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Written for the Banner of Light.

### KATIE MALVOURNY

#### IRISH CHARACTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

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

The simplest incidents of life assume an importance and in-  
terest, 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 XIII.

##### Lind's Courtship and Marriage.

A few months after Edgar's departure, a new  
train of events occupied the attention of the Dun-  
dererys, and as Katie played an important part  
in these we must present them to the reader.

Lind had several suitors. She consented finally  
to accept the hand—and, she hoped, the af-  
fections—of a young nobleman named Barnet Con-  
nant. His father, Lord Connant, lived but a short  
distance from Lord Dunderery, and the families  
had been intimate for many years. The alliance  
was quite satisfactory to all parties, and but little  
of romance about it. It is a fact that "the course  
of true love never did run smooth," and the re-  
verse of the proposition, that the love that does  
run smooth is not true, then there was not.

Mr. Connant was a young man of more than or-  
dinary abilities, and remarkable for the benevo-  
lence of his character, which had endeared him to  
a very large circle, especially of the poorer class,  
among whom he had occasionally met Katie, and  
had heard much of her goodness. Indeed, they  
were quite well acquainted with each other.

Katie was well pleased with her friend's pros-  
pects, for every true soul recognizes that there is  
something holy and complete in a true marriage.  
And, when there seemed so much propriety as  
in the present instance, all must feel happy at the  
prospect. It is not complimentary to human na-  
ture that there should be so much acrimony and  
bitterness on the occasion of the entrance into the  
matrimonial state. Petty jealousies, which have  
slumbered for a long time, are often awakened in  
small and unbalanced minds, who find on these  
occasions an opportunity to feed a low disposition  
for gossip and detraction; a practice far too preva-  
lent in the world.

Although Katie had nominally declined being  
the friend and confidant of Lind, we have seen  
she could not escape the actuality of the position.  
They were daily together. In this new emer-  
gency, Katie's counsel was so essential that it would  
have been wrong for her to have withheld it. Her  
rule of life being to follow her highest impressions  
of duty, not only every day but every hour, she  
possessed no sickly sentimentality with regard to  
what the world calls consistency—which too often  
means the repetition of some action which we do  
not and cannot defend or approve.

Katie felt very conscious that, while her friend  
was thus under the softening influence of love,  
she could mold her character much more effectually  
than she could under other circumstances, and  
it was not her custom to lose so good an op-  
portunity to exercise a favorable influence upon  
her friend. She thought to call out the higher  
and more noble traits of womanly character which  
lay dormant.

Our readers will be interested in a report of  
some of these interviews. It has been asserted  
that when a person is about to be drowned, there  
flashes across his mind, in the most vivid manner,  
all the important events of his past life. So, when  
one is about to be immersed in the love and af-  
fection of another, it is probable that many of the  
events of the past—and the future—will crowd  
rapidly upon the mind. It is well known that on  
such occasions as these, the common and necessary  
incidents and duties of life acquire a new and  
striking degree of importance.

Perhaps in no other department of life does the  
true character and real importance of the mission  
of our heroine stand out more conspicuously than  
in the practical application of her knowledge and  
her powers to the simple duties involved in every  
day life, which are the common lot of humanity,  
and belong to all conditions of life, and cannot  
safely be ignored by any. The lessons which she  
gave Lind in her simple but persuasive language  
—warmed, too, by her purity and love—will be  
valuable to others.

Lind, from her position in life and indifference  
to home duties and cares, was almost entirely ig-  
norant of the practical duties of housekeeping.  
She had not been in the kitchen for many years,  
although old Bridget, the cook, was very fond of  
her when she was a child, and occasionally wan-  
dered in there. Bridget was a fixture in Lord  
Dunderery's palace. She had been installed as  
prime minister before Lind had seen the light of  
day, and held undisputed but quiet sway in her  
department. Katie, who was at home with every  
one, had frequently visited the old cook, and re-  
ceived some important lessons in the culinary art,  
which were evidences of the favor in which she  
was held. Katie had also been able to give her  
some valuable hints, which, for similar reasons,  
the old lady had been willing to receive.

If any one but Katie had suggested to Lind, as  
she did, that she should spend a portion of the  
time daily with old Bridget in the kitchen, taking  
practical lessons in the culinary art, it would have  
been considered an insult. But Katie's intention  
was to go with her, and, having obtained Bridget's  
consent, they went to work joyously; and, strange  
to say, old Bridget was highly delighted with her  
two young apprentices. Not only did the cakes and  
puddings and other delicacies which she prepared

pastry, but various vegetable dishes and roast  
meats came upon the table from day to day,  
awakening a deeper interest in Lind's mind, from  
the fact that she had not only witnessed, but had  
actually had something to do with the preparation  
through which they had passed, in order to come  
to the table properly. Old Bridget had an ex-  
tended reputation for making fine bread and bis-  
cuit. She possessed some secret about these mat-  
ters, which had never been revealed to any one.  
But her young apprentices, especially Katie, had  
gained so warm a place in the old lady's affections  
that she explained it all to them. When success  
had crowned their efforts, the old lady, with praise-  
worthy magnanimity, requested John, the waiter,  
who was a favorite with the cook, to inform Lady  
Dunderery that these biscuits were made entirely  
by the young ladies, adding quaintly that she  
might give them "a certificate," a practice among  
good housekeepers as a matter of encouragement  
to worthy servants, and most satisfactory evi-  
dence of ability. These certificates are very much  
prized by servants, especially when granted by  
persons of high rank; and, although they cannot  
read them, they make a great account of the auto-  
graph.

Lind was very much surprised to find how much  
of real interest there was in things which had  
heretofore seemed to belong to another race. She  
studied the cook-book with much more interest  
than she had ever read any novel, and a feeling  
of respect began to grow up in her mind toward  
those who perform what are called menial labors,  
but which are, in reality, essential duties in life.  
Instead of looking down upon the old cook now,  
she felt quite a respect for her. The praise the  
biscuits received was as grateful to the old woman  
as though they had been of her own make.

The knowledge which she was now gaining  
daily, enabled her to discover how ignorant she  
had been. The fact that, on the "plane of biscuit-  
making," she had been really below old Bridget,  
was evident to Lind; and this opened her eyes to  
see her own deficiencies. Katie saw how these  
things were working with great satisfaction, and  
Mr. Connant, who was a true nobleman, was de-  
lighted with the recital of Lind's experiences,  
which her relation to him led her to reveal fully.  
She had found one in whom she could lovingly  
confide—which is the secret of true happiness.

"I see," he remarked to her one day, "that your  
own happiness in the future is very much involv-  
ed in your present labors. In every position of  
life, knowledge is power. I have noticed, in my  
limited experience, that much irritation and an-  
noyance on the part of young married persons,  
arises from ignorance of the subjects on which  
you are now gaining knowledge. From our posi-  
tion in society, it is not at all probable that either  
of us will ever be required to labor in order to  
procure the necessities, comforts or luxuries of  
life. Yet it has been my conviction for a long  
time, that labor is the only means of obtaining  
true dignity; that the producer is the only one  
who has a divine right to that which is produced.  
I subscribe to the sentiment of the poet, that we  
should all

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun  
Sees from our hand no worthy action done,  
and, you know, I have adopted the motto, 'Let no  
day pass without gaining some useful knowledge.'"

It was highly gratifying to Katie to find her la-  
bors so agreeable to both of her friends. She de-  
sired to extend them, so as to embrace all the  
practical duties of life; and in other departments  
she was equally successful.

She remarked to her mother after she returned  
from Lord Dunderery's one day, that it was as-  
tonishing to see with what ease and rapidity her  
friend Lind, acquired knowledge on various sub-  
jects. Her mother replied that she was receiving  
the benefit of being a willing pupil.

"Yes," rejoined Katie, "and it is the deep inter-  
est which both she and Mr. Connant feel in these  
things, that prompts her to take hold of them as  
she does."

Notwithstanding these labors, Katie found time  
to attend upon the sick as usual. All her plans  
were so well laid, that she accomplished more  
than any one would have supposed possible. Nor  
did her association with the Dundererys interfere  
in the least with her labors amongst the poorest  
and most ignorant classes. After sitting for hours  
upon velvet-covered lounges, with embroidered  
and lace curtains around her, she could be found  
sitting upon a rough log at the bedside of some  
poor sufferer, speaking words of counsel and cheer  
to the gloomy and desponding, and ministering  
to the wants of the sick and the dying. It was on  
one of these visits to a stranger, who had recently  
removed to their neighborhood, that she met with  
a person who is to figure in these pages hereafter;  
therefore we will notice their first meeting. The  
reader will remember that in a dream Katie saw  
a Doctor Kenrick, who gave her some practical  
advice which relieved her mind.

Patrick Sullivan had married a woman from  
Belfast, and they had recently moved into this  
neighborhood. Their only child, a little girl of  
five summers, had been ill for a long time with  
rheumatism and spinal disease, thereby losing  
the use of her limbs, besides being a great sufferer.  
The physicians of the neighborhood had been  
unable to render her any permanent relief. Katie  
visited them, and had been able sometimes to re-  
lieve the child of its sufferings.

Mrs. Sullivan was a woman of considerable re-  
finement for one in her station in life. She had  
formerly lived in the family of Bishop Kenrick,  
of Belfast, and knew his only son, Henry T. Ken-  
rick, who had become a physician since she left.  
He was a young man of excellent character, and  
had a finely developed organization. His father  
had designed him for a position in the Church,  
but young Henry, inspired by a deep love of hu-  
manity, declined the offer, and desired his father  
to permit him to enter the medical profession, for  
which he had not only a good intellectual capac-  
ity, but warm sympathies, strong physical powers,  
and other attainments not less essential for this  
profession.

important profession. Though but a young man,  
his reputation had already been well established.

Mrs. Sullivan felt, as a woman only can feel  
whose whole soul is absorbed in a deep, earnest  
thought, that Dr. Kenrick could cure her child.  
She asked Katie to write to him, and urge him,  
for the love of God and humanity, and the warm,  
gushing feelings of a fond mother's heart, to come  
and heal her child. Katie wrote the letter, feeling  
an earnest desire that he would come. Doctor  
Kenrick remarked, as he perused her letter, that  
there was an impression conveyed by it which  
not only impelled him to believe he would accom-  
plish great good by his visit, but that his future  
career would be much influenced thereby. He  
wrote in reply that as soon as he could make the  
necessary arrangements he would come, and stated  
the time that they might expect him.

Katie said to Lind, as she was going home one  
evening:

"I shall not be here to-morrow. We expect Dr.  
Kenrick, from Belfast, to visit Mrs. Sullivan's  
child, and I have promised to be there."

"Oh, you must come. We cannot get along  
without you," replied Lind.

"I will be with you the next day," said Katie.

In the morning she went to Mr. Sullivan's, and  
found that the child had spent a restless night,  
and was suffering very severely. It was lying  
upon a couch, entirely unable to move. They sat  
around it, and sought by every means in their  
power to soothe its aching frame and cheer its lit-  
tle heart. And as they talked pleasantly, at times  
seemed to catch a thought, and grow more  
calm and quiet.

About noon they were much gratified to ob-  
serve a person riding down the road, whom Mary  
at once recognized as the much desired Dr. Ken-  
rick. Katie also recognized him as the man who  
had appeared to her in her dreams.

After the Doctor was introduced to Katie, he  
remarked that there was something in her letter  
that impressed him so strongly that he thought he  
should have known the writer anywhere, and he  
was very happy to meet with her.

Taking the child upon his lap, to the great alarm  
of both the ladies, for they had not been able to  
move even its little hands without causing a  
scream, the doctor passed his hands gently over  
its back. The smile which lighted up the child's  
face at once dispelled all their fears. Mrs. Sulli-  
van said:

"Did I not tell you that he would cure our little  
Katie?"—for that was the child's name.

In a few minutes he stood her down upon the  
floor, and she walked, a thing she had not done  
for months. She then sat upon the Doctor's lap for  
half an hour, while he talked with the ladies, go-  
ing over the history of his father's family at the  
time when Mary lived with them, and enumerat-  
ing some of the changes which had taken place  
since she left.

After partaking of a plain dinner, the Doctor  
left them. The child, meanwhile, was running  
about with all the joy of young child-life.

The thrill of true happiness which filled that  
young mother's heart, no language can ever de-  
pict. The light of her eyes, which had grown dim  
with sorrow and weeping, came back with re-  
newed lustre.

The deep fountains of Katie's being had been  
stirred. New and strange thoughts came to her.  
Her inmost soul had been touched. She remem-  
bered how our blessed Lord had performed the  
miracles of healing; and she had not forgotten  
his declaration—"He that believeth on me, the  
things that I do he shall do, and greater things." She  
knew that in the records of the Church there  
were numerous instances in which holy men and  
women, imbued with the divine fire of love, had  
healed the sick, given sight to the blind, and made  
the lame to walk, but she had never witnessed  
any of these things. When these divine man-  
ifestations burst forth, in all their glory, through  
some brother or sister, we can scarcely realize  
that they are but glorified humanity, and we  
worship our fellowman, rather than the divine  
principle which has been made manifest. So,  
while Katie and that joyous mother gave praise  
to God, their gratitude and thanks were poured  
out upon the instrument through whom the heal-  
ing power came.

Katie started for her home in a whirl of amazement  
entirely new to her. The equality of her  
character had never been disturbed in this man-  
ner before, and she knew not what it meant.

It is not to be supposed that any one possessing  
her feelings could associate so intimately as Katie  
did with her young friends who were about to enter  
the matrimonial state, without partaking of their  
spirit. All associations have their influence upon  
us, as fire warms and ice chills, so universal is  
law in its effects.

Katie related her experience to her friends the  
next day, and Lind charged her at once with be-  
ing in love with the Doctor. Katie did not know  
what to say. A strange feeling had come over  
her. Was it a merely transient attraction toward  
the Doctor—something that would soon pass  
away?—or was it a deep soul affection, which  
would grow stronger and more binding? Time  
alone could reveal. She innocently remarked:

"As to this power of healing the sick, it is what  
I have always prayed for; and if I cannot have it  
myself, I should be glad to have a husband who  
possessed it."

She started a little at the sound of the word, for  
it was the first time she had ever used it.

"But," she added, "I do not suppose he felt any  
particular attraction to me. He treated me with  
the utmost kindness and propriety, but I did not  
notice any difference in the expression of his feel-  
ings toward Mrs. Sullivan and myself."

Lind jokingly said:  
"Katie, I have been at a loss to decide who  
should accompany you at our wedding; but I am  
undecided no longer; it shall be Doctor Kenrick." Then she added, laughing, "How shall we make  
his acquaintance?"

Instantly she exclaimed:

"I have thought of a plan. You know we de-  
sire to be married by a Bishop, and our old Bishop  
is so feeble that he cannot leave his bed; so we  
will have Bishop Kenrick; and as he is an old  
man, it will be very proper for his son to accom-  
pany him."

Katie smiled as she remarked:  
"Well, that would be very nice; but I had al-  
most made up my mind to ask you to excuse me  
from coming to your wedding. You know my  
reasons."

"Yes," said Lind, "and this will remove them,  
too; so don't say anything more. I am glad  
things are working so well. I will ask Mr. Con-  
nant to write to the Doctor soon, and engage his  
father to perform the marriage ceremony for us."

Mr. Connant was pleased with the plan, and  
wrote accordingly. After making the request, he  
alluded in a very delicate manner to Katie, as  
the young lady who wrote to him about Mrs. Sul-  
livan's child, and whom he met there. Then, after  
expressing his feelings in regard to Katie, he ad-  
ded that they would be happy to have him accom-  
pany her on the occasion of their marriage.

Lord Dunderery had been a schoolmate of  
Bishop Kenrick's, and Lord Connant was a distant  
relative of the family. These facts were stronger  
inducements for the Bishop to accept the invita-  
tion.

Soon after this the following letter was received:

BELFAST, IRELAND, Sept. —, 18—.

TO MISS DUNDERERY AND MR. CONNANT:

Friends—I am in receipt of yours of the 10th  
inst. My father expresses much satisfaction at  
the compliment which you have extended to him,  
by inviting him to be present at the solemnization  
of the marriage of the descendant of an intimate  
friend of his early years, and of a distant relative  
—his highness, Lord Connant. He desires me to  
say, that if his health will permit he will be with  
you on that interesting occasion. As to myself, it  
will be necessary for me to accompany my father,  
as he is just recovering from an attack of disease.  
I have a pleasant impression of the young lady  
you refer to, and shall be happy to accompany  
her on that occasion. I shall write to her, but I  
shall be obliged to ask her to excuse me from vis-  
iting her before we meet at the time appointed.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY T. KENRICK.

Lind was sitting in the veranda, looking for  
Katie, having just finished reading the above note,  
and seeing her enter the grounds, she ran to meet  
her and to impart the good news. Next to the  
enjoyment which flows from a prospective happy  
union, is the desire that our most intimate and  
beloved friends may realize the same. Many a  
married couple looks with pleasure upon unions  
which have sprung from influences and associa-  
tions connected with their own marriage.

It was a trial to Katie's equality to restrain  
the emotions which filled her mind in regard to  
the anticipated letter. He had already measured  
her character by the letter she wrote in reference  
to her friend's child, and she knew that she could  
measure him more correctly after receiving the  
promised letter.

In a few days the letter arrived. It read as fol-  
lows:

BELFAST, IRELAND, Sept.

MY DEAR FRIEND—When I received the letter  
you wrote me in reference to Mrs. Sullivan's  
child, I had an impression that you and I would  
meet each other frequently, and that our inter-  
course would be both pleasant and profitable; and  
at our meeting these impressions grew much  
stronger. I felt it as a reality, although there was  
nothing in our surroundings that indicated that  
we should ever meet again. You may therefore  
judge of my surprise at receiving a very kind and  
cordial invitation to meet you on a festive occa-  
sion, in which the parties are entire strangers to  
me, you being probably the only one in that com-  
pany whom I have seen. My impressions, de-  
rived from reading your letter, and the brief in-  
terview I had with you, still further strengthen  
me in the belief that I shall find you a pleasant  
and genial companion. I have learned that hap-  
piness finds its central source and springs of ac-  
tion in the deep interior consciousness of our own  
souls, and that we receive from others, almost in-  
variably, that which we look for. As the skill-  
ful fisherman knows what particular bait is ne-  
cessary to catch certain kinds of fish, so the student  
of human nature, and human character  
knows whether it is well to throw out the harpoon  
upon the broad sea of human life, and strike  
some fierce passion, or to drop down the gentle  
chords of affection, baited with sympathy and  
love, into the quiet waters of the soul, and draw  
from thence by attraction. Hence each may find  
associations adapted to their conditions. It would  
give me pleasure to visit you prior to the 10th  
of next month, the time appointed for the wedding;  
but you know the character of my profession  
makes it quite inconvenient for one so deeply ab-  
sorbed in it as I am to leave, even for a short  
time. I expect to accompany my father to Lord  
Connant's on the 9th inst, when I shall be happy  
to meet with you.

