



Literary Department.

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KATIE MALVOURNY

IRISH CHARACTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM LIFE.

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

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

CHAPTER XVII. Aunt Nanny.

It must not be supposed that the events which we have been chronicling, though prominent in the history of our young friend, were all that occupied her attention. In attempting to describe any series of events, we are like a person who looks at a landscape with a dim and imperfect vision, from a great distance. Certain prominent points are seen, and as we scrutinize them closely, they become clearly defined, so that we recognize them. So having described the prominent events in the life of our friend, we now propose to go back and survey the landscape again.

We left Mrs. Mulligan living alone in the cottage which Edgar had provided, and in which he had made arrangements for her to remain during his absence. There was an old lady about the age of Mrs. M., her father's sister, who had been for many years in a very helpless condition, almost amounting to dementia. She had been placed in various public institutions, but her case, which was a very peculiar one, was entirely beyond the reach of medical science. The cause of her trouble was rather singular. She was bright when a child, but rather nervous. When about fourteen years of age, there was an old man living at her father's, who was an alchemist and a member of the Order of Rosicrucians, who was almost constantly engaged in trying experiments in chemistry, and Nanny, or Nancy, was very curious to witness them, or see what he was doing. On one occasion, he was experimenting with some gases, which filled his room. Nanny, being more susceptible than the old man, began to be very strangely affected. She had hysterical paroxysms of laughter, followed by crying. This did not alarm the old man, and he proceeded with his experiments. In a short time she began speaking to him in an unknown tongue. Still he was not disturbed, and being much accustomed to experimenting with these gases, he felt very little inconvenience from their effects. Life in such persons may be compared to a railroad car which moves at a slow speed—if it comes in contact with any obstacle, it does not meet with so severe a shock as if it were moving at a more rapid rate.

The girl ran around the room muttering her strange cabalistic words, which rather pleased the old man. Suddenly she fell prostrate upon the floor. This alarmed him, and he quickly took her up and laid her upon some old chairs, and then opened a window near her. Not wishing to awaken any needless fears in the family, he did not remove her to another apartment, as he should have done. She laid in an unconscious state for some time before he thought best to call her mother. A physician was immediately sent for, and various restorative means were used, but with very little effect. Slowly her consciousness returned. At length she opened her eyes, and muttered a few unintelligible sounds, apparently a mixture of some ancient languages. From that time to this—now more than forty years—she has never spoken a word. Gradually she recovered her strength, and in a mechanical way seemed to fall into some of the habits of her former life. It was very sad to witness the wreck of so beautiful a child, and no one felt it more deeply than the old man. He regretted that all the power which he had acquired through years of almost incessant study—laboring with no higher object than the transmutation of metals and the accumulation of wealth—was of no avail to relieve her. He had inherited a small property, which he devoted at once to Nanny's benefit. He resolved thenceforth to direct his energies to the relief of suffering humanity, and the acquisition of that knowledge which would give him power in this particular field of labor. In this way he became an eminent philanthropist, and lived to be highly respected, and died lamented by a very large class of the community.

We have been thus particular in the history of old Nanny, in order that our readers may have an insight into Katie's labors in her behalf. Soon after Mrs. Mulligan had become demented in her new home; it was thought best that she should take Aunt Nanny, and receive the small annuity which was paid toward her expenses.

The old lady had many very peculiar habits. She was as regular in all her ways and movements as the pendulum of a clock. As an illustration of her habits, let us describe her mode of eating, for this is a very excellent criterion by which to judge human character.

In this connection we will relate an anecdote of Coleridge. He was riding in a stage-coach, in which was a very fine looking person. Coleridge admired him very much, and was desirous to learn something about him; but the stranger was taciturn, and gave no opportunity. Coleridge's admiration, as well as his curiosity, rose to a high pitch. When they stopped to dine, he sat opposite the stranger, whom he watched closely, but was unable to get any clue to his character, until a servant brought in a dish of apple dumplings. This was too much for the man, who, clapping his hands, shouted, "Them's the jockys for me!"

The old lady was not particular in regard to the quality or quantity of her food, as she had an excellent appetite, and was accustomed to very plain food. When she sat down at the table, she would look at the different dishes, and thus indicate the articles she desired. She always preferred helping herself, and would take several slices of bread, and various other articles on her plate at a time; and her "grace" consisted in looking at and digesting them mentally before she commenced eating. She never left anything on her plate, and nothing could induce her to take any more after her first selection.

Another very remarkable habit was in regard to sleep. At nine o'clock every evening she fell asleep; it mattered not where she was, or what was going on around her; and at four o'clock in the morning she always awoke.

