leave our readers to draw their own conclusions."

But the skeptics were not satisfied, and resorted to what they deemed a great test to detect "the trick." Here is their story which we copy from the Press of the 21st:

EXPOSED.—The "wonderful" spiritual manifestations of the "boy medium," Master Henry B. Allen, in charge of Dr. J. H. Randall, of Boston, were brought to a sad end last evening by the impertinent curiosity and wicked doings of some of the gentlemen present at the "séance" at Congress Hall.

As usual, one of the company present was selected to sit at the side of the boy, and allow his hand and arm to be held by both hands of the boy while the "manifestations" were going on. The boy seized hold of the gentleman's wrist with his left hand, and his shoulder, or near it, with the right hand. The manifestations then began, and among them was one trick of pulling the gentleman's hair.

Immediately after this trick was performed the hand of the boy was discovered to be very black—from lamp-black, of the best quality with which the gentleman had dressed his head on purpose to detect who was the "spirit hand" that pulled his hair. His shirt sleeve upon which the boy immediately replaced his hand after pulling his hair, was also black where the hand had been placed. The gentleman stated the facts to the company present and the "séance" broke up. Dr. Randall refunded the fifty cents admission fee to those present.

We are gratified that this test was made by the skeptics. We have often held, for several years past, conversations with prominent Spiritualists upon this very point—among others Dr. H. F. Gardner, of this city, who endorses the theory advanced by Mr. Hall in the letter to us upon the subject, which we give below. We sincerely hope Dr. Gardner will make public all the facts he has gathered from his varied experience with the different physical mediums, that Spiritualists as well as skeptics may arrive at a correct hypothesis in regard to this particular phase of the phenomena now agitating the world.

## MR. HALL'S LETTER.

Our morning papers in this city are rejoicing over what they term the detection of the Allen Boy in his tricks. Some gentlemen saturated their hair with "lamp-black," and when it was pulled by the "spirit-hand," the boy's hand was found to be blacked, and forthwith he is denounced as a humbug and an impostor.

It is not the first time, Mr. Editor, that mediums have been abused because their hands are marked by anything the spirit-hand touches, and the frequent recurrence of this trick to expose a trick, and the uniform result, has led me to think that underlying this may be in operation a law that we scarcely understand, but which will inevitably produce like results; and when the Allen Boy was "exposed," I determined to investigate it. Dr. Randall and Master Henry having kindly consented that I should have liberty to investigate the matter as much as I chose.

The results thus far have convinced me that my theory is, in the main, correct, and that not only the Allen Boy, but other mediums for physical manifestations have been grievously wronged. I am satisfied that whatever the electrical, or "spirit-hand" touches, will inevitably be transferred to the hand of the medium in every instance, unless something occurs to prevent the full operation of the law by which this result is produced.

In company with several well-known and prominent citizens in this city, yesterday afternoon, I had a sitting with the "Boy," to test the truth of this theory. Sitting, as usual, in a rocking-chair, the musical instruments being on a sofa behind me, and the boy sitting at my left, holding my left arm with both hands, his right hand being tied to my arm, the handle of the bell was blacked, and the spirits were requested to ring it, which they immediately did. I instantly threw off the covering from the boy's hands, and uncoupling his right hand, which was tied to my arm, the fingers were found blacked, as if he had taken the bell himself. To make the experiment still more satisfactory, the gentleman present, after the boy had washed his hand, tied both his hands to my arm with a strong cord, and the other end of the cord was held firmly in the grasp of one of them, who pulled so hard that the pressure on my arm was absolutely painful.

Under these conditions, all being satisfied that the boy could not move either of his hands, or that from their usual position on my left arm, my coat was thrown over my left arm covering it and the boy's hands; outside the coat I placed my right hand upon the boy's right hand, demonstrating beyond the possibility of doubt, that the boy

remained perfectly quiet. Thus being prepared, the invisible power began commencing playing on the instruments; they again seized the bell and rang it. I immediately moved the boy's hands, and when he let go his grasp upon my arm, where I know it had quietly remained, I found the manifestation, his hand was found to be blacked as before. The test was conclusive. And instead of proving the boy an impostor, it indicates the existence of a law of nature by which this result must be inevitably produced every time, if the medium is genuine, and the real spirit, or electro-magnetic hand is produced. Whatever that spirit-hand touches must be transferred, by the simple operation of a magnetic law, which electricalians will understand, to the hand of the medium, and when proper precautions are used, it should be taken as an evidence of the genuineness of the manifestations, rather than proof of trickery. You will readily remember instances of the transfer of pictures of neighboring objects to the human body by the free lightnings of heaven. The process of electrotyping is a familiar custom of the electrical transfer. And I conclude that the spirit-hand, being composed in part of the magnetic elements drawn from the medium, when it is dissolved again and the magnetic fluid returns whence it came, it must of necessity carry with it whatever material substance it has touched, and leave it deposited upon the surface or material hand of the medium. This is a scientific question. If it is true, how many innocent mediums have been wronged; and the invisibles have permitted it, until we should discover that it was the natural result of a natural law.

I hope others will investigate this matter, and let us see if the result will warrant the conclusion I have drawn. Yours for Truth,

JOSEPH B. HALL.

Portland, Me., March 23d, 1885.

## Address of the Brothers Davenport.

We shall publish in full the address of the Brothers Davenport to the British public, in reference to the recent action of the mob in Liverpool; in our next paper. It is a clear and bold account of the affair, bearing internal marks of sincerity, and suggestive of that reserved power which those who are satisfied that they have truth on their side naturally exhibit. The idea that any English genius had discovered a knot unknown to the thousand and one Yankee sailors who have heretofore had the tying of the Brothers, was, on the face of the story, simply absurd, but not too much so for John Bull to swallow, or for the daily press of our own country to snatch at eagerly to gratify those who "want to see Spiritualism put down."

One would think that the repeated resurrection of Spiritualism, the last fifteen years, from these "annihilations" and "exposures," would have inspired caution among the opponents of its truths. But "hope springs eternal in the human breast." And so when the story of that fool's knot, practiced by Messrs. Hulley and Cummins to pose and baffle the spirits, reached the patient gentlemen who want to see "the humbug exploded," they joyfully exclaimed, "Now, at last, it surely is done! John Bull has discovered the trick of it—has proved himself smarter than our Yankee investigators."

Alas for the short-lived hopes of mortals! The attempt of the mob of Liverpool to put out the light of Spiritualism will result precisely as did their attempt, some forty years ago, to prevent the introduction of light from gas. The apparatus for proving the feasibility of using gas was riotously destroyed in the market-place of Liverpool. No wonder such a populace are opposed to allowing fair play to Spiritualism!

The Address of the Davenports is a stinging but dignified rebuke to that intolerance which can permit such outrages in England. They truly remark: "Were we mere jugglers we should meet with no violence, or we should find protection." It is because they will not confess themselves charlatans and humbugs that all this opposition is raised. The intolerance is akin to that which shuts the eyes and the ears of so many of our clergy and professors to the great fact of Spiritualism. As the Davenports well say, "There is as much call for a riot against electricity, or a mob to put down oxygen."