Very truly yours,

HENRY T. KENRICK.

This letter was very gratifying to Katie. She  
felt that the Doctor had no impulsive feelings  
toward her. Her mind resumed a composure that  
made her very happy.

A few days before Lind's marriage, Katie re-  
ceived the following letter from Edgar:

ST. PAUL'S, ROMÉ, Aug. 30th.

MY DEAR FRIEND—If I may still be permitted  
to call you thus—distance separates us, and I  
have no other index of your feelings and condi-  
tion than that which the vibrating chords of  
friendship reveal to me. My mind is deeply ab-  
sorbed in the great work of self-abnegation and  
purification. I will, I am sure, be glad to hear  
of my success. I am weak by nature, but made  
more so by indulgence in habits which have grad-  
ually fastened themselves upon me. I have  
learned this fact; that while the indulgence of  
pernicious habits has weakened my moral nature,

it has also removed a portion of the sting which  
results from violations of the moral law. I be-  
came conscious of this from the fact that as I la-  
bored earnestly and prayerfully to guard against  
the weaknesses and temptations which beset my  
past life, and in some degree was successful, the  
sting of remorse became more poignant, even for  
less violations; and I am convinced that the right-  
eous judgments of heaven are thus meted out to  
us by our own consciences—that to know one's  
self diseased is half a cure. Six months have  
rolled away since I placed myself out of the reach  
of those conditions which led me to immoral acts,  
and yet I still find myself at times suffering even  
more than I did when I was constantly yielding  
to those desires and impulses. I find them still  
with me, though they are not permitted to ripen  
into the fruits of action.

Another fact in my experience, I find that con-  
demnation comes from within myself. Formerly  
this was almost altogether from others. Now my  
own conscience is very constant and vigilant, and  
I feel the need of the fires of purification and the  
waters of affliction before I can be refined, and all  
the dross consumed. I am glad to feel that you  
pray for me, and I am often conscious of your  
presence with me as a living reality.

That you may continue as a guardian-angel to  
your weak and erring brother, is the constant  
prayer of one who is seeking for that peace which  
passeth all understanding, and who will ever re-  
main your brother and friend.

EDGAR A. DUNDERERY.

P. S. I realize more clearly than ever the true  
object of the confessional in our Church. It is a  
beautiful ritual, if we can only find pure and God-  
like persons to whom we may confess. I think,  
however, each one should be left to select the per-  
son to whom they feel most attracted in this  
plane. I know no one that I can confess to as I  
do to you. You will therefore pardon the free-  
dom with which I write to you.

EDGAR.

The Dundererys were not quite willing that Dr.  
Kenrick should go to Katie's father's to meet her  
—in their humble dwelling and plain way of liv-  
ing—a fear which we shall see was entirely  
groundless. They therefore arranged for Katie to  
spend a few days at their mansion.

Mr. Connant informed the Doctor that he would  
be able to meet her at Lord Dunderery's, and they  
would be glad to have the pleasure of his com-  
pany on the evening previous to their marriage.

Young Mr. Connant was at home when Bishop  
Kenrick and his son arrived there, on the after-  
noon prior to the marriage. Soon after the old  
gentleman had been introduced, they began to  
settle down in a cosy manner, prepared for a long  
talk about the good old times when they rambled  
over the heather together, and enjoyed themselves  
in fox-hunting, boating, and other sports, which,  
though long since abandoned by both, still left  
their rich blue clusters in the precious vintage of  
memory, and which, with their autumnal-tinted  
leaves, came with freshness and beauty to both.  
But neither of the young men was specially at-  
tracted by these retrospections, and there was no  
reluctance on the part of the Doctor to accept an  
invitation to ride over to Lord Dunderery's  
and visit the ladies, whom they found in readi-  
ness to receive them.

Lind was in a very happy mood, her arrange-  
ments were all completed, and numerous rich  
and costly gifts had been coming in for several  
days, and each new token of memory, interest  
and affection awakened pleasing emotions. She  
had never appeared so beautiful to Mr. Connant as  
she did when they entered the drawing-room, and  
were welcomed by her and her friends there as-  
sembled, among whom was Katie. Attired in a  
white dress, her rosy cheeks blooming with  
health, her dark, lustrous eyes, and black ring-  
lets, in which were gracefully twined a few nat-  
ural flowers, contrasted very appropriately. The  
other young ladies were guests for the wedding,  
but there was no difficulty in deciding the ques-  
tion as to who was the belle (literally, the most  
beautiful one) of the company.

The Doctor recognized his friend, though the  
change in her surroundings and associations  
from those of their former meeting, might have  
made it difficult for him to do so, had he not antici-  
pated meeting her here. "Perhaps," if we are to  
recognize our friends in the hereafter—and what  
would heaven be without this?—they will appear to  
us somewhat as she did."

Such was the thought that flashed across the  
mind of the Doctor, as they caught each other's  
smiles of recognition. It was very gratifying to  
see how those young ladies of rank recognized  
the true nobility of Katie's soul, and met and  
mingled with her on a plane of equality.

During the evening, Katie was very bright in-  
deed. The purity of her physical nature was al-  
ways conspicuous and impressive, and at times  
her mental condition became much exalted, and  
brilliant flashes of thought were uttered by her.  
All present listened with delight. The Doctor  
was especially charmed, and no one in the com-  
pany could appreciate the depth and beauty  
which marked her thought and expressions, so  
fully as he did.

In the course of the evening she had a vision,  
which, as was usually the case, embodied a les-  
son from which every one might draw something  
practically useful. Maggie Ann, who was accus-  
tomed to witness these conditions in her young  
friend, perceived that there was something likely  
to come, and, whispering to her, asked: "What  
saw. The others drew around her, the Doctor di-  
rectly in front. Soon after they had sung a pleas-  
ant and favorite air, she said:

"Now I see it plainer. There seem to be a  
large crowd of persons moving about in various  
directions, crossing each other's paths, and some-  
times coming in conflict. Most of those that I  
now see are intent upon the pursuit of some ob-  
ject; and while this is proper, to a certain extent,  
if it be pursued exclusively, it leads them to tram-  
ple upon, and injure or neglect the rights of other  
persons and objects, which belong properly to



their position in life. There are two extremes: first, those who have no definite object in view, and are wandering about without any particular point to lead them, easily drawn hither and thither by any temporary excitement; and while they may not injure others positively, by crossing their paths and interfering with their labors, they are really of but very little use to mankind. The other extreme consists of those to whom I have referred—persons who in their eager pursuit of a few objects, lose sight of many important events and incidents that lie immediately in their pathway, thus constantly losing golden opportunities for the accomplishment of great and good objects. A medium course between these is that which is crowned with the highest success, and produces the greatest amount of happiness by its successful results.

Passing from this general outline to a particular object, I see now before me a young person, who is among what are called the common people of the world. His father occupies an important position, but it is one to which he has raised himself by his own labors and the cultivation of his talents. He designed to educate this boy for the Church, and the position which he occupies. But I see that early in life, before any one had thought of directing his course into any particular channel, there were influences around him which were preparing him for a different position.

Strange influences are now around him. He finds himself drawn away from his playmates and the usual sports of youth, to visit the sick and minister to the wants of the needy. He has grown up to be a young man, and the waywardness of youth has given place to the sobriety of manhood. He stands before me, and before the people, a member of that noble profession that ministers to the wants of humanity in its extremity, where even the strongest man feels how powerless are all his efforts to stay the tide of destruction, and turn aside the hand of the destroyer. There is no other profession or station in life that requires of the moral, intellectual and spiritual man, so much purity and strength as that of the physician, thrown as he is, into the haunts of vice and infamy, made familiar with the terrible secrets of the low and vicious, and by no means a stranger to the evils that abound in what is called good society, and often made the depository of their secrets; called frequently to minister to those who are suffering from diseases which are the result of false conditions, debased appetites and crimes. Hence a tremendous responsibility rests upon him. He should keep himself free from all temptation or crime, that he may be ready to minister to a body diseased—which is often but a small part of the trouble—and also to a diseased mind, which is often the chief cause of the physical difficulties.

Fearful as are all these responsibilities—and they are clearly presented to him—I see him enter upon the labors necessary to gain an admission into this noble profession, with a lofty and determined resolve that he would strive ever after the beautiful ideal that in his best moments stood out in bold relief before him. He passes through the temptations incident to college life with a pure and exalted ambition that fires him with desires to be a good and true physician. And when the highest honors of his Alma Mater are bestowed upon him, he enters upon the labors of his profession, unmoved by the plaudits of admiring friends. But he has stamped upon his mind a deeper and more earnest determination to be, as far as possible,

"Supremely great yet grandly good."

All minds were concentrated upon the Doctor, for they knew that the vision was of him, and for him. She continued:

"He has passed nobly through these temptations to encounter others, in his more enlarged sphere of action and arduous labors in the field of his chosen profession. He struggles along through one trial after another, until success has crowned his efforts, and a noble and distinguished, well-earned position is gained. Still an ambition that belongs to a true nature, prompts him to desire to attain to higher heights of usefulness."

Here Katie hesitated a moment, and then proceeded:

"I will tell you what I now see. There are certain positions which belong to mankind, as individuals, and when they have scaled their heights, they can go no further. Then comes the necessity for some one to stand by their side, who will be to them as a beautiful mirror, in which they may see their own lives revealed. This is the true effect of our social nature, which brings us to stand face to face with some one to whom we are drawn by the strong bonds of attraction, and we are enabled to raise ourselves to a higher condition. He is now conscious of this fact, aware that the time has come when there is to be opened to him a new sphere of life, a higher field of action, a grander and more beautiful plane, in which the light of a diviner condition shall give increasing lustre to all of life's duties and labors. These higher conditions have not only their peculiar revelations, but they shed a halo upon all the past. It is only when the true man and woman have blended their influences, not only on the physical and mental planes, but also on the moral and spiritual, that the highest truths, the most exalted and beautiful perceptions are realized, and from these the most perfect happiness flows. I still see, in the vision, this noble man. He is about to enter upon the realization of these things."

Time has rolled on. He stands in the meridian of life, having realized the first fruits of that condition which flows from a perfect union of souls; when each is aspiring after the highest and best developments.

There is now a full and free perception of each other's conditions and needs, and also of many things which can only be understood as this high estate is realized. Such natures are not only a law unto themselves, but a glorious heaven also. There is for them in this life a land of beauty which the world can neither give nor take away. I see him now in the serene autumn of a green old age, standing beside the companion of his love and his life, each having found in the other the perfect union of the physical, in which all their wants and feelings have mingled and united; a beautiful blending of the intellect, in which all powers and faculties, cooperating with each other, go forth into the vast domain of the intellectual and scientific, and drinking together from lofty fountains and pure streams, realize the highest and most exalted joy that belongs to this department; and, lastly, their souls, united in one harmonious and beautiful union, melt and mingle in one perfect sphere as kindred drops; and the ecstasy of that higher life, which prophets and seers have foretold, and poets have sung, is in a measure realized. The atmosphere which surrounds them, and in which they bathe, is love, pure, true and exalted, which no language of earth or heaven can describe; for it is out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaks; out of the superabundance of the soul, thus filled to its utmost capacity—which, however, is continually and rapidly increasing—there can be no utterance. It sits silent because the language of shadows fails, and those feelings which can have no expression, raise the soul on the wings of the celestial and eternal, and carry it away into unknown regions of beatitude, where the fire

of a purer love and a holier devotion call forth in silence its diviner aspirations.

Oh my friends, this picture is not for one, it is for all! It is no fancy sketch. I am borne away on the wings of heavenly love, and mine eyes are drinking some of the celestial beauties of human possibilities. Oh, will you not labor in earnest, in season and out of season, for that strength and purity of your nature that shall place you upon the highway which leads to these most exalted and desirable realities?—In a word, to HEAVEN—the gates of which stand just before us all, as we shall divest ourselves of all the earthly impurities that have gathered around us in our brief journey through life? And standing forth in the immaculate purity and spotless innocence of a divine and holy life, the everlasting gates shall be lifted, and we shall even now, while dwelling in this mundane sphere, walk near that beautiful land whose ways are pleasantness, and whose paths are peace; and there, amid the green pastures of life, and by the still waters, whose crystal streams reflect the purity of our own conditions, we shall enjoy union of soul with soul where each shall blend and shine in greater beauty, as they twine immortal wreaths of love divine; a union of which all earthly unions are but as dim and shadowy types; a union which is in store for all of God's children. For there is not, there cannot be, any possibility within the range and the reach of the archangel, that does not belong to the lowest child of the Infinite Father of all."

There was something in the pure and holy influences of the lofty and divine inspiration, which flowed in such harmonious numbers through this lowly child, that lifted all who came under its influence, to a higher and holier condition. And as the echoes of these last sublime utterances fell upon the ears of this little company, they seemed bound together; and though no voice was heard, each head bent in response to its fellow, and thus they remained for a long time. No one seemed willing to break the spell that bound them.

At length Katie arose, and offering a blessing for the company, they soon retired. The Doctor and Mr. Conant rode home silently. They were too full for utterance.

But before we proceed to give an account of the marriage, we have a duty to perform, which will be revealed in the next chapter.

[To be continued in our next.]

### SPRING IS COMING.

BY JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD.

The Spring is coming! Through the air  
The winds the welcome tidings bear,  
And softly breathing on the face—  
Health-bringing is their sweet embrace—  
They murmur of the sunny time,  
The flowery fields, and vernal prime;  
And as they sweep the earth along,  
"Spring, Spring is coming!" is their song.

The Spring is coming! Every tree  
Gives sign of Summer pageantry,  
And buds our hope through every hour  
With promise of the future flower.  
While fancy hears the rustling leaves,  
And garlands for the loved ones weaves,  
And to the speechless lends a tongue,  
And "Spring is coming!" is their song.

The Spring is coming! Fill and plain  
Echo to each the joyous strain;  
The birds, in tuneful revelry,  
Hold love's soul-raising jubilee,  
And fill the fragrant air around  
With ear-intoxicating sound.  
And this the lay they ever sing:  
"The Spring is coming—welcome Spring!"

The Spring is coming! Sons of toil,  
Now from the city's wild turmoil  
Away, away into the fields,  
And taste the joy that Nature yields!  
Away, and spend the leisure hours  
With birds and trees, and streams and flowers;  
And with the whole in chorus sing—  
"The Spring is coming—welcome Spring!"

### VISION AT A FUNERAL IN DIXON, ILL.

BY L. K. CONLEY.

DEAR BANNER—On Saturday afternoon, March 25th, 1865, I attended the funeral of Mr. A. P. Lord, aged thirty years, a prominent and much esteemed citizen of this place. He was not a member of any Church, but quite regular in attendance at the Presbyterian. The services were held in the Methodist Church. The Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. Sikes, in conjunction with the Masonic Fraternity, officiated. The minister came up the aisle in advance of the coffin, followed by the relatives of the deceased. The audience was seated. As they were approaching the chancel, I saw two coffins, one in front and the other a smaller one behind the real, and was much smaller in size. When the real one was placed in front of the desk, and the Reverend took his station, the visionary coffin passed up to the top of the desk, and rested with the head near them in later, where it remained a few minutes, and then disappeared. From similar coincidences, I conclude some near friend of that minister will pass to the next life before many months.

When quiet was observed, and the minister was preparing to read from the Psalms, a visionary Mr. Lord arose between the desk and his own coffin, facing the altar, and seemed attempting to speak, wishing to say, "Brethren, you can do our fellow mortals much more good by being more active in the duties of our Brotherhood." But he was unable, in appearance, to speak aloud (to his own perception) from the psychological effect still felt from diphtheria (by the spirit), that having been his primary disease. When the Reverend commenced to read the psalm, the figure disappeared. When the Reverend commenced to read the hymn, there came by his side two visionary persons: the one a fine looking woman, and the other a beautiful little girl, not far in appearance from nine years of age. These persons I had known when they were in the form of The Lady Mrs. John S. Cheney, the girl, "Little May" (Mary, the daughter of my excellent friends, Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Kelley, with whom Mr. Lord lived previous to his departure). Mr. Cheney has been in spirit-life a few years; "May" but a few weeks. The little girl was very attentive to the reading and singing of the hymn. The lady seemed most interested in the singing. At the close of the singing they disappeared. The discourse was a melody, from the text—"And there is no discharge from this war." As the sermon commenced, there came a little old visionary man, with contracted brain, who seemed to keep control of the speaker, whose remarks were sometimes harsh with denunciations of God's damning powers, and then the delightfulness of knowing in the next life those whom we have loved here. As the minister was reaching the climax of his ideas of his God's awful dealings with the sinner, little May and her lady guardian again appeared. May was dressed very neat and singular; long white stockings, close bodice, with a short skirt, reaching from the waist, just below the knees, made in frills, with flowers of many colors. She viewed the Reverend speaker a few moments, then gave him a look of mortified surprise, and turned her back to him; then he changed the tenor of his remarks. The lady disappeared, and in her place came a person enveloped in a cloud, the vitality of which seemed to me to be the spirit of Mr. A. P. Lord. Just then the minister began to address the mourners, and tell the audience of their friends many excellent qualifications (they could not be overrated), and of his late conversations with him. Among other things, he said, "Our friend told me of his deep attachment to his place, 'Little May' (during the recital of which the little spirit turned, and danced with very joy.)" He told me that he had no doubt he should soon meet her again. And the Rev. Mr. Sikes, a Presbyterian minister, of Dixon, said, right out loud, "And I believe he will." A thrill ran through the audience, and my vision was over.

### "YET A LITTLE LONGER."

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY WILFRED WILLEYS.

Longer, yet a little longer,  
Shall the legions wield the sword;  
Longer, yet a little longer,  
Shall the wine of wrath be poured.  
Longer, yet a little longer,  
Struggling in immortal pain,  
Shall our mourning land be groaning  
O'er her bravest children slain.  
Longer, yet a little longer,  
On the beaten foeman's path,  
Must the victor bands of Sherman  
Pour the vials of their wrath.  
Longer, yet a little longer,  
In the battle's flaming van,  
Must he ride—the bolt of terror—  
The conquering Sheridan.  
Longer, yet a little longer,  
Ere the perfect day can dawn,  
Must the lion-hearted Thomas  
March his veteran legions on;  
And thy sturdy soul, Ulysses!  
Still retain its iron grip;  
On the stronghold of the traitor  
Thou wilt "ne'er give up the ship."

Longer, yet a little longer,  
Must our brave men rot and die,  
In the rank dens of corruption,  
Nearth a hostile Southern sky.  
But the tide of Wrong is ebbing;  
Falls its black and angry flood;  
Longer, yet a little longer,  
Must its trail be tinged with blood.  
Patience, oh ye mocking doubters!  
There is comfort in the light,  
When God's glorious angel, Morning,  
Drives away the demon, Night.  
Patience, yet a little longer,  
And the morning will arise  
With a more than earthly glory  
Beaming from her radiant eyes;  
And the night of human anguish,  
Crushing hope beneath its tread,  
Yield a rich reward, and noble,  
For its holocausts of dead.  
Oh, the seas of human slaughter!  
God! we pay a fearful price;  
But the guerdon of our freedom—  
It is worth the sacrifice!