Her health was uniformly good. She had very strong feelings of attachment, and equally strong dislikes; these extended to localities, plants, animals and human beings, and on these points she manifested more sensitiveness than was common with more intelligent persons. She could recognize the presence of plants or animals at a great distance, even when they could not possibly be perceived by any of the ordinary senses. These feelings, which were very prompt and spontaneous, never deceived her, and it was impossible to change them. When an individual first approached her, if she felt a repulsion to him, all efforts to overcome it proved in vain. So, also, when she became attached to any one, it was permanent, though her attachments differed in degree. She had always been pleased to be with Mrs. Mulligan, and when Katie met her, there was a mutual attraction between them. The result of this, as we shall see, produced an entire change in the life of old Nanny, and gave us a clue to many singular and mysterious facts in connection with her case, and others of a similar character. The student of mental phenomena, especially idiocy, will find some suggestions that may lead to valuable results in the management of these cases.

At Katie's first interview she had a vision, in which the real condition of Nanny was presented to her.

We have before remarked that at times Katie could see the spirit of a person while absent from its body, and that she experienced similar conditions herself, sometimes.

She saw Nanny's spirit—clear and beautiful—just as she was before she entered the chemist's laboratory. And had she seen her away from her body, she would have spoken of her as a girl of fourteen, innocent and beautiful, yet lacking the experiences which belong to a woman of fifty-four years. The spirit seemed to be almost entirely separated from her body, and yet it was so connected that it could not escape from it. On examining the bodily organs and functions, she found that while they were apparently healthy, those functions which, in ordinary conditions of humanity, are called involuntary, had extended their influence so as to keep the machine in running order. The connection between the spiritual and physical bodies, which enables the former to control and direct the latter, was almost totally suspended, and though there was a great effort made at times, by the spirit, to assume its seat and direct the forces in particular channels, it could not do much in this way.

When Katie thus perceived the desire of Nanny's spirit, she could, by certain signs and symbols, communicate to it; and this was gratifying to the spirit. Katie was really the first person who had recognized, or been recognized by Aunt Nanny's spirit, and this established a very strong bond of union between them.

In no one of Katie's psychological experiences was there more positive evidence that she could see the spirit. She could perceive that of Aunt Nanny trying to do something—making repeated and long-continued efforts, before there was the least sign of response on the part of the physical. Katie would tell her friends what she saw, and sometimes hours afterwards the old lady would give evidence that the spirit had partially succeeded in its efforts.

Father Dunlevy, from whom we received this account, told us that he and others had tried numerous experiments, and the result was proof beyond all doubt that Katie did see the movements of the spiritual body, and that in the case of this poor, almost idiotic child, there were evidences, clear and conclusive, in confirmation of the truth of the declaration of the Apostle, that "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body."

But it was not merely as a matter of curiosity and interest that this intercourse became important. When Katie saw the spirit seeking some object, she was enabled to aid the imperfect physical body, and direct it in a channel which would strengthen the connection between it and the spiritual, just as the tender and affectionate mother feeds the wants of her child, long before its undeveloped condition will enable it to express them, and is thereby enabled to minister to its wants, and aid in unfolding its powers.

Katie was further enabled by her observations to discover the reason why persons of this character, who, to use a common phrase, are only incumbrances to society, and who have very limited means of enjoyment within themselves, should continue to live for a long time, while those who are the most useful are often cut down as a flower in the bud, and removed from our sight in the midst of their usefulness, when their labors do not seem to be finished.

So with the first class of persons, as in old Nanny's case, the thread of life which holds the spiritual and the physical together is so attenuated, and loose that it may be drawn out to a great extent, without being snapped; while, with the bright, and especially precocious children of humanity, this cord is drawn out to the last degree of tension; and though the music of life vibrates in sweetest and most melodious tones from instruments so finely attuned and lightly drawn,

still the cord is far more liable to be snapped and severed.

It is sad to think that such beautiful harps must be so often broken; yet when we know and feel that they are to be attuned to finer music in spheres celestial, it brings a consolation to us which may be feeble when compared to the rude shock of separation; for we all feel the truth of the poet's exclamation:

"Oh, it is hard, it is hard to part,
For love is the life of the human heart."

But as the softening influence of time comes over us, the shock is less severely felt, and the consciousness that we shall meet these loved ones—made still more beautiful—in the hereafter, grows stronger as we near the shores of the better land.

Old Nanny not only loved Katie, but was enabled to follow her, and often made signs to Mrs. Mulligan as to where Katie was, and what she was doing when absent. Every one remarked that the old lady became much happier from her intercourse with this pure child; and Katie, in turn, found a source of the purest pleasure in casting even feeble rays of light upon this dark and benighted being.

There is no higher or purer virtue than gratitude; and this is within the reach of even the poorest and weakest child of humanity; while the opposite feeling, ingratitude, is the basest and meanest of the vices.

Katie's life was so full of good deeds and loving actions, that she was almost always happy and able to bring light and cheerfulness to all around her, and every one noticed that the calamities of human life seemed to have but little influence upon her, for her spirit was lifted entirely above them, and the sunshine of her life was seldom clouded even by the severest trials which fell across her pathway.

If it has seemed to our readers that we have presented an overdrawn picture of happiness, it must be remembered that the subject of our story lived in an atmosphere of bright sunlight that dispelled the many clouds which envelope others of the human family.

