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Written for the Banner of Light.

KATIE MALVOURNEY.

IRISH CHARACTER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

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

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

CHAPTER XII.

Death of Little Jamie—Edgar's Weeping.

A few days after this, Katie felt a strong impression to visit the widow Mulligan and her son. It was a long walk, being several miles, even across the fields by a shorter path, which she knew very well. She put up a small bag of things for the mother. She felt that James would not need anything more, and started very early in the morning, saying, to her mother:

"If I am not home before dark, you need not look for me to-night, as I may feel that it is necessary to remain with Mrs. Mulligan."

She tripped along lightly over the fields, full of life, and soon found herself approaching the road that led to the house of the poor widow. As she came up to the stile, she saw a gentleman riding on horseback, but being intent upon her visit she did not look to see whether she knew him or not. Riding up to her, Edgar saluted her, and asked where she was going so early in the morning.

She replied, without the least confusion:

"I am going to make my last visit to Jamie Mulligan."

"Have you heard from him?" asked Edgar.

"No," said she, "not since we were together; but I feel that he is dying to-day, and must hurry on."

Edgar said, as he rode along:

"If there is anything I can do for you or them, please command my services."

"I shall do so with pleasure," said she, as she tripped lightly along.

Edgar rode along side of her, and expressed his regrets that she must walk.

When they reached the house, he remarked:

"I shall be back this way in about two hours, and if you have no objection, I will stop for a moment, and see how you get along."

"What time is it?" said she, as she passed into the gateway.

"It is just eight o'clock," answered Edgar.

As she crossed the door, Jamie raised himself up.

"There," said he, "did I not tell you she would be here at eight o'clock? Father told me so. Now don't you believe he is here?"

"Yes," responded the mother, "you did."

"Oh! how glad we are that you have come!" they both exclaimed.

Then Jamie said:

"I have seen my father; he has been with us all night, and he told me that I could go home with him to-day; and I begged him to ask you to come here, and he said you would be here at eight o'clock; and so you have come, and I am very happy. I am so glad you have come, because I could not die without you so easily."

I want you to lay my body under the willow tree with father," continued the boy. "And oh, Katie, I want to talk to you about mother. I know I need not ask you to be her friend; that you are, and will be. Father said that he would try to get Father Dunlevy to come here at eleven o'clock, for I am to go at twelve. Katie, did you not tell me that you believed that the good angels could come to us sometimes?"

Katie replied:

"Yes, darling, I did; and there are many evidences in the blessed volume, and in the records of our Church, of their appearance to holy persons, especially in an hour like this, when the pure spirit is about to lay aside its clothing of mortality. And, Jamie, my own experiences teach me that they do come to us at other times. You know I read to you from the Bible the other day about children, where it says, 'Are they not all ministering spirits, sent to minister unto them that shall be heirs of salvation?' But the strongest evidence we can have is what we see and feel; and you know now that when we are lifted above all earthly and sensual feelings, and live in the pure atmosphere which is near to heaven, we perceive, with unmistakable clearness, the presence of those who are 'not lost, but gone before us,' unto that bright and beautiful world. At such times, I not only feel satisfied without any argument about the matter, but am certain that it would weaken rather than strengthen the internal evidences which press upon me with so strong a conviction, that I accept them as among the highest, and certainly the most cheering truths that have been given to me."

Katie heard the tramp of a horse's feet. She knew Edgar had returned. Stepping to the door, she beckoned for him to come in.

He remarked, after asking some questions about their affairs:

"I saw Father Dunlevy down the road about half a mile, and told him you thought Jamie would die to-day. He said he had a call to make, but he would be here at eleven o'clock. It is now ten. He said he was very glad you were here."

Such premonitions as to the hour of departure are not uncommon; and it is quite probable that they have a tendency, as Dr. Kenrick has said, to fulfill themselves as predictions. But as they had no means of knowing the time of day, we do not see how this could have been done.

and requested me to ask you to wait till he came."

Although this was spoken in a low tone, Jamie heard it, and said, in a feeble voice:

"Father told me you would both be here when I passed away." Beckoning to Katie, he whispered, "Won't he stay? I think mother would like it, and I would."

Thinking it would be a good lesson for Edgar, Katie said:

"We would like you to remain with us."

"If I can be of any service I will stay."

"I think you can," said Katie, offering him the old chair.

Jamie beckoned to him, to draw up the chair near to his couch, and they all sat a few minutes in silence.

Edgar looked at the poor, lone woman, who sat at the feet of her dying boy. Her coarse, hard features contrasted strangely with those of her child, who was beautiful, as he lay so calmly there, and yet as he looked upon her, Edgar's vision was opened, and he saw the spirit in that mother, and it was like Jamie's—it was beautiful.

And then he looked at Katie, who sat near the head of the bed, holding the boy's hand and watching the throbbing life-pulse as it grew fainter and fainter. She had never appeared half so beautiful before. He turned slowly from one to the other, and that hard face, and those homely features, that had always been so pleasant, and beautiful to her darling boy, seemed to him to be lighted up till they shone with a heavenly radiance, and her spirit appeared to him without the rude habiliments of the external.

Edgar caught the impress of this, and he felt that he loved that old woman. It was the awakening of the divine nature within him, that ever impresses us with a feeling of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man—a feeling that is universal in the soul, but alas! too generally buried amidst the selfishness and materiality that abounds in the world. But being the divine spark, the God within us, it is the hope of humanity, it will live forever, and when the external surroundings have all faded away and passed into oblivion, it will lift the soul up into a divine and celestial atmosphere, where its own nature shall speak out in all its fullness of beauty and perfection.

Edgar resolved silently within himself, that she should never want for anything which he had the means of procuring for her. The love which he felt for Katie had its influence upon him, for love, like fire, cannot harm any one without extending its influence more or less to all around us. The circumstances around Edgar were producing a very refining influence upon his feelings. At the same time, they were rendering Katie's position still more embarrassing to any but such a one as she was. She knew his feelings as well, if not better, than he did.

Jamie, though sinking rapidly now, made signs that he wished to speak, and Katie bending over him, he repeated the following:

"If this is what men call death, I am sure no one need be afraid to die. I feel so happy! I don't know that I have a body now. The bed has been very hard, and I have been very restless; but I have no pain now; I feel as if I were lying on a soft, fleecy cloud!"

Just then the gate was opened, and Father Dunlevy entered the house. Katie made room for him between Edgar and herself. The sun shone beautifully in at the door, and cast its rays across that solemn chamber. After a few minutes Father Dunlevy offered a very fervent and touching prayer in which they all joined in feelings, which are stronger than words. Then ensued a time of silence, Jamie's breath growing shorter and more labored. Father Dunlevy had brought a beautiful bouquet, which he handed to Katie, and she presented it to the boy. He looked at it and smiled, and laid it upon his pillow, and repeated a portion of the heathen worship, "God is good." Then, continuing the thought which he had been uttering when the good Father came in, he said:

"You know it has been said that we should see and meet our Lord coming on the clouds of the heavens. I am going to him now on the clouds of heaven. I wish you would sing a hymn for me."

For a time no one could speak. After a pause, Katie sang the following:

"Come in, my partner in distress,
We'll be gathered home,
My comrades through this wilderness,
We'll be gathered home.

We'll meet our loved ones there,
We'll meet our loved ones there,
We'll meet our loved ones there,
When we are gathered home.

Thrice blessed bliss, inspiring hope—
We'll be gathered home,
It life's fainting spirit up;
We'll be gathered home.

We'll meet our loved ones there,
We'll meet our loved ones there,
We'll meet our loved ones there,
When we are gathered home.

Our sufferings here will soon be o'er;
We'll be gathered home,
Then we will sigh and weep no more;
We'll be gathered home.

We'll meet our loved ones there,
We'll meet our loved ones there,
We'll meet our loved ones there,
When we are gathered home.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears;
We'll be gathered home,
How bright the unchanging morn appears;
We'll be gathered home.

We'll meet our loved ones there,
We'll meet our loved ones there,
We'll meet our loved ones there,
When we are gathered home.

As the sweet strains of music fell from her lips the boy lay so quietly that all supposed he had been gathered home. A few moments of silence followed, when in a clear and audible voice Jamie said, "They come! they come! the angels! Oh, my father, I am ready! I am coming to you now! Farewell, loved friends! Farewell, my good mother! God bless you all!"

The lips fell, and his spirit had flown; before

them lay a lifeless body. The spirit was born into the realms celestial. There was not a dry eye in that little hovel, and no one seemed able to move. At length Father Dunlevy offered a short prayer and benediction, commending all of them to the Father into whose arms that beloved angel boy had gone. Edgar gave Katie the means for procuring whatever should be needed, and said he would make all the necessary arrangements for the funeral. It was a new business for him. He and his brother had been accustomed to spending their money in wild carousals and frolics; now he felt that he had a higher and holier mission to perform, and very earnestly did he enter upon it, for his soul was in this, as it had never been in any other labor. When he met his sisters that evening, he related the experiences of the day, and concluded, "I shall go to that funeral, and walk with these poor people." His sisters were deeply affected; but they could not think he would do it. Lind said she would like to go, too, but her sister said it would not do for her.

Sunday afternoon had been fixed for the funeral, and Katie had sent word to her mother that she would not come home till after this. Mrs. Mulligan was quite unwell, and it was not proper to leave her alone. A very neat coffin, much more expensive than is common, had been prepared at Edgar's request. Katie and Mrs. Mulligan had dressed the body with much taste, and as they placed flowers around him, a sweet smile settled upon his composed features, as a feeble yet touching expression of the heavenly joy which now thrilled his soul in its new home with the angels.

It is a custom among the members of the Catholic Church to keep lighted candles, burning night and day in the room where a corpse lies—perhaps a relic of the old idea of the vestal fires, which were to light the spirit on its journey through the dark valley and shadow of death—and, also, to keep what are called wakes, in which the neighbors and friends of the deceased, and even strangers, come and watch, night after night, with the body. And, in some cases, these have been quite respectable parties bringing food and drink, and turning the house of mourning into one of revelry and licentiousness. Katie had known of these things, and she and Mrs. Mulligan, whose opinions coincided, decided that no one should remain with them at night. They had, however, the candles, which they were willing to keep burning, more for the satisfaction of their friends and neighbors than from any feeling of necessity on their part.

She and Mrs. Mulligan slept, with the remains, in the only room there was in the house. Even the rude people who looked upon this as an innovation upon a time-honored custom, had too high a respect for the widow and Katie to make any expressions of dissatisfaction.

Sunday was a beautiful day, and in the early morning, as Katie stepped out on the dew-sprinkled grass to gather some fresh flowers to wreath for his body, she heard floating on the air sweet strains of music. This was not a new experience to her. Calling Mrs. Mulligan, who had never known anything of this, they sat under a tree near the door, and for an hour both of them heard these sweet and melodious sounds.

At times, these sounds would die away, as if they were at a distance, and then they would seem to approach very near.

In the afternoon, the friends and neighbors began to assemble around the house in large numbers. The body was to be taken to the church, a distance of near two miles. Edgar had kindly offered to take Mrs. Mulligan and Katie with his sisters in their carriage, which was the only one to follow the hearse. The friends and neighbors walked in solemn procession. A number of persons had already assembled in the church. Father Dunlevy was assisted by two of his brother priests, who read the solemn service of the church, after which he preached a sermon from the text, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven," in which he proved that unless our Lord was mocking us in this invitation, the kingdom of heaven could not be far off; for these little ones, so gentle and loving, so feeble and tender, could not be left alone without languishing for that sympathy and love which they need so constantly while here, and will need no less when they have "gone to their Heavenly Father's rest," and which can only be given by those who have it, their parents, whose hearts pour out more of this love and affection than any others.

After the services were over, Katie informed her mother, who was at the funeral, that she desired to spend a few days with Mrs. Mulligan; and though her absence was always felt at home, there was no objection expressed. Indeed, there was such an air of goodness in all of Katie's movements, that no one felt like interfering with her plans, or objecting to any arrangement which she proposed making.

The secret of success in life is to be found in pure motives, and a desire always to do that which is right.

They rode slowly home. Edgar was resolving in his mind what means he might properly take for the permanent relief of the widow. We should be glad to believe that his motives were as pure and unselfish as those of Katie. It is just as impossible to-day as ever it was to "gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles," and we shall see, that part, at least, of the motives which prompted him was a desire to influence Katie favorably toward himself.

When we remember how large a proportion of

human actions are governed by mixed motives, and how many of those deeds which bless humanity flow from streams made turbid by selfishness and wrong, it becomes a serious question to decide what is really good, and what is otherwise. Indeed, there is no positive and perfect good, save God himself, and no positive and unmitigated evil anywhere. This, however, is very certain: that impure motives and desires rob their possessors of the highest and best portion of the rewards for noble actions done.

Lind made every effort in her power to be agreeable. Her sympathies were deeply enlisted, but she knew not what to do. She felt more keenly than ever the difference between herself and Katie, though there was nothing in the demeanor of the latter calculated to foster such an idea.

Edgar felt gloomy and sad. His position in life had given him an idea, too common among persons of his class, that he ought to command the respect of all, and especially those below him in rank. While he was with Katie, the idea of superiority on his part was not only lost, but he felt that it was on the other side, in everything save that empty tinsel, titled nobility, aristocratic rank, which, in the presence of her pure nobility, fell into the shade of obscurity, and were seen only as empty bubbles. But when alone, the old feelings would rise up, and he was determined not to endure this horrible suspense any longer. He would demand her hand at once, and he knew she could not refuse him. The advantages were all in her favor. Title, family, rank, wealth, everything that a woman could desire, were there, and surely she would be more eager than he for an alliance so favorable for herself and family.

He was not the first sutor who has entered the lists, and made imaginary conquests with so much ease as to astonish and gratify themselves.

We do not wonder that Edgar thought so; for it is too often the case that woman hinders her affections, or rather herself and her happiness, for much less than he could offer her. But it is not for him that puteth on the harness to boast, as for him that putteth it off. Fortunately for ourself and our readers, Edgar made a confidant of Lind, while Maggie Ann, with her free intercourse with Katie, was enabled to gather many facts in relation to her feelings; and the two will enable us to give a very full account of their proceedings. Edgar informed Lind that he had heard all that had passed between herself and Katie in the grove. He felt ashamed of his course, but said he did not intend to remain there, until he found that they had gone so far in their conversation, that it would be very embarrassing for them to know of his presence. Lind did not blame him, but laughed heartily at the occurrence.

