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KATIE MALVOURNEY

IRISH CHARACTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

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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 XI.

Edgar's First Love.

It was very evident that, in the conflict which had been going on in Edgar's mind during the past week, deep feelings had been awakened. The placid lake of his life had been stirred to its profoundest depths; and though the waters were still turbid, some of the better feelings of his nature had risen to the surface, and he was in a condition, to say the least, better prepared to receive good impressions and make good resolutions, which are to human character like the mortar or cement between the bricks or stones of which we build our houses, very important to keep the incidents of life within their proper places and relations to each other; and these, like the stones or bricks, when firmly held by the cement, not only retain their places, but present a beautiful appearance, and afford a strong and safe protection to the dwellers therein.

As Edgar passed through the hall, he met Maggie Ann. He remarked to her:

"I am going to see our cousins, and they are very urgent that I should stay all night with them; but I do not feel very well, and think I shall come home this evening."

Maggie Ann had seen men sick under similar circumstances. She said:

"I hope you will stay, not being aware that her sister had mentioned to him the prospect of Katie's visit. She felt afraid to mention it, lest it might cause him to stay. Turning to him as he passed out, she said:

"You must come home to-night, or we shall think you are sick."

It seemed strange to Edgar that his sister should thus express an interest in him. How little do we know how much of the real happiness of life we lose by living in cold indifference to each other. This family might be considered as possessing more than ordinary affection, and yet there were no members who entered into the secret chambers of each other's souls, and watered the flowers that bloom there, that when properly cultured, must give out sweet fragrance to each other. So fully convinced are we of this, that we feel assured a nearer approach to each other in this department is very essential to man's salvation.

Mankind seem to stand beside each other like icebergs, casting cold, damp chills over one another; or as dark monuments, blocking up the way, instead of beautiful camp-fires, warming each other and lighting the pathway of life, passing forever among their fellows the beautiful watchwords of peace, harmony and love.

How gladly would we touch the chords of sympathy and love in every heart, and cause them to send forth sweet and loving notes of music, that would drive away discord from the world, and leave in its place pure love.

No entreaty on the part of Edgar's cousins could prevail upon him to remain with them that night. The day hung heavily upon him, and they accepted his statement that he did not feel very well as an explanation of his want of liveliness.

The girls were much pleased by Edgar's early return in the evening. Lind had said nothing about her conversation with him, and Maggie Ann hoped he would not make his appearance until after Katie's arrival in the morning, and she felt certain that he had no engagement for the day.

The next morning Edgar rose early, and went out to his favorite bower, where he had spent considerable time in meditation and mental conflict, before his sisters knew that he was up. He was sitting there deeply absorbed, when Katie passed that way, and they saw each other. After passing the compliments of the day, she hastened on to the mansion; not, however, without some strange impressions. The moment Edgar spoke to her, there flashed across her mind a positive conviction that he had heard their conversation in that bower.

She was not in the least disturbed by this revelation. She felt conscious of having performed a religious duty in the labors of that day; and she knew, too, that had she been aware of his presence, either through her intuitions or from any other cause, she would have been embarrassed, and could not have performed her duty so well.

She met Lind and Maggie Ann, and they informed her that Edgar was not very well, and would certainly be at home, but he had not yet arisen.

"Why," said Katie, "I saw either him or his shade sitting down in the grove, and we exchanged the compliments of the day as I passed."

The girls were startled. Lind ran up to his room and knocked at the door, but receiving no answer, she entered, and found that he had gone. She glanced rapidly around the room, and on the table there were some writing materials; there she saw a sheet of paper on which he had evidently been trying his pen, and, from the amount of writing, she thought he must have had some difficulty in finding one to write him. The sheet was

full. Lind took the paper up, and pushing aside the curtains, was startled at the writing. The paper was filled with names—Katie Malvourney, Katie Dunderery—Katie Malvourney Dunderery—and here and there, in very expressive proximity, Robert Edgar Athlene Dunderery.

Much has been said about psychometry, or the power of reading character by impressions received from letters written, autographs, or even a single word. In this case, names revealed volumes to Lind. She would have given anything, almost, to have had an opportunity of being alone for an hour or two, that she might arrange her thoughts and mature her plans. Feelings of vast importance crowded upon her, and she felt a responsibility such as she had never before known. How much of her brother's destiny hung upon her judicious movements now. But there was no time now for thought. She must return. Such moments impress us with the importance of training ourselves to clear and methodical ways of thinking; and the difference between the wise and the foolish is, that the former are prepared to act in such emergencies, while the latter often make sad mistakes.

When Lind came down stairs, she was flushed with excitement—too manifest for any concealment. Fortunately for her, they did not speak to her about it. One effect of this state was to drive away every lingering feeling of regret on her part in regard to herself, which had been somewhat renewed on the appearance of Katie that morning. How hard it is for natures, that have never been schooled, to curb and overcome selfish feelings—to give up any cherished object. The same feelings of selfishness, however, now opened before her mind new visions, in which Edgar was the successful lover of her friend Katie. She had been surprised at Katie's positive refusal to become her intimate friend and confidant, but she could not for a moment entertain the thought that she would hesitate about becoming the wife of her brother. Ah! how little could she measure the greatness of that soul.

Edgar soon returned to the house, and said he did not feel well. His sisters and Katie made some nice little preparations for him, and as he lay upon the lounge, he was more interesting and attractive than ever. The girls were delighted, for they fancied that Katie was admiring him. She thought of him only as a valuable and useful man, whose influence for the good of mankind, if properly directed, must be important. He and Katie were left alone. Taking her hand, he remarked:

"You make me feel much better."

Laying her hand upon his forehead, she said:

"How hot your head is. Shall I not bathe it?"

"Your hand feels very pleasant," said he.

"How kind it is for you to sit by me."

"Somehow," said she, "I like to go among the sick, especially when they are poor, and have but few of the comforts and none of the luxuries of life. I have sometimes felt that I would like to have so much of this world's goods, that I might spend my whole time in ministering to the sufferings of the needy. But I fear, if I had the means, I might be tempted to indulge in vanities and follies; and then I think it well that I am poor, for I believe it is more in the mind that we find our ability to do good than in anything else."

Edgar was delighted; he felt that he could make her rich, and then she might do all the good she desired to, and it would make them both happy.

"That which gives me the greatest happiness," continued she, "is the cultivation of all my faculties; for in doing this, I find myself called to do good to all, and especially the poor and the erring."

How gladly would we wish he was poor just then. She saw him smile, and with a woman's shrewdness, guessed his thought. Resuming her remarks, she said:

"How I would like to enlist you in some of my labors."

"Miss Malvourney, it would give me the greatest pleasure in the world to become a conscript in your army," he replied.

She started at his expression. "Miss Malvourney!" She had always been Katie before. What did it mean? It might be because he was sick; but she did not think it was. However, her purpose was too sacred for her to be driven from it. She knew what her own feelings were, let his be what they might. She said:

"I have been thinking that I might induce you to offer some encouragement for the men who are laboring for your family, to save the money which they spend for tobacco and liquor. I know most of them and their families; and though I am pleased with the liberality with which they are compensated; most of them would be much more comfortable with the funds thus wasted, while all would be benefited by the moral influence. I would have them place this money in some fund, that would be at their command in case of sickness or extreme want."

"Why," said he, "I should be obliged to begin at home; for, according to your democratic ideas, which I subscribe to, I have no right, morally, to ask of others what I am not willing to do myself."

"Of course," said she, "if you wish to be strong you must be as consistent as you can; and I do not see any moral reason why they should abandon any injurious habit, that does not apply with equal force to you. It is true, you may spend your money for these things, without causing others to suffer, as is the case where these persons take that which should go for the support of their families, for such injurious purposes as I have referred to. But it would be more noble for you to do this; make the sacrifice, if it be any, on the ground of principle. Do you not know, that the man who does right simply because he is compelled by surrounding circumstances, is morally a coward, and may be just as wicked as the one who commits many overt crimes?"

Katie, Dunlavy said to me, the other day, that few persons could see any difference in the motives which prompt different individuals to action. I replied, "That it was much more noble to do

right for the sake of right, without the restraint of law or public opinion, or even the knowledge of our fellow-men. That when we come to be true men and women, we should lose sight of these external things, and settle every question upon the ground of true morality, and according to the highest and best principles which we can realize, independent of those external, and often extraneous influences, which only weaken man's moral nature. Why," said I, "a man who does not steal, or commit murder, because the law is over him, has but little claim as a moral being. The brutes themselves are restrained in a similar manner. And did you ever think that if this is all that prevents men or women from committing crimes, the time will come when these restraints will be removed; and they will then find themselves acting on their natural feelings; and, perhaps, be very much astonished at the character of the guests they have had dwelling in their inmost natures. I am sorry there is so much law and government in the world. It would be better for mankind to live out their natures more truly, even if they committed some acts which they avoid now only from fear and restraint." He was going to argue with me on these points the next time we met, but I think he has forgotten it."

Edgar was like a fly around whom a spider was gradually spinning its web. He fancied he could overcome any one, or even all of her arguments, with ease. He felt inclined to listen, fancying that she was the one who was becoming entangled. He was more than willing, therefore, that she should go on.

"I shall think about these matters," said he—just as if he could do anything else. "It is certainly a very pretty theory of yours—rather utopian for the present condition of humanity; could be very well carried out if everybody, or even a few, were like you; but I do not know anybody else who is just as good as you are."

"I am sorry your knowledge of the world is so limited," replied Katie, parrying the compliment beautifully. "Did you ever think that that excuse would block the way of all progress? If we are not to accept good from others, or do it ourselves, until they or we shall arrive at perfection, how and where shall we begin?"

"I never saw it in that light before," said he. "Somehow you make things very plain."

"That is because I am not afraid to look at them just as they are," said she, "and have no desire to have them appear in any other than their true light."

By this time the girls returned, and Edgar felt so much better that he proposed a short walk around the grounds to the summer-house; and then remarked, jokingly, to his sisters:

"What do you think Miss Malvourney proposes to do? Why, take me into partnership with herself."

Lind, who had said nothing of her discovery in Edgar's room, felt almost shocked at the remark.

"How differently the same thought strikes different persons, according to our knowledge," Lind said to herself. "Can it be possible that they are making such rapid progress as this would indicate?"

"I think both of you might do worse," said Maggie Ann. "I am sure, Edgar, you have the best of the bargain."

"Well," said he, exhibiting a shrewdness that astonished his sisters, "is not that what we are all seeking in this life?"

Katie remained quiet all this time. He continued:

"Perhaps I ought to explain: She desires me to join her in forming an anti-tobacco and temperance societies, which might be all well enough, if I were not an old soldier in the use of these things; and then she coolly proposes that I should begin the work at home."

Katie could not stand this any longer.

"I did not propose this just as you say, but your own conscience has helped you to interpret my meaning; and if you choose to amend my proposition so, I shall surely accept your amendment."

"Which do you mean?" said he; "in the proposition, or in my conduct?"

"In both," said she, smiling.

"How long will you give me to make up my mind?" he asked.

"I should think," said she, "it would not require much time to settle that point, since you have proposed the amendment yourself; so I am inclined to have the question taken at once, and I shall ask your sisters to vote on it."

"Good!" said he. "All those in favor of establishing—shall we separate the question?"

"As you like," said Katie.

"All those in favor of establishing an Anti-Tobacco Society, will express their assent, by saying 'ay.'"

A shout rang from all the girls; and Edgar, as chairman, could do no less than bow in acquiescence.

"Now for the second question," said he; "all those in favor of forming a Total Abstinence Temperance Society, will express their approval by saying 'ay.'"

A still louder and more earnest shout came from all the girls, and Edgar again bowed.

"An admirable chairman," said Katie. "You would not disgrace the House of Commons by your manners."

Lind ran to the house and brought some paper, and a pen and ink, and requested Edgar to draw up the proper pledges for both.

Edgar, half in fun and half in earnest, with a view of seeing Katie's name in close proximity to his own, wrote in a large, bold hand:

the sisters, with great satisfaction, placed their names to it.

"Now for the other," said Katie.

Edgar hesitated for a moment, but a glance from her dispelled all doubt, and he drew up the second document, as follows:

"The undersigned hereby pledge themselves positively to abstain from all intoxicating drinks."

He put his name to this, and Katie and the girls did the same.

Edgar was intoxicated, but it was with a purer spirit than he had ever known before; and for the first time he felt a deep loathing of that gross intoxication which he had frequently experienced of late.

Thus the day passed on very pleasantly, and when evening came, Edgar desired the privilege of waiting on Katie to her home, the propriety of which was not questioned, although it was a new experience to her, and she would have been quite willing to have dispensed with it. Edgar remarked to her, as they walked slowly along:

"I have been deeply interested in your labors to-day, and at present I feel well satisfied with our pledges, though in reality I am the only one to be affected by them. My sisters and you have no temptations in that direction."

"You the only one in reality to be affected?" said she, giving him a most searching look. "Do you live for yourself alone?"

Oh, how these words went through him with a thrill. Truth is not only mighty, but often very kind and cutting in its effects. Then in a very mild and pleasant tone, she continued:

"There are other names on these papers," which, by the way, they had given her to keep. "Think you that your sisters have no interest in you? And though they may not be called on to make any personal sacrifices on this particular plane, I am very certain that they will be willing, when the time comes, to make even greater sacrifices for you than you can possibly make in any of these matters."

Edgar was deeply mortified. He could not but feel the contrast between his own selfish, selfish nature, and the clear and beautiful perceptions of the being who stood beside him, and whom he worshipped. Said he, after a few moments' reflection, the tears starting to his eyes:

"Katie, I have no right to talk to you. I am cold and selfish, and you are all purity and love."

"Oh no," said she. "We often see things better for others than we can for ourselves. I hope you will not feel badly because I have spoken so plainly to you. The most effectual cure for that selfishness which is injurious to us—mark, I believe that true selfishness is ever calculated to promote our best interest and highest good; but there is a personal selfishness, that loses sight of our fellow beings almost entirely, except as a means of gratifying itself at their expense—I was about to say that the most effectual cure for this is to feel that there are others who are linked to our destiny, and whose souls blend with ours in all the pleasures, duties and labors of life."

They had now arrived at Katie's home. Edgar turned very kindly to her, and said:

"Would you be willing to take a ride with me next week?"

"Yes," said she, without any hesitation.

"Will it suit you on Tuesday?"

"I know nothing to prevent it, at present."

"Well," said he, "I will call for you at about ten o'clock."

"Very well," said she.

This all seemed very cool and natural in Katie, but there was a conflict going on in her mind, which these feelings did not indicate. She knew that Edgar was eager for a conquest over her feelings and affections, and while she felt willing to encourage this, to a certain extent, in order to gain an influence over him, and, if possible, draw him back from the terrible vortex over which he was now unconsciously standing, she also felt that the greatest caution and prudence were required; to carry out the plan so as not to involve herself in any wrong. She saw clearly that the step she had already taken had been a very important one; and if, by expressing her real feelings to him now she should cast him off, instead of being benefited by her labors, he would actually be in a worse condition than he was before; as was the case with the man spoken of in the Gospel, out of whom the unclean spirit had gone, for a time, but who took unto himself others, and the latter condition of that man was worse than the former.

Katie's strict morality was not a little tried at her position. She could not, for a moment, harbor the thought of practicing deception upon any one. The question was a momentous one to her, as to whether it could be right to allow another to deceive themselves in this manner. She had turned it over in her mind, without coming to a satisfactory conclusion. At one time, she resolved to ask Father Dunlavy's opinion of the matter; and then it occurred to her that there would be many points which it would be almost impossible to explain to any one, and so she concluded she had better not attempt to speak of it. In this disturbed condition of mind she retired, and in the visions of her sleep the question was solved, as many others had been.

