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Written for the Banner of the Light.

KATIE MALVOURNEY

IRISH CHARACTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

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

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

CHAPTER XIII.

Lind's Courtship and Marriage.

A few months after Edgar's departure, a new train of events occupied the attention of the Dundererers, 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 affections—of a young nobleman named Barnet Conant. His father, Lord Conant, lived but a short distance from Lord Dunderery's, 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 the fact that "the course of true love never did run smooth," and the reverse of the proposition, that the love that does run smooth is not true, then theirs was not.

Mr. Conant was a young man of more than ordinary abilities, and remarkable for the benevolence 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 prospects, 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 nature 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 prevalent 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 emergency, 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 not a 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 opportunity 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 affection 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 ignorant 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 wandered 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 received 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 joyfully; and, strange to say, old Bridget was highly delighted with her two young apprentices. Not only fine cakes and

pastry, but various vegetable dishes and roast meats came upon the table from day to day, awakening a deeper interest in Lind's mind, but 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 extended reputation for making fine bread and biscuit. She possessed some secret about these matters, 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 praiseworthy 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 evidence 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 autograph.

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. Conant, who was a true nobleman, was delighted with the result 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 involved in your present labors. In every position of life, knowledge is power. I have noticed, in my limited experience, that much irritation and annoyance on the part of young married persons, arises from ignorance of the subjects on which you are now gaining knowledge. From our position 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 labors so agreeable to both of her friends. She desired 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 astonishing to see with what ease and rapidity her friend Lind acquired knowledge on various subjects. Her mother replied that she was receiving the benefit of being a willing pupil.

"Yes," rejoined Katie, "and it is the deep interest which both she and Mr. Conant 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 Dundererers 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 relieve the child of its sufferings.

Mrs. Sullivan was a woman of considerable refinement 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. Kenrick, 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 humanity, declined the offer, and desired his father to permit him to enter the medical profession, for which he had not only a good intellectual capacity, but warm sympathies, strong physical powers, and other attainments not less essential for this

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, glowing 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 accomplish 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 little heart. And as they talked pleasantly, at times she seemed to catch a thought, and grow more calm and quiet.

About noon they were much gratified to observe a person riding down the road, whom Mary at once recognized as the much desired Dr. Kenrick. 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. Sullivan 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, going over the history of his father's family at the time when Mary lived with them, and enumerating 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 depict. The light of her eyes, which had grown dim with sorrow and weeping, came back with renewed 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 remembered 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 manifestations 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 healing 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 manner 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 being 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 affliction, 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 feelings 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 desire 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 accompany him."

Katie smiled as she remarked:

"Well, that would be very nice; but I had almost 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. Conant to write to the Doctor soon, and engage his father to perform the marriage ceremony for us."

Mr. Conant 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. Sullivan's child, and whom he met there. Then, after expressing his feelings in regard to Katie, he added that they would be happy to have him accompany her on the occasion of their marriage.

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

Soon after this the following letter was received:

BELFAST, IRELAND, Sept. 18.—

TO MISS DUNDERERY AND MR. CONANT:

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 Conant. 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 visiting her before we meet at the time appointed.

Your obedient servant,

HENRY T. KENRICK.

Lind was sitting in the verandah, 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 associations 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 follows:

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 intercourse 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 occasion, in which the parties are entire strangers to me, you being probably the only one in that company whom I have seen. My impressions, derived from reading your letter, and the brief interview I had with you, still further strengthened me in the belief that I shall find you a pleasant and genial companion. I have learned that happiness finds its central source and springs of action in the deep interior consciousness of our own souls, and that we receive from others, almost invariably, that which we look for. As the skillful fisherman knows what particular bait is necessary 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 absorbed in it as I am to leave, even for a short time. I expect to accompany my father to Lord Conant'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 received 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 condition than that which the vibrating chords of friendship reveal to me. My mind is deeply absorbed in the great work of self-abnegation and purification. You 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 gradually 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 became conscious of this from the fact that as I labored 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 righteous 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 these 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 condemnation 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 remain 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 person 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 freedom with which I write to you.

EDGAR.

The Dundererers 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 living—a fear which we shall see was entirely groundless. They therefore arranged for Katie to spend a few days at their mansion.

Mr. Conant 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 company on the evening previous to their marriage.

Young Mr. Conant was at home when Bishop Kenrick and his son arrived there, on the afternoon 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 attracted 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 readiness to receive them.