Human bondage, gone forever,  
With its foul, polluting stains;  
Human freedom rescued, strengthened,  
And its strongest foeman slain.  
We shall hail the morn of Freedom—  
For our nation—strong and pure,  
Freedom, which, while roll the ages,  
Still unassailed shall endure.  
And the Right shall soon be victor,  
And the Wrong at length shall yield;  
And the vile hordes of oppression  
Shall forever quit the field.  
Longer, yet a little longer,  
Ere our triumph hymns shall rise;  
"O, the grand truth is worthy  
All the toll and sacrifice."  
Longer, yet a little longer,  
Must our country wield the sword,  
Ere the boon of perfect freedom  
To her children is restored.  
Indianapolis, Ind., March 18, 1865.

### Original Essays.

#### THE PROGRESS OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY NOEL.

Far back in the past, before historic times, written or monumental, the priesthood had subjected the minds of the people to religious creeds, and to these creeds were conformed the laws of governments, and the entire social system of every nation. The priesthood, not satisfied with ruling over the consciences of the people, and arbitrarily directing the religious element in man's nature, they even obliged them, in obedience to their teachings, to change the current of their affections, by prescribing laws in regard to the conjugal relations, and the particular kind of knowledge to impart to their children. In no sphere of thought or culture was man free to think for himself or at liberty to exercise his reason unless in accordance with the teachings of the priesthood. With the advance of mind, theological systems were originated, founded upon the old creeds, varied in some particulars; yet however changed, the same old principles of the ancient creeds formed the basis of them all.

So strongly were the people enchained, and so deeply were they indoctrinated with these creeds, that every effort of the mind, every thought and idea was obliged to conform to the teachings of the priesthood. So thorough and effective were these teachings, forming the basis of instruction from parent to child, they were successively perpetuated from generation to generation, even down to the present enlightened age. Yet during all the past there were some minds so constituted, who could not receive all the teachings of the priesthood as truth, and although these were few in numbers, these few made every effort to free themselves from the shackles of the priesthood; but the only result was to change the form without changing in the least the principles of the old creeds. Thus there has always been a continual struggle among mankind not to free themselves from the basic ideas of the old creeds, but to what was thought a more liberal or a more supposed Orthodox interpretation of them.

These unavailing efforts of the human mind, only tended to a multiplication of forms of the ancient creeds, and however varied and changed these forms, all theologies, even those of the present day, are founded upon the principles embraced in the original creeds of the past ages. The influence of the priesthood over the minds of the people is equally as great at the present time as in the past. And now, as in all past times, the latter form of theology considers all prior ones as based upon error, whilst yet, in fact, they all have the same foundation; and those of the present are equally detrimental in their influence in retarding the progress of mind.

It cannot be denied that all we have said in relation to the creeds of the past and the teachings of the priesthood, is equally true of theology, and its teachers at the present time, and is equally true that all the evils existing in the world may be traced to the pernicious teachings of theology, and the influence its teachings have over the minds of the people.

It is not the social system in all its bearings an outgrowth of theological teachings? Is not the standard of morals based upon theology? Is not the jurisprudence of all countries based upon the particular theology of each nation? Is not the education of the rising generation based upon theological creeds and dogmas? Thus the mind has become enslaved, and until a very recent date,

were to the individual who, in the investigation of science, or in literature, or in social life, dared to express a sentiment not in conformity with the prevailing theology. Thus all through the ages, the thoughts of men have been misdirected, and as a consequence, their actions have also been misdirected; thought and action being directed by the teachings of theology. In the social system, the relations of man to man have always been antagonistic, the interests of all being opposed to each other in all the relations of life. The want of harmony and unity of purpose as a natural consequence of theological teachings, produced discord and strife, and man could not recognize that in the happiness of his fellow man his own happiness was involved.

Theology fails to recognize, and therefore does not teach that in the divine economy all and everything is the result of law; that God is a God of law; that his laws are ever active and operative in all the domain of nature—in man, mind, and spirit. Instead of this great truth, theology compels us to believe the absurd and inconsistent dogma, that God is partial and changeable—partial in his revelations to mankind, and giving to different peoples a different code of morals; and changeable, by regretting and undoing that which he had previously pronounced as good. And in and throughout all the supposed revelations, as well as in all the teachings of theology, it is represented that God is revengeful in his nature—is influenced by passion, and, although all-wise, resorts to expedients to accomplish his purposes.

It is through the instrumentalities of these teachings, and the compulsory enforcement of these dogmas by the priesthood, that the mind of man has been prevented from seeking truth in any other channel. He durst not exercise his God-given reason. He was denied the privilege, the right, of looking up through Nature to Nature's God, from investigating causes and effects, from taking a comprehensive view of the great machinery of worlds and universes moving in obedience to law, in order and harmony, because it was sacrilege to attempt to learn that which the priesthood themselves did not know—sacrilege to attempt to acquire a knowledge of those things which were not revealed in "God's" word—sacrilege to investigate the law of cause and effect governing not only the celestial spheres, but terrestrial objects, and particularly man. The most important of all things is to gain a knowledge of ourselves. That study is the first step, and that knowledge includes all that man can know, or ever will. It includes a knowledge of all things in nature below man. If man had only studied his own nature, his capacities and powers, his physical, mental and spiritual organization, he would long since have thrown off the shackles which bind him to the car of theology. The social system would be reconstituted and changed in all the relations and all the activities of man, if he had a knowledge of himself. Theology and the priesthood prevented him from acquiring that knowledge. With the possession of that knowledge there would be no occasion for spiritual advisers, nor churches, cathedrals, synagogues, etc., with all their paraphernalia of ceremonials. Men would not believe in religious dogmas which were opposed to Nature's laws. All theological systems would be abandoned, and their absurdities only remembered as things of the past. Men would be just and righteous to themselves and their fellowmen. There would be no monopoly of interests, but man would recognize the rights of his fellow-beings. Labor would receive its just reward, and every man be protected in his pursuits. Crime would no longer be committed, because the necessity would not exist, and because of the knowledge of the sure and certain consequences that would follow. It would be against the interest of men to injure, in any way, their fellowmen. There would be no occasion for courts of law, for judges, juries, nor lawyers—no need for jails, penitentiaries, workhouses, almshouses, houses of refuge, etc. A complete revolution in the social system would result, if man had only a proper knowledge of himself. Theology has been the cause of all the misdirection and evils existing in society. If theology had not given direction to all the activities of man's moral and mental constitution, and man had studied his own nature, he would have had a proper regard for his physical organism; he would not have acquired vitiated tastes, unnatural appetites and desires; he would in his conjugal relations have been true to himself and to his mate, and looked forward to the healthful organism of his progeny as his highest duty, and the chief purpose of his physical life. As a consequence there would be less disease, less defective organisms, and man's physical constitution would improve greatly beyond present conception.

To a pernicious theology may clearly be traced all the evils man is afflicted with; and that all theological systems have the same origin may clearly be proved. The direction of thought has ever been in the same channel, the object not being the attainment of truth, but to make truth, or what was supposed to be true, conform to theological dogmas. Such has always been and will continue to be the case, so long as false theologies are revered, and their teachers considered as possessing more sanctity than other men.

But a new era has commenced. Its glimmering light may be clearly seen, although it is scarce in its early dawn, and with it it brings joy and gladness to the human heart. It brings with it a new philosophy, not founded upon the old theologies, but embracing principles which find a response in the consciousness of every man and woman—new, only because advanced minds of the present day have a glimmering of those immutable, unchangeable and eternal laws by and through which all the manifestations in Nature are produced, and especially of man, his proper status and immortal destiny. In this our day and generation we have a faint glimpse of the law unfolded in the progression of matter and spirit. Through all the past ages these laws have been active, and their ultimatum was occasionally manifested in particular human organisms, but these persons had no conception of the laws which produced these manifestations, nor did they understand their uses and ends.

This new Philosophy, or Spiritualism, is opposed to all of the theologies with their creeds and doctrines, and repudiates them in toto. The one is founded upon myths, fables and ancient records, contradictory, inconsistent, and too absurd for intelligent minds to receive. Its moralities are hypocritical, and in its totality ignores every principle and law of the divine intelligence. The other accepts nothing which the consciousness does not approve. It traces Nature in all its manifestations, traces effects to causes, and causes to effects, and from a knowledge thus obtained of the laws by which the divine intelligence acts, a knowledge is gained of the design and uses of all things, and the end or ultimate in the thought of the divine mind, which is the individualization of the human spirit.

Theology is a system of inconsistent expedients. The God it worships has fallen in every attempt to make mankind good and happy; and even in this enlightened age a God is worshipped by all

Christianism, who was obliged to use an expedient to have mankind good, the unfortunate failure of his first experiment.

Spiritualism is a philosophy of principles and laws—principles of universal application, fundamental, essential, and necessary to the existence and development of all things—laws which are uniformly operative, inherent in all matter and spirit; controlling the means to accomplish the ends, ever unceasingly active in all of the phenomena and manifestations of Nature—principles and laws the instrumentalities of the divine intelligence to produce all visible and invisible effects from existing causes. Spiritualism recognizes that with the advance of mind mankind will ignore all the theologies of the past. The process may be slow, but it will be sure. It has already commenced; the scintillations from the faint, glimmering light have become visible to many minds, who have freed themselves from the shackles of theology, and embraced the new philosophy. The law exists, and development and progress will go on in the right direction, until ultimately, in future ages, mankind will be redeemed. But the work must go on progressively. Every man and woman that has embraced the Spiritual Philosophy must aid in the good work by reforming themselves, by being just and true to their physical and spiritual natures. It is only by being righteous ourselves, that we can aid in the reform of others. We must recognize the God in ourselves, and ever act up to our highest standard of right, instead of—as theology teaches—to seek God at some immeasurable distance from us. Theology places God and the means of salvation away from the individual; but Spiritualism teaches that every soul must save itself—that as we improve and progress, we become more and more Godlike.

As the old theologies are abandoned, the reformation of mankind will progress; because the belief in authority will cease, and man will rely upon his own manhood, his own reasoning powers, his own conscious perceptions, the God within him. The belief that any human being that existed in the past was a model for all future ages to imitate, will be acknowledged a theological fallacy, as it is not, and cannot be true. It is a fallacy held in all past ages in regard to the originators of every religious system, and without such a belief no theological system could be widely extended, or exist beyond a generation. Spiritualism has nothing in common with such beliefs. The present and the future concerns Spiritualism. Onward and upward is the word. Let us, as men and women of the present, live up to our highest conceptions of right and duty. Progression is the destiny of the race. Eternity is before us. Immortality is ours. The conscious principle, unceasingly active, exists forever—is immortal, as God is immortal.

### THE CHARACTER AND OBJECTS OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON.

A peculiar feature of Spiritualism has long attracted my attention; and especially for the last year have I many times felt inclined to meet the subject through the columns of our favorite journal, the Banner.

In all my acquaintance with Spiritualists, and particularly of late, I find what seems to me a misapprehension of the true character and objects of our soul-cheering Philosophy. In every community, whether large or small, it has been deemed essential by the majority of our Order, to preserve unity of belief in order to secure concert of action, and consequent success, in the dissemination of our Gospel. And, at first view, this would appear to be one of the grand pre-requisites in the prosecution of our labors. But, on a close inspection and rigid analysis of the real nature and objects of Spiritualism, it will be seen that, among millions of believers, there is universal agreement only upon one point, and that is the fact of spirit-influence and communion. As regards the Philosophy, (nature, extent and real good of such influence,) we have our individual opinions, and are, consequently, at non-agreement in a greater or less degree. Some accept the fact of spirit-communion in connection with the Methodist belief; some receive it as a most welcome and convenient help to the Presbyterian, Universalist, Unitarian, Catholic or Hicksite persuasion, as the case may be. Spiritualism, then, is proving itself the heaven which is destined to leave every theological loaf. This is just what our glorified teachers foretold. And repeatedly have they told us that, for this very reason, we could not organize as a separate or distinct Order.

Spiritualism is destined to modify, qualify and change all the isms of this mundane world; and organization can, therefore, never be complete till it embraces within its infinite circle all minor, dependent, and sub-dependent orders or societies. For, as we take the circumference of the whole thing, and see with what it is filled, we find Methodist Spiritualists will be Methodists still in the observance of religious worship. Presbyterian Spiritualists will, for a time at least, cling to the dogmas of the Calvinistic creed; and so with all other religious societies. Many, it is true, of all these multiplied sects, may, for various reasons, apostatize from the faith they have professed, to such extent as to incur the ordeal of separation; and close communion in the Church being thus denied them, they will, as a consequence, seek a home among the as yet unorganized elements of Spiritualism. But, in thus congregating together can they harmonize? This is the question which appears to agitate and almost alarm some timid minds among us; and because Spiritualists are, in consequence, splitting into separate bodies, as branches of the now thrifty tree, some superficial minds are giving way to "regret" that we do not put our shoulders to the wheel and create out of Spiritualism a more powerful hierarchy, than any whose tyrannical power has crushed the germs of liberty in the past. We have nothing to prove certainly that Spiritualism, with an universal organization, might not become as great a despotism as Catholicism or the established Church of England.

And we may lawfully and justly congratulate ourselves upon the evidences of healthy growth which now greet our waiting, longing eyes. For, as the tree branches off and puts on new foliage, we may know that the period of fruit-bearing is more nearly at hand. If the fundamental principle in Spiritualism, viz, the ministration of disembodied intelligences, is indeed a saving power, we need not fear for the ultimate results. The grand Philosophy thus involved may have to cut its way through Perfectionism; Mormonism, Free-Lustism, and every other ism or fanaticism, before we shall know how to appreciate it. But as the scythe of the mower is polished by use, so will our true blade come forth brightened by the friction of opposing forces.

In a certain field, of my labors I find a class of minds attracted to the phenomena of physical manifestations. They would have circles; conferences; lectures, all comprehended, in the Sunday exercises. Some of these can see no good, but much



evil, in the Bible, and every Christian sect. Any abuse of old, stereotyped authorities is justifiable with them—any prayer is ridiculous with some, while directly opposite sentiments are held by others of the congregation; and, with every thrust of the editorial sword, some honest soul feels cruelly wounded.

In the same place another distinct class may be found; viz: those who stand intermediate between avowed Spiritualists and the Orthodox ranks, deeply interested in the philosophy of the New Gospel, as promulgated by trance and inspirational speaking, in which the positive affirmations of science, sacred and profane revelation, are made an overwhelming argument in support of Spiritualism. Such arguments they cannot refute. Here, the Bible becomes a valuable weapon in skillful hands. Here, we not only respect the authorities of the past as true to the world's development, but we meet opponents on their own ground. We take their sacred canons, and thereby prove both Ancient and Modern Spiritualism. And if men reject the authority of the canonical Scriptures, we have left us the strong lever of Science which none can withstand. In this latter mode of argument is resident a power to reach this latter class of minds to which I have referred.

Now, with such a diversity of attractions and opinions, there are some who insist upon drawing these antagonistic elements into one society; while, on the other hand, some as honestly contend against the plan as productive continually of disorganization.

The time has doubtless come in which we can no longer support the free platform of the past; but still the most enlarged liberty is ours. Instead of being confined to one hall or place of meeting, we are learning that the more halls the better; the more meetings of diverse character the more is the diverse public sentiment educated or disciplined.

If some public or private teachers recommend questionable morality, it is no fault of mine—Spiritualism is not answerable for it; if some Spiritualists prostitute the angel-crown to unworthy purposes, its jewels may be soiled, but their intrinsic worth is not lessened. Neither has God made me the judge or keeper of my brother or sister. The law they live by will surely bring its penalty. The needed discipline—the lesson—will surely come.

I am more and more of the opinion that attraction into separate and several combinations of harmonious or congenial minds, must go hand in hand with every successful attempt at organization. And, even then, organization cannot be otherwise than arbitrary in a greater or less degree. This is evident from the fact that it has its restrictions and limitations; to some it will be offensive, to others a protective system.

### WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

BY I. REHN.

This singular question has been and is receiving as many answers as there are varieties of minds engaged in the attempt; and it is now proposed to add another to the already long list.

It may be generally remarked, however, that that is defined to be the genuine article which some particular clique or individual may happen to be employed in propagating in the spiritual field. This is natural enough, and to those not over and unnecessarily sensitive, need occasion no alarm. It is only by a comparison of ideas upon this, as upon other subjects, that we can arrive at just conclusions. If, therefore, there be those who define Spiritualism to be free-love or affinity-hunting; others who claim it to be rope-twisting performances, by "clumsy magicians"; others still, who say it consists in physical phenomena; and yet others who would have it to be the patching up of old, threadbare, rickety theories, to which also may be added a large class who have so sublimated it by the heat of their glowing imaginations, that it has become impalpable, or, at best, but a dazzling meteor, only to be wondered at and admired, but too angelic to be long-lived, besides many more of a similar class of hobby-riding opponents, it should not be a matter of surprise. It would be well to remember two things: The first, that we, who so boldly strike for the ever glorious right of private judgment, and hold up to every lover of this race this inestimable boon, and the liberty which is its natural sequence, are not the proper ones to quarrel before its exercise, on every occasion whereon those who avail themselves of it happen to enunciate that which we deem to be false or pernicious; we are not to constitute ourselves the infallible judges and interpreters of what may be said and done under it, or in its name. The other is, that if fanatics rave and vent their follies, or even advocate their vices, those who have clearer heads, if not better hearts, have, thereby, the stronger weapons with which to enter the contest; and, as in every such conflict, must triumph in the end.

They must be fainting Spiritualists, indeed, who are so tenderly strung as not to be able to bear a note of discord, or the working of a power from which the very movement with which they are identified is the chief instrument in removing the chains. There has been no cause, perhaps, in all the career of man on earth, that has not had to bear wounds inflicted by its friends as well as its enemies; and those the sorest by the friends inflicted.

Those who seek justification and redress under the law of force, and a fierce, unrelenting theology, might well enough, "hew their enemies to pieces," and thus "exterminate the heretics." But we, who preach toleration, must give force to our precepts by a practice of their virtues, if we would command the respect of the world or ourselves. A cause such as ours—rich in the treasures of a divine philosophy, founded in the eternal law of matter and spirit, and whose lustre will be all the more revealed by the attrition it undergoes—is not to be despaired of, even though false prophets assume its robes, and harlequins dance to its divine music.