In her dream, she thought she was introduced to a young man, a physician, whose name was Henry T. Kenrick, a man of about twenty-three years of age, who, as Katie expressed it, embodied the most noble and lofty sentiments of humanity that she had ever witnessed. He said to her:

"I perceive you have a problem in your mind, which troubles you, and I have been sent to give you an explanation of it. Whenever mankind arrive at a state to appreciate truth, fully, there can be no question but that they ought to have it, just as fully as it can be given to them. But who of us has arrived there? Truth may be compared, to light. There are few persons who can bear the bright glare of the noonday sun. Every one needs a screen, to take away some of the blazing glory of the King of Day. Among our profession, the ques-

tion which now agitates your mind comes up frequently before the conscientious physician; and, to continue my comparison, we see persons whose eyes are so weakened by disease, that we are obliged to protect them from the stimulus of light, by placing them in darkness. There is always a very intimate connection between physical disease and the mental condition of mankind, and we are constantly seeing cases in which our judgment fully convinces us that to state all that we know would be injurious to the patient; and therefore we must retain something to ourselves, and avoid explanations, knowing, on the one hand, that there is not a proper capacity to comprehend the truth, and upon the other, that our convictions may not be realized, and also that the expression of any conviction, as a prediction, has a strong tendency to fulfill itself, especially when the one is very positive and the other the reverse. In the case of your friend, he is so negative and weak, morally, that it would be impossible to give him a clear understanding of the truth. He must grow much stronger before this can be done. If he deceives himself, you are not entirely responsible, so long as you keep your own motives as pure and true as they now are; and then as he grows to a higher condition—as I perceive he will—you must be always careful to adapt the food to his needs. Milk for babes, and strong meat for men."

Katie woke the next morning feeling that her question had been satisfactorily solved, and resolved to keep a double watch over her feelings, and maintain the strictest morality in her intercourse with Edgar; accepting, in a very guarded manner, the advice of the Apostle, "to be all things to all men, in order that we might win some to Christ." This she understood to mean that she should not let a pharisaical spirit drive our brethren from us.

It was somewhat of a trial to Katie to keep the account of these labors from her family, and especially her mother; but a similar reason to that which prevented her speaking to Father Dunlavy, operated on her mind in reference to them.

Tuesday came. Katie had informed her mother that she had been invited to ride with Edgar, and that she designed visiting some sick friends a few miles distant from their home. Edgar was on hand punctually. Who ever failed on such an occasion! The day was very fine; and as Edgar brought a splendid equipage, and they were both in good spirits, there was everything to make their ride a very pleasant one.

Katie remarked that if it made no difference to him, she would like to call upon two persons—one living on the borders of Lake Killarney, and the other about a mile beyond. "I propose," said she, "interesting you in some of my poor friends. I would like you to visit with me the Widow Mulligan, whose husband died about a year since, leaving her in very destitute circumstances, with one child, who is now very sick."

"I will be glad to go with you anywhere you desire," said he.

They were delighted as they rode along; the birds caroled sweetly, and the air was laden with the perfume of flowers and of new-mown hay which the men, women and children were gathering. Edgar remarked that he had thus far been able to keep his pledges, and that he felt much better, both in mind and body. Turning to Katie with a very earnest look, he said:

"I know, however, that the time will come when the temptation will be stronger than I can bear alone. I have heard that when Father Matthew passed through our land, with his meetings and his pledges, he found it necessary to have the people meet together very often to strengthen and encourage each other."

Katie replied:

"You will perceive that there is a philosophy in this. We are led away into error, and our weaknesses grow upon us by association with those whose habits we imitate; and shall we receive evil, and not good, from association? Certainly not; and I would have you speak freely of your feelings to your sisters, every day, and to me, too, if you have anything to say. I hope you will be free, with me, as I may be able to give you some advice, and perhaps strengthen you, for even the weak may help the strong, if their object be good and pure, as I trust mine is. We are to be helpers and saviors one unto another, continually, in our journey through life. The Castle of Truth, Purity and Love is a magnificent temple, which stands before us in our journey; its doors seem to be closed, and we think we can never enter, except by the aid of some one who is familiar with it. It is not only true that the chiming bell echoes our varied thoughts in sound, but everything around us answers us in some measure, according to our conditions. This beautiful temple to which I have alluded, and which all desire to enter, is free and open to all. Grand and magnificent as it is, we all have the keys which will unlock its doors and give us an entrance into its spacious halls. These keys are true aspiration, sincerity and determination; we all have access to these, though we may sometimes need our friends to show us that we have them, and how we shall use them, yet it will depend mainly upon ourselves whether we shall linger along life's by-ways or enter the temple, and find the rich treasures that are so desirable for all."

They had now arrived at Lake Killarney, and, stopping beneath the shade of a large tree, Katie said:

"Let me get out here. I wish to visit an old lady who is very nearly ready to pass over the river."

Alighting hastily, she left Edgar while she passed a few minutes with the old lady, and left some articles she had brought for her. The old woman was in her ninety-third year, and very feeble and deaf. Drawing Katie's head down to her, she screamed in a stentorian voice:

"Katie, do you remember the year ninety-three? (only about sixty years ago, and she was eighty.) Well, that is the year I was married to. Did

you know my oldest son? He died when he was two years old."

Katie could not make the old woman understand anything, and as soon as she could, she left her. Edgar smiled when she repeated the question the old woman had asked her. While he was left alone, he had felt that Katie was so far beyond himself that it would be almost impossible for him to reach her, either intellectually or morally. Still, such was the fascinating influence which she had over him, that he determined to cling to his first resolution, to ask her hand, although, in his present condition, he was many degrees above what he was when he had first formed that resolution. Not that he loved her the less, but the contrast between them grew stronger as he became more conscious of these conditions.

He felt now very certain that there must be a long and fearful struggle, in which he must suffer much, before he could reach the plane on which he saw this beautiful and loving woman—so pure and unselfish in everything. These thoughts led him to feel how much depended upon his sisters, who stood as a connecting link between Katie and himself. In this state of contemplation half an hour passed away, when Katie returned, smiling at Mother Condon's quiet remarks. "She is very happy," said Katie; "I think I shall never see her again. I am glad you brought me here this morning."

They rode a mile further, each in deep contemplation. Having arrived at the Widow Mulligan's house, Edgar alighted, and followed Katie into the little hovel. It was a gloomy place—a single room lighted by a little smoky window and the door. The floor was the ground. In one corner lay a bright-eyed boy of eleven years, pale and emaciated to the last degree. He smiled when he saw Katie enter, for he—like every one else who knew her—loved her. She introduced Edgar to the mother and son.

"How do you do, Jamie?" said she, laying her hand upon his pale, shining forehead.

"I am very weak this morning, but I am a little better," said he, in a low, hollow tone, which, as well as the expression itself, is peculiar to the latter stages of consumption.

She took out some little things which she had brought for him, and, straightening the covers over him, sat down by his little couch on a box, giving Edgar the only chair in the room to sit on, at the foot of the bed. She then read a chapter in the Bible to him, and sang a hymn. Edgar could not endure this. He walked out into the yard and found relief in tears.

Oh, what a blessed thing it is to be able to shed tears. They are not only a safety-valve for the soul, but they are windows through which the light of heaven comes peering into the darkened chambers, and the warmth of the glorious sunlight of love bursts through the obstacles which have kept it away. Woman is blessed in this more than man, for she can more readily find relief from tears than man can. But for a man to pour out his tears when they flow from the deepest depths of his soul is a glorious thing. It lifts him into holy communion with purer beings than himself. We know that there are tears which flow from the surface, and whose influences reach no deeper than this; of these we do not speak.

An hour passed on. Edgar had returned, and was seated quietly in the room. The old lady had fallen asleep on her seat in a corner, being exhausted with continued watching. Katie had spoken so gently that the boy slept. Edgar saw her now as a ministering angel. Never before had he spent an hour in such a hovel. He had trodden ancestral halls, amid the pomp and pageantry of the gay, giddy world, he had heard sweet voices in the homes of the rich and the proud, but never had such eloquence fallen upon his ears as on this occasion. His spirit was melted, and it went forth in sympathy with that dying boy.

It has been well said that one-half of the world does not know how the other lives. Edgar, in the wild whirl and maze of his life, had never dreamed that such a world of deep and inexpressible feeling existed so near his own little world, which he, like many others, had fancied was the great world. How deep, rich and lasting were the experiences of that hour eternity shall alone reveal. The fires of a purer love than he had ever before known, burned away for a time all low selfishness. He felt, indeed, that "the chamber where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life—quite on the verge of heaven."

When they left that miserable hovel, shrunken as it was now, with so many pleasant memories, they rode in silence for a long time, drinking in the soothing inspirations of Nature, and feeling that they were too sacred to be marred by any words.

At length Edgar broke the silence, by saying that he had had various plans for that day's ride, but not one, except to call for her, had been carried out, and yet he had never enjoyed a ride so much. And he hoped she would feel, as he did, inclined to repeat it.

"Certainly," said she, "on a suitable occasion I shall be glad to accept your offer."

Edgar's sisters were eager to see him after the ride, though they knew there was but little chance of getting anything out of him about it.

He seemed very happy after his return, and they were sure that nothing unpleasant had occurred. Lind said to him:

"Well, you have had a pleasant day, and I hope you have had a good time; but I suppose you would not like to tell us where you went."

"I am perfectly willing," said he, administering a severe rebuke in his manner. "We went to Lake Killarney, and there Katie visited an old lady, the widow Condon, who was about dying; and after that we went down the road about a mile to Mrs. Mulligan's, and there we found a boy about eleven years old, her only child, dying of consumption. I never knew before that disease, like death, brings us all upon an equality. I only wish I were as good as that boy, I would gladly throw away all my titles and estates. It is a miserable place; there was nothing there but what Katie had taken, and yet they were happy, because they had food. I want you to get some nice things, suitable to take them, and Patrick shall take you and I over there in the morning."

Lind told her sister, and she expressed a desire to go with them; but having a previous engagement, she charged Lind to try to get all the information she could from their brother.

It was a new business for Lind to gather up things for the sick; she did not know what they needed; how should she? It was much more difficult for her to select from their abundance, than it ever had been for Katie to find, out of her meagre stores, the needful articles for her patients and friends.

Katie was constantly the recipient of articles from her friends. These she always accepted, and stored away with great care and special reference to some sick ones. Thus, in the little events of life, forethought and prudence are of the highest importance; and they who have these, though they may have little of this world's goods, are the most efficient laborers in the vineyard of humanity.

It was indeed a strange group of things, Lind had gathered together. This cabinet included:

chiefs, to wipe the damp sweat from the brow; some underclothing that had been Edgar's years ago; quite a number of different kinds of fruits and preserves; some choice wines from the cellar; some provisions for the old lady, which their mother had suggested, made up a much more appropriate collection than we had supposed she could get together in her distracted condition.

Lind waited with some little impatience for Patrick to be ready to take them. As they rode along, Edgar spoke of Katie as the most wonderful person he had ever met.

"So pure, and yet so practical in all her movements, turning all the pleasures of life into duties, and every duty into pleasure."

He kept Lind entirely in the dark as to any matters between Katie and himself. When they arrived at the house, they dismounted, and Edgar illustrated the fact that it is always easier to repeat an act that we have done, than to do it the first time.

They entered the hovel. Lind being quite a novice at such scenes, was very much overcome by the sight of the dying boy. Patrick brought in the things. Lind could scarcely say anything to the mother. How different was the feeling produced by such a person from that which Katie, in her quiet dignity, had so often brought to that house of mourning? In no other department does a true life shine so beautifully as when we sit under the shadow of a deep affliction. Do not think, kind reader, that we are censuring Lind. She was as true to her position and condition as Katie was; but the contrast was fearful. Edgar perceived it more fully than she did, though she was not unconscious of it.

Mrs. Mulligan thanked them in the most sincere manner; and Edgar, when leaving, said, "If there was anything they needed, they should have it."

When they had left, Jamie said to his mother: "How good it is in Katie to bring that gentleman here, and get him to give us all these things! I am sure, when I am gone you will find a friend through her that will help you. It seems to me that she is the nearest to heaven of anybody I know, and I am sure everybody loves her. When she sits by me, she makes me feel that I love everybody. Mother, I don't feel afraid to die while she lives, because I know she will take care of you. If it was not for such good people in the world, everybody would be afraid to die; we would not know there was a heaven, and we should feel afraid to go, and afraid to stay. And now young Lord Dunderbary has been here twice, and brought that beautiful lady, his sister; we know they would not have come if it had not been for Katie. Poor girl, how I pitied her! she felt so badly when she saw how poor we were, and how lonely you would be when I am gone to father."

The old lady was overcome. He had never spoken of dying before; and though she wanted him to speak of it, and be conscious of it, yet it was terrible when it came. He said to her:

"Don't cry, mother; God will take care of you. I thought it was very strange that Lord Dunderbary and Katie should come here together, she is so good and he is so great; but it is all right. I believe old Father Dunderbary has had something to do with it. Do you remember when father died? It was the good Father Dunderbary that brought Katie to see us, and she has been coming ever since."

The child seemed to have one of those clear, lucid intervals which frequently occur in the latter stages of consumption. He continued:

"Oh, mother, I could not bear to die, if I did not know that these good people would take care of you. Mother, don't you think father is looking down upon us from his home in heaven? Katie says she thinks he does, and I think I have seen him sometimes about our room, and I feel very certain I shall come back to you, mother."

The poor woman sobbed as if her heart would burst, but he went on talking:

"Mother, I am not afraid to die; you must not think so. I wanted to live with you, and for you, because I remember how kind you have always been to me; and when I have thought how lonely you would be in the old house by yourself, I could not bear to die and go away from you. But now, mother, it seems to me that you will have better times. You know it is hard to be alone in the world, and poor. But it will not be so hard for you now; for you will know I am with you, as I know father is with us. And you will have all these good friends, so that you will not be so lonely nor so poor as we have been."

The poor woman felt, as all feel, that dying words are precious, and she treasured them up in her heart of hearts.

"I have but one more wish," said the boy, "and that is that Katie should be with me when I die. I have asked father to try to impress her to come here, when he thinks I am ready to go with him to his beautiful home."

The mother thought, at times, her child might be wandering, and then she felt that he was so sensible and clear minded that it could not be so.

[To be continued in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

LOVE.

BY CORA WILBURN.

Hope, from whose sovereign heart all fear has fled, Trust, by celestial guidance upward led, Winged prayer of Life, that to the goal has sped!

Rest, for the weary heart and wandering feet, The sacred stillness of the home-recess, Where, circled, all the prayerful Uses meet!

In that bright realm apart is thy throne, Of Grace and Beauty; to all kingdoms known; There, crowned and sceptred, glory is thine own!

There rhythmic heart-beats sound the welcome chime; No rude world-summons tell of lapsing time; 'Tis Now forever in alysian clime!

There Thought is hallowed by the Prayer that shields, And Consecration's holy life-power welds Its potent ministry o'er earthly fields.

There, unto ends divine, all human aim Striveth in exaltation of the name, Sealed by the angel's heart and soul acclaim!

Home is thine angel-guarded realm, oh Love! There the commissioned, pure and heavenly dove, Bringeth the soul-fraught mandates from above.

They sin 'gainst thee, oh Spirit-God, who tell— Weaving of sophistry the gleaming spell— That Love is but a greeting and farewell!

Subject to change, as lesser things of life, Falling beneath the ban of earthly strife, Not with ascension's dowered glory rife.

It must be, that to fickle Fancy's whim, And short-lived Passion, Joy and Faith grow dim; They list not to an angel's life-long hymn.

But the soul, disciplined by teaching woes, Whose sweet heaven-rest, seeks the true repose Whereby the portals of the heart unclose

To welcome in God's mightiest angel, sent, By mandate of the Love Omnipotent, To fold it in Life's wise and high intent.