Nanny, like many of her class, was very industrious, and by constant application, accomplished much more than any one would suppose. She was especially fond of certain kinds of needlework, in which she became quite skillful. Katie took advantage of this, and procured articles from her wealthy friends for her to exercise her skill upon, and by this means she obtained for the old woman considerable compensation; and it was through these efforts that Katie enabled the old lady to get an idea of equivalent value, or compensation—which is the basis of all our ideas of justice. It was a source of great comfort to Nanny's friends to witness her first efforts at recognizing this law, and the scrupulous care with which she observed it.

Katie introduced many of her friends to Aunt Nanny, who were glad to do something for her, and every one perceived that her condition in life became much more tolerable from her association with our young friend.

There were other labors which occupied some of Katie's time and attention, which it may be interesting to notice, as illustrating her character. It is the duty of the priest to visit the poorhouse and workhouse, at least once a month, and Katie had asked permission of Father Dunlevy to accompany him on these visits. She soon became interested in them, and her first effort was to awaken an interest in some of her friends to aid her in ministering to the wants of these suffering ones.

Those who are not familiar with the inmates of such institutions, are not at all aware of their character, and generally suppose them to be entirely composed of the lowest and most degraded classes of humanity, in whom there is little or no interest felt for their redemption, and it is difficult to awaken in others noble feelings of sympathy in their behalf.

Katie, who was a skillful chemist, discovered that each one of these lowly and degraded ones, in their walks through life, had gathered some grains of gold, pure and beautiful, and of great value, though very often they knew it not; and it remained for her, in many instances, by her purity and wisdom, to reveal the treasures which these poor ones were carrying in their soiled and worn baskets. Opticasts of humanity as they were, their hearts were made glad when she exhibited to them these grains, and told them of their true value. And gratitude, which is the language of the soul, flowed forth as warm and glowing from the hearts of these poor and lowly ones, as ever from any other.

Among those whom Katie found in the poorhouse, was Mary Converse, a beautiful and delicate girl of nineteen; the last child and surviving member of her family. Oh, how sad to be left alone to die amid strangers, in this cold world! Her family had all died of that fell disease, consumption, which, with an unrelenting hand, had early marked her as its victim.

Katie found her lying upon a low pallet. Her long, white fingers, with their clear, curved nails, attracted her attention. Her beautiful dark eyes, with their long lashes and brows, contrasted with the marble whiteness of her pale and shining forehead, and face, too, save where the hectic flush gave a rosate tint to the sunken cheeks.

As Katie approached her bedside, with a benignant smile, and asked her how she felt, she answered, in a low, hollow voice, "I am better this morning—I shall soon be up again." Ah! thought Katie, how flattering is this disease; you will soon be better, but never in this frail casket, and upon this side of the narrow stream of death. Then addressing her, she said, "Yes, darling, I hope you will have no more pain." Katie sat down beside her, and wiped the cold, damp sweat from her brow, and, with kindly words, sought to draw her mind away from her sad surroundings, and the weariness of her lonely condition; she endeavored to go back with her to the sweet mem-

ories of her early childhood, when she played around her father's knee, and received the joyous smile of a mother.

She learned from Mary that she was the last of a family of seven brothers and sisters, who, with their father and mother, had all died. She did not know how it was, but "they all took cold, and speeded to waste away and die." She had lived with one poor neighbor, and then another, just as long as they could keep her; and now they could do no more for her, and she had come to the poorhouse to die alone.

Katie felt her warm heart go forth in sympathy toward this poor child, who was just one year younger than herself, and she loved her as a sister; and the poor girl felt how good it was to have this warm sympathy, and she blessed God for sending Katie to her; and Katie felt that God had blessed her for coming.

Mankind do not know—we do not any of us realize—what a rich mine of affection and love lies buried within our own souls, covered over, more or less deeply, with a hard crust of selfishness, avarice, and the false conditions of society, which we might very easily bring forth to the surface and realize its wealth, if we would allow the penetrating and exploring force of true benevolence and charity to act, in awakening that true gratitude which would spring out spontaneously from many a lone and lowly heart. We are asking for heaven, and, at the same time, putting the bars and bolts upon every door and window which opens to it. Mankind are weak, and foolish, and erring; but God is great and good, and is forever prompting us to dig out the true gold that lies buried beneath the surface, and thus to open the doors of our hearts to receive the blessings which he would shower down upon us.

Katie visited this child frequently, and interested her friends in her case, and they were a host, for everybody loved her, and loved to do for her, and thus she was able to provide many comforts so necessary to one passing, as she was, through the trial-hours of life.

Mary desired Katie to be with her as much as possible, saying, "If I must die, it will make me so happy to have you with me when I pass away. I never feel afraid when you are here, you hold me up so strong. Won't you come?"

"Yes," replied Katie, "I will be with you; but there is One, who is stronger than I, who will sustain you. Have faith in Him!"

She was enabled, by the aid of her friends, to have Mary removed to a separate apartment, so that she might not be disturbed by the unavoidable conditions of a crowded apartment.