It appears that Messrs. Hulley and Cummins were appointed a committee to tie the Davenports; but they undertook to do the work in so violent and brutal a manner that the Brothers finally refused to have anything to do with them. This was enough, of course, to induce two hostile, bigoted and angry men to persuade the audience that the refusal arose from the fact that the "fool's knot" had conquered the pretended spirits. Straightway J. B. falls into paroxysms of wrath, and smashes things right and left, while Messrs. Hulley and Cummins are borne in triumph on the shoulders of the "many-headed monster." Glory enough for one day! But it seems that Hulley, on being accused of enmity to the Brothers, publicly replied, "I avow it—I am a bitter foe to the Davenports." After such a confession, one would have supposed that any men not blinded by a contagious mob fury would have seen that Mr. H. was not altogether impartial person to act as a judge of the phenomena. He stood there, pre-resolved to make them turn out abortive, if he could do it by any rough usage in the act of tying. But the Davenports have made an unanswerable reply to their antagonists, and we do not doubt that the present persecution will react against its authors.

The account of the pretended discomfiture of the Brothers was telegraphed in the English summary from Halifax two or three weeks ago, and thus passed into the columns of nearly all the daily papers of the country. A lie, opposed to truth and justice, has thus been widely circulated. Will the journals that have been made the instruments for such circulation, make such proceedings as may be in their power by noticing the contradiction? With some few noble exceptions we fear the newspaper press will be dumb upon the subject. No matter. Truth by its own strength shall prevail. We can wait.

## Children's Lyceum.

We have received a communication from Mary F. Davis in reference to the Children's Lyceum in New York, which we shall publish in our next. We are pleased to know that similar Lyceums are rapidly on the increase in different parts of the United States. It is a movement that should be sustained by every true Spiritualist. The spiritual welfare of children is of paramount importance, and we are surprised that the Spiritualists of Boston have not ere this established one here. We earnestly recommend early action in this matter.

## The Western Sanitary Fair.

On our third page will be found a letter from Cora Wilbur, giving some further details in regard to this great humanity enterprise, which is to take place in Chicago, Ill., in May next. The Spiritualists have had a department assigned to them, and Mrs. J. S. Fuller, of Chicago, has been selected on their behalf to preside over it. All Spiritualists who intend contributing to this worthy object should address Mrs. Fuller.



## Our Patronage.

A correspondent writes: "It is a shame that with five millions of Spiritualists in the United States, the weekly edition of the Banner of Light is less than twelve thousand copies." And so it is, when the fact is taken into consideration that the wealthy Spiritualists in our midst—and they are numbered by thousands—stand aloof, waiting for the arrival of the auspicious moment when Spiritualism will "become more popular," so that they can publicly endorse it "without detriment to their business." They cannot serve God and Mammon at the same time. There are some honorable exceptions, however, to this class of Spiritualists, we are gratified to state.

Those who have stood by us during all our severe trials in the past—financially and otherwise—were not blessed with a superabundance of this world's goods; but their large, unselfish souls went into the work with an earnestness and a will that none but the angels could have prompted; and, through these dear friends—God bless them!—have been sustained thus far. And now we have no fears but that our beloved BANNER will wave triumphantly for many years to come, dispensing good, wholesome spiritual food to the hungry children of earth. With Truth, Justice and Freedom for our motto, we must succeed.

## Spiritual Pictures.

Mr. S. B. Foster informs us that he is about to commence a series of large oil paintings, illustrating the development and progress of the Spiritual Philosophy; showing the contrast between the old Orthodox idea of a century ago, and the more enlightened and beautiful reality which is now so rapidly becoming understood and appreciated by the more progressed minds of the age. This work will form an important era, in showing to the enlightened mind the intimate relation between the material and spiritual world, which has so often been presented to us through the lips of our public mediums, thus satisfying the eye as well as the ear, and making more clearly understood the incontestable fact of spirit intercourse.

As these paintings will be of a large size, and for public exhibition, varying in size from ten to twenty feet, it will be readily seen that they must be of an expensive character, and involve an expenditure of money far beyond his means. He therefore considers it necessary to call on those interested in the matter and willing to assist him, to request their aid to enable him to accomplish his work. As Mr. Foster has had many years experience in his profession, and also had the advantage of studying in some of the best galleries in Europe, he may be considered competent to accomplish whatever he undertakes in that way.

## D. D. Home and the Clergy.

Mr. Home has been giving readings of late in Norwich, Conn., for the benefit of the Soldiers Aid Society, from which the sum of two hundred dollars was realized, notwithstanding the Rev. John V. Lewis published an article in the Bulletin, advising "the Christian men and women of Norwich" not to attend the readings, on the ground that by so doing they would virtually endorse the principles of Spiritualism. Mr. Home being a Spiritualist. After stating that "Mr. Home does not bring forward his peculiar notions in his readings," he makes the following admission in regard to the interest people have in Spiritualism and Spiritualists. He says: "It is undeniable that the crowd goes to hear him not because he has a fine voice, and is an excellent reader, but because he is a Spiritualist, a representative man, a famous man in that art or science, or delusion, whichever it may be."

Mr. Lewis's article elicited a reply from Mr. Home, when quite a sharp epistolary controversy took place between them, through the columns of the Bulletin. Mr. Home stood upon his ground as a Spiritualist, and triumphantly sustained his position against the animadversions of his clerical antagonist.

Mr. Home is at present in this city, where he will remain for a few weeks. He returns to Europe the first of May.

## Lycium Hall Meetings.

"Fatality" was the theme upon which the invisibles discoursed through Lizzie Doten, on Sunday, March 15th. We quote one significant sentence, given at the commencement of the address: "If there is any one word that would obliterate or strike from the lexicons, it is the word Fate; and we would substitute therefor the word Law." The position taken by the speaker was well argued and clearly defined.

In the evening another discussion took place between two spirits, a third one acting as umpire. The question discussed was, "The Origin of the Idea of a personal Devil; and has it been of benefit to humanity?" The debate was very interesting, and the large audience appeared to be much pleased with the many good things which were said.

Miss Doten will continue to lecture in this city through April.

## Speakers' Appointments Next Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Doten lectures in Lycium Hall, in this city, morning and evening, next Sunday; Charles A. Hayden in City Hall, Charlestown; J. S. Loveland in Library Hall, Chelsea; Mrs. Laura Cundy in Worcester; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes in Lynn; Wm. K. Ripley in Foxboro; Mrs. S. A. Horton in Haverhill; Miss M. L. Beckwith in Lowell; M. S. Greenleaf in North Cambridge; Miss Emma Houston in Somerville, Conn.; N. Frank White in Williamstown, Conn.; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in Troy, N. Y.; Mrs. A. A. Currier in Providence, R. I.

J. M. Peebles has gone West, and commences an engagement in Milwaukee the first of April. J. G. Fish intends to remove his family from the West to New Jersey during this month, and will for some time to come lecture in the New England and Middle States.

## Spiritual Books for the Soldiers.

We would inform the friends who may feel disposed to furnish works on Spiritualism to our wounded soldiers in Hospital, that a reliable lady, who is attached to the Alexandria Hospital, will take charge of such books, and see that they are properly distributed.

Packages may be sent to this office for the above object, any time within the next three weeks, as the lady leaves Boston at the expiration of that time.

## J. S. Loveland.

We are informed that this able lecturer, upon the Spiritual Philosophy, intends hereafter to make his headquarters in this city, and will remove his family from Connecticut the first of April. We are glad to learn also, that he is to continue in the lecturing field exclusively, for we consider him one of the ablest laborers in the spiritual ranks. He is a gentleman of rare talents, and a very pleasant speaker. We trust he will meet with the encouragement he so richly deserves.