Edgar soon found that the very difference in rank which he had supposed would enable him to bring his suit to a successful issue, made difficulty.

There were two means by which he could see Katie alone. One was when she accepted the invitation of his sisters to spend the day with them, and the other when they rode together. A lucky thought came into his head, which astonished his sisters. But what is better calculated to awaken all a man's faculties than the fire of love? The thought was this: there was a small cottage on their grounds, near where the Malvourneys lived, which had been unoccupied for some time. He concluded to offer this to Mrs. Mulligan as a home during her lifetime; and he knew that his father, who was easy about such matters, would be glad to have him collect the rent. So, a few days after Katie had returned, he called on her, and asked her to ride down to Mrs. Mulligan's with him, as he had a proposition to make to her. Katie consented.

As they rode along, Edgar mentioned what he proposed doing, and Katie was delighted with it. When they arrived at the house, they found the old woman very much distressed, not knowing what she should do. She had been accustomed to washing for some of the neighbors, but it was a very uncertain way of obtaining a livelihood. Katie had thought of several things that might probably do, but nothing had seemed quite right. Edgar wished her now to make his offer to the old woman, and then added:

"We shall always want help at the house, so that you may be sure of something to do."

Katie's eyes sparkled with joy, as she saw how much pleased the old woman was with so good a prospect of a new home, near her father's too.

Edgar informed her that she might remain there, rent free, as long as she lived. Although it was very pleasant to have the prospect of a new home, yet there was a struggle in Mrs. Mulligan's mind, about leaving the old house—the place where her good husband and her darling boy had died—still she felt that it must be so. It was very kind in young Edgar, and it would bring her so near Katie that she felt very grateful, and accepted the offer with these feelings.

This project of Edgar's, like the others to which we have alluded, had a portion of selfishness in it. He knew that Katie would be a frequent visitor, and there would be numerous opportunities for him to meet with her. This did not enter into Katie's mind at all. She went home and told her folks how kind Edgar had been to Mrs. Mulligan; and they were much delighted with the prospect of having her for a near neighbor. The social intercourse of this class of society, is a very different thing from that which we find in what are called the higher walks of life, where cold formalities, and even worse—cant and deception—are found in almost every movement. With these poor but honest people, truthfulness, and a high regard for each other's feelings, is a very common experience. A superficial observer of the different grades and conditions of society, is not at all competent to judge of the real condition or happiness which belongs to either. We must have an experimental knowledge of the condition of life, before we may speak truly and correctly of it.

In a few days Mrs. Mulligan's friends assembled at her house, and removed her little stock of furni-

ture from the old cottage where she had spent so many happy, as well as painful hours, to the new one which Edgar had provided for her. It is hard to break up old associations, and we scarcely realize how much our feelings have clung around even the rudest and most unattractive home, until we are called upon to leave it, perhaps forever. These experiences are common to humanity everywhere. It is well, when the new home, as in this case, has its attractions. Added to this, the excitement and labor of removing diverts the mind from the conflict that is going on within.

Edgar was deeply exercised with various plans. He contrived to see Katie almost every day, and was sometimes vexed at the quiet manner in which she received him and his labors for the widow. Occasionally she expressed great satisfaction that he was so kind and good, and this increased his desire to do all that lay in his power. The influence of one mind over another, was never more strikingly illustrated than in this case. Then Katie wielded this power with so much queenly dignity that she seemed more beautiful than ever.

Edgar was rapidly growing to be a better man, and Katie was aware of it. She felt a fearful responsibility resting upon her, lest the result might not be just such as she desired.

A few days after Mrs. Mulligan had settled in the new home, Edgar met Katie there. The old lady, with a nice sense of propriety, proposed spending the afternoon at her father's. Although there had been no previous arrangement, yet Katie did not object to it. She knew that matters were coming to a crisis in Edgar's mind, and that it would be just as well to have a better understanding now. He was delighted to find his plans working so well, and congratulated himself that he should soon have the matter, which had cost him so many anxious moments, settled. And he felt it would be satisfactorily done. He supposed it would only be necessary to have a suitable opportunity to lay the subject before her, and everything would soon be adjusted. Few persons have the necessary coolness and presence of mind to carry out such a project without embarrassment. It seemed as if the very favorableness of the surroundings, which were just such as he desired, increased rather than diminished this feeling. He stammered, and made strange remarks; could not say anything that satisfied himself.

He remarked that he had experienced a very great change in his feelings since he had made her acquaintance—believed that he was a better man; told her that she exercised more influence over him than any one else. He was proceeding in this manner without making any very definite point, when, as usual, Katie came to the rescue. She said:

"I am very glad to find such a change in your feelings. I am sure you must be more happy, and if I have had any influence in producing this state of things, I shall share with you the happiness. I think it must be a great comfort to your sisters, as well as to yourself."

"Yes," said he, "it is; and I am very much more happy in their society of late."

"I am glad you appreciate such treasures as they are," replied Katie. "There are too many persons who walk through life so blind and heedless that they do not perceive the beautiful flowers of love and affection which spring up in profusion along their pathway. It is well that circumstances have thus opened your eyes to see their beauties. You speak of my influence over you; it is my most earnest desire to influence all so as to make them better and happier; and as I know that all true happiness comes from and is intimately associated with goodness, I need only seek to inculcate this by precept, and, as far as possible, by practice. It is not so much what we say, as what we do, that makes up our lives and our influence."

This was all very true and beautiful, but how perplexing to Edgar. She certainly must understand what he desired, and yet she did not admit it. What could he do?

"I insist on it," said he, "that you have more influence over me than any other person ever had."

"Well," she added, "so long as I wield that influence for your good, and am not injured by it myself, it cannot be wrong at present, and I do not fear that it will lead to any wrong hereafter. My most earnest desire is to exercise just such an influence over you as to keep you in the path of purity, so that your life may be crowned with success and happiness. To this end, all of us must give heed to our higher and better natures, in guiding our barks over life's stormy sea. I see a vision, now, illustrating your life, my friend."

Edgar was so charmed, not only with the personal beauty and loveliness of his companion, but with the gentle and winning manner in which she made these simple but sublime utterances, that, although he felt somewhat annoyed at the consciousness that he should not be able to make his proposition to-day, still he was pleased. At no time do we feel the influence of a power over us so potently as when the one who holds it sits enthroned upon the altar of love. Its vestal fires, burning all around, envelop both ruler and ruled.

"Go on, my friend; tell me all you see."

"I will endeavor to," she replied; "it may be a lesson for both of us. I see, far up a hill-side, a little streamlet, and on its placid surface there floats a small, beautiful boat; it moves along slowly down the stream, touching sometimes one side and then the other; occasionally meeting with similar boats. When I first saw the boat, I perceived some one lying in it; as it moved along, I recognized you as a little boy. Now you are putting out your little hands over the boat and playing in the water; and then I see you playing your feet over the edge of the boat. You are playing in this way, and seem indifferent. Your boat is floating along down, sometimes stern foremost, at other times bows on, and then it lays across the stream, which has now grown wider. And I see many other boats there; most of the persons in them have taken hold of their rudders, and are seeking to steer their barks down the stream

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There are hours in the experiences of every human being, when strong, surging influences

Four things that come not back: the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

Remember, we have only gone a little while before,
Have passed the portals of the earth, and there

perhaps, as Sarah in the "Morning Star" or the Goddess of Venus, who rose from the sea. Elizabeth, "the Lady of the House," was cousin Mary; but the stars and constellations had various affinities in the personated domestic relations.

the priests, have the twelve animals of the zodiac painted on them. The rosaries are found upon the Indian idols, erected, some of them, 4500 years ago; and their use in the East has been universal from time immemorial. The order is, reading

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.
This old and substantial congregation of Spiritualists, calling themselves in law, "The First Free Church," has been supplied during several months past by Bro. F. L. Wadsworth. He has spoken to most excellent acceptance, and, what is more, has been a judicious worker in their midst. The "Children's Progressive Lyceum" under his administration, has passed a most triumphant success. It is expected that for a spring and summer engagement, commencing the first Sunday of May. Will correspondents take notice, and "go over" themselves accordingly.

Battle Creek, Mich., April 2, 1893.

WOMAN'S WORK AND WOMAN'S WAGES.

BY WARREN CHASE.

In the midst of this great and terrible death-struggle of negro and chattel slavery, I am glad to see an awakening and earnest interest in the position and condition of the laboring class and classes of females. Any person who has ever examined the subject, must know that the prices paid for many kinds of shop-work to females cannot enable them to feed on healthy food and go decently clothed. Meats of the cheapest rooms, and scanty fuel, and the refuse of the market, with, perhaps, the single article of good bread, make up all the homes that thousands of our most industrious females can get for themselves and children, or without children, for incessant labor. No Sunday hat or outside garment for street or church or walk, unless she sells or rents her body for some base purpose her soul loathes, to get decent food and clothes, and then she despises herself, while she may be more respected by some who see her out to the meetings or at the stores.

Our social system, which holds female labor, and especially domestic service, degrading, shutting out so many poor girls from all the channels to position and influence that are open to young men, except that of marriage, is constantly pressing them into the most miserable and hasty matches—matrimonial or adulterized—and then comes the appeal to courts or mobs to remedy the evil, while few persons give a thought to the cause, or an effort to remove it.

The unjust position and compensation of females is the cause of more crime and suffering, more wretched marriages and miserable prostitutes, than all other causes. Give woman her true and equal position, and her just and equal compensation with man, and her nobler and purer nature will at once assert its supremacy, and she will act as a refiner's fire and purifier's vapor on man and society at large. Keeper impoverished and degraded, and she will constantly drag man after her in her fall, as slavery did the white population of the South.

It has long been known that our social system was rotten to the core in our large cities, and that the moral standard of man, at least, is a mere sham or mask, both in and out of church, and even under the clerical robes. But to the public the cause has been secret, while the effect was known. The Church lays it to poor, weak and depraved nature. The moralist, to a want of religion; but the true reformer finds a screw loose in our social system.

Many ways are suggested to repair the social ship. Some suggest a revival of religion—that has been tried, and failed; some ask a "change of heart"—that has been tried, and failed; some propose laws to secure the rights of married women to property given to them, or owned by them—that has done some good, but does not strike at the root of the evil. It is still tampering with effects, and using palliatives. Now let us at once put woman on an equal footing with man—legally, morally, socially—and divide with her equally the accumulated property of the past, since she has earned, at least, one-half of it. But if the bachelors and fugitive husbands will not agree to the last, let us try the rest, and let her have her share of the productions of the future. Give her equal pay for equal service; equal chance in all the schools and churches (including the pulpits); equal suffrage and eligibility to offices, &c. When we try this, it will not be a failure, but will renovate, refine and purify society. A few friends have already begun one little effort at this system of equality, in the Male and Female Industrial College at Vineland, N. J., into which effort we hope to draw sufficient means and mind to make it one of the pioneer institutions of the new era; but we also look for such State legislation as shall secure to woman these rights, and I am watching with deep interest to see which State shall take the lead in extending suffrage to woman, and rather expecting it will be Vermont. But I am sure whichever it is, others will follow, as they did in abolishing the laws of imprisonment for debt.

Syracuse, N. Y., April 7, 1865.

Mrs. Currier's Visit to the West.

A little more than a month ago, destiny, or the power of steam, wafted me to that great vortex of Western life, Chicago. Thither I went to fulfill an engagement, and I purpose to give you a desultory account of what I saw, heard and experienced.

I went by boat to New York, and from thence by the Erie Railroad. And now, journeying reader, should you be called westward, do not be foolish, as I was, but select the most direct route. Have your baggage checked through, and avoid all "transfer tickets," promising to convey you and your effects from the pier to the depot; avoid them as you would—well, anything decidedly objectionable. Do this, and prosper.

I have never believed in the immaculate honesty of New York. I know the time that I was obliged to hand an insolent fellow over to the muscular compassion of a stout gentleman, who carried a stick in his hand and a star on his breast. Yet, until recently, I have been inclined to regard railroad officials as a superior class of beings; but I am sorry to say, that missing the train, and almost losing my trunk, all through the culpable negligence of a lazy baggage master, has considerably lowered my faith in the last named gentry.

After all, notwithstanding sundry vexatious delays, I reached Chicago just in time, a sadder, but, mayhap, a wiser woman, and able to console myself with the reflection that I had lost nothing but—my temper.

I lectured in Metropolitan Hall three Sabbath evenings under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists, and I know not that it has ever been my privilege to address larger or more appreciative audiences. Spiritualism is a mighty power in Chicago. Not only is it recognized in most of the loyal, philanthropic enterprises of the day, but it also lends an element to Science, Literature, Art, and has much to do with the aspiring disposition and creative energy for which the people are remarkable.

I have always taken an interest in the Children's Lyceum, though, in all honesty, I must confess to a grain of prejudice at the outset; but I mean to say, that from the time that I began to observe the practical workings of the system, it has commended itself to my entire and hearty sympathy. The Lyceum, under the direction of Mr. Leavitt, of Chicago, undoubtedly owes its origin to the idea of Mr. A. J. Davis. But what gifted brain ever evolved a bright thought that was not straightway caught up and improved upon by some other fertile brain? The Chicago Lyceum is organized on a somewhat different plan from the others which have sprung into being in our large towns and cities. Mr. Leavitt, the conductor, has an eminently constructive mind, and, besides, has devoted nearly his whole life to the instruction of children; therefore he is well qualified for his present situation. There are many who think the plan of Mr. Leavitt decidedly improved upon the original. Should it really prove so, I dare say that no one will rejoice more sincerely than Mr. Davis himself.

In visiting the different Lyceums, one is very apt to note in each some peculiar, marked excellence. For example, in Lowell, the admiration of the visitor is at once excited by the melody which rises from so many little warbling throats. This superiority, however, is partly accounted for in the fact that the groups are under the control of a musical director of rare ability, and entirely devoted to his work.

The crowning glory of the Philadelphia Lyceum, under the charge of Mr. M. B. Davis, was, to no mind, the explanation when I reflected that my friend, the conductor, was one of the most accomplished amateur gymnasts in the whole country.