But we may be told that the public associate all the follies announced in the name of Spiritualism, with true Spiritualism, and thus bring it into discredit. This, in a measure, may be true; but where we announce the liberty of thought and speech, it may be unavoidable. Under circumstances such as these, it will be a much more consistent and profitable employment for us still to affirm the right of opinion, and the expression of it, than to indulge in hard names and illiberal denunciations. We have taken bold and lofty ground, and we must be prepared to take the consequences, good and bad, trusting to the power of truth and sound sense to accomplish their results in the end.

The writer may be supposed to sympathize with some, or all of these isms, or hobbies, from the stand taken in this paper. If there are such who entertain this opinion, I can only say to them that I am a Spiritualist—a believer in its grand philosophy—and as such, have always a word in defence of that liberty which is the basis of it. If it is abused, it is our duty to correct that abuse, as far as good argument can do so, and leave to bullies and theologians the flatulencies and fierce denunciations.

In explanation of my position, therefore, permit me to say, that I believe the conjugal relation to be a sacred and divine one, not to be disregarded, or its obligations abandoned; that free-love is unnatural and inconsistent with the true interests of the race; that Spiritualism consists in the propagation of the truth of nature, and the practice of truth thus evolved for the benefit of man as a physical, intellectual and moral being; and thus applies to his habits in all these respects, and may have something to do with his diet, clothing, business, exercises, education and spiritual culture.

If spirits exist, and have power to demonstrate their existence by exhibitions of physical power, they may "tie ropes" as well as move tables, and do many more things; some of which seem absurd enough, it is true. But whether absurd or otherwise, they prove the power, and thus reach some minds in a way that may be required.

We shall justly expose ourselves to the contempt of the world when that time shall arrive in which we, as Spiritualists, having given such a mighty impulse to the cause of individual liberty, shall commence to barricade the way, because John Smith or Betsy Black claims the right to travel it, and carry their budget of isms on their backs. Thus shall we, too, repeat the folly of Protestantism, which, through its founder, Martin Luther, started a ball to rolling, that, in its onward course, not only rode over the hobby of its prime mover, but will yet crush to atoms every sect that has sprung out of its bosom. There are a great many things said and done in the name of Spiritualism, which I do not approve; but I am not a standard for the world, and therefore feel disposed to vindicate what I regard as one of the most important elements of the spiritual movement, which is "an open field and fair play."

When our cause becomes so feeble and impotent as to be incapable of maintaining its integrity because somebody latches his hobby upon it, we shall be justified in despairing of it as a power in the world. That time has not yet come, nor do I believe it ever will. For one, I am resolved to claim the exercise of such liberty for myself, and to defend it as far as possible for others, in the full assurance that at last,

"The right will ever be uppermost,  
And ever be justice done."

Philadelphia, Pa., March, 1865.

### CONDITIONS AND PHENOMENA.

All must be aware that it is by conditions we are, at first, put out upon this material plane. It is by conditions in nature we become in embryo and then are brought forth to the perfection of manhood. It is the character and condition of the soil that produces the quality of the vegetable. It is the condition of the atmosphere that germinates flowers, alike of the tropics as of the arctic. The whirlwind spreads onward by the conditions of the elements. The storm and sunshine come by the peculiar operation of cause and effect. It is the condition that sheds the rain and drives the clouds away. Conditions must, necessarily, be associated with phenomena. The wheels of Nature are ever active, and results or effects are ever being produced. Those who are so skeptical of the evidences of the fact of spirit-communion, should remember that the whole order of existence is phenomenal, though arising from conditions which may never come within the power of human penetration to unravel. The results or phenomena of our every day life are connected with the conditions that surround us. I cannot perform a day's labor unless the body is in a condition to attain it. It is in the various occupations of life that, from conditions, phenomena are ever resulting. The blacksmith at the forge produces the various order pertaining to his work. The vast operations in machinery are but the phenomena of a thousand different causes and conditions to this result. Circumstances, or place, will often suggest great improvements in science. A train of thought sometimes will lead to the most astonishing discoveries; and, from the conditions which it may be advanced, come the phenomena of the steam engine, the telegraph, and the vast round of human improvement.

What is it, but from condition, place, circumstance, or whatever you may call it, has the fact of Spiritualism been projected? The conditions and phenomena with the family at Hydeville, are now the wonder and marvel of the world. Twenty-five years ago, the science of Spiritualism was slumbering, or latent among the truths of ages. As the conditions of the elements bring on the rain, and of science developing the mysteries of her store, so those of our daily pursuits, our thoughts, of time and occasion, will continually be associated with phenomena through years, and even centuries onward. If you are a doubter of spiritual truths, will you have it that there will be nothing new to come? Is it the order of nature that phenomena must confine themselves only to one plane, that of the materialistic alone, or to be found also on a more exalted one, where the truths of eternal life come revealed, and the human heart has found joy unspeakable, because man must live forever?

It will be found that the phenomena of spirit communion can only be manifested through certain conditions. If I should be out on street walking at the rate of four miles an hour, and under a state of physical activity and excitement, should desire some immediate attestation of spiritual presence, it is but reasonable to infer the conditions would be decidedly unfavorable to it; but should I place myself in a more passive condition, either in the circle or without, and confine myself to the law of its influx, then the angel-world would come near, and soul communicate with soul.

It is the scoffers who ask, "If your theory be so-and-so, why don't you command the presence of spirits at will?" Why, if I jump into the river, can I breathe there as well as in the elements I belong to? Certainly not. It is in the proper condition we can live, act and perform. It is in the proper condition we can call about us those of the departed. How sublime is the truth that we are to live beyond the grave, while the revelation of it comes through laws similar to those which govern the planets!

For the Banner of Light.

### Useful Suggestions.

Aim to do some permanent good, that your existence may be crowned with usefulness. Struggle to keep your thoughts upon useful and elevating subjects, that the higher faculties may be daily cultivated.

Be sure that you do not search for faults in others more than you do in yourself, for one should know his weak points in order to grow strong.

Be sure and embrace every opportunity of doing good to others, but always remember to be guided by wisdom in bestowing charities, sympathy or counsel.

Every one leaves examples that others may follow, whether they wish it or not; then no person should leave an example that they would not wish others to imitate.

It should be the aim, from day to day, of every one to make some improvement in self or surroundings by well directed efforts, for it is often

that earnest striving results in vast good to mankind.

When the object is pure and the motive good, no one should allow himself to be discouraged by failures, but always use them or the experiences as stepping-stones to higher attainments.

Quarrelling and disputing should never be engaged in by any one. If one feels to hate another, or wishes to retaliate, let him go and do some kind act, that he feels will be appreciated by his opponent. If you do not first succeed, try again; but be sure and cultivate the kindest feelings, and let your life be a living example of peace and good will toward all animated beings.

Be considerate in your claims upon others; never presume too much; but be doubly sure that your claims are just, and can be met without giving distress to any one.

Mankind should live together as one great brotherhood, each striving to do his share of life's labor for the mutual benefit of all, without the least regard to dollars and cents, only as a means of exchange, until a better system is instituted, which must ere long be ushered into existence.

GEORGE F. BAKER.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### Physical Manifestations—Church, the Medium.

The letter of Mr. S. S. Jones, in your issue of March 4th, cannot fail to interest every inquirer after the facts that lie at the foundation of the Spiritual Philosophy. But they are especially and intensely interesting to those who, like myself, have witnessed these manifestations, and spent hour after hour in friendly converse, not only with the invisibles mentioned by Mr. Jones, but with a great many others, among whom were many cherished friends and relatives who have passed to the other shore. I can endorse every word in that letter with regard to the *naturae* with which they can kiss and caress their friends, while in the material bodies which they are able to improvise for the occasion; and they will be endorsed by hundreds of others, who have had their last remaining doubts of spirit communion removed by the manifestations witnessed at these circles.

But it is not my intention in this to reiterate the facts given in Mr. Jones's letter, or anything witnessed in the dark circles, of which I gave an account in the Banner about one year ago. I write now to stop the cry of collusion and deception, raised by opponents when told that these things take place in the dark. This objection, however, is seldom raised by any one familiar with the manifestations produced through the mediumship of Mr. Church.

Through the senses of hearing and feeling an amount of testimony may be obtained that will remove the most obstinate doubt that may be honestly entertained upon this subject. But when to these is added the testimony of the sense of sight, nothing but a prejudice that stifles all the nobler impulses, and hushes the voice of reason, will longer cry, "collusion" and "deception."

By conversing with a great many spirits whom I had known in earth-life, and many whom I had not known, and handling, and being handled by them, I received evidence till I had no more doubt of their intelligent existence and their power to materialize themselves under favorable conditions than I had of my own identity. I was permitted to see them with my eyes, and thus another sense was added to the witnesses already testifying to the fact of spirit-existence and communion.

At several of the circles, we have seen the spirits that, as soon as favorable conditions could be obtained, we should see them in a light which they had the power to produce, that would not interfere with the material forms through which they manifested. This promise was fulfilled in one instance, when I was present, and I must acknowledge that when the light was related to me, I felt a little as Thomas did when told of a celebrated spiritual manifestation that transpired some eighteen years ago, in a room, "while the doors were shut." But a few days subsequent to this occurrence, the medium was at my house with his father, a man of known integrity, whose faith is unshaken, and whose words in ultimate spiritual communion with his departed children and friends is unbounded. In the evening it was proposed that we should sit down and have a quiet hour of communion with friends from the other side of the river, little dreaming of anything more than the ordinary manifestations of such times. The party was composed of the medium, his father, Mrs. Wilson and myself. Pacing myself between the medium's father and Mrs. Wilson, we all joined hands, while the medium sat facing us at the distance of six or seven feet. We had scarcely put out the light, when we were familiarly saluted by the light, in his cheerful manner, rallying us upon the smallness of our circle. We were soon joined by Miss Fleetwood, mentioned in Mr. J.'s letter, and Miss Sarah Happy, a friend of ours, who died in Jacksonville, Ill., some ten years ago, who seemed much gratified with so quiet and pleasant an evening.

After some time spent in pleasant conversation, preparations were made for showing themselves in the light. I must here further corroborate the naturalness of these manifestations, by giving an incident that then occurred. The window curtains, hanging out too far from the walls, let in the moonlight so as to interfere with their preparations. Ninevauke, the Indian spirit, borrowed a knife and a pin from the medium, and went and drove the pin through the curtain into the wall. This not being sufficient, he borrowed another pin from Mrs. Wilson, and one from myself, and drove them into other parts of the curtain, while they remained for several days. All being ready, a phosphorescent light began to appear upon the wall, about six feet from the end of the room, and about five feet from the floor. It soon increased so as to throw the light across that end of the room, when all three of the spirits that were materialized, came forth, and stood in full view of all the circle—the one whom we know presenting the same appearance she did in earth-life, and no doubt the others did the same. Ninevauke appeared as a very tall Indian, with a blanket over his shoulders, with long, straight hair and retreating forehead. Judging from appearance, he is at least as tall as he represents himself to be, which is seven feet and two inches. During all this part of the exhibition, which lasted ten or fifteen minutes, the medium was sitting in full view, as much surprised and delighted as any of us at these new and startling manifestations.

I have been thus particular in relating these incidents, as they demonstrate that these beings, with whom we converse, whom we handle, and who touch and caress us in the dark, are, for the time, just as material as ourselves, and can be seen with the natural eye, under proper conditions. They also render utterly pointless the argument that these things are not *realities*, but are only seen and heard under some abnormal condition, induced by the power of the medium. Had this been the case, and had not the driving of the pins into the wall with a heavy pocket knife, with as much noise as would be made by any one in the body performing the same act, been read, but only uttered in the imagination, not a trace of the act would have existed after the normal condition was restored; but the pins remained, just as they were driven into the wall by the spirit, for several days, and were seen by believers and unbelievers, who could not be suspected of being in any abnormal condition.

There are many other incidents connected with this séance; but my communication is already long enough. These facts should have been reported at the time of their occurrence, but, after reading Mr. Jones's interesting letter, I concluded that they were so formidable to lay them before the numerous readers of the ever-welcome Banner.

J. N. WILSON.

Dwight, Ill., March 8th, 1865.

## Correspondence.

### Notes from Mrs. Matthews.

Dear friends of Eden, Hyde Park, South Troy, and Lowell, Vt., whose homes I have visited this winter—remembering that you expressed an earnest desire to hear from me, and our kind friends, Dr. and Mrs. Roundy, who accompanied me home, and as I have not time to write to you individually, I come through the Banner, which finds its way to your Northern homes. I will give you a little sketch of our journey homeward, as you requested.

We had a good meeting in Morristown, notwithstanding the severe cold weather, and a pleasant visit with Bro. Brewster (uncle of the noted Alton Boy) and family. I learn that Mr. B. is very successful in treating the sick. We were invited to visit Bro. Shaw, where we found warm hearts. We called upon Bro. Bennett, of Stowe, and found Mr. and Mrs. B. well versed in the Philosophy of Spiritualism. The old gentleman's eyes kindled with a spiritual light as he spoke of dropping the worn-out garments of this life.

We were cordially received at Berlin, by Bro. Lewis and wife, their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Mitchell. We had some excellent circles at their beautiful home. I trust we gave some germs of truth which will give them more faith in spirit-communion. We shall often think of these friends and their cheering entertainments.

We had a harmonious circle at the home of Hon. Daniel Baldwin, of Montpelier. They have a beautiful residence near the State House. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin are true, practical Spiritualists. We shall often think of our delightful visit with these genial friends. As we were taking leave of them, they placed in my hand a handsome present in the form of a "greenback," which was thankfully received.

I lectured at East Montpelier to a skeptical but attentive audience. We found a few earnest investigators, willing to acknowledge the truths given them by their spirit-friends. We were pleasantly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and Mr. and Mrs. King. We would be glad to meet those warm-hearted friends again.

After visiting my relatives in North Montpelier, we passed on to Colchester, Vt., to meet our engagement there. We found many dear friends whom I met two years ago, when Mr. Matthews was with me in the earth-form. I gave a lecture in the Town Hall, and we had pleasant and profitable circles at the homes of Bros. Kimball, Greeley, Sargent, Sinton, Huntington, Father A. Pushee, and Edwin Durr. Truly say we had a spiritual feast with these good friends, father and mother Lane not forgotten. Father Pushee inspired us all with soul-stirring music upon the violin, accompanied by Minnie Durant upon the piano. It was enough to call spirits from brighter spheres to aid in the work, and the old gentleman is inspired by some of the old musicians who have passed to the higher life. His hair has grown white with the frost of time, but still he is young and buoyant in spirit. He spoke cheerfully of the new birth, to which he is fast hastening. Oh, how will he rejoice the home-circles and in the halls of pleasure. Mother Pushee is still hale, and enjoys company. We received good communications from our sister mediums, Mrs. Kimball, and Miss Kendrick. Miss Kendrick is just entering the field as a public speaker. No doubt she will find friends, as she is pleasant and unassuming.

I gave two lectures in Hanover, by request of Mrs. Wetherbee, who is about the only Spiritualist in H. She says "the light must shine there," and I am sure it would, with a few more pioneers like herself. Mr. W. is not a Spiritualist, but treated us like a brother. I learn that Mrs. Kimball has given up her earthly home, and is now in Lebanon, and we received kind tokens from warm friends, which will grow brighter as we journey toward the summer-land.

We called upon Bro. S. Glidden, of Claremont, N. H. I have often visited these good friends in company with Mr. Matthews. A visit to them cheers and strengthens my spirit. I regret we had not time to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, and other friends. They are not forgotten.

I often hear the remark that "Spiritualism is not popular." Then there is a large number of our most intellectual and educated people who are unpopular. A friend of mine once said, "Falsehood is more popular than truth." It may be for a time, but truth will outlive error. So will Spiritualism outlive the creeds of to-day.

I arrived home safely, and am now with my good mother, darling Ella, and sister Barbara, who has just returned from a visit, where she has been administering consolation to those who have recently lost dear friends.

I am obliged to refuse numerous calls to lecture, as my family require my attention for a few weeks.

My Doctor and wife requested me to say "they enjoyed their Northern trip very much, and should hold in grateful remembrance all the friends who entertained them so pleasantly. I hope to hear from you, and meet you all again."

Yours fraternally, S. HELEN MATTHEWS.

East Westmoreland, N. H., March 24, 1865.

### "A Spiritual Temple."

In your Banner of April 1st, 1865, under the head of "Local Cooperation and Organization," I find an article full of the very thoughts of my own brain for the past year, and of course, I am delighted to have them expressed in so public a way. I have told the people of Worcester, that, above any and all people, we Spiritualists should have the most beautiful, comfortable and inviting place in which to congregate for social and religious enjoyment, and have said that there is any amount of material for it at six per cent, with which to erect such a temple; and I would make that temple to excel anything of the kind now in existence; drawing the plans from the teachings of our angel-friends. I would have carpeted floors, of patterns expressive of our future home. I would have seats for comfort; and also be in harmony of form and keeping, and the whole to be canopied with a spacious dome of beautifully stained glass. In such a room we could sit and worship not only God, but the power he has given man to erect such heavenly places for his children to assemble in and enjoy the life on earth.

Worcester is a great, cheerful, and contented host of Spiritualists, but those who are proud (and I know we cannot leave off our pride as long as we hold the earth-body), will not go from a comfortable church into a cold, wooden room, with no carpets, no cushions, no beauty, no comfort, a room only for the exhibition of the "Spiritual Philosophy" by their inadequacy to employ the high-priced mediums of the day to come among them to lecture or attend their circles.

I have learned something of the public sentiment, by associating with that class the past winter. I spent seven weeks pleasantly, and, I trust, profitably, at Upton, where I found many warm friends to the cause, who welcomed me to their homes as one of their family. I attended circles three or four evenings every week, and on Sundays I gave two lectures which were well attended. I held three meetings at George Hill, (so-called), in Grafton, where they gave good attention and manifested a desire for "light, more light." The people of Upton and Grafton are generous, whole-souled Spiritualists, and did all they were able,

Worcester, March 31, 1865. S. L. WALKER.

### The Missionary Spirit.

I fully endorse Brother Fish's sentiments on this subject. It is needed very much to bring the people to the "knowledge of the truth." There are many small towns, even here in New England, that are ignorant of the exhibition of the "Spiritual Philosophy" by their inadequacy to employ the high-priced mediums of the day to come among them to lecture or attend their circles.

I have learned something of the public sentiment, by associating with that class the past winter. I spent seven weeks pleasantly, and, I trust, profitably, at Upton, where I found many warm friends to the cause, who welcomed me to their homes as one of their family. I attended circles three or four evenings every week, and on Sundays I gave two lectures which were well attended. I held three meetings at George Hill, (so-called), in Grafton, where they gave good attention and manifested a desire for "light, more light." The people of Upton and Grafton are generous, whole-souled Spiritualists, and did all they were able,

Worcester, March 31, 1865. S. L. WALKER.

by contributions, to compensate for the time thus devoted to their interests. This would hardly suffice for those who have families to support. Why, then, would it not be proper, and even a duty, for those Spiritualists who are able, to contribute to a fund, for the purpose of sustaining those who go out and give their time and talents to promulgate these eternal truths? The so-called Evangelists have their Home and Foreign Missionary Societies, and why should not the Spiritualists? Certainly it would not require much time nor labor; for, wherever the light dawns upon investigating minds, mediums are quickly developed, in their own midst, to carry on the well-begun work. All over our land the cry is: "The harvest of that is ripe, but the laborers are few," notwithstanding that there are already developed enough mediums to carry the tidings of this great joy to every hamlet and house in the United States. We need a little more of the missionary spirit, and the means to carry it out.