## New Publications.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, April, 1885. Among the illustrations in this number are views of Old City, accompanied with a description of the Petroleum Regions. The following list of contents shows this to be a good number: A Dog's Day Ended, with two illustrations; Where the Water was; Love at Sea; The Petroleum Region of America; Herold's Deeds of Heroic Men—Military Adventures beyond the Mississippi; Miss Milligan's Sermon; Thieves' Jargon; Pleasant Valley and Deacon Marvin; Wall Street in War Time; Mr. Furbush; Armadale, by Wilkie Collins; Soft Shinned the Moon, with an illustration; Recollections of Sherman, with a portrait; Hearts and Trees; Our Mutual Friend, by Charles Dickens; A Sermon to Servants; Monthly Record of Current Events; Editor's Easy Chair; Editor's Drawer. A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, have it.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, April, 1885. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

The following list of contents is sufficient to attract the reader's attention to this standard monthly: Adventures of a Lone Woman; The Spaniard's Graves at the Isles of Shoals; Grit; The Petbone Lineage; Up the St. Mary's; Robin Badfellow; Ice and Esquimaux; Dr. Johns; Our First Citizen; Needle and Garden; Memories of Authors—Theodore Hook and his Friends; The Chimney-Corner; Mr. Hosea Biglow to the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly; "If Massa put Guns into our Han's."

THE LADY'S FRIEND, April, 1885. Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia.

This number contains a very handsome steel engraving, and a richly colored double steel fashion plate, with a good variety of reading matter; altogether an excellent number.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for April, 1885. Philadelphia.

The illustrations in this number are elegant, and the literary contents in keeping with the high reputation of this favorite of the ladies.

## Clarke vs. Emerson.

The pamphlet issued by us last week, containing a "Review of a Lecture by James Freeman Clarke, on the Religious Philosophy of Ralph Waldo Emerson," by the inviolable through Lizzie Doten, is meeting with a rapid sale and exciting the attention of all denominations. The subject is handled in a very able manner by our spirit-friends.

## Cambridge, Wisconsin.

Spiritualism is gaining a foothold in all parts of the West. I. F. Adams, of Cambridge, Wis., informs us that he has disciples enough in that place to encourage them in holding a public meeting, to be addressed by a spiritual lecturer. They applied for the use of the Methodist Church, but, being refused, were obliged to worship at a private house. The heaven still keeps working.

## Lycium Hall Meetings—Change of Time.

Hereafter the Spiritual Meetings in Lycium Hall, in this city, will be held at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and in the evening at 7. There will be no afternoon meeting, as heretofore. Miss Doten occupies the desk next Sunday.

## Spiritual Convention in Boston.

The reader is referred to the call of Dr. Gardner, in another column, for a Spiritual Convention to be held in this city on the 20th and 31st of May and June 1st—three days. Spiritualists everywhere are invited to be present, as important questions will be discussed.

## Mercantile Library Lectures.

The last lecture of the course will be delivered before the Association on Wednesday evening, March 26th, in Music Hall, by the popular orator, John B. Gough. The subject of his address is, "Fact and Fiction." An organ concert, by B. J. Lang, will precede the address.

We publish on our third page the Circular of the Religious-Philosophical Publishing Association, which explains itself. The last number of the Progressive Age contains the following: "Many of our readers will be happily disappointed to learn that the 'Religio-Philosophical Publishing Association' has bought the Progressive Age, and it will soon be issued from Chicago, about double its present size, under the more appropriate name of 'The Religio-Philosophical Herald and Spiritual Messenger'."

Mr. Hall informs us that he shall still continue in the publishing business, notwithstanding his disposal of the Age, and be more earnestly engaged in it than ever. He says: "We will publish the Age for the R. P. A. at Kalamazoo, until we are otherwise ordered. Also, will receive subscriptions for the Herald, and stock for the Association." We bid him and all others God-speed in the good work.

## New York Matters.

(Correspondence of the Banner of Light.)

New York, March 22, 1885.

The Spiritual Societies in Gotham have got permanently located, at last. "The Friends of Progress" hold their meetings in Ebbitt Hall, near the junction of 33d street and Broadway and Sixth Avenue.

Mr. F. L. H. Willis's Society had the offer of Hope Chapel last week, and the Committee thought it advisable to take it, for the present, and will no doubt hold meetings there hereafter. The Conference will also meet there Sunday afternoon.

Miss Harding's lecture on Thursday evening was not so fully attended as was expected. But she stated to the audience that she should continue the course, and give what had been given her to speak.

If Spiritualists would use a little individual exertion, they could easily increase the circulation of the Banner of Light, Friend of Progress, and other spiritual papers one hundred per cent. There are many investigators of the spiritual phenomena who would willingly subscribe for a paper setting forth the claims of Spiritualism, if some friend would call their attention to it. By so doing Spiritualists would accomplish great good, as well as aid in an especial manner the investigator. I have conversed with many who think favorably of the subject, but have never read any of the spiritual papers or books. If investigators would read the Banner each week, they would find much in it that would enlighten their minds in regard to this great light of the planet earth.

Mrs. Jeanie Waterman Danforth, formerly of Boston, but more recently from Philadelphia, an excellent test medium, is now in this city, holding readings at rooms 47 West 13th street. She is giving great satisfaction, and is daily making converts to the belief in the existence of the spirit after it has put on the mortal form, and of its ability to return and identify itself. B. WATSON.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

We have the report of a lecture delivered before the Spiritualists of Quincy, Mass., not long since by Mr. J. M. Allen, who speaks under spirit influence. It will appear as soon as our space permits.

Our New York friends will always find a full supply of the Banner of Light at the office of the Friend of Progress, 274 Canal street.

We understand that Dr. Uriah Clark is very successful in his treatment of the sick.

H. S. Brown, M. D., has issued a circular especially dedicated to Spiritualists, which he will send to any address on the receipt of a red postage stamp. It is entitled, "How can Spiritualists associate together to do the most good." His address is 648 Astor street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Read the advertisement of Dr. P. B. Bristol, a healing medium, who is located for the present at Springfield, Mass.

THE UNION SOCIABLES.—The last of these reunions for the season will take place at Lycium Hall, Tremont street, on Tuesday evening, the 23rd last.

An astrological almanac, printed in London last year, says that there will be a crisis in the money market on the 28th of March, 1885.

BANNER OF LIGHT.—This journal is the ablest and best of its class. Those interested in the matters to which it is devoted will find it worthy of their support. A new story from the pen of Dr. H. T. Child, entitled "Katie Malvern," will be commenced in the number for March 25.—Advocate, Belleville, Ill.

The ladies are referred to the advertisement of Mary A. Lucas, who is to give a course of lectures at the Melancon, in this city.

Jo Coze says that a man with squeaking boots sings with the sole and the understanding.

About fifteen hundred children are already attending the public schools in Charleston, S. C. There has been no parallel to this fact in the history of any captured city in the insurrectionary States.

A new gunpowder is said to have been discovered in Germany. It consists of tannic gallic acid, or the resin of commerce, and chlorate or nitrate of potash. The new gunpowder is stated to be of three times the explosive force of that now in use and one-half cheaper.

THE ANNUAL FAST.—Gov. Andrew has appointed Thursday, the 13th of April, to be observed as a day of fasting in Massachusetts.

Parisian society has been saddened by the death of a young lady of rank and fashion. On a post mortem examination it was found that her decease was owing to tight lacing. Her stays had forced three of her ribs into her liver.