In the Lyceum sustained by the society at Metropolitan Hall, Chicago, the blended excellence consists in the strikingly ingenious and successful method by which the young mind is stimulated and encouraged to think, reason and question on all subjects, and in the recitation and singing. I shall never forget the presidential address by two little girls, who sang "Home, Sweet Home!" in connection with a dialogue which they represented.

On my arrival in Chicago, it was a grateful surprise to meet many New England friends, waiting to take me to their hearts and homes. During my stay, my time was pretty nearly divided between the smiles of Mr. Bangs, formerly of Lowell, and of Dr. Farnsworth, who, with his sweet wife, is very well known in Boston. Besides the duties of his profession, the Doctor still continues in the exercise of his spiritual gifts. I have had frequent opportunities to test his powers with regard to answering sealed letters, and the result in each case was highly satisfactory. I also met my old friend, Dr. J. R. Newton, who (ever since I saw him make a dumb man speak, in Sanson street Hall, Philadelphia,) always inspires me with a strange awe, such as I used to feel when I read about the prophet Elijah and the Shunammite's son.

The vicinity of Chicago, at present, offers an inviting field to speakers. I was unable to respond to a title of the calls I had to lecture on week evenings, and deeply regretted the necessity which only too soon bade me return to the East. I found the Western people more critical than I had supposed, and was very glad of it. They certainly expect a great deal, and are as willing to remunerate fairly and honorably. I was able to sing or whisper will some bird be kind enough to sing or whisper through the Banner, a few weeks ago, are heartily endorsed by at least one individual.

I think it more than probable that next fall I shall make another and longer visit to Chicago; but should it never again be my lot to visit the rolling prairies and great cities of the West, memory will ever retain the kindly faces of those whose warm hearts welcomed me.

AUGUSTA A. CURRIER.

Providence, R. I., April 5th, 1865.

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

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

The Spiritualists' Convention.

Our readers have undoubtedly noticed in the last two numbers of the Banner, a call for a Spiritualists' Convention in Boston on Anniversary week. The call is universal. From all parts of the country we are invited to assemble for consultation and action. This Convention is, no doubt, the most important one ever called in this country. Spiritualism is taking form. A deep and abiding conviction has fastened upon the minds of the true Spiritualists, that something must be done to correct, or rather counteract, the baneful influences of sectarian theology. A conviction that the position of a new dispensation is not one of mere negations. It must be positive, affirmative. We must build as well as pull down. Nay, we have no right to pull down, only as we do it to clear the way for a more noble edifice.

The dark clouds of war are risen, and the sunlight of peace darts a ray of promise for the future. We are to have, substantially, a new country. We have in the new revelations and inspirations of to-day, a new religion; and this religion is what our country needs and must have. The heavens intend that it should have it: they have done and will do their part. We have no right to object, and we doubt not this coming Convention is designed for us to make a new comment upon the old, incorporating with the invisibles. The lesson for discussion is: "Can any plan be devised to secure the cooperative action of Spiritualists for educational purposes, especially to bring our children under the influence of spiritual teachings?"

This is indeed beginning at the right place. With few, very few exceptions, we have done nothing at all in this direction. We have contented ourselves with writing and uttering mere words. We have attempted no form of cooperative action. We have left our children "out in the cold," or, what is worse, have sent them to sectarian Sunday Schools, there to be educated in the false and demoralizing tenets of the Popular Theology. It is useless to say we will give our children no education in those matters, for such is the constitution of our civilized society that they will be educated in spite of us; and, if not in the truth, most certainly they will be in the false. Bear in mind that the impressive mind of youth and childhood is especially adapted to receive the romantic falsehoods of the old religions; that all our customs, school-books and institutions are saturated with the old leaven of theology, and that every imaginable form and resource of ingenious skill is exhausted to gild over its repulsiveness and make it acceptable to the young. In some form it is made the shibboleth to gain admission into all places of honor or pleasure. It is made the badge of respectability, and unless the mark of the beast is on the child, it becomes, in a strong sense, an outcast. Children are especially sensitive to such reproach, and usually seek to avoid it by moving with the popular current.

Unless we counteract this, we shall most signally fail. To criticize, to pile up negation after negation, to prove the utter falsity of every logical formula of popular theology, will avail nothing at all. The child-mind cannot be fed on negations. It demands something positive, and will have it. And while you are expelling the old errors in the form they appeared to you, your children will have received the same old harlot in a new dress. Arguing against the false never establishes the true. And especially is this so with the child. The very effort to explode a falsehood not yet received, plants it in his understanding. We are glad the Convention is to consider some positive, practical work; something looking to a real, permanent effort for the spread and establishment of true spiritual principles. And we hope that large-hearted men and women will have ready, comprehensive and thoroughly elucidated plans for the consideration and action of the Convention.

We confess to a profound and reverent belief in Spiritualism. To us it is the all of religion, the summing up of all philosophy; hence, it is to be the regeneration of all human conditions and institutions. And, though we would not wish to hurry anything prematurely, yet we are glad to

perceive any signs of activity in the direction of practical effort, and we welcome this Convention as a promise for good to our glorious dispensation.

We may have other suggestions to make before the sitting of the Convention. In the meantime we counsel all our friends who possibly can, to make preparations to attend.

About Children.

We often think that there is no subject in the world of such large importance as children, which compels so little of our serious care and reflection. To be sure, we pet them if they are pretty, and punish them sometimes if they are naughty; but there are very few of us who make it a point to enter into their joys and pleasures, who sympathize with them in their distresses, who knit our hearts with their hearts as they grow out into life thus assisting their work of maturing and keeping ourselves continually youthful. Little think we of the real uses of children in the world. They are usually considered to be necessary troubles, expensive luxuries, or something equally undesirable and inevitable; whereas, if we were in the habit of looking at the matter on all sides, we should discover, and wonder we had not discovered it before, that the world without them would be more drear than summer without birds, and hardly more attractive than a desert for a residence.

We sicken when we reflect on the fearfully destructive conditions on which so many children come into life and advance to a stunted and diseased maturity. How few parents ever gave a serious thought to the true theory of the parental relations, especially as they concern their offspring. And yet there is a fixed law about the matter, as beautifully attractive for us and our obedience as any law of Love can be throughout the universe of God, yet not less severe and unrepentable than the famous laws of the Medes and Persians. If we seek to know what that law is, with the serious determination to obey it, in our own individual cases, certainly, we shall have complied with one class of conditions, mysteriously combining the physical and spiritual, which will secure us a very large share of earthly happiness. And that happiness will be all the more profound, as we are able to perceive that simple obedience on our part entails so much happiness on our posterity likewise.

With children, generous diet is of much importance. A hungry child never can get the growth and strength which fairly belongs to his share of existence. Starve the body, and the spirit must feel the wasting work also. A consideration of this kind should ever be present to the minds of the poor, who should know that seven and nine children do not belong to them to care for, it being not only more than their share, but more than two persons can properly introduce into the experiences of life and the realms of the future. We remember that children are oftentimes styled the "poor man's blessing;" and it is without doubt true within a certain number. It would be far better, both for the parent and child, that a poor father and mother should concentrate their affections upon two children than upon ten or a dozen; and it is certain the affection would be all the stronger and more profitable to both sides, for the very reason that it would be accompanied with so much less anxiety for a mere subsistence which invariably goes with a larger number. Just here is where too many children tell unfavorably upon the happiness of parents, and is of course most powerfully reflected upon the character and future welfare of the children.

Children are put too early to work, as well as to study. This remark will cover the whole field, including the children of rich and poor parents alike. They require a pretty thorough letting alone for a time, so far as these two points are concerned. Premature task-work is torture, whether to body or mind. The young body and the young spirit want leisure to become gradually and thoroughly acquainted with one another. Here is the very season when the body is forming its beautiful proportions, knitting its fibres and sinews, gathering together its secret accumulations of energy and power; and it is the very season, too, when the spirit is awakening to the reality and the beauty of the world around it, and so to a closer and profounder acquaintance with itself. Unless, therefore, pains are specially taken to furnish every needed facility not only for the development of body and spirit, but likewise for the early and thorough acquaintance of body with spirit, a fault is committed which might better be called a crime, for it is felt in its results through untold years of existence, and its effects are cruelly entailed upon those who happen for the present to be the subjects of our uncontrolled will and altogether helpless in our hands.

It is a noble sight, that of a man devoting such a portion of his life to the happiness and comfort of children. And as society is made up, he will never be at a loss for legitimate objects of his charitable kindness, which will naturally lead to the awakening of his personal love. There is likely to be a plenty of children, in our day at least, to stand in need of that attention which their parents cannot bestow upon them. The pieties and pleasures which are extemporized for the little folk, are hints of the direction in which the awakened humanity of mankind is setting. It is getting to be understood, after all this perilous experimenting, that what children chiefly want is amusement; out from their proper discipline can most naturally grow, so that they shall associate the one with the other, and have just as much fondness for one as the other. How little we think, too, while we are caring for their amusements, and even taking part in them ourselves, that we are insensibly retaining the bloom on our own cheeks and the sparkle in our own eyes, and keeping our hearts fresh and youthful for the later period of our own existence. It is so, however; and it is one of the most beautiful of all the arrangements of a kind Providence that it should be so.

What would this world be, as we have already remarked, without young children to bless it? The prattle of their tongues, the echoes of their merry voices, the pretty play of their little forms before our eyes, the heavenly innocence of their ways, their unquestioning trust and their tireless devotion, what would families be, or communities, or the world at large around us, if we did not have their helplessness to give us care, and were not rewarded a thousandfold by the simple affection which winds itself around our hearts and finds its searching way into every corner and crevice of our being? How blank the desolation of the thought that ours was the last generation of mortals upon earth! Who would wish to look out upon a world without flowers, without birds and without children? Who would care to be shut up in a dungeon with his own thoughts and affections, with no such healthy escape and exercise for them as is furnished by the gift of children?

Syracuse, N. Y.

The Spiritualists in Syracuse, N. Y., are taking steps to effect an organization for business and practical purposes during the stay of Warren Chase there the present month. The cause seems brightening in many places.

The Boston Sanitary Committee.

The Committee appointed by the Spiritualists in this city to cooperate with Mrs. J. S. Fuller, who was officially delegated by the officers of the Sanitary Commission to solicit donations from Spiritualists throughout the country for the coming Fair, met at the Banner of Light office last week, and organized by the choice of officers, as follows:

WILLIAM WHITE, Chairman.
PHINEAS E. GAY, Treasurer.
L. B. WILSON, Secretary.

There was a lively interest felt in the matter by the Committee, and we trust a handsome amount will be raised for so noble a cause; and there will, if the public feel half the interest the Committee manifest.

This is the first time, we believe, the Spiritualists have been recognized by any organization of this kind. A year ago, at the great Fair in New York City, the Spiritualists' donations were ruled out—except a lot of brimstone matches, which, no doubt, was better appreciated by the Committee than the other donations.

The proceeds of this fair, which is to take place in Chicago on the 30th of May next, is to go to the relief of the sick and maimed soldiers, who have heroically fought the battles which have helped sustain the honor and integrity of the nation, and who have suffered almost everything but death. In our hour of rejoicing over victories won by our armies, those who have suffered—and are still suffering so much—should not be forgotten. These wounded soldiers in the West are gathered from all parts of the country, and have not the means—or friends who are able—to remove them to homes at a distance. Many of them are now at the "Home," an institution supported by voluntary contributions; and more are daily arriving. To the support of this "Home" a portion of the funds raised by this Fair will be appropriated.

The war has been the means of putting thousands and even millions of dollars into the pockets of many Northern men, and their own intuitions should tell them it is their duty, as well as their privilege, to help the needy and less favored. The Committee of Boston and vicinity comprise the following named responsible gentlemen and ladies, who will receive such donations from the liberal and true-hearted:

GENERAL COMMITTEE.

Phineas E. Gay (Manson & Co., 22 Fulton street).
Chas. E. Jenkins, 44 Chester square.
Geo. W. Smith, 409 Federal street.
J. R. Bassett, 83 Pearl house, 533 Tremont.
Wm. White, Banner of Light.
Bela 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, 60 Carver street.
Mrs. J. B. Severance, 66 West Cedar street.
Mrs. M. A. Ricker.
Wm. P. Tenney, 8 Berkeley street.
F. A. Sawyer, 75 State street.
Daniel Farrar, 73 and 75 Blackstone street.
Jacob Edson.
John Wetherbee, Jr.
Mrs. Geo. F. Stratton, 22 Common street.
Charles Pierce.
Miss Lizzie D. Moulton, 4 Union place.
Charlestown—Col. C. H. Wing, 40 Russell street;
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Richardson; Mrs. Martha Cushing; Mrs. Mary Ann Randall, 16 Concord street; Mrs. Ezra Brown.

Chelsea—Dr. B. H. Crandon; Mrs. J. V. Mansfield, 133 Chestnut street; H. C. Clayton; Benj. Martin.

Cambridgeport—Henry Potter; Isaac Fay; Geo. L. Cade, 79 Main street.

East Cambridge—Judge J. S. Ladd, 27 Second street; Joseph Whitney, 73 Fourth street.

Roxbury—Allen Putnam; Mrs. Allen, of Granville street.

Somerville—Dr. A. B. Child; Dr. Samuel Grover. Malden—T. D. Lane; Mrs. Fannie B. Felton.

Quincy—L. S. Richards; Josiah Brigham.

The headquarters of the Committee are at the Banner of Light office, 158 Washington street, where those who have donations to make, if not waited upon by some one of the Committee, will please call, or send their contributions.

Our friends residing in towns where no committees have been appointed, who feel disposed, can forward to this office their gifts, and they will be faithfully accounted for.

Remember that packages weighing not over sixty pounds will be forwarded free by the "American" and "United States" Express Companies.

We are pleased to learn that our friends in New York City are taking hold of this matter in real earnest.

The Great Event.

Since our last the glorious news has flashed along the electric wires all over the land proclaiming the joyful tidings that Gen. Lee and the whole rebel army immediately under his command had surrendered to Gen. Grant and his invincible forces. Since then the enthusiasm of the loyal people has known no bounds. Every city, town and hamlet at the North have manifested their gratification by the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, bonfires and illuminations. Verily the last nail in the coffin of secession has been driven home and clinched.