Lind was in a very happy mood, her arrangements 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. Conant as she did when they entered the drawing-room, and were welcomed by her and her friends there assembled, among whom was Katie. Attired in a white dress, her rosy cheeks blooming with health, her dark, lustrous eyes, and black ringlets, in which were gracefully twined a few natural flowers, contrasted very appropriately. The other young ladies were guests for the wedding, but there was no difficulty in deciding the question 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 anticipated 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 indeed. The purity of her physical nature was always 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 company 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 lesson from which every one might draw something practically useful. Maggie Ann, who was accustomed to witness these conditions in her young friend, perceived that there was something likely to come, and, whispering to her, asked: what she saw. The others drew around her, the Doctor directly in front. Soon after they had sung a pleasant and favorite air, she said:

"Now I see it plainer. There seems to be a large crowd of persons moving about in various directions, crossing each other's paths, and sometimes coming in conflict. Most of those that I now see are intent upon the pursuit of some object; and while this is proper, to a certain extent, if it be pursued exclusively, it leads them to trample 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 greater 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 plane of action, a grander and more beautiful field, 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 fruit 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, uniting 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 is silent because the language of shadows fall, 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 nobler 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 gate 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 pagentry,
And buoys 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,
"Spring is coming!" is their song.

The Spring is coming! Hill 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. COONLEY.

DEAR BANNER—On Saturday afternoon, March 25th, 1895, 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. Stokes, 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, instead of one; the visionary coffin followed 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 inter, where it remained a few minutes, and then disappeared. From similar experiences, 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 have known when they were in the form. The lady, Mrs. John S. Cheney; the girl, "Little Mayte" (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; "Mayte" 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 Mayte and her lady guardian again appeared. Mayte 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 niece, 'little Mayte' (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. Stokes, 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.

Written for the Banner of Light. "YET A LITTLE LONGER."

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,
'Nath 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 gerdun 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 halt the morn of Freedom—
For our nation—strong and pure,
Freedom, which, while roll the ages,
Still unsullied 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 result 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, 1895.

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 later 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.

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,

was to the individual who, in the investigations of science, or in literature, or in social life, dared 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 instrumentality 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 ultimatum 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 failed in every attempt to make mankind good and happy; and even in this enlightened age a God is worshipped by all

Christianity, who was obliged to use force to save mankind from the unfortunate of his first experiment.

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

As the old theologies are abandoned, the nation of mankind will progress; because belief in authority will cease, and man upon his own manhood, his own reason, his own conscious perceptions, the law in him. The belief that any human existed in the past was a model for ages to imitate, will be acknowledged as a fallacy, as it is not, and cannot be a fallacy held in all past ages in re-origination of every religious system, as such a belief no theological system could be extended, or exist beyond a generation. The present and the future concerns Spiritism. Onward and upward is the word. Let men and women of the present, live up to the conceptions of right and duty. Progress is the destiny of the race. Eternity is before mortality is ours. The conscious principle, ceaselessly active, exists forever—is in God is immortal.

THE CHARACTER AND OBJECT OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY MRS. M. J. WILCOXSON.

A peculiar feature of Spiritualism has attracted my attention; and especially a year have I many times felt inclined to subject through the columns of our faithful, the Banner.

In all my acquaintance with Spiritualism, particularly of late, I find what seems to me a misapprehension of the true character of our soul-cheering Philosophy. In community, whether large or small, it has been essentially by the majority of our members, a belief in order to secure action, and consequent success, in the attainment of our Gospel. And, at first view, appear to be one of the grand pre-requisites of our labors. But, on a closer and rigid analysis of the real nature of Spiritualism, it will be seen that millions of believers, there is universal only upon one point, and that is the influence and communion. As regards philosophy, (nature, extent and real good influence,) we have our individual opinions, consequently, at non-agreement or less degree. Some accept the fact of communion in connection with the Methodist or Baptist, or some other denomination, some receive it as a most welcome and help to the Presbyterian, Universalist, Catholic or Episcopalian persuasion, as the case may be. Spiritualism, then, is proving itself to be a just what our glorified teachers, and repeatedly have they told us that, reason, we could not organize as a separate Order.

Spiritualism is destined to modify, change all the isms of this mundane organization can, therefore, never be embraced within its infinite circle of a dependent, and sub-dependent orders. For, as we take the circumference of a circle, and see with what it is filled, we find that Spiritualism will be Methodist, observance of religious worship. Spiritualists will, for a time at least, dogmas of the Calvinistic creed; and other religious societies. Many, it is these multiplied sects, may, for various apostasies from the faith they have such extent as to incur the ordeal of and close communion in the Church, denied them, they will, as a consequence, home among the as yet unorganized Spiritualism. But, in this congregation can they harmonize? This is the question that agitates and almost alarm minds among us; and because Spiritualism, consequence, splitting into separate branches of the now thrifty tree, some minds are giving way to "regret" that all put our shoulders to the wheel of Spiritualism a more powerful lever, any whose tyrannical power has germs of liberty in the past. We have proved certainly that Spiritualism, without organization, might not become despotism as Catholicism or the established of England.