SCHOOLS AND NEWSPAPERS.—To schools and newspapers civilization owes its crown of intelligence. These are the chief bulwarks of free society; the mightiest secular agencies of Christianity. Both educators and disseminators, their functions are still more profoundly different. The schools laying the basis of knowledge, and the newspapers spreading knowledge, with unparalleled speed and universality among men.—Investigator.

A case has been tried in England which turned upon the question whether the word "team" meant a wagon and horses, or the horses only. It was decided to mean the latter, and the Duke of Marlborough, who was the plaintiff, lost the suit.

The Mormon Temple at Salt Lake City, now in process of erection, will seat 9000 people.

Gov. Bramlette, of Kentucky, according to the Louisville Journal, furnished all his slaves with free papers on the 17th.

THE SICK CHILD.—How the trembling children gather round, Startled out of sleep and scared and crying! "Is our merry little sister dying? Will they come and put her under ground, As they did poor baby that May day? Or will shining angels stoop and take her On their snow-white wings to heaven, and make her Sit among the stars, as fair as they?"—Miss Muloch.

During a discussion by two railway travelers upon the merits of an Orthodox and Unitarian clergyman, it was remarked that the latter did not go to any great depth. At this, Jo Coze, who happened to be present, essayed to put in a word, and said it was probably because he was not going in that direction. Orthodoxy whistled at him and said no more.

There are 2008 places in Boston where liquor is sold, 342 kept by Americans, 1041 Irish, 78 Germans, 19 colored, and 16 Portuguese. The chief of police testifies that a liquor license law could be enforced in Boston as well as other license laws, and that in Baltimore, under a license system, no liquor could be obtained at the hotels or saloons on Sunday.

We find, in an account of the contemplated draft at New Orleans, published in the Delta, an allusion to Capt. Wm. M. Robinson, formerly connected with the Banner. The editor says: "The drafting will be under the immediate control of a board, of which Lieut. Col. Ritchie, of the New Orleans First, is President; Capt. W. M. Robinson, Acting Commissary of Munitions, and Surgeon George W. Avery, of the First New Orleans, being the other members. Capt. Robinson we have had the pleasure of knowing for a long time, he having exchanged the pen for the sword since his arrival in Louisiana, and we know that he is not a man, to use a homely simile, that will 'let grass grow under his feet' when there is work to be done. With such men as these engaged in the undertaking, the military authorities will have no cause to complain of a lack of energy in carrying out the provisions of the draft orders."

Horse flesh is becoming popular on the continent. In Denmark it is publicly sold, and at Vienna there are seven special butcheries, where, in 1863, 1084 horses were retailed.

Promises made in time of trouble require a better memory than is generally possessed by mankind.

Many persons, like a mocking-bird, or a blank wall, say nothing of themselves, but give back imperfectly the utterances of others.

If Spiritualists, reformers and agitators would be consistent, they must proclaim the same principles of justice in their articles of association that they do in their speeches. When this is done, known and understood, all good persons, seeing the purity of their intentions and the righteousness of their cause, will join them in establishing the rule of Equity as the guide of all people, and the only means that will bring peace on earth and good will to men.—H. S. Brown, M. D., of Milwaukee, Wis.

## Keokuk, Iowa.

Dr. L. K. Conolly writes us from Dixon, Ill., under date of March 11th: "He says he has just closed a course of lectures in Keokuk, Iowa, to crowded audiences. He was followed by Dr. John Mayhew, who lectured also to large audiences. He is a good natural speaker, and is doing a noble work in the West."

## Challenge to Messrs. Hulley and Cummins.

To the Editor of the London Standard: Sir—In order to show at once and forever that it is not a knot of any kind, but the brutal manner of applying it, to which the Brothers Davenport have objected, I herewith propose that Messrs. Hulley and Cummins, of Liverpool, shall have the privilege of fastening their celebrated "Davenport's knot" in the presence of a jury of twelve gentlemen of position and character in London, instead of an excited and prejudiced mob—the knot to be applied so as not to subject the Brothers to needless pain, of which two respectable surgeons shall be judges, and the jury of twelve report to the public the result.

H. D. PALMER, Manager.

## Anniversary Week.

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

H. F. GARDNER, M. D.

Boston, March 24, 1885.

## L. L. Farnsworth, Medium for Answering Sealed Letters.

Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$2.00 and sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, Box 3377, Chicago, Ill. Residence, 439 West Lake street.

## Bread for the Suffering Poor.

Fresh bread, to a limited extent, from a bakery in this city, will be delivered to the suffering poor on tickets issued at the Banner of Light office.

## To Correspondents.

[We cannot guarantee to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. F. S. PORTYAO, Mich.—The author is teaching the system in this city.

W. C. VINELAND, N. J.—\$3.00 received.

TO CURE DISTURBED SLEEP.—Add one table-spoon full of Dr. T. B. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink before you retire to bed. In the morning repeat the above. If that does not make you sleep, take two table-spoons full of the Cider.

For sale everywhere.

D. T. BARBITT, Sole Agent, 64, 65, 67, 69, 70, 72 and 74 WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK.

Hilton's Insoluble Cement. For wood, leather, crockery, and other substances, it is the best and most economical. It is a liquid form, and is applied by brush. It will adhere to any substance completely. Two-ounce bottle, with brush (family package) 25 cents each. Sold everywhere.

HILTON'S CEMENT, CO., Importers, Providence, R. I. On receipt of 50 cents, a family package will be sent by mail.

Feb. 11—33

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

J. R. NEWTON, M. D., THE HEALER.

Will remain in Chicago, at the Sherman House, until April 15th.

AND Commence in Davenport, Iowa, Monday, April 13th, for Two or Three Weeks.

## THE CELEBRATED CRAIG MICROSCOPE.

The best, simplest, cheapest and most powerful Microscope in the world. It is an entirely new plan. Magnifies nearly 10,000 times—a power equal to complicated microscopes. It is so simple that a child can use it. It requires no focal adjustment, therefore it can be readily used by every one—even by children. Adapted to the family circle as well as scientific use. Shows the adulteration in food, the structure of water, globules in blood and other fluids; the structure of hair, claws on a fly's foot, and, in fact, the objects which can be examined under a microscope. It is a life-time. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal terms at wholesale. Send stamp for Circular. Price \$1.00 per dozen. Beautifully illustrated Objects only \$1.00 per dozen.

Also, the new and beautiful folding sliding focus HELIX. THE MICROSCOPE, which magnifies pictures large and life-like. Price \$3.00. CROCKERY MICROSCOPE \$2.00 per dozen.

Any of the above instruments will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address, G. G. MEAD, Chicago, Ill., (P. O. Box 1035.)

## A COURSE OF FIVE LECTURES.

BY MARY B. LUCAS, M. D., INSTRUCTING LADIES IN THE USE OF ELECTRICITY, MESMERISM, AND ALL REMEDIES PROPER FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES, TO BE GIVEN

March 28th, 29th and 31st, and April 4th and 5th, AT 274 O'CONNOR, P. M., AT THE

MEANION, TREMONT TEMPLE BUILDING, BOSTON.

Tickets to the Course, \$1.00; Single Admission, 25 cents.

April 1.

## DR. P. B. BRISTOL, THE HEALER.

Will be at the Russell House, Springfield, Mass.,

TO HEAL THE SICK OF ALL CHRONIC AND ACUTE DISEASES, by practical operations of a few minutes, without medicine.

Persons reasonable to those able to pay, and all who have no means are INVITED FREE, "without money and without price."

April 1.