At the time of Lee's surrender, his army was completely disorganized and demoralized. It is said they were without food or ammunition, and their brigade organizations broken up. The exact number who surrendered has not yet been ascertained. They were all paroled, Gen. Lee and his staff, and most of his general officers, receiving passes to go where they pleased.

The war is thus virtually ended. This is the opinion of the officials at Washington, and accordingly the Secretary of War has issued the following important manifesto:

WAR DEPARTMENT.

WASHINGTON, April 13, 1865, 4 P. M.
To Major-General Dix:

The Department after mature deliberation and consultation with the Lieut.-General upon the results of the recent campaign, has come to the following determinations, which will be carried into effect by appropriate orders to be immediately issued.

First—To stop all drafting and recruiting in the loyal States.

Second—To curtail purchases for arms, ammunition, quartermaster and commissary supplies, and reduce the expenses of the military establishment in all its several branches.

Third—To reduce the number of general and staff officers to the actual necessities of the service.

Fourth—To remove all restriction upon trade and commerce, so far as may be consistent with the public safety.

As soon as these measures can be put in operation, it will be made known by public orders.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

The Davenport Mediums.

The London Spiritual Times, alluding to the Davenportes, says: "they have become heroes, and very near martyrs; all through England their name is known, and excitement runs high in the discussion of their peculiar claims. We had no distrust from the first of the genuineness of the Brothers and Mr. Fay; everything we have witnessed since, has only confirmed our faith."

The True Philosophy of Life.

He who has studied the action of adversity upon the soul, who, with ripened judgment and heart grown submissive through discipline, has acknowledged the uses of affliction, that one has learned the true philosophy of life. And, henceforth, no repinings will cross his lips; no mad resistance to the sent blessings, howsoever disguised, will betray a lack of mental balance, and of spiritual faith; but truly divested of its sharpest sting, all sorrow and tribulation will be accepted as a means of soul-culture and progress. The hidden resources of affluent human nature will be brought to light, and developed to their utmost; and saddest experiences will serve as warning posts unto the future; the soul will learn of insight, prudence, forethought, in the highest sense, and in the due correspondences that belong unto the daily life. It will learn discernment between things genuine and counterfeit; between attractions of holiness and earthly waywardness that borrows some saintly name. The disciple of Truth and Justice will never waver one instant betwixt policy and the right; he will never be overwhelmed in despondence by the blows of misfortune; nor will he be unduly elated by the showered favors of prosperity. At length he will reach a plane, not of stoical indifference, but of such sublime faith and trust that no tremor of apprehension shall rattle the spirit, whereon are mirrored all the benignities of the state of Heaven. Free from all encumbering shackles, that soul, grown strong in Wisdom's schooling, shall live beneath the law of higher consciousness alone; and owning the universe, shall be thrice bound, in golden links of love, unto divine behests that never militate against another's rights. Self-governed, he shall govern others by the sweet control of love, the exercise of a will divinely consecrated.

The true philosophy of happy and righteous living can only be exemplified by the practical observance of the soul-uttered prayer of one of old:—"Thy will, not mine, be done." Putting forth all our human energies, yet reliant on the superior power that directs all, let us be calm, because forever guarded by Omnipotent care; let us be cheerful, for we live forever, and worlds await us where dwells no death.

The First "Rap."

Seventeen years ago, ending March 31st, 1865, the first tiny rap was made by the invisibles at the little village of Hydeville, near Rochester, N. Y., that ushered in modern Spiritualism. Then it was that telegraphic communication with the spirit-world was vouchsafed to mortals. Since that time it has spread on the wings of thought throughout the civilized world; and now its believers are numbered by millions. And, notwithstanding the immense opposition that has been brought to bear against it and its advocates, our glorious scientific religion—Spiritualism has wedded science to religion—is more sought after to-day than ever. The pure waters of life continue to flow, and the thirsty multitude are gathering to the spiritual fountain to quench their thirst. The dear departed are bringing "glad tidings of great joy" from their abodes in spirit-life, and mortals are indeed being blessed with a knowledge that their loved ones can and do return and communicate. Truly "death is swallowed up in victory."

Mrs. Stowe in California.

Mrs. C. M. Stowe delivered a second lecture in San José, California, March 9th. The Mercury says, "The City Hall was again crowded on Sunday evening with an intelligent audience to hear Mrs. Stowe, many being unable to obtain seats. Her discourse was listened to with marked attention. For elegance of language it was a masterpiece. Every sentence was perfect, and laden with thought. She held that man is a progressive being, and that the intellectual and religious food adapted to his wants in the earlier ages of the world—in man's infancy, as it were—is insufficient for his present needs; that evil is the outgrowth of ignorance; that love to God and man are the fruits of true religion; that harmony is heaven, and inharmonious hell; that man should endeavor to live up to his highest intuition of right, which is the God-principle of his being, and which, if followed in the light of reason, will lead to his spiritual unfoldment; that death is the second birth; that eternal punishment would be equivalent to spiritual inertia, and is incompatible with the progressive principles of the soul. These and kindred subjects constituted the essence of her discourse."

Spirit Communion.

We are pleased to learn that Mrs. Laura Cuppy, at the solicitations of friends, has consented to allow them, and also investigators and skeptics, the benefit of her peculiar gift of mediumship, and hereafter will sit for the purpose of affording them an opportunity to hold communion with friends in spirit-life. She will be at her rooms, 8 Avon Place, every day in the week, except Saturday and Sunday—as she will continue to lecture as usual, those days and Monday forenoon will be required for that purpose. Mrs. C. is peculiarly adapted in her development for this phase of spirit-communion. Her great love and sympathy for the dear children, attract those who have passed to the higher life, and they easily obtain control of her organism, and, if not too much embarrassed, are indeed themselves again. Then, too, the organs of her brain are so well developed, that the more advanced and intellectual spirits can give utterance to their thoughts in a concentrated and philosophical manner. We trust she will meet with sufficient encouragement to induce her to remain in New England, where she is doing a great amount of good to the skeptical world. For terms and hours, see her card in another column.

A New Physical Boy Medium.

Within the last few days, (says the London Spiritual Magazine,) a little boy between nine and ten years of age, named William Terkeltown, a mere child in his manner, giving no idea of precocity, living with his uncle, Mr. W. J. Champenowne, at Kingston-on-Thames, has been discovered to possess mediumistic powers of an extraordinary physical kind. He has been tied in a chair placed in a darkened room, and has been released by invisible fingers; ropes have been placed at his feet and he has been more elaborately secured than he had been before; he has held a violin in such a manner that his own hands could not touch the strings, and it has been played; he has likewise held a flute at arm's length, and it has been made to discourse notes; likewise an accordion held by him in one hand has been played. He is a good writing medium, and gets strong table-tipping. We have been to Kingston; and from what we have witnessed, and the testimony of persons who vouch for these facts, we have no hesitation in placing them before our readers. If all we state be true—which everything we saw and heard goes to favor—we have in this boy an evidence that manifestations, similar to those of the Davenportes, are not confined to them.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was claimed by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages were given by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of

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

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

The Circle Room.

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

Invocation.

Oh Power Eternal, thou who art the home with the blooming daisy and the human soul, we would bear witness through these frail human lips of thy greatness, thy goodness, and of thine everlasting love. Though we may not read of thee in books, though no man's experience, or the experience of ten thousand souls, can give even the faintest idea of thee, still there is a something within the silent avenues of our being that tells us thou art our Father and we are thy children. Though we ascend to the highest mountain peaks of wisdom that soul can conceive of, still there are achievements grander and more sublime. Though we descend into the valleys of humiliation, there thou art, an ever-present principle, strengthening life and calling all forms higher. Do we wander in the dark places of human life, even there thou art, there thy presence is realized by the soul. There is no night so dark that the sun of thy love cannot dispel the darkness; no one so ignorant as not to be able to attain a knowledge of thy love, thy guardianship and power. Oh Father, Mother, Friend, Presence sublime and beautiful, we can trust thee, not with the blind trust of faith, for that is but material in itself. It is but a form, a something that must be material forever; but with trust that comes through that deep intuitive life, that makes us in the internal one with thee. We know that thou art not imprisoned within the lids of any sacred record, that thou hast not written thy name upon any creed, that thou hast not approved of any dogma; for all, Oh Father, Spirit, are finite, while thou art infinite. Life, beautiful and wondrous life, it may be that thou art God. It may be that within thy beautiful bosom is enshrined all of Deity that the nations have worshipped. Shall we call thee a Presence? Nay, we will call thee our Father. We will look up to thee at all times with confidence, knowing that thou carest for all; that thy love is large enough for all; thy power sufficient for all. Though death come with its darker shade of life to startle us, though sorrow overwhelm our souls for a time, yet, our Father, we will not murmur; for even in that condition of life thy love is manifest. Thou art even there. We bear the crosses of human or spirit life. Thou art in the cross, as in the crown. There is no place where thou art not; no condition of life through which we are called to pass where thou mayest not be found. Oh we cannot yield up a portion of life to an opposing principle. Nay, for thou art infinite, art everywhere. So we will not fear; we will trust, we will love, we will serve thee forever.

Feb. 27.

Questions and Answers.

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

CHAIRMAN.—Mrs. E. S. W., of Amherst, Mass., desires an answer to the following:

QUEST.—Is there such a thing as grieving the spirit of God?

ANS.—Certainly; but not in the sense that it is generally understood. When you consider that all spirit is a part of the Infinite Spirit, and you know that your own spirits have been sorely grieved, then you will understand what it is to grieve the Holy Spirit, or the Spirit of God. Your own dear spirit friends, those loved ones who were so dear to you in earth-life, are oftentimes sorely grieved by your coldness, your apathy. When you distrust those dear spirit friends, surely, then, they grieve, for they are human as well as divine.

QUEST.—Is there such a thing as a change of heart?

ANS.—By what influence is the change produced?

A.—You certainly experience these changes, but that which is specially referred to by your correspondent, belongs to that class of changes that exist in the Church. When one renounces their old belief, old way of living, and endeavors to live anew; when they feel that they have laid down the darker portions of their life, and have taken up something more beautiful, this is called experiencing a change of heart, according to the Church. Now this may be brought about, and doubtless is, in many instances, from a mere psychological power. The speaker, through whom the power emanates, has so far succeeded in overcoming certain portions of your own ideal life, as to make them bow down and serve that which in reality is but a part of himself. We have very little faith, or, we should say, we place little reliance upon these changes of heart, for in most instances they do not carry the individual one step higher. From the fact that they lay down their own individuality, and are living abnormally in the life of another, they cannot progress very rapidly. If the change has come from reflection, from contemplation, from the internal, a desire to be in every sense a better man or woman, then we shall say you have taken a step higher, that will be not only better for yourself, but for all with whom you deal.

QUEST.—S. G., of Bingham, Mo., writes thus: Will the controlling spirit describe the horrors of the most degraded immediately after leaving the body, and also their rapidity in progression to a higher sphere—if progress they do?

A.—The experience of each soul differs from the experience of all other souls, in this respect, as in all others. Some experience very keen pangs of remorse when they first awake to consciousness in spirit-life. They feel that their mortal lives have been, in one sense, poorly spent. Others are careless. But this depends, in a great measure, upon their surroundings, internally and externally; upon what their education was here, and upon their general spiritual and physical make-up.

QUEST.—In the book entitled "Scenes beyond the Grave," as seen by Marietta Davis, in a trance state, page 87, fifth edition, we read, "And that speciality of evil which does not belong to and unfold from another, so that the combined strength of the aggregate of all is the prevailing law. By this strength of evil I am bound,

and in it I exist." Does not this teach that the spirits of the departed—except those that are made happy at their departure—are made to suffer? the moderately vile, comparatively speaking, equally with the most vile, in the same atmosphere of wickedness?

A.—The answer given to the former question will also answer this question.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent, writing from Cincinnati, Ohio, asks:

QUEST.—Will the controlling intelligence of the Banner of Light Circle please to give the philosophy of the fact of how Nature compensates for the want of sleep in the case of C. D. Saunders, Orderly Sergeant of Company G, 13th Regiment of Virginia Volunteers? He is at present in the Chestnut Hill Military Hospital, and it is said that he has not slept for a single moment for fourteen years and six months.

A.—Be it known that there are as many kinds of sleep as there are different conditions inducing sleep; but that which generally visits the body is the one you are best acquainted with. Now under certain conditions, this kind of sleep can be banished from physical life. It can be done by the use of certain stimulants, certain narcotics. It can also be done by throwing a person into a psychological state, or by a peculiar spiritual condition. We are not conversant with the case in question, but we presume that the loss of sleep was induced by sickness, and the remedial agents used at the time. That the man does not sleep, is not a truth. That he does not sleep according to the common acceptance of the term, is a truth; but he does sleep nevertheless; does repose. There are seasons when the spirit retires from the outer realm, but the body is not conscious of it. Therefore, according to the usual acceptance of the term, the person does not sleep. There are many problems that are constantly presenting themselves to the curious, demanding solution, and it is from the fact that most persons do but seek at the surface, instead of probing beneath to find the cause. They only glance at the physical, the material. Because they cannot find the solution in the physical, they give it up. Only go beyond the material, only deal with the imperceptibles, and you will very soon be able to find a solution for every problem that Nature presents.

CHAIRMAN.—B. F. C., of New York City, writes: QUEST.—Will the presiding spirit at your Public Circle please inform us if the following article on pork is true?