As she neared the better land, Katie visited her more frequently; and a few weeks after the festive occasion which we have described, she was called to witness the birth of a spirit into a higher life. She had become somewhat familiar with this change, and had learned many things in relation to it. One morning she had an impression that the time had come for Mary's departure; so, calling on Father Dunlevy, he accompanied her to the sick girl's apartment. From the notes which he took on that occasion, we give the following items:

Katie remarked that she had often seen persons around the beds of the dying, but never before had they seemed so real to her. She saw a young girl, whom she perceived was the spirit of one of Mary's sisters, standing directly over her head; and, as the process of separation went on, there stood immediately in front of this sister a very dim and shadowy outline, resembling a human form; but it was a considerable time before she could recognize that it was the departing spirit of her friend. At length it became more clearly defined, and she knew her; and when, to outward appearances, her body was laboring for breath, and struggling, as if in great agony, her now-born spirit stood calmly and serenely above its frail and worn-out tenement, entirely unconscious of the change which was taking place, or of any suffering.

Katie watched this thin, hazy form, as it stood there, supported by one more clearly defined, until it began to manifest signs of life. It seemed very feeble indeed; more so than any that she had ever before seen, and yet it grew more and more into the likeness of her friend. As she gazed on the prostrate and lifeless form, and then on the spirit, she saw that the grim and ghastly appearance of the former gave place to a more natural and life-like expression, as the latter grew stronger, and acquired power to move. And when, a few hours after, she saw the corpse with an apparent look of serenity and repose upon it, which removed much of the distressing appearance that had marked it during the last hours of life, she could perceive that it had an expression which was dimly reflected from the spirit—and this is the first recognition, generally, of the change which has taken place.

Katie's friends and Father Dunlevy made arrangements to give the poor girl a respectable funeral—a ceremony which is considered of the highest importance, even among those who live in what is known as the better class of society, and especially so among these poor, desolate ones.

We have no doubt that many of our readers feel that we have been giving a very exaggerated account of our young friend. Perhaps if we had questioned her closely, there would have been a very different version given to many of her acts. We are certain that the real motives which prompt mankind are very seldom understood; and that while for many of our acts we are blamed unjustly, in a large number of instances credit is given where it does not belong, and for that which is not intended.

Each individual has an ideal, toward which they are aiming; and while some may succeed in approaching their ideals better than others; no one is fully satisfied.

That Katie's ideal was a very high one, every one would suppose; but that she attained any nearer to it than others have, we do not believe, and hence there were failures and trials which

her sensitive nature felt as deeply and keenly as any one.

We shall now present our readers with Katie's reply to Dr. Kenrick's letter, which, we think, will fully sustain her character for purity and wisdom, which are so beautifully exemplified in her life and all that springs from it.

CHAPTER XVIII. Further Correspondence—Katie's Reply to Dr. Kenrick.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Your letter was received a fortnight since, and the profound question you proposed for me to answer, though not a novel one, I have pondered over and over, and never have I been more deeply impressed with my inability to fathom the depths of the great problem you have presented. I know something of its vast import to myself, to you, and to humanity, and have therefore sought for light—for inspiration, may I not say—that I might be able to see this truth clearly, and present it as a divine revelation, that shall shed its mild and radiant light over many souls and fill them with joy.

But before I enter upon this, let me say that I see you in a vision of light before me now, and the emblem of your life is a tall, graceful and symmetrical tree, beneath whose protecting shade you are standing. I can see that some of the small branches have been nipped by the frosts of winter, or scorched and withered by the summer's heat, and these you are seeking to prune out. I see that other branches, green and vigorous, have shot out beyond their proper places, and are beginning to mar the beauty and symmetry of the noble tree of your life. These are drawing away some of that strength which should go to support other parts, and thus maintain the harmony of the whole. You are seeking to curb the growth of these, and trim them to their proper position and size. Though I see these things clearly, you alone can feel them, and I need only speak an encouraging word for you to be earnest and faithful in your labors, knowing that "a word to the wise is sufficient."

I have been much interested recently in a remarkable woman who has come into our part of the country. She is a preacher among the Quakers; and though the people call her a heretic, and Father Dunlevy said he did not wish to meet her, when I asked him to go with me, yet he had no objection to my going. The good man thinks I am safe, even among heretics. Well, I visited this lady, and found her very peculiar in her dress and manners, but a sweet, pure-minded and good woman, and I was very much drawn to her. We spent several hours together, and she told me, among other things, about certain queries which they had adopted in their society, and which were read and answered several times in the year; one of which seemed to me particularly appropriate to my own condition, and perhaps you may find it interesting. It reads thus:

"Do you take due care regularly to deal with all offenders, in the spirit of meekness, without partiality or unnecessary delay, in order to benefit them?—and where such labor is ineffectual, to place judgment upon them in the authority of Truth?"

This is intended, as you will readily perceive, as a guide to the members in their treatment of each other; but it struck me at the time I heard it, and every time I have looked at it since, as applicable to individuals in the culture and training of their own natures.