Change is for that which hath in God no part! 'Tis of Perversion's ignorance the art— Never the invocation of the heart!

That is not Love which changes! shadows all, That from the sun-bright, royal presence fall, That offer drink of wormwood and of gall,

Are they, the mocking semblances of Truth! Exiled the soul with benisons of ruth! Thine is God's signet of Eternal Youth!

Thine is the sanctity forever blest With the Joy-tokens of immortal rest; Thou art the true God in the human breast!

Love, pure and true! thine is the hope and trust, Uplifting from the trammels of the dust, Unto the regions of the Free and Just!

Lasalle, Ill., 1865.

The Lecture Room.

A DISCOURSE,

Delivered by J. M. Allen, under Spirit-Influence, at Rogers's Chapel, Quincy, Mass., Feb. 24, 1865.

(Photographically reported for the Banner of Light by J. F. Gember.)

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

"Amen."

Thank Heaven, to-day, that the Word of God standeth undestroyed. I thank Heaven, to-day, that the spirit of God liveth, and that the Holy Ghost, which did come down aforetime and rest upon the brow of Jesus and his disciples, descendeth also to-day, and resteth upon the anointed ones of these latter days; that the truth, as it is in Jesus, as it is in nature, as it is in the human heart, can be spoken to-day from the pulpit of America. I feel thankful that God, in his merciful dispensations, has given rise to these glorious truths which are offered for man to contemplate in this your nineteenth century. Oh, that I had lived when the spirit of God the Holy Ghost, and the spirits of the wise and good of past ages were permitted to go forth into the outer life, and to speak unto the children of men. But my work was done, my labors were finished before the glorious gospel of Spiritualism had obtained a foothold upon the earth. And, indeed, as my feet neared the portals of the life beyond, I greeted the loved ones of former days, in spirit-life. I looked back to earth with no expectation that I should ever be able again to speak unto the sons of men; with no expectation that God's laws would ever permit me, a disordered spirit, freed from the earthly elements, to come back into earthly presence, and to manifest my own selfhood and identity, that those witnessing might recognize me, receive my teachings, and take me with joy and thankfulness into their companionship. But I soon found that I had not learned all the laws of the spirit-life. And, indeed, of being permitted never to roam the scenes of earth again, never to manifest the thoughts of my spirit brain to the people of earth, I found speedily that God had opened a way for my return, and for the return of others who had left within them to do so. I thank God for this. I thank him for the inestimable privilege which I enjoy as one of the countless host of spirit workers who still labor for the good of humanity in the flesh, to still speak aloud for freedom, to still shout forth words of grave import for the salvation and the regeneration of undeveloped humanity. Oh God of the universe! I do thank thee, from the inner depths of my being, that thou hast given to the humanity of our day, that whereby such as I may return to the haunts of men; that I have not forgotten the things of earth; that the dearest associations of earth-life which clung around me so gently, so pleasantly, are not rudely broken; and that the dear ties of earth still continue, in all their serenity, in all their perfection.

And it comes upon me, to-day, to enter once more into the vestibule of creation, to enter once more into the outer courts of life, to speak forth such thoughts unto you, dear earth-friends, as I may feel willing to within my heart of hearts. I know full well that there be those here, to-day, who believe not in these things, who feel not within their souls the blessed reality of spirit communion, of spirit return, of spirit guidance and control. But, thank Heaven again, they be few in these latter days who do not feel within their inmost souls that perhaps Spiritualism is true. There is a deep consciousness innate within the human breast, that there is another life; that death does not remove the loved ones far away; that it does not shut the door against the soul's return, so that there can be no more entrance to the affectional nature on the part of the dear one gone before. I know full well that there be those here, to-day, who have a presence here, operating upon this form of clay, other than the spirit of James Madison Allen, even that of one who formerly did live in your midst, who formerly did traverse your streets, and feel at home in all the arenas of your town. God be praised, I know that I am here! And I believe that, ere I close, perchance there may be others who will feel within their souls that I am here.

It is not enough that you be liberal men. It is not enough that you be liberal in your material, studying into the material laws for the government of material concerns. It is not enough that you pour deep into the surface of life, and lay the foundation for a beautiful frutelage of materiality. I tell you, friends, there is an immortal part. There is a beauty, a glory, in humanity, that you must feel, and realize, and comprehend. Oh, that I might impress you, to-day, with

the realities that surround you and dwell within you, and make you feel that the beauties of the highest life are being let down upon the material plane, and that you may not be materialists, but that you may be spiritualists. I would that I could make you realize the labor of the angels, to-day, in the cause of human elevation, for the down-trodden in your land, for the weak and ignorant. Oh, that you might feel that you are co-workers with the Spirit in every good word and work.

I say this on my entrance into spirit-life. I do not think that I should be permitted to return, and that I soon found my mistake. Oh, that you might all, friends of earth, you who dwell in the dismal courts of skepticism and of false theology—oh, that you might all realize, before you pass on to the higher life, what you must realize some time, that God has placed no barriers between the dark against the soul's return; that there is no such thing as death; that the glories of heaven are with you; that Washington and his co-laborers, that Columbus and the great men of his times, that the great and good of all past ages are with you to-day, are watching over the destinies of this glorious Republic, whose seeds were planted long centuries ago, even when the Roman forces landed upon Britain's isle and lay the foundation of the British people and government, which, in its future encroachments upon the rights of the newly-discovered land and people, planted the seeds again for the revolutionary operations of the last century. These great workings of the plan of God have been perceptible from the earliest days of human history, preparing the human race, step by step, to understand how to worship Jehovah.

Why, the human race have never known how to worship God, and what God is, nor where he is, nor the nature of his purposes; but, cringing in their undeveloped conditions, in their terror prostrating themselves before an imaginary throne, a self-constructed Deity, they have worn out their miserable lives trembling and shrinking from that good God, and those goodly messengers of God, who ought to have found a resting-place in their hearts. But to-day a new light is dawning upon the world, a light whose radiant beams speak forth to every son of man, "God is Love; God is good, and all souls are precious in his sight; and all the dispensations of life, on earth, or in the heavens, in the solar system, or in any other of the great systems in the cosmos of the universe, all work forth according to the divine plans conceived through the love-principle of God, and have been made through the wisdom of Deity, and shall be fulfilled in accordance with the almighty power of the same Deity." Oh, that ye might understand all the laws of Nature, that ye might know how ye live, and why ye live, and understand the great interests looked up in the nineteenth century. Oh, that I might have the power of hosts of beings concentrated in this little spot, that I might speak forth in thunder tones the grandeur, and beauty, and the unspeakably glorious destiny of the human race.

There is no total depravity of humanity, because God has made the springs forth from the bosom of Goodness, of infinite and Unchangeable Wisdom. The doctrine of total depravity has been set forth, and this miserable dogma has been grounded in the soul of humanity, and kept it from rising into those glorious apprehensions of goodness necessary to a truly unselfish life. So long as we believe in the cosmic depravity of the human race, so long will selfishness be rampant throughout the world. Man looks upon his brother man, and says, "Behold a being whose heart is vicious! He loves me not. He seeks to encroach upon my rights. He is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. I will stand forth to resist his encroachments."

And then comes selfishness. I say to you, from my standpoint to-day, from the observations that I have taken of humanity, its nature, its movements, and all, that the principle of fear is the natural parent of the principle of selfishness. And our selfishness, our fear, is an spiritual co-worker, to uphold fear, and entirely the ghastly element of fear, which is so deeply imbedded in the human soul, in consequence of the teachings of the false theologues of past times. I say this kindly, I say this lovingly; but, at the same time, when I stand and see the wars which are raging the earth, which are scourging humanity to-day—when I look abroad and see the speculative spirit of humanity, the mad thirst of ambition, the self-aggrandizing spirit of humanity, in the aggregate, and in general, I feel almost like cursing the old serpent, the devil, the tempter, the deceiver of my being; because I see that they are inseparable in a great degree for the evils that afflict humanity. But yet all has been well, and in accordance with the plans of Deity; for man could not appreciate the love-principle of God until the present development should have raised humanity above these contemptible things. Thank Heaven, the time is coming when the divinity of the human soul is to be acknowledged in Church, and in State, in the school and in the market-place. The scourge of the past—the thoughts of fear and the shackles of the apostles—shall be more feebly the backs of men; and you are writhing less and less bitterly under the smart of the theological yoke. You think strangely, perhaps, of your fellow townsman of old—your think it strange that I come back and declaim against the evils of theology; I, who was so wrapped up in the political and religious theories of the past. But I have learned the political evils of life grow out of the theological evils that have prevailed. So long as men fear God, and hate their neighbors through this fear, so long will there be need of such talk as this given to you to-day.

But you of these latter times, calling yourselves believers in a new gospel, which embraces within its folds heaven and earth, do not feel this. You have cast off from yourselves much of the bondage of old theology. You fear not God, but love him. You seek to find in the human breast evidences of divinity, evidences of a guiding principle which has been implanted there. And in proportion as you do realize that every human being has a divine spark within him, and that the sum of all things is God, believe me, to-day that I can come to you and encourage you in your glorious good work.

It is not enough that you hold up your hands in the great fight of humanity, declaring that you are for truth and eternal progress; declaring that you are for the redemption of the human race; that you can, not only for the down-trodden of the different portions of the earth, but for the rights of the denizens of the spirit-spheres, who claim the right to come back to earth and speak to you, and to guide you and to mold your destinies. It is not enough that you do this. You must take into your hearts so much of the ministry of your love, that you shall show forth to the world in every act of your lives, that it is good for you thus to believe, and thus to worship the God of Love.

Perhaps I have spoken long enough concerning the depravity of theology, and the supposed depravity of the human heart. One is certain; and the other is true.

I want to include within my discourse to you to-day, as much of thought as I can give to you. I want to show to you, from different standpoints, the spirit-life, and the different relations which the spiritual movement bears to humanity. But when I have succeeded in uprooting from the Church of the present time the principles which inhere there—when we have done this, we may also work upon the other relations of life and the other interests of humanity. There are those in spirit-life whose whole souls yearn for the elevation of the black race. I confess to you that at times I feel as if I would be willing to sacrifice my own immortality, and lay down my existence upon the altar of freedom.

I have felt, in times past, that there was needed a sacrifice in behalf of justice and humanity in America, and I was willing to make this sacrifice, and to stand up for freedom when it was not as popular as it is in these days. I feel thankful for every word spoken in behalf of a down-trodden race; and I feel that my labors have had something to do with the vast under-current of thought which has been engendered in the consideration of this topic. I am thankful that our labors have been crowned with that success which greets us to-day.

There is a burning away of the materialism of the rulers of the land. And it is from the fires of spirituality, which, kindled on high, have been streaming down into your grossness of time, that the light has been kindled. As the world have been "living through death," as the world will be seen in this my native town, and in all the other hamlets of the land; that there is a power back of the spiritual movement, a wisdom which is on, and an undying, unselfish love which is in, and which is sufficient for the elevation of America, and all the world, above all its selfish-

ness and narrowness. The fathers of the land made their policy of life; they seen the true benefits of every word which they were performing, and they were not content with the outward of guidance—the Constitution; had they seen the tremendous contest between the powers of darkness and of light, which was to inevitably grow out of some of the provisions of their Constitution; had they seen all the struggles of these latter days, we shall well that they were not so dumb as they thought they did—dumb not from doing as they did not, but as they were interiorly urged to do some of them. Had the men who framed the Constitution been truly brave enough, to disdain to tamper with vice and selfishness, to be determined to crush the hydra-headed monster of slavery in its infancy, as they might have done, oh, how different might have been the history of this land! But, then, perhaps it might have been too soon; perhaps the elevation of humanity would have been urged forward too rapidly—like the hot-house growth of the plant, feeble and not lasting.

I have said that, as time rolls on, it will be seen that spirituality has been at work, and that the spirit fires have been burning away the dross of selfishness that has cursed your political life in times past. Yes, yes, it is true that we have gigantic plans laid deeply and securely, which, when they are carried out in your national life, will show that the national life will now be higher than earthly Court that has guided the nations; that there is a Congress of the nations guiding the celestial spheres, whose duty it is to establish all over the world those conditions that have obtained in the celestial spheres. And we need that America, standing in the dock at the head of the nations, is to be a shining light among the peoples of earth as to this great spiritual work. For, eventually, every land will recognize the labors of the great and good of past ages.

Then it is a truth that, here, in this land, are the great spheres, "first fruits of them that sleep." Here in this land are to be established those spiritual principles by which many claiming to be Spiritualists are, and are to be guided, the principle of impartial love, of justice, and a seeking after the wisdom which is from on high. It may perhaps seem amiss and unsuitable in this direction, but I cannot help feeling that it is safe and right for me to make some assertions, because I can see them limned out so distinctly before my spiritual vision in the future of the land, and of the world, that I cannot be mistaken when I say that America will be ruled, by-and-by, by the spirit of the world, the spirit of the spheres, operating through their appointed channels in the flesh; that you are to be guided and governed by true spiritual principles, by those principles which recognize the Deity in all things, which recognize the divinity of the human soul, and the inalienable right of every man to the highest good for himself and for his fellow-men, the glorious dawn for humanity, for America, and the world, when every nation shall be free; when the clanking chains which are bowing down the masses in Europe, Asia, and Africa, when all the bondage in all the world shall be loosed; when the aristocratic tyrants of the old world shall crumble into dust, and the true structure of republicanism shall be raised instead, wherein all mankind may worship the God of Love, and learn to govern themselves according to the instinctive yearning of their inner souls.

It is true, and it cannot be gainsaid, that ere many years shall roll by, there shall be a demand made upon the American Government for a recognition of the Spiritual Congress of the Spheres—a demand upon the members of the Cabinet, Senators and Representatives in Congress, and all the rulers of the land, for the spiritual presence of the spiritual founders of America. We are with you, and working for you, and oh, why will you not acknowledge us? Why will you not give us the right which we have inherited from God the Father? We have the right to be recognized. We have the right to step forth into the vestibule of creation, working for the uplifting of humanity everywhere, and to be acknowledged, to be received in your heart of hearts.

Oh, how much happier shall we be, as a people, as a nation, as a race, as a world of immortals, when we shall be taken into your companionship, not merely in the limited sphere of your sympathies. We come to your households, and you know it not; or, knowing, will not acknowledge. We infuse into your minds new arts, new sciences, and new thoughts for the salvation of the world, and it is all unrecognized and all unacknowledged. It has been so in times past; but it is not so now. Heaven are being opened to-day. Thank God, the fires of spirituality are finding their way into the hearts of humanity, and they cannot be resisted much longer. This very American conflict, which has been raging so bitterly for these years, shall not be an evil, but a great blessing to you; for the vast streams of humanity, which have been flowing upward from your battle-fields, and returning downward into your hearts, in consequence of this attempt of the powers of darkness to subvert the foundations of your Government—this vast stream of life back to the mortal spheres—this having its effect already upon you, as a nation, theologically, politically, socially, and morally. You have been enmeshed in a cold mantle of selfishness, which did not recognize the brotherhood of the human race. You have had principles for your governance in times past which were wrong. We are doing away with these conditions.