ABOUT PORK EATING.—The following ideas concerning pork eating, which we copy from the *Law of Life*, an able paper, by way of surprise many of our former readers, but the worthy of consideration: "Almost every man in this country who is a householder, keeps one or more hogs which, in the fall of the year, he fattens, and at or about this time kills for use as food for his family. He has been educated to think that unless he provides this kind of food, neither he nor his family can get on in health and strength. He has also been educated to think that swine's flesh constitutes an economical food, costing less than most other kinds. Thus in every house will be found fresh or salted pork. It is a staple and almost all persons like it when prepared for the table after the various modes of cookery common amongst us. I wish to present to our readers the fact that it is, on the whole, the unhealthiest food which we eat; that it lays the foundation of many diseases, which sap the strength and vigor of a body and brain; that it is directly the cause of a large share of the dyspepsias, liver complaints, lung diseases and diseases of the skin, which exist so extensively with the people; and that taking into consideration the constitutional organization and functional activity of the large share of persons born and reared in this country, it is an unhealthy food that they ought entirely to dispense with its use. Let every farmer who reads this paper, and has children, make up his mind that as he would wish to have them live and be healthy, to use no more swine's flesh. Let the mechanic or the day laborer, who needs for his own and his family's support to have uninterrupted health accompanied with fair strength of body, forgo the use of this kind of food. In fine, let it be banished from our tables, because so long as it is commonly eaten as extensively as it is now, there is no hope, nor need we cherish the expectation to be able to reduce to any great degree the number of sick persons in any community. Get rid of your hogs. Do not fatten any more. Raise some other article of food instead; and try to live so as not to have sickness in your families or your neighborhood enough to justify the employment of physicians. Begin the next year with good determinations to live if possible without sickness. You will find, in great measure, that your health is in your own keeping; that it is far more comfortable and profitable every way to be healthy than to be sick."

A.—We certainly shall not offer a plea in favor of swine's flesh, for we very well know that humanity will be better off without it than with it. Q. [From the audience].—Would not the same objection in regard to pork apply to animal food generally?

A.—No, we do not so understand it. Pork is a peculiar kind of animal food. When you consider for a moment the way it is brought into being; and, again, the great admixture that is introduced during its formation into pork, you will see that it cannot be healthful. Man needs animal food, just as much as he needs grains. He is not only herbivorous, but he is carnivorous, and requires a certain amount of animal food.

QUEST.—Is it not a fact that those persons who abstain from the use of meats are healthy?

A.—Certainly; but that does not prove that they would not be still better with it.

QUEST.—Explain the difference between pork and beef? Is not one as healthy as the other?

A.—No, certainly not. There is just as much difference between pork and beef, as there is between swine's flesh and horse flesh.

QUEST.—The English people manifest the same stupor when they overgorge themselves with beef, as those who eat a great deal of pork.

A.—Surely. We would not counsel the extensive use of animal food, by no means; but a moderate use of animal food is, we believe, a necessity to human life. You may live without it, to be sure, but you would be better with it. Those of you who have never used animal food, do not know what benefits would result from the use of it.

QUEST.—In cold climates a great deal of oil is used. Now is not pork just as good as train oil?

A.—No. One is train oil, the other is pork. One is produced from entirely different conditions from what the other is produced.

QUEST.—Has not this prejudice against pork grown out of the Jewish creed?

A.—That is true, no doubt, but the Jews may have been right in refusing to eat swine's flesh.

QUEST.—What were swine made for, if not to be eaten?

A.—You would not think of going out and plucking a poisonous plant and eating it, simply because it was made, would you? You would not think of eating the fangs of a rattlesnake, would you?

QUEST.—Rattlesnake oil is very good.

A.—Ah, that is true. Swine flesh is just for something. Nature never makes any mistakes, never loses anything. All these various forms and conditions of life all have their uses; but human life, in its ignorance, oftentimes makes very poor use of these forms and conditions.

QUEST.—What use can be made of swine, except as general scavengers?

A.—Well, so it would seem, when you take a superficial view of the case. But are you not

sure that the swine does not use up a large portion of that poisoned magnetism that mankind is constantly exhaling? You have only looked at the material flesh—that something you can cut up and weigh—and have never thought of dealing with the spiritual, or the cause. Now, we tell you that swine does attract, by its peculiar magnetic life, a very large portion of that unhealthy magnetism that all human beings are constantly exhaling. Now, if you take the swine flesh into your composition, you take that which is not good, namely, poisoned magnetism.

QUEST.—What would the Irishman live on if he did not live on pork? Wouldn't they, as a race, all die, if deprived of pork?

A.—Well, if humanity were less selfish toward their fellow-creatures, and placed others where they would be placed themselves, then the Irishman would not be obliged to eat pork for a living. As it is, in many cases he is almost compelled to subsist on swine flesh. What is it that compels him? The injustice that exists among the higher classes—nothing more, nothing less.

QUEST.—I do not know what New England people would do without pork in that Yankee dish, known as baked beans.

A.—As regards the use of pork with that Yankee dish of beans, we think you could do very well without it. There are many other dishes you might well substitute in its place.

QUEST.—Do you consider butter wholesome?

A.—We do, certainly.

QUEST.—Would it not be well, then, to use butter instead of pork?

A.—It might not suit the palate of all, but for ourselves, we should say, we will take butter in preference to pork. Instead of the higher classes dealing unjustly with the lower classes of society, if they would be more ready to give them the right hand of fellowship—give them that justice they would ask for themselves—you would have few poor people among you. When you all arrive at a condition wherein you are ready to do just with your fellow-men as you would have them do you, there will be no need of using pork as an article of food.

John Y. Beall.

You seem to be all substantial people, living in bodies such as I lived in a short time since. I perceive I am mistaken with regard to the belief I indulged in when on earth. I certainly had no belief that the spirit could return and take on a body not its own to manifest through. [We have been cognizant of the fact for many years.] Yes, I suppose so; but I want—

Well, well, what can you do for me? [We'll do what we can.] Some of your good people will tell you that a few days since I would have cut your throat or blown your brains out; but it's very possible they, too, would have done the same thing under similar circumstances. We are told in the great land of souls there is an Overruling Intelligence, who doeth all things well. If this be true, who, then, has any right to find fault? [You will have enough of that to do with yourself.]

Well, I confess I have not found much cause for fault since my discharge from the corporeal prison-house. Last week your good authorities said I fit to swing me up from Governor's Island. Here I am to-day, but not to demand my old body again, but something better; that is, a bearing. I am determined to have it. Remember that the soul lives—only the body decays, not the soul. Now you folks understand how that is, but I didn't, you see. You prate a great deal about your good works, throughout all the land; now I'm going to see what you'll do for me.

Well, first of all, I desire a chance to talk with my friends. [We'll assist you.] Well, supposing I ask you to step a little aside from your loyal ground, what then? [State your desires.] Well, what would you say if I were to tell you I wished to give some information that would prove detrimental to you? [You may give whatever you please.] To be published? [Yes.] Have a care, then, lest I should be the means of sending you on my side. I don't know as you understand these things as well as we do in spirit-life.

Well, look here: they tell me that these things are shoved across the lines. [Not the medium.] No, not the medium, but your spiritual communications. [We presume they are.] Well, then, I would like to make a communication with your very good friend, Jefferson Davis. I should like to have him go to one of these mediums, where I can give him the information that I probably should not have obtained had I remained here. But you were kind enough to send me where I can see much better than here, so you've none to thank but yourselves.

Now, I have, during the few hours I've been in the spirit-world, become possessed of some valuable information, and I propose to give it to my dear friend, Jefferson Davis. Will you send your paper to him? [Yes.] Are you sure? [Do you think we can get it there?] Oh, I am not smart enough to look beyond the surface as yet. You say you will do it? [We can't promise it, but we'll try.]

Well, then, say that John Y. Beall has something to communicate to his friend, Jefferson Davis. Oh, yes, he is President of the Confederate States, as your Abraham Lincoln is of your Disunited States. Now what a fine thing it would be if you should happen to get defeated, after all. Good-day.

Feb. 27.

Michael Devine.

[How do you do, sir.] Well, I thank you. [We hope you don't feel as bad as the spirit who has just left.] Well, sir, I don't know about feeling bad. I'm a little stirred up, because the fight's not out of me yet. Somehow or other, sir, I feel just about the same on the other side as I did here. I am just the same, and when I see that thieving pirate around, with his boasting talk, I thought to myself, if there was anything of you to shoot I'd be the one who'd like to do it.

Oh, you see, we are not all smooth there; no, sir. I have been in the spirit-land just—well, it's going on three months, and I see just as much cross living—well, wrangling and difference of opinion there, as I see here; and when I got right here into the old life, faith, I felt very much like fighting that fellow.

Well, sir, I'm Michael Devine, what is left of me. I was an Irishman by birth, and I was one of the boys that supported Uncle Sam. I don't know, sir, but I felt the same interest as I would for my native country. Somehow or other, I used to think perhaps the time might come when I'd make something of a stir; but as I never did, it can't be helped.

Well, now, sir, I've got an old woman and little boy, and lots of other folks I'd like to reach, if I could. [You must give them an invitation.] Well, that's what I'm here for to-night. When I first heard that rebel talk, I felt like fighting a little, just by way, by sort of spite-like, you know. Well, sir, I suppose he has n't wore the rough off him yet. When he does, maybe, instead of singing praises to Jeff Davis, he'll turn round and sing them to Abraham Lincoln.

Well, now, my wife is in the Church, a Catholic, and not a Spiritualist—what is it?—not a Spiritualist.

all, sir. I do n't know what to do. I've only one other person that I'd like to have my letter reach, in particular, and that is a cousin of mine by the name of O'Connor—Patrick O'Connor. [Where does he reside?] Well, sir, he's on far-fung now; he's in New York, I suppose, and I'd kind of like to get my letter to him, and, after he reads it, I'd like to have him take it to my old woman and explain it to her, and then go to some place where I can talk as I do here. [Go to some medium?] Yes, sir; that's what I want.

Oh, sir, I see some things when I first got on the other side that made me stop and think the whole world is a humbug from beginning to end. Yes, I met a person the other day, a good Catholic, that was a Father in the Church here, and when he died was between seventy and eighty—well on to eighty—and he was just as stout a Catholic as you'd wish to see. Well, I met him, and I said like this to him: "Father Higgins, how is it?"

Where is there any Catholic church in the spirit-land? What about the Catholic religion?" "Michael," he says, "the Catholic religion is all very good when you are living on the earth. It's a something that's very much like gold and silver—that's all very well to have on the earth, but you can't take it any further than the grave." Ah, then we thought it was a part of our spirits, a something that we was to die for. So when I heard this, I got to thinking the whole world was a humbug. But I suppose it's all right; but when we get to know more we shall find all these things are not much good. I belonged to the 160th New York Company.

Now, I don't know but O'Connor is so in the Church he'll not receive my letter; but I'll try it on, anyway. You'll send it there. [Do you know what regiment he belongs to?] Oh yes, sir; to the 160th. [Did you enlist in New York?] Yes, sir. [Is your wife there?] Yes; I left my wife in Barney court. [By the Bowery?] Yes, sir. Ah, if I could go there myself. [You'd frighten your wife if you were to go before your letter reached her.] Ah, faith, you might as well be frightened about one thing as another. I'm thinking she'll be very much frightened when she comes on the other side. Oh, I shan't frighten anybody, sir, unless it's a reb, and I got a chance to. Well, good-by, sir; if I can do you a good turn, I will. Feb. 27.

Dorthea Schultz.

I am brought here by my son. 'Tis but four days, four days, since I was called to part with my own body and leave the earth.

I was seventy-two years old. I was born in Hanover, Germany. I died in New York city, where I have lived the last fifteen years. There is much I have to talk about, and my son says it is better for me to come now, while the minds of my children and friends are upon me. It will be easier for me to come now than to wait.

I was Dorthea Schultz, and was seventy-two years of age. I have not much—not much strength here. I have only been in the spirit-land four days. I should be very glad to make things straight, what I have not made straight, if I could. I will do the best I can, if they give me a chance to talk; that's what I mean, sir. Good-day, sir.

Feb. 27.

George A. Pendergrass.

I am George Alexander Pendergrass, son of Colonel William Pendergrass, of the 7th Virginia. I am—I'm here with my mother. She's very anxious to talk with my father about my little sister who's left. Where she is she ain't treated well, and my mother says she can't be happy until she's taken away from the place she's in; and wants my father to let her talk to him, or me—don't make any difference which. I was nine years old, and my father's a rebel. My mother knew about these things before she passed away, she says, and my father didn't believe in 'em, because he didn't believe folks could come back. And my mother told him that perhaps he might go to the spirit-world first, and if he did, he must come back, and he must come here. He said he would; and my mother says she knows he only said it to please her.

You're Yankees, ain't you? [That's what they call us.] Well, I like the Yankees. I lived in Pennsylvania with them one time. And my father don't dislike 'em, I know; my mother says he don't, only he wouldn't say so. I don't believe he'd shoot a Yankee any sooner than he would a Southerner. But he's a rebel—he's a rebel. He wants the Confederate States to be separate, but he'd like to have it peaceable, if he could.

If you help me, sir, I'll help you. I'll help you just all I can, if you help me get my letter and mother's through to my father. Shan't do anybody any hurt to come again, shall I? [No.] My father was wounded at Fort Fisher, but not much. [The first or second battle?] I don't know, sir; didn't know there was but one, when you got it, just a little while ago. [It was assaulted twice.] Yes, sir; my mother says it was a flesh wound. Well, my mother says what I want is, he'll meet us where we can speak. [Visit some medium.] Yes, sir; we do n't care whether it's a Yankee or not. My mother says, don't be particular; take a medium where you can find one. Good-by, mister.

Feb. 27.

Invocation.

Boundless, ever-present Life, our Father, now that death has lost its sting and the grave its terror, now that the whisperings of the angels are heard around the lattice, now that kings and princes, and all the elements of Church and State, are beginning to feel the manifestations of thy power, now that the stone is being rolled away from the sepulchre of men's souls, and they are walking forth into outer life, asking to know of thy law, each according to their own capacities, each according to their own idea of Deity—since the great flood of light is rolling on through human life, we can understand that death is fast becoming a something altogether unreal, is fast receding into the past, and becoming a thing that humanity no longer fears. That thou art an ever-present principle, never laying down thy scepter of love, never forgetting one of thy children, ever remembering all in thine infinite mercy, we know. Oh we cannot wonder that from out earth's many altars are ascending myriads of thanks, and life, boundless, infinite life, is recognized everywhere. Oh Spirit, Power, Presence, Father, Friend, the soul must lean upon a something superior to itself. The soul must turn to a principle, power, strength, beyond its own inner life; and so it goes into outer life, seeking to find something to worship, seeking to find something to lean upon, seeking to find something to lead it onward and upward. Oh Great Spirit of Infinite Truth, the time is near at hand when thou wilt be found everywhere; when even the grave, with all its gloom, holds thee, and is thy dwelling-place. The beautiful rose blooming upon the sod knows thee. All things talk with thee, each in their own language. All things seek to comprehend thee. Oh Spirit of Infinite Truth, we would lay upon thy altar all chance thoughts that we may have gathered from the past and present. We lay them there as offerings. We know thou wilt not

refuse them. We ask thee not to bless us, Great Spirit of Infinite Love, for thou art blessing us each moment of our lives. We ask thee not to shower any special favor upon thy children, for thou art perpetually showering down thy gifts upon them. Oh God of the Past, Living Spirit of the Present, Wondrous Jehovah of all time, we render thee the undying thanks of our souls forever. Feb. 28.