## 100 SHEETS NOTE PAPER

SENT BY MAIL, PREPAID, FOR 75 CENTS!

COMMERCIAL NOTE, Octavo Note, Ladies' Note and Bill Head, first quality, ruled and hand ruled. A package containing 100 sheets of either of the above sizes sent by return mail, on receipt of price. Address, G. F. BARKER, Adams, Mass.

April 1.

## DR. REYNOLDS, Magnetic Healer since 1843.

Is now at CLINTON HALL, Room 5, Astor Place, New York.

April 1.

## BOOK-KEEPER WANTED.—For further information apply at this office.

April 1.

## MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS.

THESE unparalleled Powers, known as the GREAT FEAR, REFUGE, NERVE AND FEMALE REGULATOR, possess the most perfect control over the Nervous and Circulatory Systems of any known agent. They are wholly vegetable. In all cases they work like a charm, without purging, vomiting, nausea, or the least possible injury or effects, producing their results gently, soothingly, silently and imperceptibly, so as to be safe.

THESE Powers will justify their claim to being the

## GREAT FAMILY MEDICINE OF THE AGE!

THE POSITIVE POWERS CURE: (THE NEGATIVE POWERS CURE: 1. All Positive Fevers: as Inflammation, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Intermittent, Scarlet, Small Pox, Measles, 2. All Positive Nervous Diseases: as Neuritis, Headache, Toothache, Vertigo, St. Vitus's Dance, Lockjaw, Fits, Bell's Palsy, Tremor, Hysteria, Colic, Cholera, Dropsy, Gravel, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, etc. 3. Positive Female Diseases: as all Menstrual Derangements, Leucorrhoea, Threatened Abortion, etc. Also, the Venereal, Gonorrhea, Syphilis, etc. 4. Positive Diseases of the Sexual and Urinary Organs, and of the Bladder and Bowels. 5. Positive Diseases of the Skin: as Eczema, Scabies, etc. 6. Positive Diseases of the Lungs: as Cough, Asthma, etc. 7. Positive Diseases of the Liver: as Biliousness, etc. 8. Positive Diseases of the Kidneys: as Gravel, etc. 9. Positive Diseases of the Stomach: as Indigestion, etc. 10. Positive Diseases of the Intestines: as Constipation, etc. 11. Positive Diseases of the Heart: as Palpitation, etc. 12. Positive Diseases of the Brain: as Insomnia, etc. 13. Positive Diseases of the Senses: as Deafness, etc. 14. Positive Diseases of the Muscles: as Paralysis, etc. 15. Positive Diseases of the Blood: as Anemia, etc. 16. Positive Diseases of the Bones: as Osteoporosis, etc. 17. Positive Diseases of the Joints: as Arthritis, etc. 18. Positive Diseases of the Skin: as Eczema, etc. 19. Positive Diseases of the Lungs: as Cough, etc. 20. Positive Diseases of the Liver: as Biliousness, etc. 21. Positive Diseases of the Kidneys: as Gravel, etc. 22. Positive Diseases of the Stomach: as Indigestion, etc. 23. Positive Diseases of the Intestines: as Constipation, etc. 24. Positive Diseases of the Heart: as Palpitation, etc. 25. Positive Diseases of the Brain: as Insomnia, etc. 26. Positive Diseases of the Senses: as Deafness, etc. 27. Positive Diseases of the Muscles: as Paralysis, etc. 28. Positive Diseases of the Blood: as Anemia, etc. 29. 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## Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER 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.

Prayer is the cloudless sky of Heaven,  
That knows no gloom or night;  
The great highway by martyrs trod,  
Leading to endless light.

Oh Spirit of Infinite Truth, whose Presence is everywhere, whom no soul can analyze, no mind can encompass, no depth of thought can ever fathom, thou Spirit of Time, thou Soul of Eternity, we look outward and upward into the great Eternity by which we are surrounded, and from every source we hear thy whisperings! There is no place where thou hast not an abiding place, no time when thou hast not been. Everywhere thou art, and yet the soul is ever seeking to find thee. It is because thou art infinite, while we are finite; thou art the mighty whole, while we are but members of thy Great Soul; thou art the Sun, the Centre, the Everlasting Power, while we are thy children, thy subjects; we revolve around thee, we turn to thee ever for all our light, all our strength, all our love. We sometimes murmur that we do not know thee better. We sometimes feel desolate, and think, in our ignorance, thou hast forsaken us; but straightway we hear thy voice penetrating the solemn silence of soul, telling us thou art with us; that there is no darkness that can ever obscure the sunlight of thy love. It will shine on, and fall sweetly and soothingly upon us, whether we will or no. It is said that we sometimes wander from thee, and forget to acknowledge thee, but this cannot be; the soul knows its source; the soul knows from whence it has come, and whither it is tending. In its own interior life it ever holds communion with thee. So it cannot wander from thee; it cannot forget to obey thee, it cannot turn aside from thy laws. It is thy child, it lives in thine atmosphere, and without thee it would be nowhere, could not exist. And inasmuch as it is of itself an indestructible essence, we know it is immortal—is of itself. Whether it be a great and mighty power, a something that we may one day understand, or a great, immutable law we cannot hope to comprehend, it is all the same. We are of thee, we feel, and thou art of us. Oh, we praise thee for the great blessings that fall like sweetest showers and softest sunlight upon us, that come soothing us in our weary journey through life. We praise thee also for the shadows that sometimes fall across our pathway, for they, too, point with fingers of love to the great hereafter, the fountain of joy; for without the shades of night we would not understand the day-beams; without sorrow we would not understand joy; without Hell we would not understand Heaven. So, oh Great Spirit, of all places and all times, for all things, we praise thee.

Feb. 6.

### Questions and Answers.

CHAIRMAN.—Dr. A. B. Child hands in the following letter, which he received a short time since from a person residing in the far West, to be answered by the invisibles controlling at this circle. He thinks the light which they may throw upon the subject will be of great use and interest to many. He has received many letters of similar purport within the last four or five years, showing the existence of a great deal of affliction of a like nature among mediums.

A. B. Child, M. D.: Dear Friend and Brother—You no doubt will think it strange to receive a letter from a far-off stranger; but I hope the conditions of the writer will be sufficient excuse for calling upon you for aid and advice. I was recommended by Mr. Leo Miller to do so. In brief, then, I am surrounded by a class of spirits most unholily in appearance and manifestation. I converse with them at pleasure, hear their voices, understand their language distinctly, the burden of which is, "Q—d—n your soul to—!" "Q—d—n you." My efforts have been to lead them out of that low plane they are in, but I fail to do it. They are constantly throwing their magnetic influence over me. At times they compel me to do wrong, contrary to my wishes or better judgment. Now what can be done? Will you give me advice in my forlorn case? My prayer to God continually is, that I may be "delivered from the snares of evil." But you may reply, "There is no evil." Oh, brother in spirit, explain and make it plain to me, if you can, for I am in the lowest hell. Lay, if you please, my case before the intelligences who control the circle at the Banner of Light office, and tell me what they say; tell me whether I must strive to rid myself of them, or not? I have been a believer and advocate of Spiritualism for more than ten years. I thought I knew something about it; but, alas! I find how ignorant, weak and blind I am. Still I wish to have knowledge and strength to do that which is right. I pray for more love to God and all his creatures; and I think I am a friend to all mankind. I have no ill feeling toward those spirits I speak of; still I would be rid of their influence.