Believe us, dear ones of earth, the reign of selfishness is coming to an end. This is a day, and other lands. Time is necessary. It is true, but time we have. Eternity we have. But the march of humanity shall be more rapid in the future than it has been in the past. The foundations of a scientific knowledge of those principles which we employ in our intercourse with men, have been laid. We are now firmly established upon a solid basis, so to speak; and the rubbish of America having been swept away by the fires of revolution, the rubbish of selfishness which had engendered itself more especially in your great sin of slavery, having been removed—Spiritualism, heaven and gurgling through the various strata of the earth, has come to the surface of our aristocracy. The aristocracy of America needs to be touched with a fire that shall destroy the selfishness of it, and lead men, compel women, to recognize something else besides the adornment of the person, something else besides position flowing from wealth, something else besides the fact of being a member of the aristocracy of the present time. You are ruled too much by the public conscience, and not enough by your own private conscience. Every man's title is from heaven, the blight of free thought, and of free action, so long as it interferes not with the rights of others. This has not been recognized. But it will be. And we may say all—more or less governed by the public conscience, governed by that miserable condition that crowds out the finer instincts of the soul, that when the poor and suffering come to you for relief and succor, you turn up your aristocratic nose, and pass by on the other side, declaring not to extend your hand to the poor, and love. And when the miserable outcasts of life come before your notice, you have not a cheerful charity for them, but only a cold condescension growing out of the old theology of the past. You spurn them. You have not charity for the unfortunate, organized beings all around you, filling your prisons, filling your almshouses, filling your neighborhoods, and cities with a fear lest your property may not be safe, with a fear lest your lives may be in jeopardy. These things should not be so. We say that all these relations of life are to be touched from the spiritual fires; and then it shall be that in time to come, you shall lay the axe at the root of the tree of evil. Trading one for the other, you will realize that the criminals of the land need your sympathy, more, indeed, than the prosperous ones; with whom you have daily dealing; that these poor creatures, immured in prison-houses and almshouses, and not the things, from which you turn upon them, from which you turn aside at home, if you trace phenomenally the character of their minds, looking back at the primary causes of their condition, tracing the blight which they have inherited, the blight of false

tendencies toward blind, you will learn a lesson to respect all men, no matter whether they wear the chains in the gloomy dungeons which you have erected, no matter whether in high places or low; and you will learn to extend the hand of charity. Oh, well! I realize the universality of Spiritualism. The universal nature of the spiritual elements is realized by us, it is not by you. Other nations than American need regeneration; and they shall have it! So fast as they can bear it, we shall give forth truths that shall startle the nations across the waters from their God-defying tyrannies, and rouse the downtrodden masses to a vivid sense of their capacities, their rights and their destiny. Oh, then shall it be grand to live on earth! For the selfishness of men shall be neutralized by the love element poured forth in copious showers from the celestial spheres; and we shall be heard in all the hamlets, dungeons and palaces of the startled nationalities of the Old World. The crumbling palaces, erected for selfish aggrandizement and for the belittling of the human soul, will feel the touch of an irresistible wave of spirituality and eternal justice, and they shall totter and fall. And the hopes of the toiling masses shall rise upon the ruins. And humanity shall be free! God speed the happy day! And you, all who have yearning souls for such an influence for freedom, the downtrodden of all lands shall feel its uplifting power. Let a purer spirituality, as day succeeds day, irradiate from your inner life, that earth and heaven may feel the blessedness of your conditions. Soon, Oh Spiritualists of America! soon shall you see yourselves no longer downtrodden, neglected and neglected. If you prove faithful to the sacred trust reposed in you, a power in the land, your influence shall yet be felt in the welter of concerns of governmental life. We are with you. Our labors shall never cease. A mighty host, whom no man can number, our arm of spirit is extended over the world, over the world. Be strong, then, for the sake of the spirit-people, and no man can harm!

Written for the Banner of Light.
TO MY MOTHER—MRS. S. E. KOLT.

By M. S. TOWNSEND.

Come, take up the Banner, and read, mother dear,
These lines from your wandering child;
For I long to tell you how weary I am,
While tossed on life's billows so wild.
You have been the first to comfort me dear,
How, in childhood, I slept on your breast,
When, weary with play, in the heat of the day,
You sang my young spirit to rest.

I remember it well, and the lullaby song—
I hear it in memory to-day:
"Hush, darling, and sleep; for the angels will
keep
Their watch over your young spirit's way."
We did not know then, my own mother dear!
How true were the words that you sang;
But we've learned in these years, oft sprinkled
With tears, that the angels are true.

When our hearts with such grief have been wrung,
You know the bright hopes I have had, mother dear!
And how, one by one, they are gone;
How my life was shattered, my sky draped
With gloom,
"Till my spirit could breathe but a moan;
And you know, when my grief has been hardest
to bear,
How the angels have brought me release;
How, touched from the altar my soul with their
fire,
And promised the richness of peace?"

And, dear mother! to-day, though weary and
worn,
I trust in these promises still;
The sunlight of gladness for me will yet burn,
For I trust in the Good Father's will.
I will work, though I'm weary and longing for
rest.

For thy child is a woman to-day,
And cannot repeat with her head on your breast,
While humanity sinks by the way.

I will patiently wait 'till they bring me release,
And give me the home I have earned;
Where affection shall rest, in a dear, faithful
friend.

That no earth changes ever can turn,
Then, mother, you'll know that your song-prayer
was heard,
That angels have guarded my way,
Though "neath crosses, through sorrows, yet bless-
ings have been left,
That cluster like jewels to-day.

Dear mother! your love through these wearisome
years
Has ever burned brightly the same;
When the ignorant have slandered, the foolish
have scorned,
Your pure lips have murmured my name,
And your voice, rich with love's sacred music,
bath borne.

These charmed words to my listening ear:
Though the whole world condemn you, my child,
Come to me,
Your mother's true heart is still here.

God, bless you, my mother! I could not have
slipped
Had temptation been so strong;
For such love and such trust as you've given to
me.

Would shield me forever from wrong,
As the angels look down in my heart every day,
For the goodness that there may be found,
Whatever I have they may credit to you,
For, mother, you planted the ground!

Brief Experience of a Medium.

Four years ago I was called from the workshop to the spiritual field, to labor publicly for the good of my brother man; but it was not without some doubts of success, because I had no previous spiritual guidance, but previously, for upwards of four years, sustained me, and through my instrumentality had imparted strength to the weak in body, and cheerfulness to many drooping spirits. I reasoned thus: "What will my friends and old associates say when the humble mechanic, who has added to his business, by means of his spiritual gifts, has come out to the world's gaze, and criticism as a medium? Time alone will tell." Some passed me on the street without recognition; others with a cold shake of the hand; others bid me God-speed; and my faithful spirit-friends bade, to this day, sustained me, and ever will if I remain faithful to them.

During my short public career I have made many acquaintances who have proved sincere and faithful friends. I am a mere child, as far as the knowledge of Modern Spiritualism is concerned. I am only one among the many humble mediums of the day. During the last four years I have visited five States and fifty towns and cities, made professional calls on three hundred and ninety-three families. Eight thousand, four hundred and sixty-two persons have called on me at my office, "Number 18 Dix Place." I have made six thousand, five hundred and forty-seven examinations. I have also officiated at thirty-eight funerals; traveled out of town in visiting the sick, upwards of twenty thousand, four hundred miles. Have lost but six patients who have been under my sole care, and of those that I had the partial care of, eleven. I have taken to myself, for rest and recreation, during those four years, only part of thirty-seven week-days. I have been at the bedside of the sick, and witnessed the departure of the spirit to the bright Summerland, and heard their fainting voices bless the power through me, that had sustained them. On one occasion I held the hand of a lady who said: "You have made me blessed to go, and shall not regret it in heaven." She quietly dropped away from me, and I was left in the bright land, without losing her grasp around my hand. On another occasion I was called to visit with

depression of a spirit and his mind to prolong her life; for she knew, she said, that she was going to hell. And yet she was a member of the Baptist Church.

Reader, for a moment contemplate the conditions of these two spirits, as they were about to enter on the life eternal. Comment is unnecessary. I have not given this brief sketch of my career for the purpose of throwing out the impression that I am superior to other mediums, by no means. I believe our lives and deeds are sufficient to let the world know what we are, therefore I have never asked any one for a certificate of what may have been done for them through my mediumship. I am an honest seeker and firm advocate of truth.

SAMUEL GROVER.
Boston, March 31, 1885.

Original Essays.

THE FUTURE OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." If the inspired author of this sentence had added to men and things, and concluded by showing that the failure to take advantage of the flood-tide sets the ship back in retrogression, if not ruin, I think he would have defined the entire order of life and being.

Can we not read the signs of the times, and perceive that Spiritualism in America is even now surging up toward the hour of flood-tide? And that as far as we dare act as navigators in this wonderful movement, we are called upon to do whatever belongs to us to take advantage of the time, in the effort to make it more a power to the world, a strength to ourselves, and a concentrated action of the spiritual and natural worlds, to institute for mankind all the good and blessing that grows out of it?

I am sure I need not say, in view of the great public interest manifested in Spiritualism, no less than in the daily experiences of its disciples, that the demand of its present hour is more united and systematized movement—I should have written organization; had I not had a prudential fear of the dismal wall this word would have called forth from the multitude who seem unable to discern any difference between license and liberty; or that the one is chaos, in which divine laws are sacrificed with human, and the other, in obedience to God, is perfect freedom from man.

Believing, as I do, that Nature, the Universe, and all being, animate and inanimate, is the subject of stringent, immutable and irresistible law—confident that neither Spiritualism nor any other movement can resist the onward impulses of natural law—assured that in obedience to that fundamental law that evolves all things into order, Spiritualism, to exist, must come into the domain of this law; and standing determinately outside of it, must melt away, become scattered and powerless, and be driven off into crystallization in other hands. So deeming, I venture to propose to my Spiritualistic friends another and yet another serious effort, in public gatherings or private circles, to reduce our broken and fragmentary lines into something like a definite, and, therefore, divinely natural order. To myself and many others, who have both written and conversed with me on this subject, (and at whose solicitation it is chiefly that I thus write,) the question is no longer "Should Spiritualists organize?" but rather in what form can we combine so as to attain united strength, without fettering individual opinion? Rather, as stated above, in answer to correspondents, too numerous to be dealt with singly, than in any purpose to intrude my own opinions as authority, I would suggest that we resolve in action upon a few definite questions like the following:

Are public meetings (periodical or otherwise) of value in disseminating our opinions? Assuming those opinions to be beneficial to ourselves, and consequently valuable to others, supposing the above question also settled in the affirmative, we have next to consider the best order to be observed in instituting meetings; whether buildings purchased or erected on ordinary financial paying principles, cannot be as well and successfully appropriated to this cause as any other. Next, concerning the speakers to be employed, and the opinions to be disseminated. Whether it is deemed wise to attempt impressing the public with orators, cultivated, educated and devoted to the business of impressing the public, or whether we should chance of speakers, and either accept of any that would come along, especially such as have no little, narrow scruples of self-respect to prevent their vagabondizing round the country, and "happening in" just when they please, and on the principle, "I'm as good as you," insisting upon their right to be heard, and take chances, also, with such speakers, how many of the unappreciated, dull, public would come to hear them? ergo, how much benefit such meetings were going to be at all.

Here, again, I know I am subjecting myself to a perfect tempest of Spiritualistic declamation against my irreligious and material hints concerning the perversion of "God's gifts" into money-making uses, and questioning whether the "sacred gifts" of mediumship ought to be paid for in currency or its equivalent. In defence of the charges which I expect holy Pharisees to bring against me in this connection, permit me to say that I have ever taken the ground that all faculties alike are God's gifts; that no one power, physical or mental, is less or more sacred than another; no one act ditto, no one occupation either; and that when it is necessary for speakers, orators and spirit mediums generally, to work without pay, or for prices inferior to the value of their time and labor in other directions, as other paid laborers in theirs, I, for one, shall advocate railways, hotel and lodging-house keepers giving of their "godly gifts" and substance free; dentists, doctors, painters, publishers, mechanics and artists, all tendering their "God-given gifts" of strength, intellect, and time, on the same terms. Until that blessed community system is fully inaugurated, I, for one, shall raise my voice and wield my pen to show that the question of speakers for Spiritual meetings will no longer be (in view of our power to analyze and define the universality of Religion) whether (as Warren Chase so truly writes) "we shall wait to be starved out of the field or not," but rather whether it is worth while to employ such speakers as the public care to hear, or merely such persons as care to speak. And next, what shall be the character of that they speak? or shall it have a character at all? Or, again, having this as a prerequisite, shall it be such as the world calls bad, even if the Spiritualist insists that it is "all right?"

Also, we having started from the fundamental base that the soul of man is immortal, that it can aid does communicate with earth, and that in the life of immortality certain actions, popularly called right and wrong, produce certain invariable results as to position and happiness in the spirit-world, shall we make these essential parts of our teachings; or, at least, starting points and articles of confederation; or shall we build halls, hire speakers, enter into innumerable expenses, and go to infinite pains to get up public meetings for the purpose of showing anyone and every one

to ventilate their theories, or blow off gas and steam, to the injury, if not the very annihilation of the doctrines, facts and phenomena from which, as Spiritualists, we have an existence at all? I know it sounds very liberal for Spiritualists to put themselves to great expense and trouble to get up meetings; where anybody may talk anything in the vague; but grandly unconservative name of "a free platform;" but it may still be a question to a Spiritualist, like myself, whether it is quite worth while to buy an axe for my neighbor to chop down my own tree with.

Then, again, come the questions of educational associations, charitable, hygienic and scientific combinations. Spiritualists profess to have different views on all these subjects of the rest of the world. Can they promote them for themselves, their children, or their better, without associations in which to teach, practice and define them? And if, again, these questions should be answered in affirmation of the necessity of such movements, the same reason, natural law, and common-sense views of action, must prevail in this, as in the choice of public speakers, and the subjects of public speaking. And because associations for the search after and propagation of these truths are the only modes by which they can grow, strengthen, and become a power, does it follow that we must needs narrow truth down to that point up to which we have traced it, and whilst acknowledging that it is infinite, and its search must be eternal, can we fall into the destructive folly of limitation? I think not; and I, for one, never fear that we shall do it, or that the spirits of power, who are unquestionably, to my mind, the authors of this movement, will permit us to do so without some of those catastrophic disruptions that have ever broken up narrow creeds, and enlarged the boundaries of petty systems, yet never disturbed the unvarying action of eternal laws.

Now if Spiritualists dare discuss these questions, without being actually choked down into silence by those who insist upon speech being "so free" for themselves, that they won't allow any one to hint even at organization—if they may venture to propound the unpopular theory that the world will only consent to be moved by some oratory, and not by "other some"—if they will cater for the world according to its appetite and acceptance, venture to define their position as far as they know it, leaving an infinity to grow in, and an eternity to progress in, consider how far it may be worth while to practice a little in charity, and teach our children what we believe in ourselves. I think we may do all this without any fear lest some of us may set up for Popes, or others will be turned out of our Church, or that the said Church will be too narrow to admit all mankind, even if we do press the walls of decency, order and common sense around it.

And once more, I close as I have begun, by reminding our friends that the time is fully ripe for this movement. Wherever my observation, or the reports of others have directed my attention, I find the law of order felt, and the effort to effect it in progress. That the public do and will support us, let our mediums in their overcrowded benches, testify. Test mediums and speakers alike confirm my own experience in both these statements; and notwithstanding the report of your New York correspondent, that my meetings at Cooper's Institute were "not so full as expected," together with the luminous critique on my speeches there, that I announced that "I should give what was given me to say," myself and my friends feel that the attendance of some fourteen hundred people each night, despite a heavy storm, and the excitement of the draft, and most cheering and hearty applause throughout, is some proof that a despised Spiritualist can hold her own in Lyceum meetings in New York, where so much occurs each night to compete with any such meetings; whilst for our spiritual meetings, after six weeks at Sansom-Street Hall, Philadelphia, I have had the pleasure of taking leave of my friends there with a benefit lecture at the Academy of Music, for the Women's Temporary Home, to two thousand people; and at our hall, last Sunday, to nearly as many outside and standing, as were accommodated with seats within.

Such is my own experience of the public interest in Spiritualism, and it is this, together with hourly evidences of a steadily increasing interest in this cause during my eight years' experience of its working before the public, that convinces me it needs only workers as able, zealous, faithful and practical as the spirits themselves, to make the future of Spiritualism the religion of the world.