Then, indeed, would the inhabitants of the earth rejoice, and the walls of sectarianism would quickly crumble to the ground, the foundation being washed away with the brotherly love and the sweet intercourse with the beatified hosts that walk the earth unseen. I am willing, for one, to labor even as I have done the past winter, without a hope of reward; yet I cannot equitably do so unless my expenses are paid. I doubt not there are many with like sentiments, who lack the means to go forth and endeavor to dispel spiritual darkness from the earth's sphere.

Exeter, N. H., April, 1865. Miss E. J. PIERCE.

### Colonel John W. Crosby.

When the echoing notes of the rebel guns rebounded from the walls of Fort Sumter, and produced the wonderful spectacle of a general uprisings of a free and powerful people, with a firm determination to rush to the defense of their Government, the brave man whose name lends this article was among the first to enroll his name in response to the call of the President. He joined the Twenty-first Regiment P. V. (Colonel Darke's) Second Lieutenant. This regiment was the first in the field from this city. After three months service he reenlisted in the same regiment, then under Colonel (late General) Birney, and went as Captain. Having served eight months, five of the companies, his among them, were transferred to the Sixty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was promoted to the position of Major, and served on the 5th of May, 1863, at the second battle of Chancellorsville, in the hip, and again, on the 3d of May, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness. He came into the hospital at Belle Plain, under the care of the writer. He had a serious scalp wound, and was directed by the surgeon, against his wishes, to leave his regiment and go into the hospital. A ball had grazed the top of his head, and carried away the scalp nearly three inches in length and about an inch in width. He came to Philadelphia, and remained until the first of July, when as his wound was not healed, he returned to the hospital in Washington, on the memorable occasion when the rebels made an attack upon that city. The Sixth Corps, to which he belonged, having been brought up from City Point, he obtained a furlough for forty-eight hours, and, being the senior officer, took command of the regiment. They met the enemy at Fort Stevens, on Seventh street, and, after a short but severe engagement, drove them off. In this battle the Major had his left arm shattered, and in less than three hours after leaving the hospital he returned to have it amputated, with the glorious satisfaction of having driven the enemy from and saved the Capital. In a few weeks he returned to Philadelphia; but his arm was very slow in healing. During this period, as a reward of merit, he was promoted to the position of Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army. On the 20th of March he left this city to join his regiment in front of Richmond; and, in the battle of Sunday, April 2d, he fell mortally wounded.

Colonel Crosby has been for many years a Spiritualist, and in conversation with the writer has spoken of his feelings on going into an engagement. He said he was fully aware of the presence of his spirit-friends on these occasions, so much so that he lost all consciousness of fear, and the whizzing of musket-balls produced no more trepidation in him than the falling rain.

His first thought was for his country. "That," said he, "is worth more than the lives of a generation of men." He was a true soldier and a noble man, and the beautiful lines of Fitz Green Halleck will apply to him as he called upon his men to—

"Strike! all the land armed for exploit;  
Strike! for your altar and your country's shrine;  
Strike! for the green graves of your sires—  
God, and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;  
They died that ground with rebel slain;  
They conquered—but our heroic  
Beheading—our victory—  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when death his proud herald  
And the red blood was his last word  
Then saw in death his eyelids close,  
Calmy as in a night's repose.  
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!  
Come to the mother's, when she feels  
For the first time her first-born's breath;  
Come, when the bleeding man  
That close the pestilence are broke,  
And crowded cities wait for stroke;  
Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;  
Come, when the heart beats high and warm,  
With languor, and dunes, and whir,  
And thou art terrible—the terror,  
The grim, the knell, the pall, the fear,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear,  
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword  
Has won the battle for the free,  
His voice sounds like a prophet's word;  
And, in its hollow tones, are heard  
The thrills of millions yet to be."

Philadelphia, Pa., April, 1865.

H. T. C.

### N. B. Starr, Spirit Artist.

Again I must claim your indulgence for a brief space in the Banner. I am in receipt of letters from all parts of the country making inquiries in relation to the painting of spirit portraits. To many of these letters I cannot reply for want of time. I hope that this communication will be taken as an answer to all those persons who do not get a reply from me personally. I would say to all those who want spirit pictures, that there exists a great misapprehension in regard to the nature of a spirit likeness. It is this: when a spirit passes from the earth-sphere, it is only for a brief space that it retains its earth form. It very soon drops that, and assumes a likeness and form that is the exponent of its moral and affectional condition, and as such appears to its associates in spirit-land. This law does not at all interfere with the fact that, under certain conditions, they can resume their earth-form, and appear to us for the purpose of recognition.

Another fact is this: that the development of the moral and affectional nature does not always destroy the earth likeness, but modifies and alters it to a greater or lesser extent, according to the correspondence that existed between the moral and physical nature while in earth-life. To illustrate: If I were to portray the spirit likeness of a very good and amiable spirit, who while in earth, had a very homely face and form, the spirit likeness would be so beautiful that its earth-friends would not recognize it.

I can nearly always portray the likenesses of little children, because their physical and moral natures are always beautiful, and in harmony with each other.

I will also undertake, if any person will send me their photograph, to paint a picture from it that shall be the exponent of their moral and affectional nature. In other words, I will paint a portrait exhibiting their idiosyncrasies of character. It must not be inferred from this that I am acquainted with or cognizant of the misdoings of men and women. It is only the tendencies of such that I see. I very frequently come in contact with persons who are very amiable, who are nevertheless sorely tempted to do wrong. I see in these cases both the temptation and the power of resistance.

With regard to painting a recognizable likeness, I make no guarantee. I will run no risk. I will do the best I can under the inspiration of an influence that has never as yet failed to do all I agreed to. All those who see fit to order pictures will send a painting that, as a work of art, will probably be worth all they may pay for it. Further than this, I promise nothing. The paintings, life-size, and enclosed in a fine gilt frame costing about twenty dollars, will cost not less than sixty-five nor more than one hundred dollars. Ourselves will advance the painting, and the remainder will be in cash, and before it is sent.

Persons enclosing one dollar to me will receive two photographs, taken from beautiful spirit paintings that have been recognized. N. B. STARR.

Cincinnati, O., April 6th, 1865.



**From Lime Springs, Iowa.**

### Colorado Territory

## A Suggestion

Will not some of our rapping mediums suggest

### Dr. H. P. Fairfield in the West.

**Mrs. M. H. Fuller.**

*April 10th, 1865.*                      WARREN CHASE.

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**Tokens of Respect for the late Presi-**

### Tokens of Respect for the late President Lincoln.

Whereas, It has pleased our all-merciful Father to remove from our midst His Excellency Abraham Lincoln, President of these United States of America, by death, at a moment when the whole Nation rejoiced in the promised peace of our dis-

*Resolved*, That we, the congregation "Ohabel Shalom" of the city of Boston deeply deplore this sad event, and we humbly bow to our Heavenly Father, praying that this last, this "greatest sacrifice" of all, will suffice "the Monster Moloch," and that the Lord our God will be pleased to sanctify the death of our Chief Magistrate, to the end that no more victims shall be required to end this unholy war.

**Resolved.** That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family of the late most worthy Chief Magistrate, and that none of words of ours can convey the deep shock [the thrill of horror]!! the unspeakable agony!! with which the sad tidings were received by our community. But we hope that *He* who tempers the winds to the shorn lamb, *He* who was from the "beginning" the *Protector* of the "Widow and Orphan," will *also* vouchsafe to be the *Protector* of the family of the lamented

**Resolved**, That on the day of the funeral of the lamented dead, a funeral sermon shall be preached in the Synagogue, and that we (the members of this congregation) unanimously resolve to close our places of business on that day for the purpose of keeping it as a day of mourning;

**Resolved**, That a copy of the above Resolutions be forwarded to the widow of our lamented President, as also to the family of the Secretary of State; that they be sealed with the Government Seal, and signed by the President, Vice President, and Secretary of State.

Read of the Congregation, and signed by the President, and Secretary.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1865.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET  
ROOM No. 3, UP STAIRS.

**WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,**  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

**For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.**

LUTHER COLBY, . . . . EDITOR.

[illegible]

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

## The National Tragedy

"Long ago, by thoughtful men and careful observers of the signs of the times, it has been clearly as sunlight that the fate of this nation was taken out of the hands of men, and carried along irresistibly by the arm of the Almighty. The utmost wisdom of man has through the whole of this revolution been shown to be as the wisdom of a child. The strongest and most capable leaders on both sides have availed nothing. Their words of warning, and of counsel have been of no avail, and altogether unheeded in the gigantic march of irresistible events. They have been driven along like helpless waifs on the ocean billows, and their struggles to help themselves have been as vain as those of infancy."

historic page by the side of that of the pure and good

**The Funeral Solemnities in Wash.**

## The Funeral Solemnities in Washington

One of the first public acts of President Johnson will be to issue a proclamation appointing a day of national mourning for President Lincoln. The 25th of May or the 1st of June will probably be the day selected.

## The Attempted Assassination of Secretary Seward.

eleven o'clock next morning, when he was removed to the Douglas Hospital. Every attention is being paid to this brave man by the attendants of this institution, and his condition is very favorable.

Doctor Verdi, on the evening of the 20th, gave

Doctor Verdi, on the evening of the 20th, gave his opinion, that Secretary Seward was out-

and seal us in one common brotherhood, one trust in God.

We feel that we can almost grasp his palm.  
We know that he is not far away, but watching  
on the tower to herald the dangers of our night.

Roxbury, Mass., April 19, 1865. H. A. A.

## The End of Rebellion.

44 WITH A.A. 8-11-57

theed not to do their duty solely, as Spiritualists heed not the opinions of the world, nor the shortcomings of those who profess, but do not practice?

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### The Western Sanitary Fair.

The Spiritualists throughout the country are moving earnestly in their efforts to be represented

## The Western Sanitary Fair

late for insertion in our last issue. We notice that Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, of Fond du Lac, Wis., a gifted inspirational speaker, was among those who were expected to be present.

## The Answer

The notice of the Spiritual Convention at Mankato, Minn., on the 21st and 22d inst., came too late for insertion in our last issue. We notice that Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, of Fond du Lac, Wis., a gifted inspirational speaker, was among those

who were expected to be present.



### Lyceum Hall Meetings.

Miss Lizzie Doten was able to resume her course of lectures on Sunday, April 16th, speaking in the afternoon upon the subject of "Character," under an inspiration from the invisible world. In the invocation previous to the address, earnest and touching allusions were made to the great calamity which had befallen the nation by the untimely removal of its wise and good Chief Magistrate by the hand of violence.

"Conjugal Relations in Spirit-Life," was a fitting theme upon which the spirits might well be considered competent to enlighten mortals, and no doubt many received much light and instruction in regard to this interesting subject. Certainly some entirely new ideas were advanced, which started, as well as amused, the audience. The lecture was listened to with the closest attention, not only on account of the absorbing interest felt in the subject, but from the apparent soundness of the theories advanced, and the ability with which they were maintained.

At the close of the lecture, an original poem was given, under spirit-influence, entitled "Womanhood." It was a bold and outspoken vindication of the proper position of the sex.

Miss Doten closes her lectures here next Sunday, after which she goes to New York City, and speaks in Ebbitt Hall during May.

Miss Emma Hardinge speaks in Lyceum Hall, in this city, each Sunday during May, her first appearance here in the lecture room for three years. She will meet with a cordial reception.

### Prof. J. G. Stearns, the Psychologist.

We learn from the Professor that he is on his way to New York, and thence to Boston, his native city. He says he "has been battling against error, superstition and ignorance for the last twelve years in the West; been mobbed and imprisoned; but the good angels have ever watched over him, and now he rejoices to see the walls of ignorance crumbling before the mighty power of truth and wisdom."

He has recently lectured in Meadville, Pa., and the paper there speaks of one feature of the entertainment as follows: "But the most exciting scene was the representation of Zouaves fighting and dying on the battle field; Zouaves that never saw a Zouave were made to go through the firing, like veterans, with stokes for guns, until, finally, one by one, they fell wounded. One little fellow, seemingly out of ammunition, pulled off his jacket and clubbed his musket, (a walking cane), slaying all around him, until finally he fell on top of some of his victims. The audience heard their dying groans; and veteran soldiers of the army of the Potomac came on the stage at the request of Prof. Stearns, and examined them; and in their report to the audience they said they never saw anything more natural on the field of battle."

### The Allen Boy in Bangor.

The Bangor Whig and Courier of the 14th inst. says, "The Allen Boy, through whom 'spiritual manifestations' were given in Portland, recently, is now here, and seances are given every night in Pioneer Chapel. We attended one on Tuesday evening, at which similar manifestations to those at Portland were given, and we are free to say that we could see no possibility of imposture on the part of the boy, or of collusion with any other person. Instruments were played upon, and the 'spirit hand' (so-called) exhibited, and shaken by various persons in the audience, in a most unaccountable manner. We advise the curious to go and see for themselves. At a subsequent private sitting, at which we were present, similar manifestations occurred, while the medium's hands were uncovered and distinctly seen by the persons present. These manifestations took place in a small room, the instruments being placed behind the two chairs in which sat the boy and the gentleman appointed to sit beside him. The spectators were sitting only six or eight feet in front."

### The Capture of Mobile.

Mobile has been captured by the united efforts of our army and navy, after a severe struggle. Secretary Stanton has promulgated official dispatches from Gen. Canby announcing the capture of Spanish Fort and Fort Blakely. With Spanish Fort were captured twenty-five officers and five hundred and thirty-eight men, with five mortars and twenty-five guns. The majority of the garrison escaped by water. The capture took place on the night of April 8. The next day Fort Blakely was captured by assault, with twenty-four hundred prisoners and twenty guns. Unofficial dispatches received at New Orleans say that the old flag was hoisted on a church steeple in Mobile at 2:30 p. m., on the 12th, and that Gen. Granger's forces occupied the city. The rebels began to evacuate on the 10th, and on the 12th had all left.

### Reducing Expenses.

Every one is gratified to find that there is a prospect of stopping the gigantic expense to which we have been put by the war. The Secretary of War has given public notice that there is no longer any need of conscripting men, and has ordered enlistments to stop everywhere. A great many regiments will be disbanded and come home in the course of a few months, whose places it is not thought it will be necessary to fill. The navy will not require any additional expenditure, either, but the national vessels will at once be released from blockade duty, and many of them sent to foreign waters. We shall all be glad to know that there is a prospect of keeping the public debt about where it is, and checking any very great increase of local taxes.

### The New President.

The press, and people come forward without hesitation to sustain President Johnson in the arduous duties to which he has been suddenly called. It is a welcome proof of the unanimity of sentiment with which the nation rallies to the defense of its institutions, whether its constituted agents live or die. This nation will live and be vigorous long after every man who now comes to the prompt support of its Government has passed from the stage of existence. The general opinion is that the successor of President Lincoln will prove a firm and uncompromising enemy to treason and traitors, but will offer conciliation and forgiveness to the deluded masses who have taken up arms against their country.

### Meetings at Templar Hall.

Mrs. M. A. Ricker, a trance speaker long and favorably known in this city and State, for her earnest zeal and labors in the spiritual ranks in imparting to others the light and truth she possesses, holds regular meetings every Sunday, forenoon and afternoon, in Templar Hall, corner of Province and Bromfield streets, which are well attended. They are free to the public.

### Dr. J. R. Newton.

Who is now healing in the West, will leave Dayton, Ohio, on the 30th inst., and open an office in Springfield, Ill., May 5th, where he will remain till the 20th.

### Army News.

The latest reliable news from Gen. Sherman, up to the time of putting our paper to press, state that he was in rapid pursuit of Johnston, who was retreating, and that Raleigh, N. C., was occupied by our forces with but slight opposition. Gov. Vance was captured by our cavalry, between Hillsboro' and Raleigh, on the 13th. The report states that Vance had been sent to Sherman by Gen. Johnston, who was at Hillsboro', with instructions to surrender the State of North Carolina to Gen. Sherman; but these instructions were afterward withdrawn, and Vance was returning to Johnston without having seen Sherman, when he was captured. He is now prisoner of war, not having carried out his mission. The same report also states that Jeff Davis and family had joined Johnston at Hillsboro', which is about thirty miles west of Raleigh.

Gen. Thomas's cavalry has defeated Gen. Forrest and captured Columbus, Ga.

Gen. Stoneman had made a successful march from Tennessee into North Carolina, capturing Salisbury, and large quantities of stores, and many prisoners.

### Elder Grant Challenged to a Discussion with Rev. Moses Hall.

Elder Grant is lately getting more rabid than ever against Spiritualism. We can't positively say that his bad condition has been induced by his not finding those "some twenty Lynn Spiritualists" that didn't "recant"; but certain it is, he has "demon on the brain." Here is a nut for him to crack. The following we copy from Rev. Mr. Hull's paper, The Progressive Age, of April 15th:

"We now throw out a challenge. Elder Grant may accept it and appoint the place, giving us due notice. We propose to debate the following question: Resolved, That the morality taught and lived by a majority of the Spiritualists of America is ahead of that practiced by any other people, those under the immediate teachings of Prophets, Jesus and his twelve Apostles, not excepted."

### The News in Europe.

They must think in Europe, as soon as they shall receive the tidings of our victory at Richmond, the surrender of Lee, and the sad death of the President, that as a people we have for four years past been pretty thoroughly disciplined by the events which have crowded themselves upon us. If we can go through these great extremes of feeling, surely we can go through almost anything that comes to our hand. Though we suffer from insurrection, or are deprived of our beloved President by the hand of a conspiring assassin, still we stand as a nation, with our character not in any way weakened, but rather strengthened by the ordeal of so dreadful a discipline.

### Stability of the American Idea.

A mighty truth is embodied in the following brief but significant note from Secretary McCulloch, written to a friend in New York, the day after the assassination of President Lincoln:

My DEAR SIR—You will perceive that the new administration is inaugurated, and the wheels of government are not stopped for a moment. My hope is, and my belief is, that this great national calamity will teach to the world a lesson which will be of the most beneficial character to our republic form of government—that it will show that the assassination of our Chief Magistrate does not affect in the slightest degree the permanence of our institutions, or the regular administration of the laws; that an event which would have shaken any other country to the centre, does not even stagger for a moment a government like ours. Very truly yours, H. McCULLOCH.