Ans.—The idea embodied in the last clause of the letter, tells its own story; or in other words, informs us why the dear friend is so troubled—why he cannot enlighten the intelligences that surround him, or rid himself of their influence. It is because he is unconcerned to the condition in which he seems to have been placed by an all-wise Father. He says, "I would rid myself of the presence of these intelligences." Now, friend, we beseech you to love these intelligences, in the largest sense of the term love. You will hardly wish to rid yourself of their presence if you do this, for you will know that inasmuch as they have been sent to you, they come for good, for a wise purpose; they have been sent hither by an all-wise God, who never does anything by halves. Now, then, strive by all the powers of your being to cultivate sympathy for these intelligences—that spirit of sympathy, of charity, that spirit of love that is so necessary to your happiness, and to their happiness also. Remember that they come to you asking for light, notwithstanding their language. They may curse you a thousand, or ten thousand times, but at the same time their purpose is to gain happiness; that is the purpose

of all individual spirits. All are seeking for heaven; some in one way, some in another. Now, then, once more we beseech you to earnestly cultivate a spirit of resignation and true charity. Be willing to serve these unfortunate intelligences, and not merely will you do this because it is your duty, but you will learn to love that duty; and when you do, the entire atmosphere will be changed, and these unfortunates will be baptized into a higher life, through the change of this atmosphere.

Q.—Is it not in the power of those spirits who annoy that gentleman, to express their desires and wishes to him in some other words, instead of the language they use?

A.—People do not always use the highest expressions of power. They are doubtless possessed of power to express themselves in a different way, if they saw fit so to do; or in other words, if their inclination tended that way. But it would seem, from his story, that they do not.

Q.—Are the evil spirits in the other life restrained by a power superior to themselves, or are they cast into caverns or places of punishment for breaking divine laws?

A.—Not in any such way, for they cannot transgress those laws. All divine laws are untransgressable.

Q.—Are they not permitted to express their love of indignation, love of tormenting others?

A.—Certainly; and not go beyond the boundaries of law.

Q.—What is the mode of punishing such evil-minded ones in spirit-life?

A.—The judgment-seat is within themselves, and the place of chastisement also within themselves. When they shall have outgrown their evil propensities, and learned there is a better way, they will regret having taken the way which was not as good. Through this regret, or remorse, come suffering and chastisement. You cannot punish the soul; it must punish itself. Your curses will fall like flakes of snow upon the soul that needs punishing. But that which is born of its own life, is the sword which shall cut off the head of error.

Q.—It is a whim, or a well founded idea, with many people, that Friday is an unlucky day of the week to commence any industrial enterprise or new business transactions. Can you inform us if this idea has any other foundation than mere whim?

A.—It was a favorite belief with a certain class of ancients that the God of Destruction ruled on that day, which is equivalent to Friday with you, and that whatever was created on that day would be speedily destroyed, would be short-lived. It was also believed by them that all children born on that day were non-immortal—that the gods did not favor them with immortality. Now this, to us, very foolish belief, has come down through posterity, although in a little different form, and lives with you to-day. It is a child of past ignorance, and you nourish it, and cherish it, and abide with it, many of you, just as though it were a something sacred and holy. We would advise you to rid yourselves of this, what may be called favorite superstition, for it is nothing more.

Q.—How did the idea of Friday's being an unlucky day originate among the ancients?

A.—Well, that we do not know. There are many suppositions concerning its origin, but they are, after all, only suppositions. Some say that they have their origin in certain positions of the heavenly bodies, and some in certain manifestations of the water, some in certain manifestations of the vegetable kingdom. It was declared by certain ancients that all earthquakes took place on Friday, or a time equivalent to that day; that all serious disasters that fell upon mankind happened on Friday.

Q.—Do you make any distinction between acts that spring from natural goodness, and those that are the result of virtuous consideration?

A.—Well, we really cannot see any difference between the two.

Q.—To us there seems to be a difference.

A.—We cannot agree with you. Virtuous considerations and natural goodness seem to be synonymous.

Q.—They are not so considered, I believe.

A.—Well, you consider a great many things very strangely. A short time ago you considered that your earth was made in six days by some personal God or Deity, who rested from his labors on the seventh day; that the earth was but six thousand years old. Geology comes, with her unmistakable language, and you cannot point your finger upon a time when your earth did not exist.

Q.—Spurzheim makes a distinction between acts performed through natural goodness, and those through virtuous consideration.

A.—Very well; he may make a distinction, but we cannot. He may draw a dividing line, but we see no space for it. Well, motive is in natural goodness all the same. They are so closely wedded, that I doubt very much if you could divorce them.

Q.—Are there not seasons when nature seems to be more destructive than constructive?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—Was not that the origin of the ancients' belief, that the God of Destruction ruled on Friday?

A.—Well, we so stated in the beginning of our remarks upon the subject—at least we meant to. Destruction and reconstruction is the order of life everywhere.

Q.—If we could learn the seasons, should we not be able to make our plans in harmony with the operations of nature?

A.—Most certainly you would. Knowledge, either material or spiritual, never comes amiss. Knowledge is the key of heaven. He who is truly wise is truly good; and he who is truly good is truly happy.

Q.—Have the planets any influence over the acts of individuals?

A.—It is so believed by many intelligences. For our own part, we believe that as all things in the world of matter, as in the world of mind, are so connected, so the changing of a single atom must affect all other atoms more or less. This being true, the changing of the position of the heavenly bodies must affect all atoms, according to be sure, to the position, relative position, of the atoms to the world changing. In this sense, if in no other, we believe you are affected by planetary influences.

Q.—Is it a matter of knowledge in the spirit-world, that the diameter of the earth has increased or diminished the last ten thousand years?

A.—Well, it is believed by many that it has increased, by many that it has remained ever the same. For our own part, we believe that so far as the law of progress is concerned, it has increased; but we cannot believe it has in any other sense.

Q.—In the case of the gentleman before alluded to, is it right for him to resist those evil spirits that surround him?

A.—It is always right to overcome evil with good. It is never right, in our opinion, to resist evil, for resistance is another condition of the same evil. In other words, it is not potent enough, not strong enough, not powerful enough to overcome the greater evil. That which is of itself resistance, is not strong enough, spiritually speaking, to over-

come evil. All evil, in order to be done away with, must be overcome by goodness. It is right always to do this.

Q.—Can we do this by yielding?

A.—No, certainly not. Every time we yield to the lesser good we lose; our own strength becomes more or less identified with that lesser good or evil. Seek to overcome the lesser good by the higher good. Life is a great battle-field, everywhere.

Q.—Some modern astronomers consider the diameter of the earth to be decreasing, in consequence of the cooling of the interior surface of the earth.

A.—We certainly do not agree with them.

Q.—Do you entertain the opinion that the earth's diameter is the same as it has always been?

A.—We know it. It is not a matter of opinion, but of knowledge.

Q.—Was not the diameter of the earth millions of ages ago, when the earth was a vaporous mass, larger than it now is?

A.—We have no evidence that this was so. Nothing in or around the earth would tend to prove it. All bodies are identified, so far as form is concerned, before that form becomes distinct and positive to human senses. We have no evidence that the earth's diameter was any larger when it was in a state of chaos, or a floating mass of vapor, than it is to-day. So much of space it must occupy and none more, for, if it did not, it would infringe upon the law of some other planet, and by so doing, put confusion throughout the universe.

Q.—Do not all bodies become denser as they cool? For instance, if this room should be filled with steam, which suddenly condensed, it might not occupy more than a pint of water.