8 Fourth Avenue, New York, March 29, 1885.

"THE SPIRIT-LAND."

BY WILLIAM A. BOARDMAN.

In the Message Department of the Banner of Light of Feb. 18th, 1885, it appears that a written question had been addressed to the controlling spirit of the circle, by Mrs. J. L. G., of Albion, Mich., as follows:

Question—"Spirits teach us that there is a spirit-land, an emanation from this earth, outside of the earth-atmosphere. If so, will the controlling intelligence please tell us if said spirit-land revolves in harmony with this earth? If not, how do spirits always find the precise spot where they wish to go, in returning to earth?"

Answer—"The spirit-land is within you, not outside of you. You are not compelled to go sixty or seventy, or even a thousand miles, to find your spirit-land. It is within you; consequently it is in harmony with you and your universal surroundings."

It seems to me, with all due respect, that the answer evades, or does not answer the true, objective intent and meaning of the question.

I understand, and I presume the author of the question does, and also, perhaps, most persons who have given the subject of spiritual existence profound thought and attention, that there is both an objective and subjective existence; hence in the subjective sense, not only is the spirit-land within us; but also the heavens and the hells are within us; that the capacity, to be conscious in the ideal, or subjective sense of all external things in the outside universe, is within us, and is in harmony with our universal surroundings; that the outward and objective, is the local and material of existence, and is always in time and space; while the subjective and ideal consciousness of outward and local existence in us, is the immaterial and spiritual, and is not, therefore, in time or space; and in this sense, I think the answer is correct. But the question was asked, most evidently, in relation to the objective, or supposed objective, of the spirit-world.

To illustrate: I have the capacity to be conscious that there is such a city as Boston—so have others the same capacity; hence in the true subjective sense, the city of Boston is within us. And if we had not this spiritual capacity to be conscious, ideally, of the city of Boston—or any other locality—we could never know there was such a city, though we dwelt in it bodily.

Now suppose a person should ask me, here in Illinois, the distance, and the best road to travel to Boston, and I should answer by saying, "Why, my dear sir, or my dear madam, what are you

talking about? Do you not know that the city of Boston is within you, and that you have not to travel a thousand miles to reach it, but it is already within you, and in harmony with your universal surroundings?" I should thus answer the truth, in the subjective sense, but should not answer in relation to the objective truth, the very sense in which the question was asked.

I have long entertained the idea that there is a local and objective to the spirit-world, consisting of a sphere of imperponderable matter located beyond the earth's atmosphere; and this, so far as I know, or am informed, has been, substantially, the teaching of the spirits. A seeming exception to the almost universal agreement of the spirits on this important subject, is found, I think, in one or more of the discourses given by Mrs. Hatch. But even this exception seemed, to me, rather a psychological technicality, than the affirmation that there was, to the spirit, no objective existence; for there is a sense in which it may be philosophically argued, that all material and objective existence is simply caused in appearance, by the psychological power of the Infinite Mind.

Now I should be highly pleased, and I presume others would, to have a further explanation, or illustration of said question, from the controlling spirit of the Message Department, so that if the spirit does mean to teach that there is no local or objective to what we usually term the spirit-world, and that all consciousness of the spirits is only subjective; or if there is an objective, that there is no special spirit, or home of objective life, in the so-called spirit-world, that the same may be so stated to us in direct terms. I care nothing about terms or technicalities, so that we can get the true idea of what is intended to be taught.

For myself, I feel conscious that the spirit of man is immaterial, though acting, on one side of it, in the local and objective in this and in other worlds; having a body of gross matter here, and in the spirit-world proper, a refined body of imperponderable matter, and hence always having a body, and a material side, so to compare it, of existence. Yet, that the spirit is immaterial, having capacity and power to image within its consciousness the objective universe; but greater than this, having a capacity to be conscious of the abstract and positive existence of life and being; the capacity to receive the demonstration of the infinite, mathematically in itself, beyond, out of time, space or location; and that by the aid of the psychological power of infinite, or controlling spirit of the universe, we may become conscious—If I may so term it—of a species of omnipotence and omnipresence, so that all possible local existence of all worlds may be appreciated in the grand, subjective consciousness of our being; hence that consciousness is the effect of and lies between—so to compare it—the two mighty and infinite polarities of being, the immaterial and the material; hence that there is no change, nor ever will be, in the principles of our consciousness and existence, though we should pass through indefinite numbers of changes in the modes of objective or subjective manifestation; though we sleep or wake, our consciousness or unconsciousness is ever acting and reacting on the same principle, from and to eternity; that Man and all the universe has existed from eternity, with the Infinite Mind.

Waukegan, Ill., March 23d, 1885.

Correspondence.

Rapid Progress of Spiritualism in Colorado Territory.

Believing it might be a matter of interest to you, and other friends of progress East, to learn that the new and beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism is shedding its benign influence over the minds of the rough and hardy pioneers and miners in the great State of the Rocky Mountains, I feel a pleasure in communicating the fact, and giving you a slight idea of its progress here. Weekly public and private circles have been held in this city during the last four months. There are several mediums residing in the neighborhood. The most conspicuous of these is a Mrs. Briggs, a France named, who has been her private home last November for public circles on Sabbath evenings, and has continued them regularly since. At first the attendance was small, and met with ridicule from those that feared to investigate, or were preaching other doctrines. But the discourses through her were from a high order of intelligence, and began to attract the attention of inquiring minds; and as the intelligence and numbers of the audience increased, the mediums' powers expanded, and a higher sphere of intelligences began to communicate, on both religious and scientific subjects.

A series of discourses upon the past, present and future condition and progress of man on the earth, was announced by the committee of spirits on subjects for the circle. Three of these discourses had been delivered, when the private room, though large, could not accommodate more than one-third of those seeking admission. The theologians took alarm at the thinning of their audiences, and began to utter a series of misrepresentations, and denunciations against mediums, Spiritualists and their doctrines. So bitter and false were these slanders, that the communicating spirit felt it necessary to postpone the great subject he was interesting us in, and devote an evening to the defence of the mediums and believers in this great philosophy. This brought on a discussion between a Dr. Phinney, a retired parson, and the communicating spirit, which lasted two evenings. A public hall was procured, and that was also found to be insufficient to accommodate the audience.

The following extract from the Daily Mining Journal of March 10th, shows the outside opinion of this discussion:

"The discussion on whether or not 'spirits return and communicate to mortal through mediums,' held at Apollo Hall, last evening, by Dr. Phinney and Mrs. Briggs, was largely attended, and it is said to have been quite interesting. Mrs. Briggs was in a clairvoyant state, and spoke well, having the affirmative of the question, and concluding her remarks with the statement that she believed in the return of the spirits to the bodies of the dead."

This short sketch of Spiritualism in the Rocky Mountains will show you that there are progressive minds even in this remote region of the country.

MINERAL ROCK.

Central City, C. T., March 15, 1885.

Letter from Mrs. Wilcoxson.

I closed my labors in the city of Newark the 10th of Feb., and sought the genial climate of this place, and a rest to restore my exhausted physical powers, which were getting quite low. I learn by correspondence that the meetings are still kept up, and hope that speakers having the good cause at heart will not forget that there is much new ground to be broken by the aid of many striving, earnest souls to be comforted and sustained in the important city of Newark. Since the 1st of September I have spoken there twenty-two Sundays, or more, and at the close of my lectures found the interest unabated.

For the whole period of my labor there my bound was given me by Mr. John L. Stora and lady, who, in humble circumstances and depending upon the proceeds of daily toil, have freely and unostentatiously cast many a mite into the treasury of Spiritualism. Their self-denial and the liberality of some two or three gentlemen, and the earnest co-operation of the Board, has in the most of our meetings successfully along.

The most of our audience was composed of a class intermediate between avowed Spiritualists and the Churches, able to assist in supporting the cause, but not yet disposed to transfer their pecuniary assistance from the popular Church treasury to the more humble and unpopular one of spiritual reform. Still, there is much to encourage the true worker who is not seeking the popular favor so much as the PEOPLE'S good.

In the villages of Cranville and Wheatheaf I found some earnest minds courageous enough to try their own thinking and move with alacrity in introducing the Spiritual Philosophy. These villages, in Linden Township, Railway, are settled

largely by a class of thrifty farmers, and the right class of workers will, and the fact-staring out and a hospitable board, proffered by some of the citizens of the place. Address Mr. Edward P. Hand for particulars, or Mr. William Barnett, directing to Railway P. O. But it must be remembered New Jersey is not at present the place of occurrence to expect large access; and none should in the hope of the plow here expecting to turn up gold. The soil must first be cleared off—its deep wealth of material laid bare to the sunlight of a true inspiration—the grasp of a strong pro-slavery element made to loosen its hold upon the hearts of the people—and companies willing to dress and live plainly, to be instant, in season and out of season, to look not so much for pecuniary benefit as the general good. Such souls will not starve, or go naked, for their labor will be appreciated by the noble few who are ever ready to cooperate and assist with them whatever they have of this world's goods.

During May, June and July I propose laboring on the line of the Central Road in Pennsylvania, from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh and on to Meadville. Friends on the route wishing my services, will please address me till May 1st at this place. I am engaged for the month of June.

Fraternally,
M. J. WILCOXSON.
Hammon, Atlantic Co., N. J., March 29, 1885.

What New York Needs.

Having recently become enlightened to the glorious truths of the doctrine of Spiritualism—thanks to the angel-world—you will excuse me for manifesting the zeal of a young convert by presuming to trespass upon your time and patience; but believing that if there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, there is also joy on earth among heavenly minded men when a fellow-being is brought out of darkness into the marvelous light of the new dispensation. I could not refrain from testifying of the fact, and attributing to the Banner the source from which I have obtained much light, and I know of no better medium through which to publish the glad tidings, and so wish it, at the same time, God-speed in its heavenly directed efforts to ameliorate the condition of ignorant, superstitious, priest-ridden, downtrodden humanity.

Although, with the exception of two or three small cliques or societies, there are no public demonstrations of an extraordinary nature, or suitable place where spiritual phenomena is regularly dispensed in this city, yet I am amazed at the extent to which Spiritualism is progressing in this great metropolis of the New World, and trust the day is not far distant when ample preparations will be made to accommodate, not only our own citizens, but the thousands of strangers who daily in our midst who are seeking the truth, and heartily endorse the sentiments expressed in the leading article of your issue of April 1st, as every way applicable to the city of New York.

Why cannot all parties interested in this vital subject join aside all piques and animosities, and unite in erecting a suitable edifice, and providing able expositors of the sublime truths of the gospel of "peace on earth and good will to men?" If they appreciated the conditions of hundreds and thousands of despairing, starving souls, both in and out of the churches, for the "bread of life," I feel confident they would exert themselves to extend to others the facilities for obtaining the blessings they so richly experience.

I know it is a cardinal point with many Spiritualists that the divine messengers will, in due time, bring the truth to all who are qualified to receive it; but that does not, or should not, prevent strenuous efforts in assisting and restoring the condition more congenial by preparing the way for the lodgment of the seed, as the first fruits of the great harvest which is certain to follow properly directed efforts.

The hearty and united exertions of Bros. Davis and Willis's Societies, with such assistance as could be easily procured from the thousands who have not openly espoused our belief, but who could not only be induced to give liberally of their means, but also encourage the cause by their presence in some accessible edifice, would soon enable the Spiritualists to place themselves on a social equality with any religious society in the city. Cannot some one suggest a plan by which an object so devoutly to be wished can be speedily obtained?

Although not blessed, myself, with a great abundance of this world's goods, I will pledge one thousand dollars as a starter. I trust that this little heaven will continue to work until the whole lump is leavened, and the stigma of poverty, which is heaped upon Spiritualism on account of its apparent poverty, is wiped out by the erection of a place of public worship second to that of no other sect or denomination in the city, not even excepting the great "cathedral" which is not in process of erection.

The signs of the times portend great events soon to occur in this country in the pulling down of the strongholds of the powers of evil, and it behooves the wise to have their altars fires burning constantly, as beacon lights to the harbor of safety to the tempest-tossed mariners on life's tempestuous sea, where, after their frail bark is securely moored, their released spirits may find their haven of rest so vividly portrayed by the good and exemplary Nazarene, and the hosts of ministering spirits of other just men and women made perfect.

Yours in the cause of Truth,
New York, March 29, 1885. J. N. P.

Notes from the West.

Having occasion, dear Banner, to visit Chicago some four or five weeks ago, and while there ascertaining that meetings were being held in two of the halls in that city—Metropolitan and Bryn Mawr, the following Sunday, I availed myself of the privilege of attending the one at Bryn Mawr Hall in the morning, and there had the pleasure of listening to an interesting discourse, given through the organism of Mrs. E. F. Jay Bullene. This truly gifted lady cannot fail to interest in her candid and investigating minds, however skeptical they may be on the subject of Spiritualism. She handles her subject with great ability and clearness of comprehension, so that all who come within the sound of her voice become attentive listeners. What adds a peculiar charm to her discourses, is her wonderful gift in singing, or rather in singing.

At the close of her lecture she passes under a different countenance, when her soul pours forth in one harmonious flood of music, sometimes sounding like the soft echo from another sphere, stirring the hearts of her audience, and charming the soul with the magic power of song.

At two o'clock P. M., the writer, with a few of the friends, accompanied Mrs. Bullene to the jail, where she addressed the prisoners in a very affecting manner, speaking to their better natures, and using persuasive means to induce them to become better men, so that when the prison doors were opened for them, they would be prepared to go forth to fill honorable positions in the world. In their respective places, She spoke of the origin of crime, treating it as a moral disease. The prisoners appeared to give her strict attention, and many were moved to tears. She closed her discourse with singing, as usual, after which a number of copies of the Banner of Light were distributed among the prisoners.

I cannot but think that much good will be effected in the effort to work a reformation among these poor unfortunate souls, through Mrs. Bullene's instrumentality. That lady told me that she was acting under the guidance of her controlling intelligence, who, she says, have marked out a course for her to pursue, and which, if she is enabled to carry out, will no doubt result in much good to the more unfortunate of our fellow-beings. She has the aid and cooperation of her husband, who is also earnest in the work in which she is engaged, as well as the assistance of many noble hearts in the city of Chicago.

The writer had but little opportunity of conversing with Mrs. B., therefore got but an indefinite idea of the plan marked out for her to pursue in her reformatory work. I also attended her evening lecture at Bryn Mawr Hall, which was packed with an intelligent and appreciative audience. I returned, highly gratified with my visit to Chicago, after witnessing to me, many things of interest in our good and glorious cause. "The work of reform is going on. No opposition can stay its progress. The wheels of the vehicle may be clogged by the mire of conservatism for a season; nevertheless, it moves onward. Yours for Progress," M. MOUTHERSON.
Joy Cottage, Rockford, Ill.

The Boy Medium in Maine.

That the readers of the Banner may be kept posted in the march of events in this city, I will say that our investigations with the "Allen Boy" are progressing finely, and with satisfactory results. We have succeeded in getting good manifestations in his presence, with his hands uncovered. I have sat with him recently, when I have watched both his hands resting in plain sight on my arm, while an electro-magnetic spirit-hand was laid on my right hand, as I held it above my head. While I have held his right hand in mine, and his left hand in sight, powerful manifestations have taken place, and a large hand held distinctly not a foot from my eyes.

The theory of the electro-magnetic transfer has been satisfactorily demonstrated. I read Dr. Gardner's letter with much interest and pleasure, and I hope all who have investigated, or may hereafter investigate the matter, will give to the public the results of their experience.