And we may lawfully and justly ourselves upon the evidences of heaven which now greet our waiting, longing, as the tree branches off and puts on we may know that the period of fruit more nearly at hand. If the fundamental in Spiritualism, viz., the ministrations bodied intelligences, is indeed a saving need not fear for the ultimate results. Philosophy thus involved may have, through Perfectionism, Mormonism, and every other ism or fanaticism, shall know how to appreciate it, as the of the mower is polished by us true blade, comes forth brightened by of opposing forces.

In a certain field of my labors I find minds attracted to the phenomena of manifestations. They would have circle lectures, all comprehended in the classes. Some of these can see no

evil, in the Bible, and every Christian sect. Any abuse of old, stereotyped authorities is justifiable with them—a 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 opposers 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, as a platform for the utterance of conflicting ideas, 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—my 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-tying 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 theologies, 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 his race this inestimable boon, and the liberty which is its natural sequence, are not the proper ones to qualify 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 disrepute. 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 aims, 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 all. 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 stiletto 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 lies 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 rush 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 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 unveil. 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!

T. A.

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 only 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 many an 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 *naturalness* 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 sittings, held previous to the one which is the subject of this letter, we had promises from the spirits that, as soon as favorable conditions could be obtained, we should see them in a light which would not interfere with the material forms through which they manifested. This promise was fulfilled in one instance, when I was not present, and I must acknowledge that when the incident 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 comfort 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 at such times. The party was composed of the medium, his father, Mrs. Wilson and myself. Placing 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 eight feet. We had scarcely put out the light, when we were familiarly saluted by the presence of 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 interview.

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 a brief account of what then occurred. The window curtains, hanging out too far from the wall, let in the moonlight so as to interfere with their preparations. Nineva, the Indian spirit, borrowed a knife and a pin from the medium, and went and drew 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, where they remained till a very late hour, when, as a phosphorus light began to appear on 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 on that occasion, walked out 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. Nineva appeared as a very tall Indian, with a blanket over his shoulders, with long, straight hair and retreating forehead. Judging from appearances, 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, when 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 we could make by any one in the body performing the same act, been so, but only existing in the imagination, not a trace of the not 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 recollection is already long enough. These facts should have been reported the time of their occurrence, but after reading Mr. Jones's interesting letter, I concluded that now would be a favorable time to lay them before the numerous readers of the ever-welcome Banner.

J. N. WILSON.

Dislight, 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. Roudy, 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 Boston family). I leave 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 earth-garment.

We were cordially received at Berlin, by Bro. Lewis and wife, their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Edva, who are all very kind and good. I found 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. I shall never think of our delightful visit with these friends, who 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. Edva, who were glad to meet these warm-hearted friends again.

After visiting my relatives in North Montpelier, we passed on to Lebanon, N. H., 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, Slaten, Huntington, Father A. Pushee, and Edward Durant. I can truly say we had a spiritual feast with these good friends, father and mother Lane, Father Pushee, and Father Durant, who 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 listen. I am sure the dear 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 world, to which he is fast hastening. Oh, how he will be missed in the home-circle 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 N. H. She says "the light must shine there;" 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 fear that Mrs. Kimball has given circles there with good success. I have reason to believe we left some spiritual gems 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 always brings me back to earth. 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 sound-minded 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, sister Barbara, and sister Barbara, who has just returned from a visit, where we have 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.

The Doctor and wife requested me to say "they enjoyed their Northern trip very much, and should hold in grateful remembrance all the friends who cheered them during the journey, and gave us a pleasant and most pleasant visit. I hope to hear from you, and mean to call again."

Yours fraternally, S. HELEN MATTHEWS.

East Westmoreland, N. H., March 24, 1864.

"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 five years, 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. I have said that there is any amount of capital for or 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 great friends, I would have carved floors of patterns expressive of our future home. I would have seats for comfort; and all to 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 social centre, and it contains a host of Spiritualists, but those who are proud and arrogant, and who 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 fit for the exhibition of vegetables, fruit and poultry. This is no suitable place to ask people to go into, even to listen to angel utterances. No; we must begin now, to have our light shine from a more ample, beautiful and perfect temple; and I am sure that the angels will be in it.

We have the best speakers here, and some of the best mediums, and the subject is becoming more and more popular, and even interesting all classes, more or less. This light must be seen and its influence felt, if it is of God's unfolding; and, for one, I rejoice to be even a feeble co-worker.