A.—Yes, that is true.

Q.—Does not the same law apply to cosmical vapors?

A.—No, we do not think it does; and so far as the foundation of worlds are concerned, every world must occupy a certain place in the universe. If this were not so, you might say that this small ball on which you live once filled the entire universe. We believe that it never occupied any more space than it occupies to-day.

Q.—Or that it ever will?

A.—Or that it ever will.

Feb. 6.

### Serena Elizabeth Brown.

I was born in 1823, in Kingston. I died in Providence, R. I., in the year 1845. My name, Serena Elizabeth Brown. It is twenty years and near four months since I parted with the dear friends, who, many of them still remain on the earth. After a twenty years' absence in form—but certainly not in spirit—certainly not as a presence—I return to inform those dear friends that I live, that I love them still; that my spirit yearns sometimes with great power to manifest its presence to them. I want them to know for a certainty that there is a life after death; and more than that, the soul can return, and, under favorable conditions, manifest to the friends it says good-bye to here at the hour of death.

I ask, will they meet me? will they talk with me? will they learn something of the home to which they are fast coming, which I have dwelt in these twenty years? If they would, let them avail themselves of the opportunities provided by the great Father of us all. And if they do, they will not be disappointed, or regret the steps they may take. Farewell, sir.

Feb. 6.

### John H. Davis.

John H. Davis, of Waterville, Maine, member of the 23d Massachusetts Company; C, died at Newbern, of yellow fever, last August. I was not very much acquainted with this spiritual idea, but I have friends who knew more about it than I did; and there was sort of an agreement between us, that whoever went first should report across the river of death—should report, if they could.

I have preceded some, and I'm very glad to be able to report that some of the stories that are told are true, and some of them are a little wild. I am very well satisfied with my new home, although it's not as I expected, and if there's any way that I can enlighten those that have got to come, I should be very glad to. I don't want to force the matter—don't want to call upon any one to come and talk with me who has any fear and thinks it's not going to do them any good. But I should really like to have a free ticket over the road, to come back and forth when I please. What I mean by that is, a passport to all my friends. I don't expect to always be blessed with the privilege of coming back. I should like to be blessed with the knowledge that I should be understood and welcomed when I do come. Good-day, sir.

Feb. 6.

### Marian Elizabeth Kinderfeld.

I was killed at the battle of Cedar Creek. I was twenty years of age. I was the daughter of Dr. Joseph Kinderfeld. My name, Marian Elizabeth Kinderfeld. I besought my father to let me adopt a suitable costume, and follow him as his assistant on to the field. At first he refused; but I told him unless he gave his consent I should go without it in some other capacity. He at last gave it, and I followed him; and, as he or others will tell you, I tried to make all comfortable who were suffering.

At the battle of Cedar Creek my father charged me to remain at the rear until the wounded were brought in. I thought the firing had ceased—my father had gone to the front to assist in removing the wounded—and then I thought there could be no danger in following him there, and a strange bullet from either one side or the other—I cannot tell which, for I don't know—overtook me, and I passed on to the home of the angels.

My father is a firm believer in the guardianship of spirits, disembodied spirits. Although he makes no avowal of his belief in Spiritualism, he believes in the return of the departed, and that we are continually watched over by them at all times. He often said to me, "My child, if I am taken by the cruel hand of war I will watch over you all the same, will guard you and guide you, and perhaps I shall be better able to guide you in wisdom than if I had remained here. He little thought that I should go first, that he should remain and I would pass on.

Although I didn't promise to return, not expecting to go first, yet I have returned—and returned to tell him there is much truth in his belief. I bring kind wishes from my two sisters who are in the spirit-world. I bring blessings from my mother, from my grandparents, from many dear ones who came to the spirit-world long years before I entered that new life. I would ask that any friend who may chance to know my father, that may possibly receive my letter, will be kind enough to forward it to my father. He is still moving with the army, sometimes here, sometimes there. I have a firm belief that my communication will reach my father—cannot tell why I am so confident—and when it does, I ask that he will avail himself of the privileges offered him, that he may find what he seeks for, that I may talk with him as I do with you. [Do you know where your father is?] He is with General Early. I thank you.

Feb. 6.

### Invocation.

Holy Spirit, here in the presence of witnesses whom no man can number, we send upward and outward our petitions to thee, and our thanksgivings, also. We ask, oh Father of our souls, that thou wilt baptize us anew, with a quickening spirit of divine truth. Let thy children put off their old garments and put on these new and more beautiful robes thou hast given them. Show them that life means something more than a dream—a brief summer's day; something more than a sunbeam or shadow; that life means eternity, and eternity is thy best gift to thy children. Teach them there is no season of test save that rest which is found in action, in work, in perpetual work. Let us by our love for humanity so be able to inspire thy children with greater thoughts and holier deeds that they shall return to their several homes making new resolves, forming higher and nobler purposes for human action. Oh, let thy children find happiness through good deeds, which is thy way to heaven, which is thy way, if not ours. Oh Spirit of undying Love, we would not ask thee to love us, neither to bless us or remember us; for thou hast loved us with thy great, everlasting love; thou hast blessed us in all the past, art blessing us in the present, and we know thou wilt continue to bless us in the future. Yet there is a something deep within the soul that ever and anon wells up and forms a petition to the Great Spirit of all life, asking for this blessing and that blessing, praising the great Author of Life for this gift and that gift; yet it is all in accordance with thy holy will, thy most sacred law. Oh, our Father, to thee this hour we commend all the petitions and desires of these thy children. We know that thou wilt treasure within thy great heart all these thoughts, that not one will be cast out, not one forgotten, but all remembered and answered. So then to thy name be all honor, and glory, and power, forever and ever, amen.

Feb. 7.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are now ready to consider the inquiries of your correspondents.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent, A. M. F., of Genesee, Ill., asks the following:

Q.—I would ask the controlling spirit of your circle to give us the central points in Christ's parable of the rich man and Lazarus, viewed in the light of Spiritualism?

Ans.—It is possible that we may consider that the parable is without centre or circumference. It is possible we may consider it simply an emanation of fancy, a picture that in reality never had an existence. Now, then, standing upon such a foundation, we certainly can find no point to start from, and, therefore, our answer must end at its beginning.

CHAIRMAN.—H. McKinley, of Kenosha, sends two questions to be answered at our circles:

Q. 1st.—What can the spirits do to elevate the lower classes of humanity?

A.—What can they not do? Their mission for this part of God's children is unbounded. Having no limit, they can do everything for them. Their mission is more to the lowly than to the lofty.

Q. 2d.—What can men and women do to elevate the lower classes of spirits?

A.—That is a question which they themselves, in individual life, can better answer.

Q.—Last Sabbath the intelligence, through Miss Doten, was understood to affirm that the souls of all had ever existed. If so, how is it to be reconciled with the text given, which was: "Before Abraham was, I am." Will the controlling intelligence of to-day please enlighten me on this subject?