I notice in the Boston Investigator a communication from "E. R." in which the theory of the electro-magnetic transfer is discussed somewhat, and the writer thinks that Mr. Colby, Dr. Gardner and myself are in a "tight place, and using a very lively faith to get out of it"—and then says:

"I wish to ask them a few questions: If whatever the spirit-hand touches is transferred or imprinted on the hand of the medium, why are not the musical instruments on which it is said spirit-hands play? Why, also, is not the umbrella? And, lastly, why are not the shawl and clothes-horse? Mr. Hall's theory won't work; for if lamp-black can be transferred to a medium's hand, so can the other articles which it is said are moved about a room by spirits."

The questions are pertinent, and I will in a few words give my impressions in the matter. Whatever the spirit-hand touches that will soil it, will mark the instruments if the same hand touches them after the soiling substance is touched. But I think that in the course of a single sitting these hands are organized and dissolved many times, and each time the "transfer" to the hand of the medium must be made. There is a constant magnetic current existing between the electro-spirit-hand and the hand of the medium, and the slightest movement or change on the part of the medium or persons sitting with him, will cause the hand used to be dissolved. Thus on the night of the alleged detection of the "Allen Boy," in this city, it is almost absolutely certain that the "transfer" was effected many times before the discovery was made.

"E. R." says that "Mr. Hall's theory won't work." Mr. Hall's theory does work; and whatever substance is handled by the electro-spirit-hand, be it burnt cork, blacking, flour, powdered opium, paint—no matter what—will be immediately transferred to the hand of the medium. The idea advanced by "E. R." that if this transfer of substances adhering to the "hand" takes place, articles moving about the room must also be transferred, is so absurd and ridiculous that it requires no notice. If "E. R." will candidly investigate, he will find there are more theories in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in his philosophy. Yours, in haste, JOSEPH B. HALL.

Portland, Me., April 5, 1865.

DEAR BANNER.—Since the excitement in regard to the so-called exposure of the "Allen Boy" in Portland, he has held two sittings here, which, to most of the persons present, were satisfactory. The "transfer test" was very mysterious, and all reasonable people are convinced that it was utterly impossible for the "boy" to ring the bell, as his hands were tied to the arm of the committee, and the end of the rope held by one of the audience. There is much interest manifested among some of our citizens, and gentlemen holding high official positions encourage him, and desire him to return here and remain longer, having satisfied themselves in regard to the honesty of the medium, and being deeply interested in the strange and wonderful manifestations produced.

Yours for truth, ANNE LINCOLN.
Augusta, Me., April 2, 1865.

Miss Belle Bush's New Book—"Voices of the Morning."

Not very far from the City of Brotherly Love there are three Buses, and, as inspiration is a fire, they are burning Buses, though like that one so renowned in story, before which Moses stood with awe, they are not consumed.

One of these Buses, with a musical name that rings out sweet notes of sympathy to cheer the weary children of earth, is a poetess, and oft has this Belle rung out its sweet notes of melody.

But, dropping metaphors, let me say that the excellent publishing house of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. has recently issued one of the neatest little booklets of poetry, written by our friend, Belle Bush, of the Adelphi Institute, Norristown, Pa., that has ever been put forth from their establishment. The neatness and taste manifested in this little work remind me of the saying, that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

But neat and attractive as is the volume, it is its intrinsic merit that will commend it to every lover of living poetry.

The author introduces the book in a very pleasant and attractive style, and, with an earnestness that is truly refreshing, gives us her definition of poetry, in comparison with which the dry and crabbed definitions of the book-worms who make dictionaries sink into insignificance. Surely it is the poet's right and duty to define what is the living fire of poetical inspiration. I have often admired Shakespeare's definition of poetry, where he says—

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth the form of things unknown,
The poet's pen turns them to shape,
And gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

But this does not equal the definition given by the author, who says—

"All are poets—all are poets,
Little acts of kindness prove;
No alone is chief of poets
Who deeds of love most love."

"There is poetry in motion, poetry in painting and music, and why should there not be the poetry of good deeds? Have we not had many noble examples of men and women whose whole lives have been poems—some epic, some comic, some tragic, and some so resplendent with the light of religious faith and devotion as well to deserve the name of sacred poems? And shall they not be called poets, whose words and deeds were in such beautiful harmony that both seemed to flow in one stream from the same harp, and were like precious pearls strung together on one cord?"

But we cannot do justice to this admirable introduction, and we need not say much in reference to the poems to the readers of the Banner, who are all familiar with them. Many of them have appeared in this and other papers, still they come out in their new dress like sunshine and spring flowers, and are ever new, ever attractive. There are some original poems, fresh from the living fountains of inspiration, all of which, I have no doubt, will be highly received by the thoughtful reader who feels in this busy bustling world, where all seems to be strife and turmoil, that it is well at times to draw into the quiet, and on such occasions as these, the silvery notes of true poetry

often calm the soul, and fit it for communion with nature and the invisible, who come with noiseless tread when our hearts are attuned to sympathy and love. Such seasons as these, as our sister has well said, fit us for that higher poetry of noble deeds and heroic actions that are the poetry which all may aspire after, and to some extent, at least, attain.

The name of this book—"VOICES OF THE MORNING"—indicates, as the writer says, the hour at which most of it was written. We know of no hour so fitted for communion with nature and the angel-world as this, when the flowers are sparkling with diamond drops of dew, and sending forth their richest fragrance, and all nature seems renewed and prepared for a new life and earnest labor.

We think no one can rise from the perusal of this book without better resolutions, and a more firm purpose to lead a true and noble life, and we thank the author for her contributions to this end.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.
634 Race street, Philadelphia.

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD,
CAMBERWELL, LONDON, E.C.

KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1865.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

The Middle Walk in Life.

"Give me neither poverty nor riches"—is a Scripture quotation often employed, we fear, than heartily subscribed to. Yet it contains the essential principle, or kernel, of earthly happiness. To take just that care for accumulations, which shall suffice to gain one's independence of others peculiarly, and yet to avoid that slavery to riches which is not one whit better than the slavery of poverty itself—is without doubt the soundest and healthiest theory of working and saving which can be stated to the popular mind.

All men want independence, to begin with; and as soon as they can get it. They must be free from the tyrannical demands of other men, in order that the conditions of their own true advancement may be met and complied with. So long as Mr. Such-an-one can send you or me to do his bidding, for no better reason than because it is for his interest, and our necessary, compels obedience to his will, we are, in the real sense and meaning of the term, his slaves. He has us in his power, and he knows it. He can give our families food, or take it from their mouths. He can make our inner spirit barely creeps before him, so that we shall take pains to please all his whims and humors, while in our hearts we are despising them and himself, too. His bearing toward us is that of a master, and we unconsciously take on that of a servant, temporarily owned by him, and born to do his bidding. There certainly can be no individual independence of character where such a feeling exists, nor, of course, can there be room for the growth and expansion of the nobler qualities of the soul.

It is worth while, therefore, to mend such a relation as this; and it can be done in no other way than by industry, frugality, and patience, the angels of heaven continually helping us. But there is no dispute that the condition should be worked out of, at the earliest day possible. Not until then can a man emerge into the sunshine of a condition where his better nature can be warmed, and his higher faculties glow with the pleasure of the activity which they require. To this end, we commend and enjoin constant labor and saving. Not a day should pass without a renewal of the resolution to become one's own master, so far as the ownership and use of one's better powers are concerned, at the earliest time possible. Then the condition of existence is at once changed; and so changed that it lies in one's own power to say if he shall become more than he now is, or not.

If, however, having begun to save and accumulate, the man gives himself up to that business—if he finds himself moving on a course upon which it is difficult, or impossible, for him to regulate his own action, and he gives himself up altogether to working and saving, leaving no margin of time to himself and the higher uses of life, he becomes guilty of the fatal error of mistaking the means for the end, and is content to take up with the instrument rather than to reach the real purpose which that instrument was designed to subserve. In such a case he is just as much a slave as is the other, the only difference being that he is serving a different master, though none the less a severe and exacting one. He set out with a project of independence, but ends with servitude again, after all.

Now we can see the sense of the quotation with which this article was begun, the happy mean which secures personal independence, but keeps off the heavy hand of anxiety—whether on account of poverty or riches—is the only earthly condition which may be called desirable. Within those safe parallels of feeling, life is truly enjoyable. The sleep at night may be sweet and unbroken. The love of family is permitted to break out in a genial warmth over the whole heart, and there is no fear of "the wolf at the door," on the one hand, nor any distress of mind, on the other, about our children's impatience for an exit from the theatre of action. Within these parallels all those plants flourish and bear fruit which confer the truest happiness on the lot of humanity. To ask for more than this, is to make an unreasonable demand; it is reaching out for more than mortal can really enjoy, and that is the sort of fruit which turns to ashes on the lips.

In the middle walks of life, or at least of fortune, flourish the great mass of the virtues which adorn human character. The soil is here best adapted to them, and the climate best suits the conditions of their growth. Look around us in what direction we may, we shall find this to be one of the most striking facts of our social existence. The virtues of the character are not nourished by poverty, to whose cold soil they do not take kindly; nor do they acquire vigor and strength in a soil which is overwatered by the burning suns of worldly prosperity. They must have the right conditions for growth, or they cloy.

They flourish best where they find people still humble, and true-hearted; and full of spiritual longings, yet where these very terms are secured and protected by the assurance of one's being above the consuming anxiety of want, and the exacting demands of pecuniary servitude.

Hence the true theory is, to strive for independence, but not for riches. The former is necessary; the latter are not. The one is the sole condition of our producing the fairest fruits of which our lives are capable—the other tends to choke all the divinely beautiful plants in the character, with the rank growths of foul weeds. If we only knew and realized what genuine happiness lies in this middle walk of life; how much more one can delight in his children, in the little garden which he tills with his own hand, in the heartiness and unquestioning faith of his friendships, in his social and neighborhood relations, and in the sunsets and sunrises, in his solitary walks across the lots and through the woods—he would never pass by the treasure, which every one can have for the mere reaching out and taking it, though he knew he was to be worshiped and fawned upon for his riches by all who came in contact with his person.

Life here is short, and many insist that it has but little to give us. It is certain that we do not accept all it offers, nor even a small fraction of that all. The wheat we pass by, and take infinite pains to pick out all the chaff and treasure it away. Happiness grows for us by the wayside, being as common as the sweet-breathed ferns, and the blue blushing violets, and the every where sprouting grass; but we confusedly believe that what is common cannot of course be good, and so go off in a tiresome and ceaseless pursuit after the distant and the impossible, and so lose the very object for which such endless desires fill our hearts.

The End of the Rebellion.

It swells our heart with a joy it has not known in the experience of a lifetime, to be permitted to congratulate our readers on the fall of the rebel capital and the overthrow of the rebellion. Richmond fell into Union hands on the morning of Monday, April 3d, and was first entered by a force of colored Union troops. That fact alone seemed to have a strong tinge of poetic justice in it. The rebel leaders had all deserted their capital—President, Cabinet, Congress, all were gone. Lee's army had been driven out of their works around and beyond Petersburg on the day before, and were crippled and broken, a dispirited, divided, and demoralized mass. At least twenty-five, and probably thirty thousand rebel troops had been killed and put out of the fight during the four or five days' operations. Lee at once took himself off with the remnant of his army, for safety—while Grant and Sheridan started in hot pursuit. It is useless for us to speculate on the chances of his final escape, or of his being overtaken by Grant and forced into a losing conflict; the news, as it comes, will outstrip and render useless whatever the pen may write.

We do not know that we can recall the time when so much popular joy has manifested itself. The occasion was a new one in our experience as a people. Every heart was full to overflowing. Business came to a standstill. Gold ceased for the time to be bought or sold, and the markets were without interest or movement. The expressions of joy were nowhere kept down, but leaped to the lips, the eyes, and the hand of every man in the streets. Flags floated and fluttered everywhere. The day was a most auspicious one out of the dome of the heavens, fully answering to the welcome character of the tidings. The bells were rung in almost every steeple and tower. In Boston, a half-holiday was given the scholars in the public schools. But the jubilee was limited to no particular city or locality. Everybody was glad everywhere. The phrases of hearty congratulation were flashed over the wires from place to place and person to person, and were read to public audiences and posted in public places. There seemed, in truth, to be no end to the outpouring of the joy with which every heart overran.

And well might it be so, for the tidings of the fall of Richmond and the defeat and flight of the rebel army were equivalent to the tidings of an assured and established peace. The fall of the rebel capital meant nothing more nor less than the end of the rebellion. The leading Richmond journals had openly declared, only a few weeks before, that it meant just that, and therefore deprecated the purpose of abandoning the place with all their stock of energy. The Richmond Examiner said that "the evacuation of Richmond would be the loss of all respect and authority toward the Confederate government, the disintegration of the army, and the abandonment of the scheme of an independent Southern Confederation. The hope of establishing a Confederacy and securing its recognition among nations, would be gone for ever." Knowing this material fact, it was natural enough that the final evacuation should be hailed with such wild huzzas of popular delight.

The form and body of the Confederacy are gone. The machinery is broken up. It can no longer call together its legislatures, pass its laws, levy its contributions on the population or property of the rebellious States, compel either obedience or respect, or claim for itself a local and established existence. There is not a single State under its power to-day. It has no political life in it whatever; the military life being gone, the rest is dead also. Even its army cannot suffice to save it. whole, for no government is entitled to a moment's serious consideration which travels from place to place, and all the while seeks its safety in flight; such a concern receives, as it merits, the contempt of all who know anything about it.

There may be further trouble with what is left of the rebel armies, but every struggle which they make will be but a struggle of death. The leaders will soon find themselves deserted by their men, and no provost marshals or conscript officers will avail to bring them back to the broken ranks. This bloody and protracted contest will soon be over forever.

As we go to press, the telegraph brings news that our pursuing army overtook Lee some thirty miles from Richmond, when a battle was fought, which resulted in another defeat and rout of the rebels, who lost some half a dozen generals, thousands of men, cannon, &c.

Maximilian.

The new Emperor of Mexico seems not at all inclined to seek the special favor of the priests, and has broken with them outright. He tells them that he can give them more information from the Pope and his Holiness' wishes than they can give him. He volunteers the intelligence that although he considers himself a good Churchohman, he intends to be a wise and liberal Ruler. He thinks it is the Church Party that has brought the country to its present low state, and that they should venture to meddle with politics no longer. He certainly betrays the points of an intelligent and courageous mind, and it is possible that he may be employed as a powerful and timely instrument in the redemption of the country over which he has been set.

Spiritualists and the Sanitary Fair.

As our readers have already been informed, the "North-Western Fair of the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home," is to open in Chicago, Ill., May 30th next. Departments have been assigned to the various religious societies and denominations throughout the country, including the Spiritualists. Thereupon the Spiritualists of Chicago met and appointed Mrs. J. S. FULLER, of that city, as Chairman to represent them at the Fair; and the officers of the Fair gave her a certificate, bearing the seal of the Fair, authorizing her to solicit aid of the Spiritualists in behalf of this great charity. Mrs. Fuller, who is a lady of influence and great perseverance, immediately set about the arduous task assigned her, without remuneration or hope of any other than the satisfaction it will afford her of having done a good work for the relief of our poor wounded and suffering soldiers—whose necessities are calling loudly on those who can help them, and for whose welfare and safety they have been brought to so sad a condition.

She is now at the North, for the purpose of meeting with the friends, and requesting them to appoint Committees to cooperate with her. She met with the Spiritualists of New York, on her way to this city, and was cordially welcomed, and her efforts heartily seconded. She came to this city last Tuesday, and on Thursday evening conferred with the Spiritualists, in Fraternity Hall. Dr. H. F. Gardner, Chairman of the meeting, introduced her to the audience, when she briefly addressed them, setting forth the objects of her mission. She particularly alluded to the "Soldiers' Home and Rest," located in Chicago, for the disabled soldiers, from whatever part of the country they may happen to belong; said it is a national institution, not a local one, and is supported by voluntary contributions. A portion of the proceeds of this Fair will go toward the support of "The Home." She spoke of the proceedings of the Spiritualists of Chicago, of her appointment as agent to act for them, and exhibited the following official credential, given her by the Board of Managers of the Fair:

To Spiritualists,
NORTH-WESTERN FAIR OF THE
SANITARY COMMISSION AND
SOLDIERS' HOME, Rooms 68
Madison street, Chicago, Ill.,
March 2, 1865.