But I have not lost the vision. These panoramas present to us the past, the present, and some of the shadowy tints of the future. So I see down the vista of coming years, your beautiful green tree, harmonious and graceful in its form, symmetrical in all its parts and proportions, giving a shade of protection, not only to yourself, but to many others. As the lingering shadows of this vision pass before me, I see my own little tree modified in form by time.

But to the question, "How does one soul influence and control another?" let me ask a question which may aid in the solution of yours: What constitutes the entire man? Man, physically, is represented to us as a microcosm; a little world; an epitome of the great world in which we live. His body is said to contain more of the primates, or elements, than any other living structure, with a capacity for the reception of a portion of all the primates and elements of the entire globe. And the nearer any human being approximates toward the reception of all these primates, the more perfect and effectual will be the body for all the purposes of life. The number of elements is one essential condition; another is their harmonious arrangement in the system.

The mental organism of man is a divine creation, and manifests itself in and experiences a growth by its connection with the physical; and it will be more or less perfect in its development and manifestation, according to the condition of the physical body.

There is a third and higher nature in man—the soul—the spark of the Divine Being which is more refined and important than any of the others, but which finds its place of action and unfolding in connection with the physical, through the mind. This is incorruptible, but may be restrained in its growth by the false conditions of the other two natures.

Your question, as I perceive it, covers the whole ground, and therefore should read: "How does one human being influence and control another?" As like atoms attract each other, as well as like compounds, so those human beings in whom the atoms and compounds are nearly similar, are attracted to and influence each other; and the amount of the influence will be very much governed by the perfection of the attraction which is dependent upon the character of the atoms and compounds. The physical attraction may, and does, change rapidly, as the physical condition and its surroundings change; "This must" therefore be more or less temporary.

The mental organism, as we have said, is the

connecting link between the soul, nature and the physical body. This is influenced by both of these, as well as by many extraneous conditions. It is also governed by the same law, and though subject to changes, is more permanent in its character than the attractions on the physical plane.

The soul is susceptible to influences from the mental and physical organizations. And there is a soul-affinity, which is more permanent and enduring than that of either of the others. The influence of one human being over another will depend upon the plane or planes of attraction.

On the mental plane, kindred feelings and pursuits awaken feelings of sympathy and interest, and there is much happiness resulting from such unions. But where souls find congenial companions, there is the basis for the most perfect and enduring unions; and where all the natures are united thus, it produces a condition from which flows the highest and purest happiness, and the influences are the strongest upon each other; and hence the influences must vary considerably. I should remark that there are certain positive and negative forms of the same condition, which are generally to be found in the opposite sexes, which are essential to attraction. So, on all the planes where the two sexes find their true companions, will be found the strongest ties and the most potent influences over each other.

I believe, however, that unless there is a union upon all the planes, the relation and influence must be wayward and uncertain, and that pure and enduring love cannot spring from a single plane of attraction, any more than a pure and harmoniously rounded life can spring from development upon either one of these planes. And we all feel that this can only result from an unfolding of the entire nature in a symmetry, beauty and harmony, in which each faculty moves in its own peculiar and appropriate sphere. When the faculties are thus trained, and there is a union between two individuals, based upon true and harmonious relations in every department of their natures, it ferms the highest, purest and most divine condition which man can realize. All the joys of existence are vastly multiplied, and life becomes like a stream of pure, crystal waters, with sparkling gems of beauty, and burning with love's enchanted fires, filling the cup of human happiness to overflowing.

I feel that I have only hinted at a few of the points which time alone can develop and unfold, and which the poverty of human language must ever fail to reach—just as the imperfection of musical instruments must ever fail to give the highest and purest strains of harmony and melody. In proportion, however, as the heart is attuned to either of these, will it leave the broken and imperfect symbols, and realizing the most perfect beauty and harmony of its own interior and divine nature, bask in the sunshine of that pure and seraphic bliss which can only flow from the unfolding of this nature.

May the glimpses which flash across my pathway now, reach thee, my friend, and shed a lustre along thine, so that we may experience, in feeling, the invitation: "Come, let us go up to the mountain of the house of the Lord."

I need not say that it is very grateful to me to hear from thee, and when it is well with thee, I would have thee remember me ever as thy friend, KATIE MALVOURNEY.

A few weeks after this, Katie received the following letter from Dr. Kenrick:

MY DEAR FRIEND—I desire to express my thanks to you for your very interesting letter, every word of which seemed precious to me. Your vision of my life is deeply instructive to me, and I have felt more desirous than ever to be faithful in pruning and cultivating the entire tree, and each branch, so that I may be able to realize that which you saw in regard to my future life.

There is one point in your admirable description of the influence of one human being over another—and I accept your question as amended, and think it more appropriate—which is this: When there is a true union and attraction, there is a power acquired by which the faults, foibles and weaknesses may not only be seen but pointed out in such a manner as to create no unpleasant or irritable feeling; but, on the contrary, inspire a higher love and warmer attachment.