### Death of Mr. Cobden.

Richard Cobden, the distinguished English Reformer, died on the 2d of April. He and his friend John Bright, both members of Parliament, have ever warmly espoused the cause of our Government against the rebellion. Among the two thousand persons who attended his funeral, there was only one peer. Mr. Adams, the American Minister to England, was present; also Mr. Gladstone and other prominent members of the House of Commons. Outside of Mr. Cobden's family, no one seemed to be so moved by the sad rites as the life-long friend and confidant, Mr. Bright. At the solemn words in the service, "Ashes to ashes—dust to dust," he burst into a paroxysm of grief, crying bitterly.

### Visitors to the Convention.

Many persons living out of Boston are desirous of attending the Convention of Spiritualists to be held in this city during the Anniversary week in May, and wish to find places where they can board during that time. In order to assist such, we request friends who can accommodate them, in the city or in the suburbs, to leave their name and number at this office. We hope our friends will be as accommodating in the matter as possible.

### An Old Lecturer again in the Field.

The many friends of Mrs. Mary Macomber Wood (formerly Mrs. Macomber), who listened to the eloquence and inspiration from her lips when she was a resident of Connecticut, will be glad to learn she is about ready to take the field again as a speaker. She intends to start the first of June, and answer calls. Address, 1505 Ellsworth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

### The Lady's Friend.

The May number of this favorite periodical opens with a beautiful engraving called "The Cup of Cold Water," an illustration of a poem by Thomas Hood, which conveys the profound moral lesson that often in the doing of very little and simple things is to be found "the accepted sacrifice." The Fashion Plates, as usual, double, and remarkably well engraved. The other contents of this number are in keeping with its usual excellence.

### Conway on Spiritualism.

The London Spiritual Magazine for April says, "A course of four lectures has just been delivered on Sunday mornings, by the Rev. M. D. Conway, at South-place Chapel, Finsbury. On the whole the subject was fairly and temperately discussed, and with singular freedom from pulpit conventionalities. A review of these lectures is announced for delivery at the Spiritual Lyceum."

### Worcester.

There is a lively degree of interest manifested in Worcester, in regard to Spiritualism. The large hall where Spiritualists hold their meetings is crowded to its utmost capacity each Sunday, to hear the Spiritual addresses. Mrs. Laura Cuppy, who has been lecturing before the Society during this month, closes her present engagement there next Sunday.

### J. M. Allen, the Lecturer.

Mr. Allen made us a call last week, on his return from a few weeks' tour in Maine. He is ready to answer calls for lectures, either on Sundays or week evenings. He spoke in Newton last Sunday, and is to speak there again next Sunday. He can be addressed at this office.

### Bela Marsh's Spiritual and Reform Library.

Our readers will bear in mind that our friend, BELA MARSH, has established a fine Library of Spiritual and Reform Books at his store, No. 14 Bromfield street, of the privileges of which they can avail themselves, paying for the use of each volume the small amount of two cents a day. It is Mr. Marsh's intention to comprise in his collection every work of the class we have designated. Additions of new books will be made as soon as published. The great demand now existing for this class of reading, and the constantly increasing interest in the subjects upon which it treats, combine to render it a great public desideratum, and one which will be duly appreciated. We commend the enterprise to the special attention and patronage of our readers.

### In the Field Again.

Geo. A. Peirce will speak in Maine the coming season, upon subjects pertaining to Christian Spiritualism, if desired so to do, at accessible places, and at reasonable distances from his home. Will also attend funerals. In all cases a reasonable compensation will be expected. Address, Auburn, Maine, Box 87.

### To the Sick.

Dr. Jehiel W. Stewart, practical physician for the cure of chronic and acute diseases, will be in Elmira, N. Y., from the 2d to the 8th of May, at No. 74 Gray street.

### ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

After our paper was ready for press we received from Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, a full account of the proceedings of the Spiritualists there, who met in Sanson Street Hall on the 19th, to solemnize the occasion of the funeral of the President. Addresses were made by Dr. J. L. Pierce, Dr. H. T. Child, Mrs. Wilhelm, M. D., S. J. Finney, Mr. Rehn, and Jacob L. Paxton. The report will appear in our next.

Read the Prospectus of THE AGE, a monthly periodical, devoted to philosophic movements, and social and cooperative science, which may be found in our advertising columns. We hail with joy the advent of all such publications, and trust the publisher will receive a full share of public patronage.

THE NATURE-PATHIC CURE.—Dr. U. Clark's Health Institute is daily attracting numerous patients, a list of whose names is kept for reference to those who need assurance of the genuineness of his remarkable cures. The poor are treated free on Tuesday and Friday forenoons. A crutch of one of the Doctor's cured patients was lately left at our office.

The train which bore the remains of President Lincoln to Illinois, and the accompanying party, consisted of nine cars. The remains of little Willie Lincoln were sent home by the same train which carried the body of his father.

The Secretary of War offers a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for the capture of the villains engaged in the assassination of the President.

A terrible accident occurred at the Charleston Navy Yard April 20th. By the bursting of a shell, from which a workman was drawing the fuse, four persons lost their lives, and several were badly wounded.

In this city there are one hundred and four churches and halls open on the Sabbath for religious worship, with an average attendance of sixty-eight thousand four hundred and seventy. The population of the city is rising one hundred and seventy-five thousand.

Senator L. S. Foster, the new Vice President, was born in Franklin, New London Co., Conn., November 22d, 1806, and is a direct descendant of Miles Standish. He has been a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, Speaker of the House, Mayor of the city of Norwich, and United States Senator, to which position he was elected in 1855, and re-elected in 1860.

A military guard has been placed around the residence of Senator Sumner at Washington.

Men of genius make the best husbands. A fool has too much opinion of his own dear self and too little of women to be easily governed.

Mary H. C. Booth, a poetess of some fame, who has spent considerable time in Switzerland, died at New York on Tuesday morning. Mrs. Booth's mother lives in Hartford.

"Why do you set your cup of coffee on the chair, Mr. Jones?" said a worthy landlady one morning at breakfast. "It is so very weak, ma'am," said Jones, "I thought I would let it rest."

Sneaking boots can be cured by saturating their soles in boiled linseed oil—put on hot.

The generality of men more easily forgive a rival than a faithless woman—unlike women, who always hate the female rival more than the faithless lover.

"THE BANNER OF LIGHT" is an excellent literary weekly paper, of the largest quarto size, published in Boston by William White & Co. It contains original Novels, by the best writers, and translations from the French and German. A very good original story is now being published in its columns, written by Henry T. Child, M. D., of Philadelphia. There is also a Children's Department, filled with original stories, poetry, etc., suitable for children's reading. This department is conducted by Mrs. Love M. Willis, one of the most gifted writers in the country. The "Banner" is principally devoted to the cause of Spiritualism, though there is a large amount of other reading interesting to those who are not professed Spiritualists.—The Old Colony Sentinel.

The smaller the calibre of the mind, the greater the bore of a perpetually open mouth.

All new dices made at the U. S. Mint for coinage money are to bear as a national motto, "In God we Trust," in accordance with the special act of the last Congress.

One of our eminent oculists has just performed a successful operation on a gentleman who had a lady in his eye.

Why are good resolutions like fainting women? Because they want carrying out.

In the Paris Archives of Justice there are three hundred thousand full and accurate reports of cases of suicide, every one of which contains all letters or scraps of writing left by the murderer which relate to his crime.

There is a peculiarly forcible kind of whiskey lately come in vogue in London, branded "J. L." and when a cockney says "Come and have a dram of double hell," he undoubtedly gives the right title to it.

The slanders, unfortunately, is like the wasp and not the honey-bee. He does not generally lose his sting with the first use of it.

England's debt is \$4,000,000,000, and the annual interest amounts to \$131,000,000.

Not long since a married couple in Farmington, Van Buren County, Iowa, early one morning, found a cow and a calf in their lot; the cow had a collar on a note attached, requesting that she should be taken care of till called for. Some nights afterwards, a basket was found at their door containing an infant about a week old, and a note, saying that the baby was the owner of the cow.

The regents of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington have decided to rebuild those portions of the building destroyed by fire, and to make them fire proof, at a cost of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, which will be paid from the surplus fund of the institution.

One gentle lesson still remains, It comes with every year anew: These flowers have waited for the Spring, And I must wait in patience, too!

Once, in a conversation upon dynamics, the late George Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, having been asked, "What do you consider the most powerful force in nature?" "I will soon answer that question," he replied. "It is the eye of a woman to the man who loves her; for if a woman looks with affection on a man, should he go to the utmost ends of the earth, the recollection of that look will bring him back."

There are now two hundred and sixty-four post towns in Great Britain which send a mail to London; fifteen towns which send four mails to London; seventy-three towns which send three day mails; and six which send five day mails.—Ez.

Mrs. Partington was heard to exclaim, on reading the above paragraph, "La, me, what in the world will become of the females, if all the males keep going to London every day?"

More of the misery of mankind arises from the want of forbearance in trifles than from real misfortunes. The small discomforts which arise from the humors of others wear and distress, whereas the mind rises up to support itself against a great or real trouble. Thus let each do his part in speaking words of comfort, which will soothe and drop like balm into the wounded spirit.

ANGELS DON'T SMOKE.—A preacher not long since asking to stay all night at a country house, was forbidden by a lady. Knowing her to be a member of the Church, and generally pleased to entertain visitors, he began to quote Paul to her, hoping that she would understand by this that he was a preacher. He hardly got out, "for thereby some have entertained angels unwares," when she said, "I know, sir; but angels would not come with tobacco in their mouths." The preacher left without further ceremony.

An aristocratic amateur performance was given in London recently, "on behalf of a baronet and family, reduced to great poverty."

### Spiritualists' Convention.

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

H. F. GARDNER, M. D.

Boston, March 24, 1884.

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

Persons enclosing five three-cent stamps, \$2.00 sealed letter, will receive a prompt reply. Address, Box 3577, Chicago, Ill. Residence, 469 West Lake street.

### James V. Mansfield.

Test Medium, Answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

### Bread for the Suffering Poor.

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

TRAVELERS should always be supplied with Dr. T. B. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, as they meet with so many changes of water. One swallow of the Cider will counteract the bad effects of a change of water; being concentrated, one bottle will be sufficient for a trip. A swallow for car or boat sickness.

For sale by M. S. BURN & CO., 26 Tremont street, Boston, and druggists generally.

B. T. BABBITT, SOLE AGENT.

54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742,



## Message Department.

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

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

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

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

### The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 159 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.

From the sacred altar of human life we do offer our petitions unto thee, Oh Power that was, and is, and ever shall be. We need not ask thee to give us this day our daily bread, for the bread of Eternal Life is our everlasting inheritance. We need not ask thee to deliver us from evil, for through thine own immutable law thou art delivering us. We need not ask thee to bless us, for through thine everlasting mercy thou art perpetually blessing us. We need not ask thee to watch over and defend us, for we know thy children are never forgotten by thee. If the smallest atom floating in the sunbeam is remembered by thee, need we fear that the human soul will be forgotten by thee? We know thou wilt care for us; we know thou wilt lead us into paths of wisdom. It may be that we shall be chastened for a time; the great waves of affliction may roll over our souls; yet thou art our loving parent all the same; thou art the everlasting law by which we are surrounded and sustained. We sink into the lowest hells of earth, and though darkness, misery and all its inheritance are our attendants, yet the sunlight of thy face is never entirely withdrawn from us. There is no day in which the sun does not shine, no night in which we cannot see some stars. Oh Spirit of Eternal Love, we would ask that these mortal children be more conscious of thine own Divine Presence within themselves. Oh, let them know that within their inner lives is thy kingdom, thy throne, thy dwelling place. Thy children need not look for thee in outer life, for thou art within them. Therefore they are never without thee. They are never alone, never forsaken. Though thy oftentimes seem to be, yet thou art with them. Though shadows innumerable close around them, thou art in the shadow as in the sunbeam; thy love is an inheritance to all thy children. Even the murderer, the outcast of human life, thy too, are remembered in thy great mercy. Though remorse writes in deep furrows upon their soul-life, still thou art their parent. We know we are thy children, and therefore entitled to thy inheritance. Oh Father, Spirit, we commend unto thee all the thoughts and petitions of these thy children. We know thou wilt care for them. We know thou wilt answer them. We know thou wilt bless them in Time and Eternity.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider the inquiries of correspondents, or questions from the audience.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent from Palmer, writes:

Q.—"I desire more light upon the subject of magnetism. Is there any way to counteract the control of a mesmerizer over his subject?"

ANS.—Is there any way to counteract the control of a mesmerizer over his subject? Why, certainly there is, by the introduction simply of a superior power more positive than that of the magnetizer or mesmerizer is exerting over the subject.

CHAIRMAN.—The person desiring the following extract read, wishes the intelligence controlling to enlighten him upon this matter: Whether the spirit is correct in his opinion in regard to infants, or do they attain the stature or spirit-form they would naturally have had, had they lived to maturity in an earth-body?

"The spirit of man attains its form and stature in the body, and his spiritual body, or form, is a perfect type of the physical body. You will be able to discern your friends and acquaintances here readily and easily. When the infant dies, its little spirit is transported hither, and ushered into the presence of its friends, who attend upon it with affectionate care and aid, and assist in the development of its intellectual and moral powers, though in stature, form and size, it will ever be an infant. This infantile spiritual condition arises from this fact: That at birth one has not the same amount of spiritual essence as at middle or mature age; for, as the physical powers are enlarged, developed by age, culture, food, etc., so are the spiritual; as the physical powers extract nourishment and increase from food, so do the spiritual. This, to many, may seem strange; but remember, that all matter has its due proportion of spiritual essence, which essentially exists, and increases the size, power and vigor of both the spirit of higher and lower order of animals. The spiritual part of food is taken up by the spirit of the one using it, and forms part and parcel of that immortal power that survives physical dissolution, and falls not beneath the dire strokes of Time. Infants, though ever infants in stature, may yet progress intellectually; they may unfold, develop the powers given them, but can never attain remarkable intellectual power. As the infant in form, stature, features, etc., never remains an infant, so does every other spirit assume and hold forever, form, features, stature, etc., which are a perfect type of the physical body."—Philosophy of Creation.

A.—The spirit who has endeavored to enlighten humanity in regard to a matter upon which all desire light, is evidently moving in a very prescribed circle, a very small one, seeing and understanding through certain peculiarities that belong to himself, and himself alone. Now the spirit, so far as his manifestation is concerned, is dependent upon form; but so far as its life is concerned, it is not dependent upon form. It is an all-powerful, independent, indestructible essence—a part and portion of Infinite God. Your spiritual correspondents say that the infant remains forever the infant in spirit-life. Now we certainly cannot agree with him. Although it may take whole cycles for the infant form to perfect itself, yet so sure as law rules, so sure that form will be perfected. Law is law, and perfection is one of the attributes of law, as we understand perfection.

Q.—[From the audience.] What does recognition of spirit consist in, in its form or principles?

A.—The power of recognition consists in the power of attraction more than in form.

Q.—Has little to do with form, I suppose.

A.—The great element of love finds countless channels through which to manifest itself and each and all are well adapted to it. Do not suppose that these human physical forms are the highest that ever recognize. To be sure they are the highest of which you can conceive now, you being on the physical plane. But so sure as progression is the order of life everywhere, so sure

there are higher forms through which intellect manifests itself.

Q.—Do deformed bodies in earth-life, have deformed bodies in spirit-life?

A.—No, never. They can and do take on the semblance of deformity, that by that they may be recognized by spirit-mediums, or clairvoyants.

Q.—What is the most perfect form you have ever seen in the spirit-world?

A.—There is nothing on earth with which to compare that form; and as you can understand spiritual objects only by comparison, you will easily perceive that you could not understand us were we to attempt to describe that form to your human senses.

Q.—I will try to understand.

A.—Pardon us if we decline. It would be time uselessly occupied.

Q.—How can it be a question with spirits as to whether the infant spirit attains the full stature of man or womanhood?

A.—Well, how happens it that it is a question with you mortals, with regard to the solidity of the earth? Some say that the earth is solid and that it is round, while others contend that it is not. Some say there is nothing solid, and present substantial proofs that their theory is correct. Others declare that two thirds of the universe is solid, and the other third is fluid. We account for them simply in this way: That all souls, spirits or human bodies are aggregated differently; all see and understand differently upon all subjects.

Q.—There is no difference of opinion in this world in regard to the growth of the infant spirit in the spirit-world.

A.—It is very possible that the intelligence communicating with regard to the article in question, firmly believed that the infant spirit did not grow in stature in the spirit-world. We have said that it did grow, did attain the perfect structure of man or womanhood in the spirit-world; but perhaps we ourselves are at fault in this matter. Therefore it were well for you to weigh and measure all by your own reasoning powers that come to you from the spirit-world, accepting only so much as seems to be truth to your mind.

Q.—Do you teach that man is a part of God?

A.—We certainly do.

Q.—Are there any idiots that have not immortal souls?

A.—As individualities, as distinct personal identities, they have not immortal souls, those who are in the spirit-world.

Q.—What kind of souls do they possess?

A.—Souls peculiar to themselves.

Q.—If man is a part of God, is not God divided?

A.—We do not so understand it. The hand is divided from the body, and yet it is a member of it.

Q.—How is it with regard to prayer?

A.—Prayer is simply an uprising of the faculties of the soul into a higher atmosphere, a more spiritual condition. You might as well pray to a planet, a flower, as an outside, separate intelligence. We only desire to produce a better condition of mind by prayer.

Q.—Is not the creature distinct from the Creator?

A.—No; the creature and the Creator are one and inseparable, and you cannot prove to the contrary.

Q.—Where, then, would be our faith?

A.—Faith is but a substance," so said St Paul; and we believe he never spoke a greater truth than he said it was nothing more than a substance. Now, then, it is but the wardrobe of the living spirit. And we believe that spirit to be hope, truth. He who leans upon faith, leans upon a material foundation that, sooner or later, will cease to support him.

Q.—Without faith it is impossible to please God.

A.—Do you so understand it? We certainly do not.

Q.—Will you mention some of the chief obstructions to spiritual progress on the earth?

A.—One is that selfishness that is born of human life, and belongs particularly to human life. Another is an outgrowth of your human surroundings that binds you to public opinion, tells you that you must choose by public opinion. Faith may be said to be one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of spiritual progress. Faith has been the rock on which many a soul has been wrecked, so far as human life is concerned. How many poor souls have pinned their faith to some religious creed, only to awake in spirit-life to find it had failed them; it was but a faith, a substance, a something that had left them on the other side of life. Why not substitute knowledge? Why not enter into the divine area of wisdom for truth? Why select your priests, that they may tell you of God's law, when the great God has endowed you all with priests of your own, who stand ready to show you the truth? Listen to the priest within you, for he will never mislead you, but ever point you into the straight and narrow way. No one was ever known to be misdirected by him.

Q.—What is the remedy by which we may progress spiritually here?

A.—St. Paul says that he would recommend that all seek for the best gifts, and we would add, that an earnest seeker never seeks in vain.