I hope some one of our great cities, (and I wonder that New York has not led off in this enterprise,) will soon have a model temple for Spiritualists to congregate in. Keep it before the people.

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 prevented from investigating 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 Sunday I gave two lectures which were well attended. I held three meetings at George Hill, (so called,) in Grafton; the last one in the school house, 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,

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 Missions Societies, and why should not the Spiritualists? Certainly it would not require much time or labor, for wherever the light dawned 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 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, "with-out a hope of reward;" yet I cannot consistently do so unless my expenses are paid. I doubt not and are many with the sentiments, who lack the means to go forth and endeavor to dispel spiritual darkness from the earth-sphere.

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

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 uprising of a free and powerful people, with a determination to rush to the defence of their Government, the brave man whose name heads 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 Dore's) as Second Lieutenant. This regiment was the first in the field from this city. After three months' service he reenlisted in the same regiment, then 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; was wounded, 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, with a dried 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 desperate combat, 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 26th of March, he left the 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 last 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! till the last armed foe expires;
Strike! for your altars and your fires;
Strike! for the graves of your fathers—
God, and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
They died that ground with noble slain;
They conquered—but our heroes fell,
Bleeding at every foot and vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah!
And the red cross on his forehead,
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmy as a night's repose,
Like flowers at dawn of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's bed for grief,
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come, when the blessed seal
That close the presence never broke,
And crowded cells will all stroke;
Come in consumption's chastity form,
The earthquake of the presence never broke;
Come, when the heart beats high and warm,
With haggard song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art fastened to the coffin-board,
The great the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the crown for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And, in its hollow tones, are heard
The thanks of many a lowly slave.

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 the time 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-life. This 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 paint the spirit likeness of a very good and amiable spirit, who, while on 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 it agreed to. All those who see fit to order pictures will get 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 painting, life-size, and enclosed in a fine gilt frame, costing about twenty dollars, will cost not less than fifty-five nor more than one hundred dollars. One-half must be paid in advance, the remainder when the picture is finished, 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 9th, 1865.

The End of Rebellion.

The End of Rebellion.
We may feel assured in our hearts

work of Rebellion is practically at an end. With the fall of the rebel Government, which it has sat entrenched for four long years, the whole conspiracy capitulated to the Union; but the crowning act of its overthrow it was the succeeding surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia to Gen. Grant, a surpassed strategy, superior military operations, and controlling genius. Grant is a central figure in this grand work. Though assigned parts to others which had all outshone him in brilliancy, when all the late features of his comprehensive plan have shown themselves, he appears almost to least show of an effort in that direction of great power by which the whole has been done. There is dramatic unity, so to speak, in all his military career.

His Grant gave generous terms to the army under Lee, better even than they expected. By a single stroke of his pen that army a body of citizens again, to a new purpose. Many of the Northern people demurred to the generosity of the offer of officers, but it had been fully agreed to by the President, and was fairly adopted as the policy of the Government. It was said that, if the men of all the other rebel armies received equally favorable terms on surrendering their arms and ceasing their resistance, the authorities of the United States. At the present writing, the report has gained less currency that Johnston has made

der to Sherman upon exactly the same terms. Davis has fled, and thus parts with all power and influence he ever had at the South. He last heard from, he was reported to be in Georgia. But he cannot hope ever to start a confederacy with nothing but the State of Georgia, some small portion of the State, to make a nation of. His armies having been taken from him, the business of insurrection is ended. If he is in getting safely out of the country he is the only man's only fortunate; and even then his days of ignominious contempt to posterity are over, when he will many a time wish to be of the world altogether.

"What's in a Name?"

Some of the believers in and advocates of spiritualism have of late manifested a good deal of sensitiveness when designated as Spiritualists. Such, when writing and speaking upon the subject, invariably, we find, call themselves "advocates of progress," "advocates of the harmo-

We flung to the breeze over eight years ago, *Banner*, and, in an humble way, inculcated great truths of Spiritualism. From that present we have not been ashamed to name—and never shall be. Although Judases may creep into the spiritual rump of unprincipled people, under the guise of “evangelists,” “seers,” “reformers,” etc., write them the mantle of Spiritualism solely if matters not. Such things always have been and always will continue to be, we suppose sufficient for us to KNOW THAT SPIRITUALISM IS A MIGHTY TRUTH, and cannot be belittled by mountebanks; that the New Dispensation, as told by the great and good medium, Jeanne d’Arc, a hundred years ago, has dawned; and that the world, through tribulation and suffering, will come purer than ever before, and come to possess universal knowledge that Infinite Wisdom created and controls all things, both mundane and immundane. Through terrible sacrifices we have learned humility; and through humility we have entered the vestibule of Righteousness, and shall, in other ways, be made perfect.