To the Spiritualists of the Union: Mrs. J. S. Fuller, of Chicago, has been chosen by the Spiritual Society of this city to represent the Spiritualists, as Chairman of their Committee to solicit contributions of fellow members of that Society for the forthcoming North-Western Fair of the Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Home. Mrs. Fuller is thus commended by that Society to aid in their behalf for the Fair among those of her own religious persuasion, and with her known zeal and energy, she will doubtless succeed.

THOS. B. BRYAN,
Chairman of Executive Committee.

After brief remarks from several gentlemen, a Committee was appointed to nominate a Committee to cooperate with Mrs. Fuller, in procuring contributions, in money, or any kind of saleable articles which can be disposed of at the Fair.

The Committee selected the following named ladies and gentlemen to act as a Committee in cooperation with Mrs. F.:

Phineas E. Gay (Mansions & Co., 22 Fulton street).
Chas. E. Jenkins, 44 Chester square.
Geo. W. Smith, 409 Federal street.
J. R. Bassett, 98 Pearl house, 533 Tremont.
Wm. White, Banner of Light.
Lea, Marsh, 14 Bromfield street.
L. B. Wilson, Banner of Light.
Mrs. Daniel Farrar, 14 Hancock street.
Mrs. George Staples, 24 Temple street.
Mrs. John Woods, 66 Carver street.
Mrs. J. B. Severance, 62 West Cedar street.
Mrs. M. A. Ricker.
Charlestown—Col. C. H. Wing, 40 Russell street;
Mrs. A. H. Richardson.
Chelsea—Dr. B. H. Grandon; Mrs. J. V. Mansfield, 62 Chestnut street.
Cambridge—Messrs Henry Potter and Isaac Fay.
Roxbury—Allen Putnam; Mrs. Allen, of Granville street.
Somerville—Dr. A. B. Child.
Malden—T. D. Lane.

The above named committee are all responsible and reliable persons, and will receive any donations in money or goods which the generous public may offer for one of the noblest charities of the day, and will remit the same to the Fair, to the care of Mrs. Fuller. We trust our friends will not be backward in this matter, but give with a freedom characteristic with their principles and well known liberality.

Any donations sent to this office, from citizens in town or out, will be faithfully transmitted to the Fair.

We wish here to state, for the benefit of Mrs. Fuller's friends in the West, that the letter she forwarded to us for publication, just after her appointment, giving the particulars in regard to the Fair, did not reach this office, which will account for its non-appearance in our paper.

Mrs. Fuller left our city on Saturday for Providence, R. I., on the same mission. From thence she goes to Philadelphia.

Over Fort Sumter.

The identical flag will be raised over Fort Sumter, on the 14th of the month, which was hauled down from its staff four years ago by the overwhelming power of the rebel batteries that encircled it. It is perfectly right that this should be done, and that it should be done, above all, by the same Major Anderson who was forced to the humiliation by rebel cannon. The exercises are to be of additional interest by an oration from Henry Ward Beecher, who declares that, now the hour for forgiveness and active charity is come, he feels more sadly serious on the subject than he ever thought he could before. It is a noble sentiment to which he gives utterance, and will be shared by truly noble hearts everywhere.

A Grain of Sense.

Even in the best of purposes it will not do to trust blindly to the character of the purpose itself. Prudence and wisdom and sense are just as much to be exercised in good causes as in bad ones. Fanaticism is going too fast; and true reform consists rather in natural growth and a healthy development, than in using force and violent measures. We have recently seen this truth strikingly illustrated in the case of the zealots who sought, in the Legislature, to overthrow the security of the jury system for the sake of trying to enforce a favorite and proper measure. Gov. Andrew has headed them off, however, and taught them a lesson some of them will remember.

California.

From the San José Mercury we learn that Mrs. C. M. Stowe, the well known lecturer on Spiritualism, "delivered an address in that city on Sunday evening, Feb. 12th, to a large and intelligent audience; that she spoke rapidly, but distinctly, and very earnestly, and without any apparent effort, for over an hour, and was listened to with profound attention." Her discourse was replete with thought, and eloquent in diction. She certainly possesses remarkable powers.

The Fine Arts.

Our readers are familiar with the name of G. L. Burnside, who has contributed many poetic gems to our columns, for several years; but they do not all know that he is a very fine artist, also. Some of his landscapes and portraits rank high for their beauty and artistic skill. The editor of the Oyster, N. Y. Com. Adv. thus speaks of the poet-artist and his works. In commenting on his pictures, he alludes to "an afternoon scene on a miniature lake, with all the hazy atmosphere of Indian Summer." The leaves hang listlessly upon the trees, and the water has a warm look as the shadows from the foliage on the beach are reflected in it. It reminds one of beach bathing in mid-summer. The day seems to be waning; we should judge by the coloring and by the fitful shadows that the scene is near twilight. Set in a gilded frame, and hung where the full light of a bay window might fall upon it, the picture would be a gem. It is a gem as it now appears, under all the difficulties of dust and shade. Of the group of pictures, this we consider the most meritorious. A river scene, about as large as the two hands, is next to this in merit. The river flows smoothly along, in summer time, reflecting all manner of shrubbery and flowers on its placid, mirror-like surface. This picture is in a small gilt frame, which does not do it justice. . . . The next picture is a transcript of the "Voyage of Life," which is the largest of the group. It is not sufficiently worked up, but the characters in the boat are very life-like, and the picture would not look bad as a piece for the hall. There is also a view of Oswego harbor, from the upper bridge, which is a valuable piece for an Oswegoian to hang on his walls. There is a fine view of the iron bridge, of the elevators, and of vessels in the harbor. There is also another landscape, with a fine perspective river in the distance. It was a difficult piece to paint, perhaps as much so as any we have described.

The editor further remarks that Mr. Burnside has been a resident of that city for over two years, and though possessed of genius as a landscape and portrait painter, he has eked out a painful existence with his pencil. Quiet and unpretending, he does not attract the attention and patronage that the less meritorious meet with. "In all health, then," says the writer, "we find this man of genius, possessing a refined taste and gentle disposition, even in tribulation. If better patronized, he would paint more and better. But the paint dries on an artist's pallet, unless people are fond enough of paintings to buy them. Pictures in nature suffice for painters, and if not patronized they care not to transfer them to canvas. . . . Mr. B. also colors photographs with great taste."

We trust our friends will not allow this brother, whose soul is inspired with the beautiful, as well as the spiritual, to suffer for material support, when they can so easily prevent it by purchasing his truly meritorious works.

"Liberal Christianity."

We clip the following suggestive paragraph from the Haverhill Tri-Weekly Publisher of last week. It has reference to an attempt made to deprive the Society of Spiritualists from the use of Music Hall, the place where they now hold their meetings. The light and truth of Spiritualism are spreading with such rapidity in the thriving town of Haverhill, that even Music Hall is not large enough to always hold the people who go to hear the exponents of our philosophy; and this fact is seriously troubling the adherents to church creeds, who, falling to "put out the light" by the means of slanders and sneers, now endeavor to close the doors on those who are seeking to know the truth, and are willing to listen to it as it is revealed from the angel-world through the instrumentality of inspired speakers. We all belong to the great family of humanity, and are aiming for the same boon—a knowledge of the truth in regard to the eternal world to which we are all wending our way, and must eventually reach; and the more light we have, no matter how obtained, the better will be our condition there; therefore it is useless and unwise for any party or sect to arrogate to themselves all truth and knowledge, and deny that new revelations have been made and more are yet to come. As well might they attempt to dam up the Mississippi with banks of snow, which would only melt away, as surely as will the unsound opposition to the progress of truth, as revealed by modern Spiritualism.

"LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.—We learn that certain parties connected with some of our churches made an application to the proprietor of Music Hall building, this week, for a three years' lease of the large and small halls in the same, the avowed object being to shut out the organization now worshipping there. The application was not successful."

"Voices of the Morning."

This book of Poems, by Miss Belle Bush, has just been issued by Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. We expected to have had the work on sale long ago; as we were informed we should by the parties immediately interested. But owing to causes beyond the control of the publishers, it was delayed until this time. Our readers—who of course have been the readers of several of Miss Bush's superior poems which we have published in the Banner—will doubtless hail the advent of this book, "Voices of the Morning," with great pleasure. The orders that were sent us some time since, will now be filled. The book will be sold at \$1.25 per copy, instead of \$1.50, as at first contemplated; postage fifteen cents.

We call the attention of our readers to a letter from our able correspondent, Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, who speaks in the highest terms of these poems.

Gen. Sheridan.

Few Generals have made so distinct a mark and so brilliant a record for themselves as this young and dashing Union commander. He is a military genius of a very high order. But for his individual effort, and the inspiration of his superior genius, the battle of Saturday (the 1st) would, in all probability, have been lost to us altogether. He won it himself, at the head of the very same troops who found it next to impossible to make any headway the day before; and that made it easy for Grant to precipitate his whole line upon Lee before he could recover from his confusion, or patch up the weak spots in his army. Saturday's work decided the whole. Lee saw it, after the successful assault of Sunday, and made off in all haste on that very night.

"Be Thyself."

We announced a few weeks since that this lecture by Prof. William Denton, recently published in our paper, would be issued shortly in pamphlet form. We are informed by Mr. Denton that he intends publishing, in book form, a number of his lectures, and wishes to include the one with the above title; therefore it will not be issued in any other form. The Prof. is now engaged in writing a work on Theology, which will be issued, in September, immediately after which he will put to press his book of lectures. Those who have read his lectures will find that he has a very rare and valuable gift of the power of truth.

ret; **W** M. R. PRINCE, Flushing, N. Y., offers his "TAN-
OM NATURE'S SOVEREIGN REMEDIALS," from P.
ce. comprising eighty-five Specific Remedies for Diseases,
10 cents and stamp, mailed. See—April

Children's Department.

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

"We think that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—ELIZABETH HENRY.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;

OR,
MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND JOE.

CHAPTER VI.

It was many weeks before Marianna could forget to watch for Susie's pleasant face in the sunny parlor. Sometimes, when she went down by the oak grove, or into the meadow, she thought she could hear the sweet tones of Susie's voice, and then everything seemed beautiful to her, and full of glorious life; the flowers seemed glowing, and the grass and trees looked like the reflection of something brighter and more lovely than themselves. When she told Mr. Tom of this, he said: "It is Susie's spirit speaking to your spirit, and helping you to see her beautiful home through the lovely things of earth."

Marianna had found out one thing, that when she was glad in herself, through her own love and goodness, everything else seemed beautiful. But if she felt ill-natured and fretful, and had no joy within herself, nothing about her seemed good or beautiful. As the bright sunlight warmed up the earth, and made everything radiant and lovely—even the dull rocks and the dark soil—so the sunlight of her spirit made everything full of beauty.

It was arranged as Susie wished, that Marianna and her mother should give up their home in the humble brown cottage, and live with Mr. Tom. Mr. Wether had kindly offered to take Willie to his home in town, and educate him as his son. Willie was very much delighted with the idea of going. It seemed to him very fine to live in so nice a house, and to be so near the grand shops full of wonderful things. He did not know that nothing is so good as dear and loving friends, and that he should miss his mother and Marianna far more than he now missed fine carpets and furniture.

And now, as the bright summer wore on, every day was full of gladness, and yet Marianna began to feel as if it was not quite so pleasant to leave her humble home as she thought. As the sun crept around the corner, and entered the window and lighted up the rose-bush, she thought that it was a more beautiful ornament than the curtains or carpets. Here, too, was the place where she had tried to grow good and loving. Here was Willie's bench, that he had so long called his stage-coach, and the old clock that had ticked so faithfully; here was the old table, with its round top, and around which they had had so many pleasant talks. Indeed, everything seemed good to her now that she thought of leaving it, and she was not quite sure that any place would ever be so dear as her own simple home.

When she thought of Willie's going, she wished she had never been cross to him. She remembered how she had fretted because he would not do just as she wished, and all the memories of her kindness to him were sweeter to her than any selfish pleasures she had gained.

"Shall you like to think of me when you are away?" said she to him.

"Oh yes, of course," said he, "when I get time; but you see I shall have a great many things to think about—monkeys and—"

"Monkeys before me? Oh Willie!"

"Oh no, not before you; but, then, monkeys are very funny, and I do mean to save up all my money and buy one for you; then you won't miss me. Do n't laugh, Marianna; I do mean to, and I'll send it home in a basket, and you can teach it to sit in my chair and make bows."

Everything looked more fine to Willie in town than before, for he thought to himself, "Now I am almost a man, and am to live like other men in this great city." He took leave of Mr. Tom, who had brought him to the city, like a hero, and greeted his friend Mr. Wether like a gentleman. He was quite too proud to cry when he found himself alone, but he was very glad when bedtime came, and he could go to sleep while thinking of the sunshine and flowers of Oakland.

Mr. Wether was very kind to Willie, and never spoke harshly to him; but he loved his books and music, and would sit for hours reading or playing on his fine organ. Sometimes Willie would wake in the night and hear the sweet sounds, and he fancied that the angels filled the room, and that they came through the great pipes of the organ; for these pipes were too high for the room below, and so an opening had been made into the room where Willie slept. He fancied in his dreams that the sweet sounds were living things that floated about his bed, and kissed his forehead and smoothed his hair; and told Mr. Wether of this, who took him gently by the hand, and bade him sit down while he told him a true story about music.

"When I was a little boy, there came to visit my father a great musician. As I told you, I lived in beautiful Germany, where every one loved music; but this musician not only loved it, but he lived it. You do not understand what I mean, but you will as I go on with my story. He seemed to love everybody, and to wish every one to be good and loving. I was a very cross, ill-natured boy at that time, for I had been sick, and as my father and mother thought that the way to treat sick boys was to let them be very selfish, I had grown so petulant and fretful that no one knew how to live with me.

This gentle, loving musician watched me for many days. He played sweet airs to me on his fine-toned violin; he told me interesting stories, and I grew to love him very much. I was very fond of music, and was never happier than when he imitated the storm on his instrument, or the whispering wind, or played the songs of the different flowers. But my happiness did not last very long, and I soon began to fret again at my mother and my dear little sister.

One day, my friend the musician called me to him, and asked how I would like to have a concert at his house. I was delighted with the plan, and thought I should be able to be very good and loving until the time; but I shook my sister in half an hour after, because she would not get down quickly enough and give me a seat that I wanted. And I screamed and kicked because my mother thought I best that I should not eat a whole rich cake.

As this musician was very much beloved by all the people in the country for his goodness, he was able to assemble for his concert all the great players near by; and he not only loved the music of the violin, but he loved all other kinds of music, he had a room filled with flowers, and he arranged them with so much taste, that I think no one could have been so beautiful. I remember that he said to me, 'Willie, the sunshine is the

great musician who makes the flowers and the leaves and the grass play such beautiful melodies. If you are good enough, you can hear the songs of the flowers on any bright sunny morning."

We had, too, many children present, and he ordered them dressed in various colors, so that they looked like flowers themselves. Oh, the beauty of that summer's evening I shall never forget! It was a cool, starlight night, and the fresh air came in at the open windows, moving the wreaths of flowers, so that they sent out their most delicious fragrance; everything seemed to me like heaven, for I was not cross just then.