In all our intercourse, there has been nothing that has bound me so closely to you as your honest and faithful, yet candid and truthful, statements of my faults and inharmonies just as they have appeared to you. I can in this, my good friend, see wherein lies the true principle of reformation, which is not accomplished by throwing sharp and barbed harpoons into the quivering flesh of erring mortals, only to excite or perhaps destroy them, but by dropping gentle and loving cords, with golden anchors of sympathy, into their souls, we may draw out love which is the true life, and kindle anew the fires of purity and truth in their sad and sorrowing hearts.

You have answered my question plainly and frankly, and now I have another for you, equally important to ourselves personally, if not to others. I know you will not be any less candid in this than you have been in everything else. I desire to know whether you have been impressed with the fact that you and I stand in the relation which you have so beautifully described as the one from which flows the purest and most exalted happiness which human beings can enjoy? I should have asked you this question before this, but I was waiting to see whether you would not be impressed to ask it yourself. But, feeling that I am not so competent to answer it as you are (a reason which may have established the custom among mankind); I have waited until this time. You may consider me as committed on the affirmative of this question, but I shall press no argument on your feelings or judgment, only advise you in seeking an answer to this solemn and momentous question—the question of our lives—that you withdraw as much as possible from all extraneous influences, and take counsel with your highest and best intuitions, aided by the loftiest aspirations and purest desires, that you may be guided by a wisdom which shall approach the perfection of the divine.

Abiding the issue, I am sincerely your friend, HENRY T. KENRICK.

To Miss Katie Malvourney, Katie thus replied to the Doctor's bi-personal question:

MY DEAR FRIEND—I was not surprised at your question, but I was pleased with the polite and gentlemanly manner in which you put the compliment which you paid to my sex. I am sure it was not, like too many such compliments, hollow and unmeaning. Believing, as I do, in the God-given right of all human beings to do that which they have a capacity to do, and that in proportion as they do it well they extend their power and acquire the right to do more, I do not understand why we should speak of any rights independent of capacity, which is ever the measure of right. And if any one of your sex can put the question you have asked, as beautifully and effectually as you have, and any one of your sex can answer it in an appropriate manner, I say, let the woman put her question with a strong heart and a noble purpose, and let the man answer as best he may;

and no right is violated, or appropriate dignity and due modesty infringed upon. But you have asked the question which you well may say is "the question of our lives." You ask me to be candid. I will. I am impressed not to give a final and decisive answer at this time. In settling so momentous a question, I think there should be no hasty or impulsive action. Let us weigh all its bearings, and measure all the contending influences that may warp our judgments, or lead us to improper conclusions. I propose to give you my answer now, freely and fully; and, having done this, let us wait one year from this day—which will be my twenty-first birthday. I accept your proposition now, and if our feelings and judgment shall remain unchanged at that time, I think the question may be safely decided. In the meantime we will continue our correspondences. I find myself strengthened by your letters, as well as by the effort of writing to you, for you draw out my thoughts as no other person can. We may visit each other whenever it seems proper. I have not forgotten the very kind and pressing invitation which your good father gave me to visit him and his family, and I look forward with pleasure in anticipation of this visit.

I have said I was not disappointed in receiving this question from you. When I first met you, I felt that you gave me strength, that my life was better because of your life, and my physical nature was stronger because I had experienced the influence of your physical nature around me. When I measured you mentally, as I did on that occasion, and more fully when your first letter came to me, I felt that on this plane you awakened loftier thoughts, and inspired higher purposes here than I had ever realized. Then I looked at my position in life, and I said, "What have I done?" But there came echoing up from the deepest depths of my nature, "Thou hast done nothing wrong—wait for the unfolding future." Then, soul-wise, I stood beside you, and I saw that the shadow which your inmost soul sent forth, so clearly defined and beautiful, was measured by my own. Still I waited patiently. I could afford to, for I was happy, and I determined, if possible, to make no false step, or build any castle in the air which should crumble in ruin about me, and leave sad and sorrowful memories there. As I have stood in the calm and placid scenes of my soul's introversion, in the busy hum of active life and ever-passing duties, in sunshine and in storm, your presence has been around and above me as a star of hope and destiny.

Now that we have defined our positions, can we not wait for the buds of promise to blossom in beauty and fragrance, and the tendrils of affection that are entwining around our hearts to grow stronger? If we continue in this state, I feel that our cup of happiness will be full, with no danger of having it dashed from our lips, and in its place find broken vows, crushed hopes, and blighted and disappointed affections, which would render life's journey hopeless and miserable, and mar our usefulness.

But I have written much more than I expected. I admit that the expression of kind words, and the presentation of chaste compliments, are proper, and gratifying to our best feelings, stimulating our ambition to higher aims and nobler deeds, and should be encouraged by all. Trusting you will see what I am aiming to present, and look beyond my utterances to find the meaning, which is the reality of which they are but imperfect shadows, I send them, having no apology to make to one I am happy to call my friend, and to be able to subscribe myself your friend, KATIE MALVOURNEY.

[To be continued in our next.]

Written for the Banner of Light. NELLY.

BY S. B. KEACH. The fields are dressed in Nature's best, For Summer, smiling queen, Brings all her flowers to crown the hours, And every leaf is green. Skies never knew a deeper blue, The wave a softer breeze, And ne'er were heard, in song of bird, Such melodies as these.