The Spiritualists have a great work to do. Then why do they not rise above the harmonies in their midst, and seek by all means to do their duty boldly, as *Sp* heed not the opinions of the world, nor the sayings of those who profess, but do

lice?

The Western Sanitary Fair
The Spiritualists throughout the country are moving earnestly in their efforts to be ready in the coming Fair, and are contributing freely, in money and goods. The Committee of this city, appointed to cooperate with the Fair, of Chicago, are at work, and have raised in money and goods upwards of \$100,000, which is in money and goods, and is being sent to the Fair.

There will be another meeting of the C at the Circle Room of the Banner of Light day afternoon at 4 o'clock, April 28th. Attendance is requested.

The Spiritualists of Providence, R. I., contribution for that purpose in their M Sunday, amounting to one hundred and five dollars, to which more will be added.

Mrs. Fuller is meeting with success in

phia. She is to be in Albany, N. Y.,
She wishes us to say to all Spiritualists
gressionists that there may be many v

like to make donations to this Fair, who
be reached by her personally or by letterette
she does not intend to neglect or over-
one. To such she says, "Friends, w
you all to send us donations. As the ti
ting short, raise all the money you can.
every description will be very accepta
particular to direct to "Northwestern
Commission Chicago for the Fair Sat

partment, care of Mrs. J. S. Fuller." THE
ican" and "United States" Express Com
will convey free all packages weighing

Friends, endeavor to make the proper
"Spiritual Department" in this Fair
that of other Societies. It all goes to help
and maimed soldiers.

The Assassins.

When we indite this paragraph, the
report that at least one of the assassins at
Lafayette has been taken while endeavoring
to the house of his family in a workman's
and that the murderer of the President
surrounded with his whole party some

Maryland, and is sure to be caught. If alone be done, and let it be done with so view of the awful crime which has been committed. There are manifestations of passion in

The notice of the Spiritual Convention, at
Mankato, Minn., on the 21st and 22d inst.
late for insertion in our last issue. Y
that Mrs. Addie L. Ballou, of Fond du Lac

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.

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

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-plane 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. 153 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 they 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, they, 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. March 2.

Questions and Answers.

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

CHAIRMAN.—A correspondent from Palmer, writes:

Ques.—"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; hence 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 the 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., ever remains an infant, so does every other spirit assume and hold forever, form, 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 its 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 you will 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 stature 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 when 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 misled 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 doesn't 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, and themselves obliged to give of their wealth to help the thing along.

Well, I did n'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're 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 is n'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 n't true. They tell me in the spirit-land that these 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 do n't suppose me belief in the Catholic Church will make any difference; and I do n't know, sir, but if I had just the tools to work with, I do n'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 goods, the shears and the needle. I get off my bench to go to war. I do n'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 me life—lost it all. I ask of the great God, if there is one—and I suppose there is, though I do not 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 me 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 do n't know, sir, what at all to do with myself in the spirit-land. I'm round, kicking for tuck, 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 18th day of December, 1864. I want to send a letter to my father, George N. Waters, or to my mother, Charlotte Waters. I should n't have come way here if I could have come home. But my Uncle Job says if they do n't 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 did n'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 do n't know as mother knew that grandmother hung herself, but I reckon she did; but she did n'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 did n't want to tell me she was a suicide. But she need n't have felt bad about telling me. I only wanted to know about my grandmother, and when mother did n'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 do n'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 do n'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 do n't succeed.] I hope I shall succeed, because I do n'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.

Ques.—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 He 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 "Prophecies et Vaticinations," 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 said 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 carrying 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.

Q.—How can we obtain more power from the spirit-world than we have at the present time?

Mediums in Boston.

MRS. THAYER,
A SUPERIOR MEDIUM AND CLAIRVOYANT,
CAN be consulted at No. 10 Tremont Row, up stairs, daily,
from 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 P. M. She reads LIFE OUL-
TRANCES, and examines for DISEASE in the surround-
ing manner in the unconscious trance state, and answers all gen-
eral questions. She also examines patients at a distance, and
gives the characters and general Life History of those who
consult her by letter, giving sex and age. Answers received
in five days after receipt of the letter, for letters, \$1.00
and postage stamps. General Examinations, \$2.00. Inquired
for, or address, DR. STEARNS'S MEDICINE, No. 10 Tremont
Row, Boston, Mass. tf-April 15.