Q.—Does not the word God imply a great Central Power, governing the universe?

SPIRIT.—And has it not always had that central power?

Q.—Is not individual power more mighty than power in a mass?

S.—Are you sure that all this great individual power is not a universal power?

Q.—Scattered?

S.—So it may appear to human minds, but divine wisdom says that it is indissolubly united.

Q.—Can there be power without an agent?

A.—Yes; but it cannot be manifested.

Q.—So I claim that the Supreme Power will sometime reveal himself to us.

A.—It is our opinion that you, to-day, see all of God that you will ever see. As much of the Divine as you ever will see, you see this moment. Inasmuch as you are finite, you cannot expect to understand that which is infinite.

Q.—Spiritualism teaches me to believe in God.

S.—Spiritualism teaches you to believe in a Supreme Intelligence, overruling all things. You may call that intelligence Lord, God or Jehovah, may give it ten times ten thousand names, but it is a principle you cannot fathom, all the same.

Q.—Will the spirit ever reach perfection of soul?

A.—Perfection, when defined according to the usages of human life, means a point from which there is no higher progress, the end. But when spiritually defined, it simply means a something that is just as it should be. The spirit ever lives in the perfection of its own life. It matters not whether it is in the highest degree of human life or the lowest we are able to conceive of. Every condition is perfect in itself. The Supreme Power ruling the universe doeth all things well; and if that Power doeth all things well, surely, then, perfection belongs to the spirit to-day, just as much as it ever will.

Q.—Does not God bear the same relation to the world as man does to his child?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Are not the man and his child two individual souls?

A.—So far as the manifestation is concerned, they are; but resolve them to their divine essence, and they are one.

March 2.

### John N. Hanley.

I am John N. Hanley, of the 72nd New York. I was captured at Gettysburg, passed through many rebel prisons, and finally died in Georgia. I've not been in a very pleasant mood since I went out of this world, for, somehow or other, in spite of all my trying to Christianize myself, I feel pretty bitter, for, I tell you what it is, I see such rough treatment, I am a little inclined to be rather savage myself.

My folks have never had any definite account of my death. They know I was wounded and captured, but more than that they don't know. I should like, if there is any way that I can, to get a hearing with them; I should like to, and more than that, if there's any way I can get a hearing with a man that seemed to have kind of a supervision of the last prison I was in, I'd be glad of it. His name was Clark—Andrew Clark—and he told me that he would send home what things I left; that he would write for me, and a good many other things he was going to do, for which I paid him well in greenbacks.

Now he's proved himself to be a liar, and I only want to just get a hearing with Clark, so that I can not only wring his neck, but let him know that I think he's a liar. I don't know, sir, that he knows anything about this thing. I want him to know that folks that die have got some sense left, can see, hear and know what's going on, and folks that promise they'll do things for you when you're dying, and don't keep their word, ought to suffer. Now I want him to know that I'll come to him if I possibly can, and if he does not fulfill his promise, just so sure I'll do all I can to make trouble for him.

I see, now, that old Abraham Lincoln was smart when he instituted that plan that touched the pocket-books of the wealthy as a means of defraying the expenses of this war. At once they began to ask who touched their pocket-books, and what they were touched for; and those who seem to take little interest in putting down the rebellion, find themselves obliged to give of their wealth to help the thing along.

Well, I didn't come here to preach a sermon. I only meant to come and tell my own story. I was nothing but a teamster here, before I was a soldier. I know very little about talking in this way, or any other way, but I know very well that I'm alive if I have lost my body!

Now, sir, if you'll be kind enough to just say this much to my folks. I'd like to say a good deal more. Well, supposing you direct to Tom Hanley, New York. Oh, if I can only get it through to that Clark! That's what troubles me most. He lives; he isn't killed so easy. [He may be on your side before your letter reaches him.] I hope he will. If he does, I shall be pretty sure to have a reckoning with him.

March 2.

### Phil Wilkins.

I promised, sir, if this thing was true, to come back and report myself. I don't know as I've staid away very long, but I thought if I could come here and report myself early, I'd better do it.

I am from the other side, sir. That is to say, I was a soldier in the Confederate army; was sixteen years old, and was from Greensboro, Alabama. Most of my folks had a knowledge of this thing, and there was a sort of agreement between myself and my cousin, who went into battle at the same time that I did, that if we were killed in war, and Spiritualism was true, we'd come to this place or some other and manifest. [Did you know of this place?] Oh yes, sir.

Now, sir, if you'll be kind enough to say that little Phil Wilkins comes here, and says, in some respects he finds things as some Spiritual folks say, and others he doesn't, I'll be very much obliged to you.

I should be very glad to send home a good long account to my folks, but suppose it's no use. I tried in Montgomery, at a little circle that was convened there, to manifest to my folks, and did pretty well; spelt out "I greet you from across the way." They understood it was from me, but that was about all I could do.

Well, sir, I suppose you make no difference between a rob and one of your own, do you? [No.] Good-day, then.

March 2.

### John Murphy.

Well, sir, I suppose I'm here, like all the rest, for something. I'm not very much posted about these things, but I've only been in the spirit-land since last May. But I know enough about it, sir, to know that we can come back and talk. If we get the right sort of a machine to come back with, we can be pretty much as we've a mind to.

I'm a little down, sir, for I don't know how this thing is going to turn. I don't seem to find things in the spirit-land as I expected, at all. I hope it is so, but somehow or other the old religion I had here isn't with me. Some of us that come to the spirit-land shake off our religion as an old duck would shake the drops of rain off. But there's others that seem to have all their old religion with them still, the same as when here. You see I was a member of the Catholic Church here, and there was nothing in the world that would have made me believe it was untrue. I was sure it was true; had nothing else to live by here. But when I went across—ah, what did I find?—Well, it was not in the market, anyway; that was what surprised me. All that was told us when here about heaven and hell was a true. They tell me in the spirit-land that those exist within ourselves—what we by our own acts make for ourselves. I suppose it's so, sir.

Now, I'm ashamed to come back to me folks and tell 'em I've got no religion. I can't say I'm a Catholic now, for I ain't, though sometime I'll be one, I suppose. [You ought not to be ashamed to tell the truth.] Well, I suppose not, sir, but you know, sir, what is born in us and brought up in us all the way, is very hard to get out of us. Well, I don't know; I'm sort of unhappy about it. Well, sir, I suppose it will all turn out right, anyway, to all.

I suppose I'm John Murphy, anyway, whether I'm a Catholic or not. I don't suppose me belief in the Catholic Church will make any difference; and I don't know, sir, but if I had just the tools to work with, I don't know but that I could put a gentleman's coat together just as well as I ever could; that is, if I had the tools to work with, you know. Well, I lay down, sir, the goose, and shears and the needle. I get off my bench to go to war. I don't know but what I made as good use of my time as any one could. Well, at any rate, I got nothing to look back and feel bad about. I did the best I could, and I lost me body—that's not one—lost it all. I ask of the great God, if there is one—and I suppose there is, though I see him as yet, but at any rate I'll keep thinking there is one—well, all I ask of him is that he'll just show me the right way and help me to walk in it. That's the most I'll ask of him.

Now see here; I should like to let my brother

Daniel Murphy, know that I'm gone out, dead, as they say; lost me body, that's it; and after he knows that I'm still alive, I like to talk to him. I've a great deal to say to him; oh, so much! but I'll not say it here. [Where does Daniel reside?] Well, sir, I suppose he's in Manchester, New Hampshire; at any rate I left him there. Ah, he's a Catholic, sir, clear round; he's a Catholic as much as I ever was myself. You know it is the Catholic Church that holds the Irish together. Well, sir, when one of 'em steps outside of it, 'tis thought to be a terrible thing; and, for the life of me, I can't stay inside, for I seem to have left the Church behind me, so I don't know, sir, what at all to do with myself in the spirit-land. I'm round, kicking for lack, and the very first man that hires me, that I happen to like, I'll work for. That is, I mean by that, the very first sort of religion that I think is good, I'll be pretty sure to take hold of. Well, sir, I've nothing to pay you with. I'd bushel your coat if I was here in the body. But as I'm here in a borrowed body, I'll have to ask that you'll do just as well as you can for me, for which I'll be much obliged. Good-morning, sir.

March 2.

### Minnie Waters.

I am Minnie Waters of Cincinnati; was ten years old, and died on the 16th day of December, 1864. I want to send a letter to my father, George N. Waters, or to my mother, Charlotte Waters. I should not have come here if I could have come home. But my Uncle Job says if they do not furnish mediums for us to come home, they must expect we'll go among strangers if we get the opportunity.

My Uncle Job was killed in the war. He was killed at the first Bull Run battle. He's been in the spirit-land a good while, and I've learned much from him. I know a great many things about folks here—about our folks—that I didn't know before I died. I used to ask mother about her mother, because other little folks had grandmothers, and I wondered why I had none. Mother never wanted to tell me anything about her. She only told me that she died when she was a little girl.

Grandmother says she hung herself in a fit of jealousy, and she very soon learned that it was groundless, and she was very sorry for committing so unwise an act. I don't know as mother knew that grandmother hung herself, but I reckon she did; but she didn't want me to know it, I suppose. But I like her. She is one of my teachers, if she did hang herself, and I like her ever so much. Grandmother has said in the spirit-land, perhaps mother didn't want to tell me she was a suicide. But she needn't have felt bad about telling me. I only wanted to know about my grandmother, and when mother didn't tell me, I was curious and thought very strange.

Grandmother says if mother will give her the privilege, she will come back and tell her many things about life, about God, and about all that pertains to that which is to come hereafter, or the future. And I guess if I was on the earth and had anybody offer that to me, I'd accept it pretty quick.

I had a terrible sore throat; I've got it here. [Can't forget it, can you?] I don't see how I can, when I've got it again. Well, my father is a Universalist. He believes in the universal salvation of everybody, and that's good and true, but he don't believe folks can come back. Well, just tell 'em that I've come here, and I want to come home. And I shall bring my grandmother with me. Well, good-bye. [Come again if you don't succeed.] I hope I shall succeed, because I don't like to come before so many strangers. [Do you think your mother will get this?] Oh yes, I know she will, if you'll write it down as you do the others.

March 2.

### Invocation.

Oh Life, in whose presence Death kneels a conquered victim, beneath the warm sunshine of whose love all souls rejoice because of their immortality, thou glorious Presence that ever has been, that is and ever shall be, that inner consciousness that belongs to our individual lives, we would turn outward toward thee in thanksgiving and praise. Oh Life, from whence we have come, upon whose bosom we are reclining, unto whose eternal future we are tending, we would worship thee, not as a person, but as an Infinite Power, a Presence, an eternal law by which all souls are sustained. Oh, we may call thee God, we may call thee Jehovah; we may call thee by many names, and yet thou art Life, only Life. We find thee everywhere. Thy home is everywhere; beneath the sod, upon the sea-shore, in the sunshine, the shower, the midnight shadow, in the morning light. Everywhere, through all conditions thou art found. Oh Father, Mother, Life, we would render thee thanks, although thou dost not require it of us. We would praise thee, although thou art never requesting praise of us. Oh we would go outward after thee, although it may be thou hast not called us. Shall we ask thy blessing to fall upon these thy children? Oh Life, thy benediction falls, like sunshine, alike on all. No one is exempt from thy love, no one can pass away from thy sustaining power. Thou art ever with all thy works, sustaining and bringing them into life. So, oh God of the past, of the present and of the endless future, we render thee all honor, all thanks, forever and ever. Amen.

March 6.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—The inquiries of your correspondents we will now consider.

Q.—Will the controlling spirit kindly inform a Spiritualist whether bright and dark spirits familiarly converse with each other?

A.—Certainly they do. If they are not prohibited from intercourse here in this, your mortal sphere of action, it is not unreasonable to suppose that that intercourse is continued in the second sphere of life.

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent sends us the following paragraph, with the request that we read it to the controlling influence, for the purpose of eliciting explanation upon the subject. As history records many similar cases, and as no satisfactory explanation has ever met the eye of our correspondent, he desires to ascertain the views of the "superior intelligences" in regard to this singular phenomenon.

A CASE OF TRANCE.—Mrs. Warren Potter, of Greenfield, who has been in a condition resembling sleep, for eighteen weeks, awoke on Thursday. She states that it was the will of God that she should go into that state, and that on Thursday she revealed it as His will that she should awake, and she awoke. She also states that she has known all that has been said and occurred in her presence, during the whole time. Some pretty severe experiments have been used to bring her to consciousness, by electricity and other agencies, but she has withstood them all. Hundreds of physicians, quacks, clairvoyants, Spiritualists and others have visited her during the time. Her disease has proved to be a species of religious insanity, well known to medical men as appearing in persons in her state of health. She concluded on Friday, that she had waked up too quick and went asleep again.

A.—The lady in question is simply under the psychological or magnetic influence of a band of disembodied intelligences called spirits.

CHAIRMAN.—F. L. Crane, of Topeka, Kansas, writes as follows:

Q.—We are informed that Michael Nostradamus, a physician and astrologer, of Provence, France, wrote a book of "Phorophetics et Vaticinationes," many of which have been, since his death, verified. It is also stated that he died A. D. 1566. Now will the presiding spirit please to get the date Nostradamus, either now or at some future time, to speak of these Prophecies through Mrs. Conant as a medium, and if any have proven incorrect, the reasons of the failure? Also, where can the work be found? Or can this present spirit speak truly, or rather intelligently, upon this subject? I mean to ask, is he acquainted with it?

A.—It is barely possible we might be able to call the intelligence in question to this place. Should we find it practicable, we at a future time may do so, or attempt to do so.

Q.—[From the audience.]—Are spirits allowed to annoy each other in the spirit-world?

A.—The spirit is free, in the most extensive sense of the term. This being true, they are at liberty to annoy each other, if they see fit.

Q.—Can the spirit control more than one mind at a time?

A.—Yes.

Q.—And all be speaking at the same time?

A.—Yes; but there can be but one personal, positive control. The influence may extend to many susceptible minds, and all those various persons upon whom the influence falls, may speak the ideas of one intelligence. But the spirit, as an individuality, can be but in one place at a time.

Q.—What course would you advise one to pursue who was annoyed by spirits?

A.—Seek to place your own spirit in a harmonious condition. Seek to be in harmony with all outward surroundings, and above all, with all inward surroundings. This is the most direct course to insure peace.

Q.—Will you explain to us by what means spirits can influence mediums, and immediately depart and others take control?

S.—How is it that I can be speaking with you one moment, and the next, turn and be speaking to another distinct intelligence?

Q.—I think you misunderstand my question.

A.—No, I certainly do not. After the fashion of the true Yankee, I have answered it by asking another one.

Q.—Is there not some mode of operation by which different spirits take control of a medium?

A.—Certainly; each one holds an individual control. After one intelligence has used up all of that magnetic life that is necessary to their control, they then retire and give place to those who find conditions favorable to their control. Your mediums may be compared to revolving lights. At each revolution they shed a peculiar sphere of spiritual aura. That spiritual aura, or spiritual atmosphere, is adapted to some one or more intelligences, or disembodied spirits. For instance, at the present time, while the medium is casting off that peculiar spiritual aura that is adapted to me, I can dwell here and control as though the organism were my own. But when that condition changes, I could no more live here than you could live ten miles above the surface of the earth.

Q.—When our receivers are so drawn on, does God wisely fill them again?

A.—Surely; give and take is the order of life everywhere.

Q.—Explain how some return easier than others who have left the form?

A.—Some know the way back, and some do not. And again, some are so attracted to conditions here, that they must of necessity come and mingle in those conditions. With some there is little or no attraction for earthly conditions. Sometimes the cause is its belief in Christianity. For instance, a spirit when on the earth may have been educated or schooled in this natural sphere of action to believe there was no return after death, that their condition was entirely fixed and beyond human life. Now erring that positive influence with them beyond the vale of human life, therefore they are very apt to believe that their case is fixed, that they must remain where they are. But one who has passed out knowing that the great highway is open for all souls, and that they can return to earth on that highway and manifest, they are easily attracted to earth.

Q.—Cannot those who do not know the way be easily informed of it?

A.—Not always. "There are none," the old adage says, "so blind as those that won't see, none so deaf as those that won't hear."

Q.—Do not spirits have definite occupations in the spirit-world?

A.—Certainly; the spirit is ever active.



of Death. You'll do it, sure? [Yes.] Good-day, then. No name. March 6.

**Michael Hennessey.**  
If it please God and yourself, you'll say that Michael Hennessey, of the 59th Massachusetts, who died in a rebel prison, at Salisbury, would like to speak with his folks. I'm pretty well starved out of ideas, but as I get around I shall be able to tell about myself. As folks want to know about me, I got the Major-General to come here. He says it will be all right.

You understand, sir, don't forget, Michael Hennessey, of the 59th Massachusetts—you understand, hey? [Yes.] Well, sir, beg your pardon, I not got [Yes]—You must direct your letter to some particular one. Yes, sir; then I'll direct it to Pat Hennessey, and I want a hearing just as quick as he get news I come back this way. I not want to wait long. [Where is he?] Well, sir, he's hereabout somewhere. [Boston?] If not in it, he's not far from it. Don't you forget now? They say in the spirit-land that those who come unaccompanied, or without nothing but their own natural goodness, got treated just as well as those who come with the straps on their shoulders. [Certainly.] Good-day, sir.

March 6.

**George W. Dyer.**

I am George W. Dyer, of Kingston, Delaware.

I was eight years old; been dead since April.

I got sick with a fever. My father is in a

he's—he's a prisoner, my father is. My mother's

got nobody to see to her, and she has't got any

money; and the baby is sick, too, and I ask the

folks to let me come here so I could—so I could

tell my uncle George, who is in Memphis, Tenn.,

to go straight fast to my mother's, and give her

something. She's—she's sick, and the baby is

sick, too.

I can't get no talk through to my father. He's

where letters don't go. He's in prison. [They

will let him out soon, won't they?] Maybe so.

But I want my uncle George, who's in Memphis,

Tenn., to go to my mother, and give her some-

thing, now, right away.

When he and my father was in partnership to-

gether, he took all the money and run off. Now

he ought to go to my mother, because she's got

nothing. If he don't—if he don't, he'll be sorry

when he comes to the spirit-land. He'll be awful

sorry.

I only been in the spirit-land since April, and I

can't say any more. [Have you said all you

wanted to?] No. If my mother was here, I'd

like to say more, but I don't now. [Come again

if you don't succeed.] I will succeed. The gen-

tleman here said I would.

I want it to go to George W. Dyer, Memphis,

Tenn. [Is that your name?] Yes, and that's his

name. He's my uncle. Good-night. March 6.

**Louisa Dixon.**

You dwellers on the shores of Time are very

apt to think that you are living in the real life,

and that that which you are going to is altogether

unreal. But here you are mistaken. The spiritual

is the real, the substantial, while the material

is the unreal, the unsubstantial, that that must

very soon pass away.