But from my heart a better part Of joy's sweet self I miss; Beneath the tree I dream of thee, And of a day like this. Bright Summer, go; I shall not know Such joys as Spring-time gave; Sweet Summer, die, and let me lie, Like Nelly, in the grave.

Spiritualism in New Orleans.

I arrived here Jan. 1st, 1865, it being my first visit to this place. I am much pleased with the climate in winter. Rip's Chinese plums are now quite plenty in the market; also green cucumbers, new potatoes, green peas, strawberries, etc. By previous arrangement, I entered upon the duties of clerk in the enrolling office of the House of Representatives, finding myself among total strangers, all speaking the French language (Creoles). In the course of a few days one of our number inquired if I was a Spiritualist. I replied, "Why do you ask that question?" He answered, "Because the spirits tell me so," and then added, "I am a medium." I had previously given no intimation to any one that I was a believer in this beautiful philosophy, thus proving that spirits can and do communicate. I learned through this medium where spiritual circles were being held, which I attended, and found there P. B. Randolph, the only English medium present. Our circle consisted of about twenty-five persons. Mr. Randolph is teaching a colored school here. This evening, I attended a lecture delivered by Mrs. Laura DeFores Gordon (trance speaker), in the new opera house on St. Charles street, a beautiful and spacious hall, located in a very popular part of the city. She had a very respectable and attentive audience, and gave the subject, "What is our future condition?" impartial justice; holding the theory that this life was but a portion of eternity; that after leaving the mortal form we began in the spirit world at precisely the point where we left off in the physical world; that the future life was of a progressive character, and that this life, if carried out according to natural laws, would be productive of happiness. The subject of this lecture was selected by the audience. Mrs. Gordon speaks at the same place next Sunday.

I find here many inquiring minds and seekers after truth. Among those in attendance at the lecture was a Methodist clergyman. A good test medium is needed here very much. A large majority of the inhabitants are French, most of whom are Catholics. A. B.

LENGTH OF LIFE IN ANIMALS.—Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of one thousand years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died in Vienna at the age of one hundred and four. Ravens frequently reach the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred and sixty years. Pelicans are long-lived. When Alexander the Great had conquered Phorus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found; with this inscription, three hundred and fifty-six years after. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred years.

Written for the Banner of Light. THE WISH. BY SUSIE RYKES.

In days gone, when I was but A happy child at play By the blue stream, or gathering flowers Through the bright summer day, I heard thee say, "If, when a star Upon its golden wings Comes softly floating earthward as The night her vesper sings,

One breathes a wish with heart sincere, However wild or strange, The boon shall bless him ere the year Has trod her pathless range!"

My heart would bound, and quick a wish From out its tiny core Would leap, as I looked up to see Come through the open door

Of heaven, the star whose radiant light Should shine no more on earth, But in whose death some dearer joy For me should have its birth.

A childish thought, forgotten ere The star's bright footsteps crossed The ethereal blue to bring the boon, And numbered among the lost.

But now, when one of those fair stars, Shod with bright gold, comes down To list a moment, ere it dies, To earth's bewildering hum,

With what sweet wish, what fond desire, Shall I its coming greet? What talismanic accent breathe, Ere fades the vision fleet?

Shall I for wealth or honor plead, Or earthly pleasures sweet? Or crave the laurel wreath that glows, A crown for genius meet?

Shall I speak low a cherished name, Sweet to my ear as sounds Of dulcet harmony, and while My pulse with rapture bounds

Even at the thought, ask that his heart May cling to mine (as mine Goes ever reaching out for his) In union most divine?

Shall I, in sweet humility, Bow down, and ask a slave To be, his weary feet with mine Own joyful tears to lave,

And dry them with my love's warm breath? To lay upon my breast His aching head, and woo to him Sweet sleep's refreshing rest?

Nay, 't were too much for this poor earth Such flowers of joy to raise From her cold soil, to clothe my heart In such fair robes of praise;

I'll change the boon, and when you star Her shining presence from The world above withdraws, and with Winged feet doth hither come,

I'll ask that when the ransomed ones Go up to shine as stars, In that fair world where earthly woes Are over, and their scars,

Which now so deeply dent the aching heart, Are healed, that I may meet Him there, where those who love may walk Together o'er the street

Of gold, like the bright angels whom Our Father loves, who gaze On his dear face, and slug, to notes Of joy, his wondrous praise. March, 1865.

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS. SIXTEENTH PAPER.

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

THE MISSION OF REFORMERS.

THIRD SECTION CONTINUED.

Woman to be Man's Redeemer.