A.—It was said that Jesus, the founder of the Christian faith, declared that he existed before Abraham existed; indeed, it was said of him that he many times affirmed that he had ever been in existence as an individualized spirit. He told a great and mighty truth, which was not better understood, then than to-day. The intelligence speaking through the organism referred to, last Sunday, told you that the soul had ever existed. There never was a time, in their opinion, when souls were not. Now, this is a truth mighty and grand in itself, but like that of a stellar nature spoken of by Jesus, you do not seem to understand it. Your vision is very short; you are prone to believe that you are brought into existence—created at the natural birth. Now, this being true—which we do not believe—pre-supposes a time of destruction, a time when you will cease to exist in any form. Then, as a matter of course, you cannot be immortal. If the soul ever was created, it must have had a beginning, for what has a beginning must have an ending—it is non-immortal. The soul itself ignores such a belief, for it finds it in no way worthy of credence. You, as individuals, as soul entities, are perpetually repeating yourselves. You are moving on through the universe in cycles. It is so with all forms of life, and, as far as we are able to learn, ever has been so. Decay and revivified life is the order of life under all circumstances; and yet we find no place in all God's vast universe where souls are cast out of existence, or where they are created. We may as well endeavor to fathom the beginning of the Infinite as to fathom ourselves. Inasmuch as we are immortal parts and portions of that Great, Eternal Principle whom we call God, we never could have been created, never can be destroyed, but must live on perpetually, passing on through every degree of life, and repeating its own degrees throughout a never-ending eternity.

Q.—I would also ask if, after the soul has left the mortal body, it comes into a remembrance of its preexistence?

A.—There are instances wherein the soul, after leaving the physical form, becomes possessed of a remembrance of a preexistence, of having lived and acted on the stage of human life prior to the condition just passed from. Sometimes the soul falls to take cognizance of its past experiences for a very great length of time, but eventually it becomes possessed of all facts relating to its past experience.

Q.—What would be the best means to improve the condition of the lower orders of society?

A.—Deal justly with them.

Q.—How can this be done?

A.—Do by them precisely as you would have them do by you.

Q.—How can I, when my interests are opposed to it?

A.—Ignore your interests, and do your duty. Learn to worship God more, and Mammon less.

Q.—Did Christ call the spirit of Lazarus back from the spirit-world when he raised him from the dead?

A.—To begin with, we do not believe he ever raised him from the dead. The spirit, as such, is ever in the spirit-world, certainly; but the case in question pre-supposes a something outside of natural law. It pre-supposes the death of Lazarus, a separation having taken place between the spirit and the body. After this separation had ceased for four days, we are told, then Jesus called the spirit again to inhabit its former body. Now this is a very good story to tell, but it has no foundation in truth whatever. Lazarus was not dead, in the usual acceptance of the term; could

not have been; for Jesus ever obeyed natural law, and this law Jesus was said to have broken was one of the Father's. He did not break it, could not break it; had no desire to break it.

Q.—In what form or condition did the soul exist prior to inhabiting the human form?

A.—Well, supposing we should tell you, we could give you no satisfactory idea concerning its form or shape, or its locality. You can only conceive of soul as it manifests itself through the human organism. Now it is very possible that your soul, your immortal part, did live and manifest itself through some other organism in ages long past. But by-and-by you will learn to understand it, and then its mystery and strangeness will disappear.

Feb. 7.

### Mrs. Anna Field.

You dwellers on the mortal shore can hardly realize the intense anxiety that possesses the newborn spirit to return to those it has left. Sometimes the desire to return is so all-absorbing that the spirit loses sight of all else, and bends its entire energies in that one direction. And so it may seem to stand still, become exempt from the law of progress; but in reality it never changes; its course is onward, though it moves in a circle.

When I first became aware I was no more an inhabitant of earth, I could not have found language to have expressed my sorrow. I was overwhelmed with grief. I felt that the whole universe was one vast system of woe. True, I met with friends who were very kind to me, and who endeavored to console me, but I was inconsolable. I had suddenly been wrested from earthly friends, without warning, without time to give a parting blessing, or to offer a prayer to the great Infinite Father.

When I first learned that spirits could return again and manifest themselves to those they had left on earth, then I began to be reconciled; began to feel as though there might be some sunshine left yet; but I have toiled for two years almost incessantly for the privilege of returning. Like many others, I have bent all my energies in this one direction; and so to-day finds me precisely where the hour left me that recorded my passage by death from the earth.

Life to me possessed many charms. I felt that I was unready and unfitted to exist as a disembodied spirit. I thought, oh, had I only been sick, had I only suffered, only known what was before me, I should have been more reconciled to my fate. But now all the joys of the beautiful spirit-land are sorrows to me, and I know of no heaven into which I could be ushered that would be such to me.

I was travelling in company with friends near and dear to me, when suddenly we met with an accident which separated me from them in almost an hour. They lived in the earth-life, and I in the spirit-land. I was by occupation a school teacher, in Brooklyn, New York. As you may have inferred, I came to my death by an accident, and yet they say there are no accidents in Nature. So I am to suppose that my death was not one, but it was such to me, judging, as I had been educated to judge, of such things.

I left a dear husband and many friends, who are all, to this day, unconscious of the fact that spirits can return. Oh, I do earnestly pray that they may listen to the voice that comes to them from across the river Jordan, asking that they give their attention to this beautiful Spiritual Philosophy. Learn all you are able to of this new religion, and if you find it false, then you will have lost nothing surely, if you have gained nothing. Oh, I beseech of you to seek to know whether these things are true or false. [Do you know where the accident took place?] Yes, on the Hudson Railroad.

Say that Mrs. Anna Field comes, beseeching her husband, Thomas W. Field, for a hearing. Let him give her the privilege of speaking to him as she speaks to-day to strangers. [Had you not recently been married when you met with the accident spoken of?] But a few hours before.

Feb. 7.

### Pat. Welsh.

I suppose the first thing I am to do here is to report me name, &c., and as much of such things as I can well remember.

Well, sir, I am, or I was, and I suppose I am now, Pat. Welsh, of the 24th Massachusetts Company, who died at Salisbury, N. C. I was taken prisoner about the 1st of August, and I suppose I parted company with me body about October, and here I am to-day; now what are you going to do for me? I lost me life in fighting for you who stay at home, so what are you going to do for me? [Help you send a message to your friends.] Yes, sir. Well, I want to know, in the first place, can we come again, if it's so we don't succeed this time? [Yes.]

Well, now, sir, I've got many things to settle. I don't know anything about how much I can do, but I want to do as much as I'm able to, and the most I care about is to let my folks know I can come. I want 'em to know, sir, I can come back, and if I get the loan of a body like this one, I can spake to them. If I could write, why, I should be very glad to, as well as spake. I didn't make myself very well acquainted with that when here, and I suppose I'd not do so well at writing as spaking.

Well, sir, I want me folks to go to one of these mediums, and I'll come and tell 'em how I was sick, how I was took prisoner, about me sickness and death, about the money—well, all about the things that concerned them and me; that it's no sort of use to make public, you know. I want them to give me a hearing.

See here: suppose I ask that Jim Welsh give me a chance to spake with him, and through him I'll get all the rest. [Is he your brother?] Yes, sir.

Well, sir, I'm pretty well contented somehow, considering I was as much disappointed as any one could be. I'm pretty well off. [Do your family reside in Boston?] Me family? what do you mean, sir? [Have't you a family?] No, sir; but I've got a plenty of folks, I tell you. If that's what you mean by a family, it's a big one.

Well, sir, I would pay you had I anything to play with. I was skinned as clean as ever you'd skin an eel before frying it, down there with the Rebels. I had n't much to begin with when I was took; but they skinned me of all I had. That's a way they have of helping themselves. Well, they tell us it's all right; but so far as an Irishman is concerned, he can't see it. Good-day, sir. Don't forget where I died.

Feb. 7.

### Charlie Graves.

I am Charlie Graves, sir; nineteen years of age; belonged to the 16th Georgia







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