ALBANY PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM,
No. 6 Pine Street, Boston.

CONTINUES to heal the sick, as Spirit Physicians control her for the benefit of suffering humanity.

EXHIBITS HIGHS, BARS, AND HERBS gathered from the garden compared of Hoots, Barks, and Herbs gathered from the garden

to—Jan. 7.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.

THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age.

Dr. A. P. PIERCE, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Electric Physician, attends to diseases of Body and Mind: also to diseases of the Soul, and of the Spirit, by examining, prescribing, and magnetizing the sick, at his Office, No. 8 HAYMARKET PLACE, Boston, which enters by Avery street from Washington street, or at their homes, in or out of the city, by special arrangement.

8th—March 25.

DRS. FRANCES, PHYSICAL AND CHEMICAL
KIDNEY DISEASES. 141 COURT STREET, ROOM NO. 2.
Kinds of business. Price One Dollar. Has all kinds of Medi-
cines. Her KIDNEY TONIC, for Scrofula, Sores, Eruptions,
etc., etc. **DR. C. C. DENNIS**, 141 COURT STREET, ROOM NO. 2.
Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. **DO NOT HING** April 25.

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clair-
voyant, Spiritualist and Electric Physician, cures all
diseases that are curable. **DR. J. J. JEFFERSON**,
Removal. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. **NO. 2 JEFFERSON**
PLACE, (leading from Main) Boston, Mass. Jan. 7.

CLAIRVOYANCE — Mrs. COLGROVE may be
consulted at 141 Devonshire street, near Summer street
Health, etc., at 141 Devonshire street, near Summer street
Health. Directions by letter \$1.00; lost or stolen property
\$2.00. **DR. J. J. JEFFERSON**, 141 COURT STREET, ROOM NO. 2.

MRS. LIZZIE WETHERBEE, Healing Medi-
cine, 141 Devonshire street, near Summer street, Boston.
Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. **DO NOT HING** April 25.

APRIL 22. 41th

MRS. F. A. SPINNEY, Healing Medium, will be at No. 22 Purchase street, Boston, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Hours from 8 o'clock p. m. to 9 p. m. No medicines given. 41st—April 22.

MADAME GALE, 18 Lowell street, Clairvoyant, N. Text and Trance Medium. Questions answered by letter for 50 cents, with two 3-cent stamps. Sitting. 41st. April 8.

MR. & MRS. S. PLUMB, Magnetic and Clairvoyant Physicians, Room No. 10 Treatment Temple. Office hours from 9 to 1 and 2 to 4. 12th—Feb. 25.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Medical Clairvoyant and Healing Medium, 292 Washington street, Boston. Treatment of Body, Mind and Spirit. April 22.

513 DIX PLACE, (opposite Harvard street.) Jan. 7.

SOUL READING,
Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.
MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, the

They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated.

Everything of a private character KEPT STRICTLY AS SUCH.
For Written Delineation of Character, \$1.00 and red stamp.
Hereafter all calls or letters will be promptly attended to by
either one or the other.

Address, MR. AND MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE,
Jan. 1. 1914 Whitewater, Walworth Co., Wisconsin.

JEANNIE WATERMAN DANFORTH,

DR. P. B. BRISTOL,
THE HEALER,
WILL be in Hartford, Conn., at CITY HOTEL, and heal the sick by "laying on hands," from April 21 to May 5. He will be in Hartford, Conn., at CITY HOTEL, and heal the sick by "laying on hands," from April 21 to May 5. He will be in Hartford, Conn., at CITY HOTEL, and heal the sick by "laying on hands," from April 21 to May 5.

DR. J. A. NEAL, No. 102 West 15th Street
New York, still continues his treatment of Disease by plan of manipulation peculiar to himself, and which is very uniformly successful. Confidence of complete success is established in the minds of patients, when his method is once applied.
Am^s. Apr. 29.

MRS. S. D. METCALF, Clairvoyant Physician,
describes Diseases and their Remedies. Medicines prepared from Roots, Herbs and Herbs from the garden of Nature.
Address, No. 5 Parker street, Winchester, N. H. April 15.