When the company had all assembled in our large parlors, the musicians entered, each with some flower pinned on his breast. The leader had a white rose and a violet. The concert commenced—oh, what a gush of sweet sounds; I could not sit still for delight. I thought of all the beautiful things I had ever seen or known. I imagined the flowers were singing, and the stars; and when the sweet sounds died away, I cried because they had stopped. Then followed other pieces, and I grew so happy and still that they thought me asleep. But just as the close, I heard the beloved musician untune his violin. The closing piece commenced, but oh, what horrid sounds! He played altogether out of tune. My ear was so sensitive to sweet melody that this made me really distressed. All the rest of the company went on with their grand harmony; but this one violin grated and jarred until every one was half-crazed. What did it mean? Had the good man gone mad? Still he played on, making most discordant sounds, until I felt really angry. I forgot all the sweet melodies I had heard, and I seemed to be filled with a dreadful sense of pain. Finally, all the musicians quietly untuned their instruments, and there was a jargon of sound most dreadful to me. They continued to play until I could bear it no longer, and I screamed and turned pale, and I believe, fell on the floor.

The concert closed, and the company dispersed. The musician laid aside his violin, took me in his arms, carried me to his room, and held me in his lap, and gently smoothed my hair. At last, when I was quiet, he said:

"What did not like our concert?"

"You did not do it for?" said I; "it was very bad in you. I do not love you much now."

"There was once," said he, "a beautiful home, and everybody in it was loving and good, except one—that is, they all made sweet music in their lives, except one, who played out of tune very often, and so spoiled all the sweet harmony."

"Oh, you mean me," said I.

"Yes; you are just like my untuned violin," said he. "You can make the sweetest of melody, but you play out of tune; you make dreadful discords where there might be most glorious harmony. I wanted you to hear yourself. Every day since I have been here, I have heard that same tune played, and it was you who made all the jars. I thought if you knew about it, you would tune up your violin—that is, you would make your heart give forth the sweet music that lies within it—the music of love, of patience, of goodness. And then you heard the horrid sound of all the instruments out of tune. That was like some of the discords of this world—many people hating and injuring each other. Was it not dreadful? Now if I had tuned up my violin, and then could have made the rest do so, we should have had the sweetest of melody. Just so it always is: if we keep our own hearts loving and true, we do not make discords; and if we can cause others to become loving and good, then we are like the great musician—the great all-loving Father, who wishes us continually to play in harmony, and give forth the sweet sounds from our hearts."

"I wish I could be good," I said, at last. "I hate bad sounds; I do not want to be the bad sounding violin."

"There is a place they call heaven," said he, "but there no one makes discords; all have loving hearts, and in that heaven all is like grand music. There are loving angels there that know all that we wish, and they know if we desire to be good. They come to help us all keep our hearts in tune; and we, too, can become like angels, by helping others tune their hearts so that they may make sweet melody. If you grow up to be a man, try and see how many you can make join the sweet music of heaven; but be sure that you join it yourself. Be sure that your violin is always in tune."

And then he began to sing to me, and I fell asleep. The next day I remembered all he had said. I began to tune my violin—that is, I tried not to be cross or ill-natured, but to see how loving and good I could be. I found it very easy to make music; instead of discord, and soon I lost my fretful ways, and they called me a loving boy; and ever since I have tried to see how many hearts I could make give out sweet melody. Like the sunshine, that causes the flowers to grow, and everything to become beautiful, so a loving heart can make gladness everywhere.

When you think that you feel the sweet sounds about you, then you may be sure that the angels are playing some of their divine melodies, because your heart is in tune. Try, Willie, to be a great musician, and to keep the world about you ever in tune."

I must not forget to tell you," added Mr. Wether, "that we had another concert, and it was full of melody, and no one untuned their instruments. And I was permitted to sing, with my little sister, a song composed by the musician; and then we had dancing, and a great feast, and they called it the birth-night of my soul; and for many years we celebrated it with music and flowers, until my dear mother went to live with the angels, and my sister also; and then I only kept the birth-night in my heart, by trying to do good deeds, and by listening to the sweet songs of heaven. Now, Willie, do not forget the untuned violin."

[To be continued in our next.]

To Correspondents.

We must pray the indulgence of several friends, whose letters have so long been unanswered. There are seasons when cares and experiences come rapidly, and when the hands are tied by new and strong bonds; but nothing blinds the heart, or prevents the course of loving thoughts. They have gone out these spring days to the many who send us love and good wishes. Next week we trust to resume our correspondence.

EDUCATION.—Without knowledge, without science, without education, a nation cannot long be free. A humble village schoolhouse, with the unpretending schoolmaster and ragged urchins, are more terrible to the despot than legions of armed soldiers. Rear your children in ignorance, and they are ready to be made slaves; educate them, teach them how to be free, and no power on earth can enslave them.

A little six-year-old "down east," on hearing his father congratulate his friends on the fall of gold, cried out in glee, "Oh, that's splendid. I guess corn balls won't be two cents apiece now!"

The first tax manufactured in Maine was sold by auction in Portland, Saturday. It brought from \$5 75 to \$7 per barrel.

Correspondence in Brief.

Spirit Pictures.

Allusion was made some weeks since to spirit pictures, and it may be interesting to the readers of this paper, I propose to give you some of the particulars.

Mrs. Mary Wood, the medium, was formerly a bitter opponent of the spiritual philosophy. About four years since, she was induced to attend a spiritual lecture to be delivered by Miss Rosa C. Amey, of New York, hoping that if there was anything in spiritualism she might be made to know it. The evening, Miss Amey was engaged, and was Mrs. Wood, who, at the close of the lecture, had left half-unconsciously to her home. A severe sickness ensued, during which she was so ill that she could not get up, and she was so weak that she could not do anything. It was not until she was fully recovered that she was able to accomplish the object—that of making her a medium—it was found necessary to cause this enfeebled state of health. From that time she has been one of us under their guardianship.

At first she was controlled to make straight lines, and then to write mechanically, and soon there was found in her the power of writing letters of persons; and then, step by step, she was led, until now the pictures are 18 x 14.

The medium is unconscious most of the time while painting. Occasionally she is permitted to see the picture for a few minutes, and then is untuned, and they are finished. The room is darkened, and the spirits in the pictures are not seen, though she has been the case; and even on one occasion, when the medium was suffering from erysipelas, and both eyes puffed, she was made to get from her bed and paint a picture.

At first, directions were written concerning the tools and materials to be used, and water colors were tried; but the spirits being dissatisfied, directed oil colors, and they have been used since. One word about the pictures, and I will no longer tax your patience. Are they recognized? I answer, Yes; but not always. I have two. The first contains, in the center, a picture of my sister, Rosa C. Amey, and the name of her father, Dr. Amey. On the right and left, is represented by an old gentleman and lady, the gentleman holding a cane, and the lady holding a shawl. I was quite sure they were for my father and mother, as they resemble the family very much. This picture has been confirmed by two mediums. The second picture represents, in part, a graveyard. On the right is one grave, with two on the left. Near the graves upon the left there are several children, and among them I recognize two little boys that were buried in the town of W. One of them was very fond of the land, and the little cherub of the summer land is represented holding one of these love-apples to his mouth.

I have buried two children in W., and one in Plymouth; and these graves—one on the right and two on the left—seem to represent the two places. I consider them excellent tests. That we do not always get what we want. There are several in town, none of which are so positively identified as my own, yet all are handsome pictures. One friend has a group of ten, none of which he recognizes; also a very handsome landscape, given as a symbol from his spirit-friends.

Mrs. Wood is at present located in West Hanover, N. H.

Yours for Truth and Humanity,
Plymouth, March 20, 1865. D. A. DUNLAP.

Worcester, Mass.

Enclosed find five dollars for which you will please send me your Light for another year, and the balance you can apply to the good of our cause wherever you please. Direct to L. Eaton, Worcester, Mass. I have been a reader of the Banner for some time, and a Spiritualist twelve years.

The Spiritual Philosophy is gaining ground here fast. Brother Fish and Elder Grant are holding their discussions, with great profit to our cause. Our Association has just completed the organization of a Children's Lyceum, with good prospects of success. High hopes are entertained of its usefulness as a helper in the spread of spiritual truth, by the friends of the Spiritual Philosophy. The friends of the Lyceum have secured an earnest soul, honestly dedicated to the work of progression, and before the current year is ended we may fairly expect to see the list of names to our Lyceum largely increased, and also a proportionate increase of the members of the Spiritual Association, of which the Doctor is President.

April 3.

L. EATON.

Rome, Pa.

Jacob Wickeizer says, after an absence of twenty-six years he has returned to Rome. "In my youth," he says, "not a ray of light from the spirit-world gleamed on the dark and benighted minds in this community. But now, light begins to dawn, and the rising generation, with its eager and independent spirit, is ready to receive the truth. We have an excellent and harmonious circle of Spiritualists here. Miss Washburne, a fine trance speaker, is here. There is a cry set up against Spiritualists here by sectarians, the ignorant and superstitious, that they repudiate the truth. This is my attempt to show, in a few discourses, the similarity between ancient idolatry, as recorded in the Bible, and modern Spiritualism, as recorded in the Banner of Light. My audiences were attentive and respectful, and I trust that some minds have been enlightened. In every community where I have been, I find persons anxious to know more about the Spiritual Philosophy, and feel that we have much to encourage us to labor on with patience."

Spirit Pictures.

Declining health has compelled me to resign my office of Examining Surgeon for Pensions, and I therefore, in seeking retirement, return to my former home, Batavia, N. Y., where I propose to devote my remaining working days to painting, and supplying the demand for photographs of the "Descendants of the Angels," and the "Prophecy of the first 12,000 years."—Such sizes as go by mail, fifty cents; medium size, two dollars and fifty cents; large size, five dollars. Of the Prophet, small size to mail, fifty cents; medium size, two dollars. The many letters that I receive in return assure me that no one is disappointed in these pictures.

My address hereafter will be, Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y.

March 30th, 1865. C. D. GRISWOLD.

Michigan City.

Samuel Eddy writes, under date of March 21st, that the good people of that place had been favored with three lectures, through the mediumship of Mr. W. A. D. Hume, whom he considers one of the best trance speakers he ever heard, and deserves to be well sustained. He bids him God-speed wherever he goes on his divine mission.

Astounding Improvements.

Some idea of the astonishing improvements made in printing presses, and the immense rapidity with which papers can now be printed, may be gathered from a statement recently made in the London Standard, from which it appears that there are now in daily use on its premises four most powerful machines by Messrs. Hoe & Company, and one by Messrs. Dryden; but, owing to the steadily increasing demand for the Standard, it has been found necessary to augment still further the machining power of the establishment. The proprietors have, therefore, contracted with the Messrs. Hoe for a new machine, with all the latest improvements, which is already on its way from New York; and put in operation, will so augment the printing facilities of the proprietors of the Standard, as to enable them to strike off eighty-five thousand copies per hour of that paper.

During the examination of a witness as to the location of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him: "Which way do the stairs run?" The witness very innocently replied, "One way they run up stairs and the other way they run down stairs." The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look at the gallery.

A young fellow once.

"Friend," said she, "thou dost kiss a Quakeress, by Jove, but I must, 'saint do it.'" "Oh, friend," said she, "thou dost kiss a Quakeress, by Jove, but I must, 'saint do it.'" "Well, thee must not make a practice of it, do thou; but as you can, so that you can carry them yepce, and not let them annoy others."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont, (opposite head of School street), every Sunday afternoon at 2 1/2 and evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. Admission free. Question for next meeting: "Fatality, and the Power of the Human Will."

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every Sunday in Fraternity Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets, at 10 1/4 A. M. and 3 P. M. Mrs. A. A. Hickey, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. Dr. J. Hickey, Sup't.

THE SPIRITUAL FREEDOM will hereafter hold their meetings at 10 1/4 A. M. and 3 P. M. in Fraternity Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province streets, at 10 1/4 A. M. and 3 P. M. Mrs. A. A. Hickey, regular speaker. The public are invited. Seats free. Dr. J. Hickey, Sup't.

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Mrs. Anna M. L. Porter, M.D., of Philadelphia, will lecture upon anatomy, physiology, and dress reform through the Western States. Address: 402 State street, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. A. L. Galt, trance speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address: 18 Lowell street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. C. M. Laro, No. 140 Court street, will answer calls to lecture.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, Address: New York City, Ill.

Benjamin Todd, inspirational speaker, Address: Chicago, Ill.

Casey, D. B. Bagout.

Mrs. L. Wadsworth's address will be Battle Creek, Mich., on October 15th.

Mrs. Sophia L. Chaffell, Address: care of Mrs. A. F. Patton, No. 98 Walnut street, Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. Porter will make engagements through the West where the friends may desire. Address as above.

Mrs. M. Miller, Indianapolis, Mass.

Thomas J. Jones, Springfield, Mass.

On October 15th, Hamilton, Ind., will answer calls to lecture on October 15th.

D. H. Hamilton.

B. T. Munn will address for the present, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. T. Munn will address for the present, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. T. Munn will address for the present, Lowell, Mass.

F. L. H. and Love M. Willis, 192 West 27th street, New York City.

Mrs. W. S. Swain, inspirational speaker, Byron, N. Y., will answer calls to lecture at various places in the Pacific States and Territories. Address: San Jose, Cal.

Mrs. C. M. Stow will answer calls to lecture in the Pacific States and Territories. Address: San Jose, Cal.

G. W. Rice, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address: Boston, Mass.

Elizabeth Woodworth, inspirational speaker, Address: Little,ingham, Cal.

L. J. Judd, Philadelphia, Pa., care of J. L. Faxon, 104 1/2 1st street.

Samuel Underhill, M. D., is again in the field, and ready to receive calls for lectures. Address: care of A. J. Davis, 31 Canal street, New York City.

Mrs. J. J. Clark, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays in Eastern Massachusetts. Address: Lowell, Mass.

M. C. and C. F. Allen, Address: Banner of Light office, Boston.

Mrs. Frances T. Young, trance speaking medium, No. 12 Avon place, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Emma M. Martin, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Ala.

Mrs. Frank Reid, inspirational speaker, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A. P. Bowman, inspirational speaker, Richmond, Iowa.

Miss Helen Scoville, inspirational speaker, Rockford, Ill.

Miss Ida L. Ballou, Fond du Lac, Wis.

W. F. Jackson, inspirational speaker, Decatur, Miss.

Mrs. H. T. Strang will answer calls to lecture. Address: South Exeter, Me.

William H. Salisbury, trance speaking medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address: No. 1 Bank street, New York City.

Mrs. H. M. Warren, trance speaker, Oswego, Ill., will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals.

Isa H. Curtis speaks upon questions of government. Address: Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Mary A. Tracy, trance speaker, Lockport, N. Y.

Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, trance speaker, post office box 1015, Cleveland, O.; residence, 35 Bank street.

C. Augusta Fitch, trance speaker, box 428, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, inspirational speaker, Address: 84 Johnson Centre, N. Y.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown will be addressed at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Mrs. N. J. Willis, trance speaker, Boston, Mass.

Rev. D. P. Daniels will answer calls to lecture and attend funerals. Address: Lafayette, Ind.

Mrs. Mary A. Wether, trance speaker, Atlantic City, N. J.

Dr. James Cooper, of Beloit, Wis., will answer calls to speak on Sundays, or give courses of lectures, as usual.

Rev. Adin Ballou, lecturer, Hopkendale, Mass.

H. B. Storer, Foxboro, Mass., or 4 Warren st., Boston.

Miss L. T. Whittier, Danvers, Mass., or 4 Warren st., Boston.

Miss and Mrs. H. M. Miller, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT has now entered upon its ninth year, and the Publishers earnestly solicit the co-operation of spiritualists and friends of Reform, to enable them to keep it as pure and valuable as they can. They cannot only continue the publishing features which have heretofore characterized it, but to even make greater improvements; as the advancing condition of the times may require. As in the past, the BANNER will still continue to be the exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy of the nineteenth century, and a fearless advocate of all reforms within the God of humanity demands.