When my dear friends looked at my form for

the last time, they felt that they saw all there was

of me—that all Louisa was there—there was nothing

beyond that. But oh, as I stood by I felt as

though I must speak to them, and tell them that

the spiritual alone was the real, that I lived, that

I loved still.

It is five years since I left the body, since I was

joined to that angel band that live in the here-

after. During all these five years I have sought

earnestly to open correspondence with my friends,

but I could not; for the Church, like a gigantic

monster, has reared itself between us, and I have

sometimes almost despaired of ever being able to

reach them until they come to me spiritually.

But to-day I am blessed beyond my expectations.

I am able to take the first, and perhaps the hard-

est step of all in coming back. You who dwell

here can but faintly realize the joy that possesses

the returning spirit after intense struggles for

years to overcome the prejudices and the powers

that seem to rise up like mountains between their

friends and themselves.

My dear friends are on Southern soil, but yet I

have faith in the Great God who rules, that I

shall succeed in reaching them. I propose to send

a few thoughts, if possible, to my brother, Dr. Al-

vin Dixon, of Montgomery, Ala. He is liberal in

his views, and perhaps may listen to the call.

Oh, tell him I have watched beside him when

he has watched for hours, and counted the feeble

pulse of the spirit of some loved one. Oh, then I

have wished I could present myself to him and

let him know that I was there. But no; his eyes

could not see, his ears could not hear, so he

remained alone, and I alone. Oh, tell him that

his sister Louisa comes and begs, pleads with him

that that intense anxiety that characterized her when

here, to speak with him just once, and if I am

unable to identify myself to him, I will retire and

come no more.

Five years ago, at seven o'clock and ten minutes

past, in the morning, I passed away. My last

words were to him, "Alvin, I do not fear; I am

happy." Those were my last words. I come giv-

ing them to you, giving them to you, strangers,

that I may inspire him with faith, with hope,

with trust. I was twenty-two years of age. My

disease was said to be consumption. Farewell,

March 6.

**Lucy Strickland.**

Written:

DEAREST EDWARD—I am the star whose light

shall guide you to the home of the spirit. It may

be—the way may be long and dreary, and yell-

owed with shadows, as was my short earthly life;

yet I will, through the blessing of the great and

good Father, lead you safely to the end of your

mortal life, and at its close will meet you with

open arms.

LUCEY.

To Sir Edward F. Strickland. March 6.

**MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.**

Thursday, March 5.—Invocations: Questions and Answers;

Richard Wilton, of the 7th Illinois Cavalry, to his brother,

John Wilton, of the 10th New York Cavalry, to his brother,

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folks to let me come here so I could—so I could

tell my uncle George, who is in Memphis, Tenn.,



Pearls.

And quoted odes, and leaved five words long,  
That in the stricken forehead of all time  
Sparkle forever.

EVENTING MUSIC OF THE ANGELS.  
Low warblings, now, and solitary harps,  
Were heard among the angels, touched and tuned  
As to an evening hymn, preluding soft  
To cherub voices. Louder as they swelled,  
Deep strings struck in, and harsher instruments,  
Mixed with clear, silver sounds, till concord rose  
Full as the harmony of winds to heaven;  
Yet sweet as Nature's spring-tide melodies  
To some worn pilgrim, first, with glistening eyes,  
Greeting his native valley, whence the sounds  
Of rural gladness, herds and bleating flocks,  
The chirp of birds, blithe voices, lowing kine,  
The dash of waters, reed or rustic pipe,  
Blent with the dulcet, distance-mellowed bell,  
Came like the echo of his early joys.  
In every pause, from spirits in mid air,  
Responsive still were golden viols heard,  
And heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.

The firmest friendships have been formed in  
mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united  
by the fiercest flames.

SPRING'S MORN.  
Spring's sweetly blushing morn,  
"Waked by the circling hours,"  
Which bill and vale adorn  
With freshly-blooming flowers,  
Diffuses mildly-beaming light  
Where reigneth stern Winter's night;  
Extends her benignant, rosy hand,  
Through Nature's works, o'er sea and land.  
Her birds herken her inspiring voice,  
"They move, they waken, they rejoice!"  
And suddenly, from each verdant tree,  
Discourse in sweetest melody.

Innocence is that affection of the mind which  
would offend no one.

The foam-globes on her eddies ride  
Thick as the schemes of human pride  
That down life's current drive amain,  
As frail, as frothy, and as vain.

To love high thoughts and good deeds is to love  
God.

THE SMOOTH ROAD.  
As we go down the vale of life,  
With flowers the road becomes less rife.

Charity is the stream which flows from the fount  
of love.

Children's Department.

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

"We think not that we daily see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if we will, and true to heart,  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."

Written for the Banner of Light.  
THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;  
OR,  
MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND JOE.

CHAPTER VIII.

What should we be like if we had nothing to  
try our patience? Very much like little plants  
that are not exposed to the cold air or the storm:  
the first touch of cold, or of rough wind, withers  
them and spoils their beauty; while the sturdy  
oak, that ever since it sprang up from the acorn  
has met every rough blast and every chilling  
frost, has grown grand and noble, and put out its  
fresh leaves every year, as if it had a great heart  
of love under its rough bark.

Miss Jackson could fret and scold without the  
least trouble to herself. It seemed to be the easi-  
est thing in the world for her to say, "Don't  
touch that!" "Get out of my way!" "I wish  
you knew how I hate boys around my feet!" But  
Willie loved to get into the kitchen, for all that;  
for there was the old clock, like his mother's, and  
there, too, was the odor of baking pies and cake,  
and, sometimes a stray raisin lay on the floor, or  
a rosy-cheeked apple, that seemed very sweet  
and luscious; and there was Minnie, the cat, that  
he liked to play with; and he could look out into  
the garden through the windows, and watch the  
clouds that made him think of Oakland, and of  
Susie. So, on the whole, the kitchen was a pleas-  
ant place, although Miss Jackson did fret at him.  
But Willie allowed, little by little, a spirit of ill-  
will toward her to creep into his heart. He began  
to find pleasure in trying to tease her and vex  
her.

When Miss Jackson was out, he would try and  
do some disagreeable thing to trouble her when  
she returned. He would disarrange her dishes,  
or her mat on the floor, and then laugh to see  
her look of vexation when she returned. This  
spirit of unkindness grew so rapidly, that before  
Willie was aware it had become quite a tyrant,  
and he was not satisfied with troubling Miss  
Jackson, but began to torment poor, innocent  
Minnie. He offered her a bone, and then quickly  
drew it away; he tickled her ears when she was  
asleep, and spilled over her milk, and pulled the  
tender hairs about her mouth.

One day Miss Jackson had borne all she  
thought it best to bear from Willie, and she  
suddenly boxed his ears. This made him so angry  
that he seized a stick and threw it at poor, unfor-  
tunate Minnie. It hit her on the leg, and made  
her very lame. She hobbled to her mistress, and  
Willie, ashamed and frightened, ran out of the  
house to hide himself in the garden. He found  
Joe there, to whom he told his troubles.

"I know how you feel," said Joe, "because  
I have felt just so. When I lived in beautiful  
Italy, I never knew what hate was, because my  
mother loved me so much, and she only showed  
me what love was. But when I had no one to  
love me, then my own love was tried, and I found  
I had something else in my heart. There was  
one boy who liked to tease me and see me get  
angry; and I thought I never could be kind  
to him, and I used to strike back when he struck  
me. But after I was sick, and that good friend  
showed me how much better it was to show kind-  
ness than hate, I thought I would practice on  
him."

I used to ask my mother then to stay close to  
me and help me. I had taken my little violin,  
that my good friend had given me, and I went  
out to play and sing for a few pennies. Just as  
I started, the bright sun shone through the dark  
clouds, and as I saw it I wished myself as beau-  
tiful, and as full of goodness.

These good wishes were in my heart, like so  
much sunshine, and I began to sing on the corner,  
and I thought of my mother, and wondered if she  
had anything to do with making the sun shine  
through the long street; and although I did not  
feel sad, yet tears came to my eyes.

"Just like Tim came along, and seeing me, cried  
out, 'Hallo, my baby!' and tripped up my feet, so  
that I fell into the filthy gutter, and my little vi-  
olin was all covered with mud. I felt the anger

rising in my breast, and I laid down my violin  
and doubled up my fist; but just then, as if the  
sunshine had a voice, I heard, 'Angelo!' and I  
looked no more at Tim, but up to the light. Then  
I called Tim, and said:

"I think you were unkind, but I will not be un-  
kind to you in return. Come, let us shake hands."

But he only laughed at me, and called me a  
minister; but I did not care, for I was sure I had  
done right. He kept on teasing me whenever he  
could, but I remembered how pleasant it had  
seemed to return good for evil, and so I did not  
try to vex him; but when I got more pennies than  
I needed, I used to give some to him, and when  
he saw that I really meant to be kind, he began  
to do little acts of kindness to me. I remember I  
was sitting one day in our miserable room, when  
I heard a step, and in came Tim. He had brought  
a great orange and some cake, and he put them  
down beside me, and then ran out, as if he was  
half ashamed. But I called him back, and made  
him share them, and we began to talk, and I told  
him all about my mother. He said he wished he  
had a mother, but he had nobody but a cross  
aunt, who had turned him away, and left him to  
the care of bad people, and he had run away from  
them and lived as he could.

I asked him to come and stay with me, and he  
did, and he became one of the best friends I ever  
had. My good friend was not dead then, and he  
found him a place in the country; and he goes to  
school, and writes me nice letters sometimes. In  
the last one he says:

'Joe, if ever you get into trouble, remember  
there is only one way out, and that is by love.'  
Now, Willie," continued Joe, "I suppose you  
think it won't do any good to love Miss Jackson;  
but supposing you try to do good to her, and see  
how much warmth there is in her heart."

Willie sat still after Joe left him, thinking of all  
he had said, and finally running to Joe, said:

"I think I will wait till to-morrow. I don't  
feel exactly like beginning to-day."  
"But," said Joe, "suppose the sun should con-  
clude it would n't rise to-day because it is cloudy,  
and so we should not feel its warmth through the  
clouds, what a cold, damp day we should have.  
I have a book that has a nice story about to-mor-  
rows in it, and if you will wait, I will read it to  
you."

Willie was delighted with the prospect of a  
story, so Joe began reading:

There was once a famous old man, who lived in  
a great castle on an island in the sea, and he had  
two sons; and one he called Now, and the other  
To-morrow. These were strange names, but  
stranger than all were the dispositions of the boys;  
for one was brisk and lively, and full of fun, and  
the other was so dull and stupid that he was never  
ready for anything.

One day their father said to them:  
"Boys, here I have lived all my life in this  
great castle by the sea. I have seen the waves  
beat against the stone battlement, and I have  
heard the winds howl, as if they would tear my  
stronghold down; but I have never ventured out  
on to the waters, or been beyond the rough rocks  
that make the breakwater. But I am sure there  
is something better than this miserable life. I  
have looked out on sunny days, and seen white  
specks afar out over the waters, and I have felt  
sure that if I had tried when I was younger, I  
might have found a way to have gone to a better  
place than this barren island, where I have to  
snare birds for food, and dig for water to drink.  
But I am old, and you, my boys, must do what I  
ought to have done. I have a great white flag,  
made from a sail that drifted on shore, which I  
have kept always to remind me that I could go  
when I chose to raise it as a signal of distress.  
I will lift it at sunrise in the morning, and with  
my blessing you shall go out into the world.  
Don't forget your old father, and return to me,  
and bring me the comforts I need."

When the morning came, the old man had his  
signal-flag ready, and raised it to a brisk breeze,  
and before many hours a ship was hailed, and  
the boys were put on board. They had ventured  
out into the great world.

The old man lived all alone. He was lonely  
enough, but the thought of the return of his boys  
kept him cheerful. Years rolled on, and he still  
waited and watched. Every day he went up to  
the top of his castle and watched for coming sails;  
but they went past, drifting by like little specks  
of glistening sand. Then the old man went down  
and groaned and sighed, and said:

"Oh my boys! my boys! would I had never  
sent you from me!"

His face grew more and more wrinkled, and he  
was almost blind, so that he could hardly see the  
white sails as they glided by far in the distance.

At last, one day, as he went early in the morn-  
ing up to the tower to watch, he was sure that he  
saw many white specks on the water, and they  
came nearer and nearer, and as he watched they  
grew as large as his hand. At length they ap-  
proached, and he heard the sound of music and  
the noise of many voices, and they all shouted  
and joined in sounds of merriment. The old man  
hastened down to the rocky shore, and a thousand  
boats came rowing toward him. From the first  
one that touched the shore jumped his beloved  
son Now, who embraced him lovingly, and soon  
told him of his life since he left the lovely island.  
He had brought the wealth of the whole world to  
lay at the feet of his father. Gold from Africa,  
precious stones from India, rare garments from  
the East, and wonderful inventions from the  
West. There were things beautiful and things  
useful, and the old man was almost wild with  
delight.

"But tell me," said he, "how you gained all this."

"By ways doing what I found to do at the  
very minute. I conquered whole kingdoms, and  
subdued whole nations, and gained all the honor  
and riches of the world; for everybody seemed to  
think me the real lord and master."

"But where is my son To-morrow?" said the old  
father.

"I know not," answered Now; "my poor brother  
left me long ago."

When the evening came, and the mirth had  
ceased, the old man sat down on the rocky shore  
and mourned for his poor son, To-morrow. As he  
sat there, a solitary boat put off from a vessel and  
nearly the shore; and forlorn and poor, and weak  
and helpless, landed To-morrow, and fell at the  
feet of his father.

"Oh my son! my son!" said the old man. "Why  
do I see you in all this grief?"

"Father," said To-morrow, "I could gain no-  
thing, for I was never ready. I could not do what  
I found to do, but waited and waited, and I made  
everybody miserable and poor and distressed. If  
one was rich, I seemed to take all his riches from  
him. If any one strove to do good, I always  
stopped him. Oh the whole world that I ap-  
proached became wretched, and hearing that my  
brother had returned to you, I determined to come  
also, and beg to be his servant."

The old man wept at the misery of his son, but  
he could do nothing for him; and his brother then  
tried to comfort him, but he insisted on becoming  
his servant.

They all went together from the lonely island  
by the sea—old Father Time and his two sons,  
Now and To-morrow. Now was a great and wise  
king, and blessed all who served him. He made  
the sad happy, the foolish wise, and the poor rich.  
But To-morrow failed at everything, and could be-  
come nothing but a poor miserable servant.

"What a queer story," said Willie; "but I don't  
see what it has to do with Miss Jackson and the  
cat."

"Why," said Joe, "if you serve the good king  
Now, you will be very likely to do just right; but  
if you listen to the poor miserable To-morrow, you  
will do nothing at all."

"Oh I guess I see," said Willie. "I must do  
right now, and then I am sure of a beginning. I  
do not wish to be a servant of the unfortunate To-  
morrow."

Willie went into the kitchen and sat a long time  
looking out of the window, wondering where Miss  
Jackson had gone, and if she came in whether he  
could find courage to speak to her; but she did not  
come, so he had time to think over his good resolu-  
tions.

There lay poor Kitty that he had injured. He  
stroked her back and rubbed her head until she  
purred herself to sleep. Even these little acts of  
kindness comforted his heart, for it is true that  
loving deeds, be they ever so slight, are the best  
medicine for trouble of any kind. Gentle thoughts  
of his mother and Marianna came to him, and  
then Susie's sweet face seemed to come to his  
memory so distinctly, that he almost felt that he  
knew her.

"I wonder," said he to himself, "if what Mr.  
Tom said is really true, and that the angels know  
what we do. I hope Susie did not know that I  
hurt poor Kitty. But, after all, it's no worse to  
have her know it than to know it myself. I feel  
as mean—as mean as—"

Willie did not know what to compare himself to;  
but he was so sensible of his meanness, that he  
crept up quietly to bed while it was yet early.  
Although Joe was older than Willie, yet he was  
always ready to enter into all his troubles, and to  
comfort him as best he could, and he never  
laughed at him.

"Willie," said he, "did you ever think that you  
could do anything to make people good and kind?"

"I want to know first," said Willie, "what  
makes you talk so like a minister sometimes."

"Well, ain't that fun?" said Joe. "I didn't  
know as I did; but sometimes—well, I'll tell you  
if you won't tell anybody."

"I won't, Joe."

"Well, I feel just as if something came right to  
me, just as the sun comes to the flower beds; and  
then, you see, words spring up just like the pan-  
sies and daisies. I think it must be what the  
ministers call grace."

"What's that, Joe? I never heard of it."

"Why, it's something that comes right from  
heaven, and I think it's my mother that brings it,  
because, you see, I feel just as if the soft air of  
Italy was breathing on me; and I think I hear my  
mother singing, and then thoughts come just like  
sunshine, as I told you; and I don't feel like Joe,  
the poor boy that digs in the garden, but grand,  
like, as if I was playing on a splendid organ, and  
all the world was listening. I shall tell you about  
it sometime, and how nice it is to think we can  
make people better, even if we are boys, and can't  
preach. But you are sleepy now, Willie, and I'd  
rather tell you sometime when I am out in the  
garden, and can see the beautiful sky."

[To be continued in our next.]

To Correspondents.

S. F. R. IONA, MICH.—What you say to chil-  
dren in regard to taking medicine could hardly  
benefit them, since children are under the control  
of their elders—if not wiser—friends in such mat-  
ters, and they are not considered capable of judg-  
ing for themselves. The subject of health is of  
great importance, but methods of cure are not un-  
derstood by children.

BLUVER ROSE.—Your last letter to the children  
has taken to itself wings, and hidden in some stray  
nook so safely as to be of no avail. The expecta-  
tion that it would "turn up" also fails, and so,  
with apologies, we say "write again."

L. M. W.

New York Matters.

(Correspondence of the Banner of Light.)

New York, April 18, 1865.

Miss Hardinge spoke on Sunday afternoon at  
Cooper Institute on our nation's loss. She paid  
Abraham Lincoln the greatest tribute that could  
be given to a mortal, tracing his life from boyhood  
to the last act of his earthly existence. I clip the  
following from Monday's Tribune in regard to  
this discourse:

"Miss Emma Hardinge gave a lecture Sunday  
afternoon at Cooper Institute upon the subject of  
our great national calamity, which was largely  
attended by an appreciative and earnest audience.  
In the peculiar vigor of her style she paid a glow-  
ing eulogy to the deceased chief, and eloquently  
argued that not only the immediate assassin was  
guilty, but all the leaders of this rebellion, which  
began in a noble statesman and man, the Union was  
so fully ended with the cowardly knife of the as-  
sassin. She nevertheless viewed the whole affair  
in the broad, comforting light of Providential dis-  
pensation; said that the rebels had really lost  
their best friend in Mr. Lincoln; believed that  
apart from personal individual regret for the loss  
of the national hero, the Union was not to be  
benefited than the rebellion; and concluded  
by assuring her audience that at least President  
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