Questions and Answers.

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

CHAIRMAN.—D. H. S., of Cincinnati, O., writes thus:

QUEST.—Presuming that the intelligent controlling influence at your Circle can see conditions surrounding humanity on this earth-sphere, and comprehending the various causes that have a direct tendency in producing seemingly, to us, unfortunate conditions of character, some inherent, and others by apparent circumstances beyond their control, whereby reformation proves abortive and becomes hopeless, would it be wrong to gratify and satisfy the craving of inordinate longings, the inebriate, for instance, or any other condition in which an individual is unfortunately placed by causes and circumstances we could not see, by gratifying the demands of their nature where it brings them temporary relief or benefit?

ANS.—We are at a loss to determine precisely what point your correspondent desires to arrive at; but presuming that he wishes to know whether it is right or wrong to administer ardent spirits to the inebriate under certain circumstances, we will treat it from that standpoint. Inasmuch as there is a vast variety of causes producing intemperance, it is absolutely impossible to give any general standpoint in the case. What we might advise in one special case, we certainly could not in another. What we might consider just and right in one case, would be wrong in another. Now you should always bring your own reasoning powers to bear upon all cases that come under your observation, in order to produce one that will answer the demands of the case for the time being. You can all do this, if you only consult the inner capacities of your life.

QUEST.—How shall we know what is truth, when spirits differ so much in their philosophy?

A.—Truth wears a vast variety of garbs; but it is truth, nevertheless. I may present a truth to you dressed after my own peculiar fashion, and another may present the same truth dressed in his peculiar way, but the truth will have lost none of its truth. Now it is a well-known fact that there are no two minds compounded alike, any more than there are two forms alike. Herein consists their individuality. Now if this difference exists with all, you should not expect that two spirits would give the same opinion upon any one subject. Truth is truth, the world over; and if you are only spiritual enough, are scientific enough to probe beyond the surface and learn of the internal, you will see that perhaps all these differences are differences only so far as the external is concerned. Just go beyond the surface, and truth will be truth in all its glory.

QUEST.—Are we not capable of understanding what constitutes contradiction of terms?

A.—Why, certainly you are.

QUEST.—If a spirit comes here and tells me that those who die young lose a great deal in spirit-life, and another spirit tells me that it makes no difference at all whether one dies young or not, which of these two conflicting statements shall I believe?

A.—Now, then, here are two different, or the same ideas, dressed after two different styles, presented to you, that you may weigh them in the balances of your own reasoning powers. Just as much of truth as presents itself to your common sense and reason, you are to accept, no more. One intelligence sees that the child loses nothing by early death. Another sees that it loses everything in consequence of passing on in early life. Now because two spirits see the same thing differently, should you charge them with falsehood? Certainly not. Each sees a thing from its own standpoint; each being differently compounded, sees everything from its peculiar standpoint.

QUEST.—I wish to know whether my daughter, who died very young, has lost anything in spirit-life?

A.—It is our opinion that she has not lost anything, from the fact that the Great Overruling Power governing all things in life, never suffers anything in the universe to be lost. There is no loss in Nature, no loss in divine life.

QUEST.—Is there any one thing spirits do not differ in?

A.—No, certainly not.

QUEST.—All spirits agree upon the soul's immortality, do they not?

A.—Well, in the main they may agree; but if you criticize them closely, you will find there is a difference.

QUEST.—As mortals, there are certain subjects upon which men seem to agree.

A.—And do you know why it is they seem to agree so well? It is because you deal with the form, and not the spirit of the form. The daisy is a daisy; the rose is a rose; the block of marble is the block of marble; the block of granite the block of granite. These are forms; but let you deal for awhile with the spirit of the form, and you would manifest all those differences of opinion that exist in the inhabitants of the spirit-world. You are placed here to gain certain experiences through physical life. You deal with these fleeting forms. You must deal with them. It is your mission while here. You can better understand them than we can. But in the realm of mind we probably can travel faster than you can.

QUEST.—Is there no distinction between goodness that comes from the heart, and that which springs from the intellectual faculties?

A.—Yes, when superficially considered, there is a very great difference between the two. But when you look spiritually at the subject, you will perceive there are as many kinds of goodness and wisdom, so far as the manifestation of quality is concerned, as there are different kinds of forms. But the internal is the same. We have ever told you that all souls are alike. There is no difference between the Bushman, the Hottentot, and the Anglo-Saxon, so far as soul itself is concerned. It is life, and you can make nothing more or less out of it. The difference exists in the manifestation, not in the internal.

QUEST.—What is the difference between that which springs from material goodness and that which is an effort?

A.—One is the result of education, the other the result of the physical and spiritual make-up of the individual.

QUEST.—Material goodness is more acceptable, is it not?

A.—Certainly; and yet resolve these two back to their primary source, and they are one and the same. Goodness is goodness, wherever you find it; as truth is truth.

QUEST.—Is it possible for a spirit to become more debased after leaving the earth?

A.—In our opinion it is not possible for a spirit

to become more debased after death. Having never seen an individual spirit retrograding, we cannot believe that the rule exists in spirit-life.

Q.—Is it possible for any human finally to be annihilated?

A.—In our opinion it is not possible.

Q.—In reality, is there any such thing as evil?

A.—No; not when you consider that the principle of goodness, the great power you and I perhaps serve, is infinite. If that power is infinite, then there is no evil; it is only lesser goodness.

Q.—Does the present intelligence perceive the spirit-friends present of any that are here to-day?

A.—We see many hundreds.

Q.—Does it perceive of the difficulties preventing their manifesting here to these earth-friends?

A.—No; inasmuch as our attention has not been called to their special condition.

Q.—Why is it that so many come here whose friends are distant from this place, and so few come to persons who attend these circles?

A.—The way is opened particularly and specially for those who have no other means whereby to reach their friends. In a word, this is a church to receive those who have no idea that the spirit can return and manifest through a foreign organism.

Q.—Some skeptics come here hoping that some friend of theirs will return and communicate.

S.—That they will never do, in all probability. Therefore, if they come expecting to receive some personal communication, they might as well keep away from this place.

Q.—What seems to be the objection?

A.—The principle objection is this. It has been arranged by the intelligences controlling these circles, that those having friends at a distance shall be here accommodated. Now supposing that some, or many dear friends that are related to persons here were to come and communicate, the skeptical world would declare that it was but the reflection of mind upon mind. To obviate such objections, it has been arranged that the greater portion of the communications received here shall be made to persons remote from this place.

Q.—Why should spirits care what the world thinks?

A.—It is possible that a greater amount of good may be done in this way than in any other.

Q.—Did the spirit of Michael Devine, who communicated yesterday, know that I was in the room, or not?

A.—In our opinion, he did not know.

Q.—It was said when Christ was crucified the saints arose with him. Was this true?

A.—If you refer to a literal resurrection of the body, we should say that it would be impossible. Inasmuch as separation of body and spirit is one of the laws of human life, it would be an impossibility for such a thing to have occurred. There are a great many things said and recorded that are almost, if not entirely, untrue. Perhaps this is one of them.

Q.—Then the Bible must be incorrect?

A.—That is our opinion. If you have planned your faith upon the Bible, you will find, sooner or later, that you have planned it upon a form, and not a spirit, a dead body, and not a real life.

Q.—Will not magnetism become the only curative agent?

A.—Well, we cannot say that it will become the only curative agent. That it will enter largely into the power of remedial agents, we believe; also, that there will always be a class of physicals on the earth who will need other treatment than magnetism.

Feb. 28.

Daniel M. Patch.

I was injured on the Eastern Railroad, and brought to this city—Boston, it is taken to the hospital, and I died, they said; but I think there must be some mistake about it. I don't exactly understand it. If death is what we supposed it to be, I didn't die, surely, for I never supposed that we could handle ourselves in this way after passing through death. It's altogether a new idea; but, at any rate, I went through something, and I've lost my body; got a permit to come back here, asking my friends to say something to me, as others do who come here.

I understand it was about the middle of December when I was injured. I don't understand it. I can't realize how it can be that I'm dead.

I was from Newburyport. I left a wife there, and I don't know what course to take to get a hearing with her, or any of my friends. I should be glad if you could aid me in any way. [You had better appeal to them privately.] That's it. I lived here twenty-five years; seems to me as though I learnt very little. I can't understand it well.

Well, say that Daniel M. Patch, of Newburyport, desires to talk with his friends. They think he's dead, but, somehow or other, I seem to be alive. [You begin to doubt your own death.] Oh Lord! I don't know, sir; I'm a little inclined to. Well, I don't know who to send to. [Direct your letter to the most liberal-minded one.] Direct to the most liberal-minded, eh? [Yes, if you think your wife will be afraid to meet you.] I don't know as she would; do not know anything about it. I'm merely experimenting. It's like running an engine over a road that you've never been on before; do not know anything about it.

I was here the other day, and tried to get a chance then; but they told me no, there were others ahead of me; could not come. I saw a man here who used to know me once. [Was it Mr. Hunt?] No, sir; his name was Smith. [I'm not acquainted with him. Was it Dr. Smith?] I don't know whether he's a doctor. I did not know about that. [I think I know him.] Well, I wanted to see if he could help me in some way. A downy man, the old saying is, will catch at a straw. [We've no doubt he will help you.] I really wish he would, if he is crazy. I'm sure I don't know whether he is or not. I know that's what they used to say of him. [They may call him crazy on the subject of Spiritualism.] Oh, is that it? That's what he's crazy on. Oh, well, he's all right, then; guess he'll do for me. Oh, well, if he's a Spiritualist, it's all right. Well, if he'll be kind enough to tell my friends—he knows 'em—that I came here and spoke, and I'd like to speak with them, if I could. I shall learn more as I come a few times, they say.

If I'd been expecting to leave my body, I might have been a little prepared; but seeing as I was taken off in good health, the amount of it, I had no knowledge of this thing at all, so I'm rather verdant now, to own up just as it is. [How were you injured?] Oh, I was thrown from the cars, the train went over me, I was brought to the Massachusetts Hospital, and died. [What threw the train off?] Well, there was something placed on the track, I believe. The first thing I knew, I was under the cars; the next thing, I was in the hospital; the next thing I knew, they said I was on the other side of Jordan. That is as straight a story as I can give about myself. As for the suffering, I can't seem to sense much about it. I rather think that at the first shock I got so near being shoved out of the world, that I didn't sense much pain.

Well, will you do what you can for me? [Yes, and gladly, too.] Much obliged. Good-day. If

you want anybody to brake up for you on the other side, I'll do it in good shape, and be sure not to slip next time.

Feb. 28.

Agnes Lisle.

I'm Agnes Lisle, sir, of Hoboken, New York. I was eleven years old, and have been away a little over three months. I've left a mother, a sister, and a brother in the army. I died of fever and sore throat. My brother George is a prisoner. He was captured at Winchester, and taken down South. My mother thinks he was killed. He was reported mortally wounded, but he was only slightly wounded, and he's coming home. And I thought if I could only come and tell my mother about it, she would not move away, as she's thinking to.

My father says he'd like to have my mother let him talk with her. There's a great many things he'd like to talk about, but he can't get his courage up to a point to speak here. I was not much afraid to. I thought it would be a little hard. I should like to have my mother here, or somewhere else where I can talk, so I can tell her a great many things I've seen in the spirit-land.

I've met my aunt Charlotte there. She died in an Insane Hospital, she says, but she isn't crazy now. She went crazy over reformation, over religion; but she isn't crazy there. She says it was only an effect produced upon the body, but didn't injure the spirit much.

Last week I was down South, where my brother is, and I saw the papers that our folks send the letters through. I saw a package which went through with some clothing for the prisoners, and some of the folks where my brother is got hold of them; and when they get a paper, they read it over and over again, because they don't get many papers to read. And my brother wished, if it was real true, that my father would come; and he thought, if we could come back, that we had power on our side to do pretty much as we chose to, and wished that we would come back and unlock the doors and let him out. We can't do that. [You want some of the physical mediums.] Yes, sir; if we only could have them, we could do it. Then again, we've got something else to do besides being turnkeys and sentinels, they say. I'd like to do it, right smart, if I could; but it's only I can't, that's all. If I ever can, I will; but I guess he'll be coming home soon, because there's papers being passed through what talks about all those that are in that prison being exchanged. I think he'll get exchanged soon, and I shan't have to try to unlock the door for him. Maybe I might knock the sentinels over, and let him out. I don't know but I could, if I should try. If I thought he wouldn't get my letter soon, I believe I'd try to. I want George to keep up his courage, and he will; and I want mother not to feel that he's dead, or if the possibility of his being alive were true, that he's mortally wounded. He got over the wound very soon. He was only slightly wounded.

I told you who I was, didn't I? I was eleven years old—no, I should have been in two weeks, if I had lived here. [What part of Hoboken did you live in?] Willow street. [Not far from the ferry, is it?] No, sir; close to it. I'm coming again, if I don't get word through this time. [Won't your brother come home before he gets your letter?] No, sir; hardly think he will, because I don't think he'll be exchanged much before May. I know it's a long time to wait; should not want him to know he won't get exchanged before May. Good-by, mister. [Your letter will reach your mother, will it?] Yes, sir; I've got it chipped all out.

Feb. 28.

Abel L. Wilder.

Be kind enough, sir, to tell our captain that his doctrine is all right, and mine is all wrong, and I'll be right glad if he'll get me a chance to talk to my folks, to any of the boys, or himself. I was Abel L. Wilder, 3d Massachusetts Cavalry, Company D.

Feb. 28.

Jacob Kurtz.