I. G. & P. B. ATWOOD, Magnetie and Clairvoyant
and Physicians, 1st. Main St., opp. Cooper Inst., N. Y.
March 4. 3m

NEW AND STANDARD WORKS OF SPIRITUALISM.
ALSO, PAMPHLETS, NEWSPAPERS, ETC.
FOR SALE BY
THE PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD,

ALL New Publications on the Spiritual and Progress
Philosophy, whether published in England or America
can be procured as above, soon after their issue; also, any
the Works advertised in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT
Subscriptions taken for the BANNER OF LIGHT at 1
per annum. Sample copies always on hand. 1f-Oct 1

NO. 1.—THE PORTICO OF THE SAGE.
BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

THE Artist has endeavored to impress on canvas the vision he has often had clairvoyantly of a landscape in the spheres, embracing the theme of a group of Sages. "Wishful thinking" there are the same as his own as being a serious and beyond the gulf of darkness, he has published the popular CATECHISM OF VIRTUE form. Single copies 25 cents, as free of postage. Large photograph, \$1; large size color \$2. Usual discount to the Trade. For sale at this office.

June 25.

—LARGE PHOTOGRAPHS.

WESTERN DEPOT, NO. 358 STATE STREET, corner Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

Agency for the "Banner of Light."

LIBERAL, SPIRITUAL, PROGRESSIVE AND REFORMATORY BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.
A fine assortment of STATIONERY, NOTIONS, PHOTOGRAPHS, &c., will be kept constantly on hand.
Address, **TALLMADGE & CO.,**
April 30. **Box 2223 Chicago, Ill.**

SPECIAL NOTICE.
I HEREWITH give notice to my friends and investigators of the Spiritual Religion and Philosophy, in plain language, from the frequent visits of lecturers on those subjects. Friends convening together can appoint one of their number

charge of a small admission ticket these social gatherings, and
attained, make no price, but will cheerfully accept what
ever the friends of Truth are able and willing to allow me
provided that it compensate me for my time. Please send
your money order to the following address, January, 1898, and
your faithfully loving sister,
Lassalle, Ill., Dec. 5, 1884. CORA WILSON

REMOVAL.—**MRS. E. N. CLARK,** Physician, No. 13 Bulfinch street, Boston, next door to Revere House. Mrs. C. has removed from Lawrence, Mass., where, during practice of over sixteen years, she met with unparalleled success. She gives her attention to general practice, but more especially to Female Diseases and Obstetrics.

confinement, can be accommodated with large, airy room with kind attention and in a superior location. She will be happy to receive calls from her friends and patients at a *hour in the day.* 3m—March 11

DYNAMIC INSTITUTE.
HAVING purchased the elegant residence of the late Mr. Kneeland, Esq., we have fitted it up for the reception

our successful as well as peculiar method of treatment, be-
 the same as practiced by Drs. Newton and Bryant, and
 pronounced by many who are conversant with the cases of bo-
 equally wonderful. Residence on Marshall, second door south
 of Division street. P. O. Drawer 177.

DRS. PERSONS, & GOULD
Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 7, 1864. Jan. 7

DR. J. T. GILMAN PIKE,

BOSTON.
MISS L. HASTINGS,
TEACHER OF PIANO AND MELODEON, VOCAL MUSIC
(Italian Method,) and FRENCH and LATIN LANGUAGES,
visit pupils at their residences, or receive them at her own
Lowell street, Boston. Terms reasonable. If—June 18

Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkle forever.

EVENING 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 cheerful voices. Louder as they swelled,
Deep strings struck in, and harp 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, herbs and bleating flocks,
The chirp of birds, the 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 spirit in wild air,
Responsive still were golden viols heard,
And heavenly symphonies stole faintly down.

[Hilhouse.]

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 hill and vale adorn
With freshly-blooming flowers,
Diffuses mildly-beaming light
Where reigns stern Winter's night;
Extends her beauteous, rosy hand,
Through Nature's works, o'er sea and land.
Her birds hear 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.

[Scott.]

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 free.

[Hogg.]

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

Children's Department.

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

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

[Lion Hunt.]

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 would 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 mate 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
soundly 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 then 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 I 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.
Do not 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! I 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 always 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.

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
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, what 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.

BLUSH ROSE.—Your last letter to the children
has taken to itself wings, and hidden in some star-
ry nook so safely as to be of no avail. The expecta-
tion that it would "turn up" also falls, 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 duplicity, hypocrisy and covert villainy,
so fitly 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 a noble statesman and man, the Union was
more benefited by the rebellion; and concluded
by assuring her audience that at least President
Lincoln's immortality was glorified in this his
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Matters in Providence.

Before retreating to-night, I wish to record, for the
columns of the Banner, the results of the efforts
made to-day for the Northwestern Fair of the
Sanitary Commission and Soldiers' Homes, which
is to open in Chicago May 30th. The subject was
presented to our congregation by our sister, Mrs.
J. S. F. of that city, the accredited agent of
our Spiritualist friends there. Collections were
taken in the Lyceum, and in the afternoon and
evening meetings, raising more than \$175. The
response of our friends, I trust, may have an im-
portant bearing on our status in the community.