See here: won't you be kind enough to say that Jacob Kurtz, of the 101st New York Company, I came back here, and wants to talk with the folks? Hal will you do it? [Yes.] Say that I was shot—what day is it to-day? [The 28th of February.] Hal, well, it was the 22d I was shot, and they do not know anything about it. They do not know that I can come back and talk this way, and I want 'em to rally round, every one of them, and let me come to them. I'm none of your sleepy customers, so you just make a note of it in your book, will you? I'm not asleep now, and I don't know but I'm just as well off as the parson is in the spirit-world, with all his religion. Why, I see one old fellow, that's been there nineteen years, and he says, "Needn't think you'll get back; get repented of your sins first. I've been trying this ten years to get back, and here I am to-day." Catch me to stay sleeping, waiting for the Church to resurrect me. I tell you what it is: Jacob Kurtz is able to resurrect himself.

You tell the folks to send for the back pay. They know where it is. They'll find the papers in my pocket, if some of the boys have not taken them out. They'll tell 'em all about it. And give me a chance to talk; bring some of these folks. [Mediums?] Yes; first to my old woman, then to all the rest. You hear that? [Yes.] Well, now, do not go to shoving me into the rear ranks, because I'm at the front, always; you mind that, will you? [Yes; you'll come in your turn.] I'm willing to wait for orders, sir; do not want to be out of order. Drunk or sober, I'm in order. Good-day to you.

Feb. 28.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, March 2.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: John Hanley, to Andrew Clark, Superintendent of a rebel prison, and Tom Hanley, of New York; Phil Williams, of Greenboro, Ala., to his cousin, in the Confederate Army; John Murphy, to Daniel Murphy, of Manchester, N. H.; Minnie Waters, of Chelmsford, to her father, Geo. S. Waters, and mother, Charlotte Waters.

Monday, March 6.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Alvin Dyer, to Capt. Jones of the 1st Regt. "Telegraph," now in this port; Geo. W. Dyer, of Kingston, Del., to his uncle, Geo. W. Dyer, of Montpelier, Penn.; Louis to Dr. Alvin Dixon, of Montgomery, Ala.; Lucy, to Sir Edward Strickland.

Tuesday, March 7.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Charles Wilson, of the 7th Illinois, to friends, in Springfield, Ill.; Daniel Connolly, to his father, in the 10th New York; Deborah Keene, to Thomas Keene, in Ohio; Mary Harrison, or Geo. Harrison; Mary Groveland, to Dr. Thomas Groveland, of Berlin, Eng.

Thursday, March 9.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Emile Vennable, to Frederick Vennable, in the Army; Alexander Phelps, of Montgomery, Ala., to his family and friends; Rebecca Galtier, of Germantown, Pa., to her mother and sister; John Parkhurst, of the 1st Rhode Island, to friends in Portsmouth.

Tuesday, March 14.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Elizabeth Channing Frothingham, to John D. Frothingham, of Leeds, Eng.; Rudolph Seiber, 20th Mass. Co., to Hubert Seiber; Gen. Zachary Taylor, to Jefferson Davis; Theodore Chase, of the 14th Vermont Regiment, to his friends; Charles T. Gardell, of St. Louis, Mo., to his mother, and father, Lieut. C. T. Gardell, in the Army.

Thursday, March 16.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Major Wm. L. Forney, of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, to his brother, James Forney, of the 1st New York; to his father and mother; John E. Forney, of the 2d Penn. Co., to his brother, Patrick Welsh, to Jim Welsh, of Boston, Mass.; Michael Welsh, of Greenboro, N. C., to his father, Col. Thomas Welsh.

Monday, March 20.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Lieut. Wm. L. Haden, Co. B, 2d Michigan, to his friends; Albert Townsend, 4th New Hampshire, Co. I, James Haggerty, of the 6th New York, to his cousin, Father Haggerty, of Dublin, Ireland; Richmond Keeler, of Richmond, Va., to his mother and sister Julia; Dr. John Ware, of this city, to his friend, Bostonians.

Friday, March 24.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Wm. Smith, of 3d Indiana Regt., to his brother James, perhaps in the Army, and a person called "Joe," in Salisbury prison.

North Carolina; Wm. Fuller, of the 6th New York Regt., to friends in New York; Robt. B. McManis, to his father, Alex. McKenzie; Louisa A. Dale, to four friends, in New Orleans, La.

Thursday, March 23.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: John Hanley, to Andrew Clark, Superintendent of a rebel prison, and Tom Hanley, of New York; Phil Williams, of Greenboro, Ala., to his cousin, in the Confederate Army; John Murphy, to Daniel Murphy, of Manchester, N. H.; Minnie Waters, of Chelmsford, to her father, Geo. S. Waters, and mother, Charlotte Waters.

Monday, April 3.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Alvin Dyer, to Capt. Jones of the 1st Regt. "Telegraph," now in this port; Geo. W. Dyer, of Kingston, Del., to his uncle, Geo. W. Dyer, of Montpelier, Penn.; Louis to Dr. Alvin Dixon, of Montgomery, Ala.; Lucy, to Sir Edward Strickland.

Tuesday, April 4.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Charles Wilson, of the 7th Illinois, to friends, in Springfield, Ill.; Daniel Connolly, to his father, in the 10th New York; Deborah Keene, to Thomas Keene, in Ohio; Mary Harrison, or Geo. Harrison; Mary Groveland, to Dr. Thomas Groveland, of Berlin, Eng.

Thursday, April 6.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Emile Vennable, to Frederick Vennable, in the Army; Alexander Phelps, of Montgomery, Ala., to his family and friends; Rebecca Galtier, of Germantown, Pa., to her mother and sister; John Parkhurst, of the 1st Rhode Island, to friends in Portsmouth.

Tuesday, April 11.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Elizabeth Channing Frothingham, to John D. Frothingham, of Leeds, Eng.; Rudolph Seiber, 20th Mass. Co., to Hubert Seiber; Gen. Zachary Taylor, to Jefferson Davis; Theodore Chase, of the 14th Vermont Regiment, to his friends; Charles T. Gardell, of St. Louis, Mo., to his mother, and father, Lieut. C. T. Gardell, in the Army.

Thursday, April 13.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Major Wm. L. Forney, of the 2d Virginia Cavalry, to his brother, James Forney, of the 1st New York; to his father and mother; John E. Forney, of the 2d Penn. Co., to his brother, Patrick Welsh, to Jim Welsh, of Boston, Mass.; Michael Welsh, of Greenboro, N. C., to his father, Col. Thomas Welsh.

Monday, April 17.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Lieut. Wm. L. Haden, Co. B, 2d Michigan, to his friends; Albert Townsend, 4th New Hampshire, Co. I, James Haggerty, of the 6th New York, to his cousin, Father Haggerty, of Dublin, Ireland; Richmond Keeler, of Richmond, Va., to his mother and sister Julia; Dr. John Ware, of this city, to his friend, Bostonians.

Friday, April 21.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Wm. Smith, of 3d Indiana Regt., to his brother James, perhaps in the Army, and a person called "Joe," in Salisbury prison.

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Written for the Banner of Light.

THE ORIENT.

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

Land of the East, thy glory and thy pride
With other days and other realms has died;
But thy fair shores still stand as a scene,
As they first garden, when the sun was new;
Bright through the palms and cypresses of old,
Remembrance's tale, near the mountain of fame,
Still breathes the glory of its earlier name.

But of thy past, enough; thy Present brings
A charm that speaks of all earth's fairest things;
The groves of palm and jessamine entwined
With budding fig, the laden tree and vine
Above thy lakes, where palaces throw
Their columns' shade in purple sunset's glow,
And eastern splendor, indulgence and pride,
Are with dark shades of crime and pain allied.

In dark green groves the brightest fruits are seen,
With arid plains and burning mounds of stone;
The glowing furnace, shrouded in smoke, leap
Where from each grotto the sculptured Nubian peep;
Yet manhood's vigor, and the mind's proud sway,
With valor's reign, has passed from all away;
For gorgeous splendor with the scene has twined
Some fatal spell that all the senses bind.

And dark-haired beauty of this eastern clime,
Warm as the sun in his meridian prime,
That sheds a glow upon thy dusky cheeks,
Depending a tinge that fervid impulse speaks—
With the desert's sun, whose pride of brow and eye
Can ne'er be conquered but by Destiny—
Are all an index of this eastern clime,
Luxuriant growth, undimmed by passing time.

The crescent throws its shadow on the plain,
Or gross idolatry still holds its reign;
The worshiper in Moslem mosque still turns
To Mecca's shrine, where holiest incense burns.
The cry "Allah" is heard, at the sunset hour,
Seems but a part of all this splendid power;
But the false Prophet feels his falling away
Before the light of the returning day.

The evening footsteps that Hisiliana tread,
And smile in dust the laughing Christian's creed;
Borne by a flying host the cross appears,
On sweeps the conquering wave of Moorish spears.
Don Rodric washed in Gaudalquivir's wave
His stain of crime, and made a watery grave,
And all seemed lost beneath Mohammed's reign,
Till Karl the Great has stemmed the tide again.

Back from Gibraltar the retreating Moslem came,
O'er Iberia's crest the crescent banners flame;
And in the depths of "Bosphorus" waters blue,
Reflected glim the Sultan's turbaned crew;
At Byzantium's harbor, in the Golden Horn,
Cargoes of slaves for eastern markets are borne;
Soft breath of incense, carcases rich and rare,
For the cage birds in harem walls are there.

Mid gardens' bloom, beneath the sapphire skies,
Where the mosque and towers of St. Sophia rise,
The City of the East sleeps in the ray
Of crimson sunrise of a closing day;
Gilded there, the sultan's turbaned crew,
But stings no more with zeal the dark-browed Turk;
For vigor sleeps with Tradition's dusty tombs,
Till new life wakes beneath her marble domes.
Ann Arbor, Mich., 1865.

Children's Department.

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

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

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;
OR,
MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND JOE.

CHAPTER VII.

With all Mr. Werter's kindness, yet Willie missed his mother and Marianna so much, that after a few days he grew quite homesick. He could think of nothing but his own dear home in Oakland. He became tired of looking out into the streets at people that he did not know, and he thought the garden a very poor place to play in compared with the meadow and the hills near his old home. He would have been more pleased to have seen the rosebush that grew in his mother's window, than all the pictures that hung in Mr. Werter's parlor.

Feeling thus, he did not look happy, or feel thankful; he began to dislike every one, and kept fretting within himself, and growing more and more ill-natured every day. If Mr. Werter asked him to run and bring him a book, he wished that he had no books; if the housekeeper, Miss Jackson, asked him to help her build a fire, he said he was tired, and she could wait on herself. He spent much of his time looking out of the windows at the people that were passing by, but he felt no gladness, or even love for the little children that he saw, with their pleasant faces.

All this made Willie so disagreeable to Mr. Werter, that he felt quite sorry that he had invited him to his house to live with him; but he thought that the best way was to let Willie alone, until he got rid of his selfish ways. But matters grew worse every day. All the sunshine seemed to have gone from Willie's heart, and one would hardly have known the bright, pleasant boy of Oakland, for the surly, sulky boy who tried to please no one, and thus could not please even himself.

If he went into the kitchen, thinking he would like to speak to some one, Miss Jackson would order him out, or else from upon him, so that he did not wish to stay. He needed very much a kind and loving friend that would help him. As he went to bed one night, he was so very unhappy that he cried bitterly; and, after a time, he began to think over his conduct. At last, better wishes came into his heart, and he really thought he would try and be good and loving, for dear Susie's sake. It seemed to him, as he thought of her, as if the very air grew bright; and he said, softly,

"Susie, if you are an angel, I wish you'd send somebody to love me. Don't you think you could, Susie? I wish I was back in Oakland, and then I'd go down by the brook, and get some purple asters, and think I saw you looking out of their bright eyes. I hope you love me, Susie, if I am not very good; and I do wish, Susie, you'd find some one to love me here!"

Thus thinking, Willie fell asleep with more happiness in his heart than he had known for a long time. The next morning, on looking out into the garden, which was now almost bare in the autumn light, he saw a boy at work raking up the withered leaves. He had on poor clothes, and looked quite shabby; but he had a pleasant face, and worked as if he had a happy heart. Willie was soon by his side, for he was glad enough to see some one that he could speak to.

"Do you love to work here?" asked Willie.

"Oh, yes," said the boy, "for if I work well an hour or so, Mr. Werter lets me have a book to read."

"Don't you feel lonesome here?" said Willie.

"Oh, no," answered the boy. "I hear so many pleasant sounds. There's the music sometimes, and that is just the best sort of company, and then the birds twitter—though it's too late for them to sing much—and then I think I hear a great many other things."

Willie stood looking on, as the boy worked

away as if he must get just so much done in a very short time.

"Can't I help you?" at last Willie said.

"Of course you can, if you do not mind working with such a looking fellow. Ha! ha! But then these are the best clothes I have—the very best! Ha! ha!" and he laughed so heartily that Willie laughed, too.

"I wish I knew your name," said Willie.

"I have no objections to telling," replied the boy. "They call me Joe, though that is not my real name; but you can say Joe, like all the rest. Joe is just right, with such old clothes; but by-and-by I shall have better. Ha! ha! Yes, a great deal better. My mother says so, and what she says is always true."

"Where is your mother?" said Willie.

"Oh, up there," said Joe, pointing to the sky, while his face lighted up with a smile so bright that Willie thought the sun was breaking through the clouds. "She went one day, and said I must keep the gate open, so that I could hear her sing; and so I keep looking up, and looking up, and it's always open, and I hear her."

"I wish you'd tell me about her," said Willie; "perhaps she knows Susie."

"She knows everybody that's good, certain," said Joe; "because, you see, she's an angel. But if you want me to tell you about her, you must wait 'till I've finished my work. I can't talk much about her and work; but I want to sit very still, 'till I seem to feel just like going to sleep, and then I can tell it all just right."

Willie helped Joe put the withered leaves in a pile in the corner of the garden, and then he sat down in the arbor, now almost uncovered, except by the brown branches of the vines. Joe's happy face and cheerful ways had already warmed his heart, and he was thinking why he had to wear such poor clothes, and how he looked so bright and happy, as if he had all he wished.

At last Joe finished his work, and came and sat down opposite Willie. He put his hand up to his head, as if he was thinking of something a long way off, and then he turned his face toward the sky. Willie thought he never saw a handsomer boy than he was then. His eyes were dark, and his hair long and black, and his skin almost brown, but with so fresh and bright a tint in his cheeks that he seemed fair.

"I'd like to know your name before I begin," said Joe, "so as to seem friendly like."

"I am Willie, and my mother and Marianna live in Oakland, and Susie's gone to heaven, and I live with Mr. Werter, only I don't like to, and I don't know but I shall run away."

"If you have a better place to run to 'till do," replied Joe; "but I guess you don't know when you're in a good place. But if I am to tell you about my mother I must begin; for as soon as Mr. Werter plays on the organ, I can't talk. I must just sit still and listen."

I was not born here, but in a country they call Italy. I can only remember that the sun always shone there, and that I was never cold or hungry, but had grapes, and sweet figs, and that I walked on the shore of the great water, and gathered shells, and that my mother—who had beautiful eyes, just like the stars, and beautiful hair, just like the night, and a sweet smile, just like the sunshine, and soft lips to kiss me, just like roses—used to build little churches for me out of the shells, and say, 'Hark! hear the bells; let us all sing together; and then we sung soft and low, like the notes that Mr. Werter plays sometimes, and that kept repeating, 'Come, come unto me; come, come if you are tired, and come if you are hungry and poor; here are bread, and grapes, and sweet figs. Come, come, come if you are cold, for here are warmth, and beautiful clothes, like the white clouds; and come if it is dark, for here is light, like the sun.' It was something like this that my mother sang, and that I keep hearing when I hear Mr. Werter play.

And then I remembered that after a time my mother went no more to the shore of the sea, and there was no brightness in her eye, and she could not sing. She could only kiss me, and call me her dear Angelo, for that was my name. One day I missed her, and they said she had died; but I am sure she had not, for I could still hear her call me 'Angelo,' and I went to the sea to find her, and she was not there, and I looked for her beside the vines, and under the fig-trees, but I could not find her; but when I went home at night, and it was dark, all but the starlight, and I lay down in my little cot, she would sing to me all the songs I liked best, until I was fast asleep, and then I dreamed about her, and together we went through beautiful gardens, and gathered bright flowers, and sat on the shore of a sea that sparkled in a light brighter than the sunlight. Sometimes I cried for her when I could not find her, and then I could hear her say, 'Angelo, here I am; and then she would sing to me, and I would join her.

One dreadful day my father took me in a ship, and we sailed over the sea and left my Italy; and I lost my mother for a great while. I could not hear her sweet voice, but only the waves, and the rude talk of the sailors. They tried to make me a bad boy, and laughed at me when I cried for my mother; and they called me Joe, and made me run for them, and threatened to throw me in the sea if I did not do just what they wished. My father forgot our dear home, and never sang the sweet songs of Italy, but only the rough, rude words he learned from those about him; and he called me no more his Angelo, but only Joe, like all the rest.

After we reached this country he cared no more for holding me in his arms, but used to whip me and drive me out to beg. I would not beg, but sang for pennies instead; and then I began again to hear my mother's voice singing with me soft and low; and the louder I sang, the clearer I heard her voice; and whether I was in the noisy street, or in our poor hired room, whenever I sang the words she taught me, she always sang with me. But I did not remember all she said to me, for she would come at night, and say, 'Angelo, be a good boy; but she always spoke it in the language of dear Italy, and just as she used to say it before I missed her.

I loved to play with other boys who lived near us, and as my father did not talk with me, I learned to run in the streets, and to do what I saw the other boys do, who had no mother in heaven to tell them to be good; and they soon taught me all their bad ways. They liked to say all sorts of bad things, and to do wicked things, and no one told them better; and I did just the same. I was never happy long then, but I did not try to find any other way to be happy. After a time I no more heard my mother say 'Angelo,' and I did not sing, but begged, and stole when I could not get all I wished.

One night we broke into the room of a poor man, and took all his food and clothes. And just as we were going out, I turned and saw the picture of the saint my mother loved. I looked at it long, 'till I forgot where I was, and then I heard a voice say, 'Angelo! Angelo!'

I ran just as fast as I could, as if all the men in the city were after me, and did not stop until I was lying beside my drunken father. I was never so unhappy before, and I did not wish to live. I forgot every good thing I had ever known; I cried until my head ached, and then I went and sat out in the cold, looking at the stars. The next day I was very sick, and could not sit up; and I lay there a great many days—I could not tell how many, for I forgot everything except that I wanted water. I waked up one day, and saw a strange face by my bedside, and a kind, gentle voice, said, 'Are you better?' This gentleman told me afterwards that he heard me singing as he came through the street, and that he found me ill and cared for me; but I am sure I did not sing, but that my mother sang for him to hear. I soon got well after that, for every time he came into the room, I felt as if I could run and jump, and I grew strong and happy. He took me to a school, where I was taught to read, and he came often to see me, and told me about good things, and asked me all about my mother and my dear home. And he told me to always listen to the voice of my mother, and if I had any trouble, to pray God to let her come and care for me.

But after a while this good friend died, and I had no one to care for me, for my father grew worse and worse, until they took him away. I could go to school no more, for I had no clothes good enough to wear; and besides, I must get my food, and so I went out again to sing for pennies. One day I saw a gentleman listening, and he smiled as he heard me; and I sang louder than he might hear my mother's voice, who sang again with me. He called me to him—that man was Mr. Werter—and he said I might come here if I wished, and he would teach me; so he hired a room for me with a poor woman, and I came here and worked some, and then every Saturday I sing while he plays, and he teaches me grand music, and tells me I can be a great singer and earn much money. But best of all, I like to hear him play; and oh! how I wish I could touch the white keys of the organ. It seems to me as if I could make the sounds go right up to heaven, and that all the angels would make wings out of the sweet notes, and come flying back, till the whole world was good.

But I can stay no longer, for I have six pages of notes to read, and then I must try to get some job of work for to-morrow. I don't think you'd run away, Willie, if you had to earn your bread one day."

"I don't mean to run away, now I can talk with you; but I wish you'd come and live here all the time, and I shall ask Mr. Werter to let you."

Willie ran in with a brightness on his face, that had not been there for a long time; and he met Mr. Werter with so glad a smile, that he said:

"Well, well, our Willie has come back again. Who has been the charmer to send our miserable companion away, and bring our old friend?"

"Oh, Mr. Werter, please let Joe come here and stay all the time. He can sleep with me, and I can help him; and then, you know, he has hard work to get his bread. Can he come?"

"Just what I was thinking of, my boy. Last night as I was playing—and as only good thoughts come to me when I play, as if good people talked to me—I had decided that he might come. So run and tell him that he has a home now."

[To be continued in our next.]

Letter to Children.

DEAR CHILDREN—I have a word to say to you this warm spring day. You feel its beauty and freshness, and I hope you are all very glad and happy. If you are, it is just the time for you to remember those who may be suffering, and cannot enjoy the gladness of the springtime, because of the weary, painful days of sickness. I presume that many of you have done a great deal for the soldiers, for I know of many little hands that have been busy for the past two years; but we must never be weary in well doing. The people of Chicago are to have a great Fair for the Sanitary Commission, and for the establishment of a Soldier's Home, and they wish that even the children should help them.

There is to be a department for the Spiritualists, so that they can feel that they have a special work to do. Now if all the children whose love glows warmer and brighter because of the knowledge that the loving spirits are very near to watch and bless them, would try and aid in this work, a great deal might be done.

One very pleasant way to raise money, would be to have some simple entertainment, when each child could pay five cents, and the parents and friends ten cents. If the Children's Lyceums would do this, I think they would feel as if they were letting their light shine more and more. Will you not think of this, and see what you can do? You will find all necessary directions in the late numbers of the Banner, and your friends will willingly help you. You have not much time, but sometimes, if we act with promptness and energy, we accomplish more in a short time than in weeks of indifference.

I knew a company of children in Coldwater, Mich., who, by their energy, raised quite a large sum of money by giving entertainments. If you decide to do anything for the Fair, I trust you will do it yourselves, and let it be a real child's offering.

Your friend,
LOVE M. WILLIS.
New York, April 6th, 1865.

To Correspondents.

MARY SPRINGFIELD, O.—I am happy to answer your sweet letter at last. It was very pleasant to read it, and so was correctly expressed, and so loving in its tone. You ask if I have children—I have two, both little girls; one dwells in the beautiful home of the angels, where I sometimes see her and know of her glad, happy life, among sunshine, flowers and things of beauty; but my heart often aches because I cannot fold her close in my arms and feel all the fresh loveliness of her life. The other one is a baby girl, with all a baby's cunning ways; and for her my heart repeats continually, "Oh, let me keep her, while you, dear angels, bless her and guard her from all ill." These are all the children I call my own; but there are many more that I love so dearly that I almost think they belong to me. I trust you will continue to bless me with your pleasant, loving thoughts.

Your friend,
LOVE M. WILLIS.

NATURE.

For me the ocean lifts its solemn psalm,
To me the pine woods whisper; and for me
The river, winding through its vale of calm,
By greenest banks, with aspers purple-starred,
And gentian bloom and golden rod made gay,
Flows down in silent gladness to the sea,
Like a pure spirit to its great reward.—Whittier.

WHAT IS PETROLEUM?—Petroleum is a real chemical compound, formed of carbon and hydrogen, or a true hydro-carbon. Several compounds of these two elements exist in it. Its conversion by heat into illuminating gas is well known. This is a gaseous hydro-carbon; petroleum is a liquid hydro-carbon, as is naphtha, also; and bitumen is a solid hydro-carbon.

Dr. Casin having heard Thomas Fuller repeat some verses on a scolding wife, was so delighted with them as to request a copy. "There's no necessity for that," said Fuller, "as you have got the original."

Correspondence in Brief.

Keokuk, Iowa.

I suppose your time is thoroughly occupied in preparing editorials, and the general supervision of your paper, and your patience taxed almost beyond endurance by way-side correspondents who send you letters as compensation for the personal of our communications. I venture, however, an intrusion, to let you know that there is yet a breath of life left in Spiritualism, even in Keokuk, although since the commencement of the war with rebellion, but little exertion has been made by its friends here. We have lived like most Christians, with barely "a name to live," until quite recently. We have had a visit from Dr. Oonley, who gave us a short course of lectures which gave rise to some controversy by outsiders while Dr. Conoley was here.

Dr. Mayhew happened to drop in upon us, and followed Dr. Oonley in a course of seven lectures; the result of which has been to awaken the spirit of investigation and inquiry, whether something cannot be done by which to build up our glorious structure. In reference to Dr. Mayhew's lectures, I would say that I have no disposition to puff or excite beyond their merits; but candor compels me to say that I have listened to the best course of lectures I have ever listened to, for a promiscuous audience; as he makes no point that he cannot and does not clearly substantiate from the Bible, and reasoning from analogy, the rocks, history and common sense, clearly impresses upon his audience that if these things were so from the beginning, no good reason can be shown why they should not be so now, and if Spiritualism is a humbug, the Bible is not only useless but false. I most sincerely wish for every believer in the Bible and its infallibility, could listen to the Doctor's lectures; for I think that they would go away benefited by them, with stronger faith in their Bible, and less disposition against Spiritualists. Since the Doctor left, I hear of several circles having been formed, and a pretty general revival of thought amongst Spiritualists, which I hope will result in the development of truth, and a love of our beautiful religion of to-day, the philosophy of spiritual intercourse, the established fact of immortality of the soul, good-will to all mankind.

Keokuk, Iowa, April 2, 1865. S. B. AYRES.

The Banner in North Carolina.

Again have we met the Banner of Light at this place, and the Spirit Messages are well received by soldiers, parted from their comrades and brothers on the battlefield. Knowing full well what comfort and aid it would be to mourning souls, bereft of earthly friends during this protracted and devastating war, I cannot forbear saying a word in its favor from this quarter, and urge you to great exertions to keep the Banner waving as a herald of genuine Christianity. The Christian Commission still scatter their "religious" journals, and less than nothing against Spiritualists. Since the Doctor left, I hear of several circles having been formed, and a pretty general revival of thought amongst Spiritualists, which I hope will result in the development of truth, and a love of our beautiful religion of to-day, the philosophy of spiritual intercourse, the established fact of immortality of the soul, good-will to all mankind.

Camp 33d Ill. Vol. Infantry, Goldsboro, N. C., April 4th, 1865.

Verification of a Spirit-Message.

MR. EDITOR—You will recollect that Lewis Flint, himself, through Mrs. Conant, in 1860, at your free circle, as having been killed in Sacramento, Cal., by the kick of a horse, the fall before, in Mr. Morehead's stable. I ascertained the truth of the message at the time, but have neglected to inform you until now. I saw the horse, and Mr. Morehead says he has six dollars of Flint's money on hand. All true, in every particular, except your reporter probably wrote "Morehead" for "Morehead," and "Front street," instead of "Fourth street."

Sacramento, Cal., March 1, 1865. L. ARMSTRONG.

To the Friends in Vermont.

I expect to spend most of June, July and August in Vermont, at South Hartwick, where I shall be engaged in a philosophical work I have long contemplated publishing, but will attend grove meetings and conventions, and lecture Sunday in the vicinity, if the friends let me know and make the arrangements soon.

WARREN CHASE.
Syracuse, N. Y., April 7th, 1865.

LECTURES' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments or changes of appointments, when they occur. Should persons name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.)

MISS LIZZIE DOTTEN will speak in Boston during April; in New York City during May; in Philadelphia during October; in New York City during May; in Worcester during June; in Malden during May; in Bangor, Me., during June; in Haverhill during May; in Lowell during June; in Boston during May; in New Haven, Conn., during May; in Hartford, Conn., during May; in New York City during May; in Philadelphia during October; in New York City during May; in Worcester during June; in Malden during May; in Bangor, Me., during June; in Haverhill during May; in Lowell during June; in Boston during May; in New Haven, Conn., during May; in Hartford, Conn., during May; in New York City during May; in Philadelphia during October; in New York City during May; in Worcester during June; in Malden during May; in Bangor, Me., during June; in Haverhill during May; in Lowell during June; in Boston during May; in New Haven, Conn., during May; in Hartford, Conn., during May; in New York City during May; in Philadelphia during October; 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