Hitherto we have been ignored, oftentimes
treated with contempt, and sometimes spurned.
Witness the narrow-minded bigotry of the man-
agers of the New York Fair, who refused the dona-
tions of our friends. Our numbers are suffi-
cient to make us a power, and on such an occa-
sion as this, when, as a body, we are appealed to,
let us project ourselves into the measure with a
force that shall let the world know our strength
and means. If our deeds of beneficence are noble,
we shall prepare the way for that other work
awaiting our hands and hearts, the solution of
those moral and social problems soon to be pro-
jected into the pathway of the race, and first to
arrest the attention of this nation.

It is time we recognized our mission, and be pre-
paring for it. We are not forever to be hounded,
forever to be wounding the sledge-hammer to bat-
ter down the walls of old superstitions, but we are
to be builders, reformers and renovators. The old
must be cleared away to make room for the new;
but let us see to it that we are not always making
ready. Wisely let us heed the opportunities of
each hour and day, crystallize into a positive active
power, and make our philosophy the element of
that progress destined for the race.

Our meetings are well attended, and have been
for some months. Brother Fish called out large
audiences, and by his eloquence of philosophy and
facts made a deep impression.
Mrs. Currier is speaking with power, and has
very large audiences. New faces are seen at our
hall on successive Sundays, attracted by the power
of Spiritualism, which brings hope and healing to
the way-worn and weary, lifting the dark cloud
enveloping the tomb, and opening to the view of
mortal the sunshine and the pleasures of the
Summer-Land beyond.

Our Sister Robinson, of Lowell, spent a few days
with us, but was called home by sickness in her
family. During her short stay, many had, through
her mediumship, convincing tests; several who
had never been converts to Spiritualism, received
communications from departed dear ones, which
rent the veil, and doubtless will be the seed of re-
generation. Friends who may desire in any local-
ity a medium, will do the cause of truth a service
if they should secure Mrs. Robinson. In saying
this, I speak not to disparage others. But her
phase of mediumship is peculiar, and will prove
effective. Fraternally thine,

W. FOSTER, JR.
Providence, R. I., April 9th, 1865.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Boston.—Meetings will be held at Lyceum Hall, Tremont
(opposite head of School street), every Sunday afternoon at
7 and evening at 10 o'clock. Admission, ten cents. Lec-
turers engaged: Mrs. Lizzie Dore during April; Miss Emma
Hardinge during May.

Boston Spiritualists' Conference will meet every Thurs-
day evening at Temple Hall, Bromfield street, corner of
Tremont street. All are invited. Admission, free.
THE BOSTON CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISTS hold meetings every
Sunday in Temple Hall, corner of Bromfield and Province
streets, at 104 A. M. and 3 P. M. Mrs. M. A. Ricker, regular
lecturer. The public are invited. Seats free. D. J. Ricker,
Sup't.

THE SPIRITUAL FREEDOM will hereafter hold their meetings
at Girard Temple, 334 Washington street.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meet-
ings every Sunday afternoon and evening at 7 and 10 o'clock,
the usual hours. The public are invited. Speakers engaged:
N. S. Greenleaf, April 30; Susie M. Johnson during May;
A. B. Whiting during June.

CHELSEA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Lyceum
Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening
of each week. All communications concerning them should be
addressed to Mr. J. A. Davis during April and June.
N. J. Willis, May 1 and 14; Mrs. A. B. Byrnes, May 21 and 28.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday in Rodgers' Chapel. Ser-
vice in the forenoon at 10 A. M., and in the afternoon at 7 P. M.
Tuesdays, May 2 and 9. Lecturers: Mrs. E. A. Bliss, June 4
and 11; Miss Emma Houston, June 18 and 25.

Worcester, Mass.—Meetings are held in Horticultural Hall
every Sunday afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged—
Mrs. F. M. Brown, April 24 and 25; Mrs. A. A. Currier during
May; Charles A. Hayden during June.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Wey-
bosset street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2
o'clock. Seats free, and the public generally invited. The
Children's Progressive Lyceum also holds its regular sessions
at 10 1/2 o'clock. Lecturers: Mrs. E. A. Bliss, during April and June.
THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS will hold spiritual meetings at
Union Hall, corner of Broadway and 234 street, New York, every
Sunday.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The Friends of Progress meet every Sun-
day at 7 and 10 o'clock, at the Spiritualist Lyceum, No. 138
Washington street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NEWARK, N. J.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sun-
day in Upper Lyceum Hall, Market street, at 7 and 10 o'clock.
Lecturers: Mrs. L. A. Davis during April and June.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organ-
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