Some of the pleasantest scenes of my boyhood were enlivened and endeared to my later memory by the presence of a perk and playful girl about of my own age; the last family likeness of an uncommonly good-looking and noble-minded matron, and all unfaultry in form and feature (I mean the girl), save a villous patch on the right side of her nose, an inch or more in length and less than half as broad, resembling a bit of hide and hair torn from the body of a sorrel horse; the hair being short and downy, like that of the animal soon after shedding its winter coat. My puerile mind was often tasked with wonder, in our familiar interviews, at Nature's ill attempt to spoil a pretty face; and there was no end to my quandary, which only took a different turn, on my learning how it happened, either for the continued mystery of its cause, or the oddity of its occasion. It was the mother's testimony, as I am duly authorized to say, that her maternal serenity coincident with the pre-natal life of her daughter, was unhappily disturbed, (in what particular stage thereof I have formerly neglected and am now unable to ascertain) by the casual and unexpected sight of a man whipping a refractory horse; and that in the height of her pity for the punished brute, her right forefinger was unthinkingly brought to bear with a slight pressure on the identical part of her face denoted by the facial blemish of her child. The magical effect of this manipulation, as well as its transfer from the maternal to the fetal body, is mysterious indeed, though not quite inexplicable, it may be, and certainly not more difficult to explain than the psychological results of many an experiment in what, for want of scientific penetration, is called Mesmerism; as will hereafter appear.

My next example is less detailable, though I am equally well assured of its truth; but I was never as well acquainted with the personal constituents of its prime event, which occurred some thirty years before I was born. Suffice it to say that, in a town adjoining that of my own nativity, there formerly lived and grew to the stature of a man, a singular exemplification of human faculty. He was not a fool; for he had sense enough to keep him out of harm's way, and uncouth wit enough to make either sport or mischief for his occasional admirers; neither was he properly crazed; for he behaved with reason, according to what he knew; though the measure of his knowledge was only equal to that of his unassisted observation, which was fortuitous rather than designed—a congeni-

tant of experience and not the fruit of intellectual capacity. He never learned to read, and seemed not at all inquisitive as to the use of books, or the value of their contents. He had little or no moral sense; was utterly reckless of the customs and courtesies of good society; and heeded no laws of life, or rules of conduct, except such of the teachings of sense as are enforced by pleasure or pain; nor was he always mindful of these. He was an egregious gourmand and would-be toper, within the constraints of a rigid guardianship, and seemed to be tipsy even when sober; inasmuch that strangers who saw him in his staggering gait, or heard the gibberish of his ribald tongue, presumed that he had been drinking. But whoever knew the wretch, if only as well as all his townsmen knew him, beheld with pity rather than vulgar scorn, a fated proctor of a sot. For such he was, and such was born to be, as the only failure of his mother's repeated maternity; and that the fruit of another's fault. All her other children became respectable members of society. This worthy mother, sometime in her pregnancy relevant to the birth of her unfortunate son, happened to be left alone, on a Sunday, I think, her husband and the other members of the family being absent at church or elsewhere; and in this situation a vile character in the aspect of a drunken vagabond, approached the house, demanded admission and threatening to break through the bolted door. The lady was naturally frightened, as almost any woman in her predicament would be; and the maternal effect of her fright was manifest at length in the unshapely character of her ruined child.

I might give other instances of unlucky maternal impression of which I have more or less personal knowledge, as well as many that I know of only by report, either written or oral; but, presuming that the reader will recollect their equivalent of implication, (since this kind of information often comes unsought, as in my own experience,) I offer these two merely as samples of a class of anomalous facts which I would bring to notice, not with any expectation that their reality will be disputed, but with an earnest prayer that their significance may be discerned. To this end a single case would serve as well as many; for the logical issue of facts is independent of their number, and regards only their rationale. I wish I could discover that of any such as I have admitted to be anomalous; which adjective is only another designation of what is just now inexplicable, and this for no other reason but the ever-receding limitations of science. Who does not know that many modern departments of human intelligence were anciently deemed impenetrable? With the history of human progress before our eyes, why should we doubt that every phenomenon in Nature is explicable, that is to adequate intelligence?—that all Truth is discoverable, though not within the periphery of our present discovery, and that mystery relates only to the outer regions of our investigation? Doubt! to me there is no doubt in the case. It is rather clear to my understanding that this is the very predicament of Man's all-searching mind. From the premise of no effect without Cause, there follows no such thing as Chance, nor other accident than the surprises of imperfect cognition; while we know enough of Nature, even by observation, to be assured that all her operations are according to law—that, so far as they are revealed to us, they are forever subject to those eternal principles on which the integrity of the Universe depends; and therefore every physical event must have not only its relevant cause, but also its rationale, however both for a time may elude our research. In other words, there are no anomalies in Nature but the conceals of a limited intelligence. So the mysteries of maternity, like all other mysteries, are grounded in human ignorance. The anomalous facts adverted to above, as well as the recited instances of maternal failure, are all in keeping with the ruling principles of Nature, and only discordant with the precepts of Wisdom touching the voluntary relations of mankind. I mean to say that their seemingly fortuitous occurrence is always in Nature's Order, to which there are no exceptions; that, just as emaciation follows privation of food, which, if prolonged, occasions starvation and death, only because bodily renovation is one of those perpetual laws of animal life which cannot be broken; and just as the healing of a flesh wound is effected by the general process of alimentive assimilation, and not by any special institute in the economy of physiological being; so every *navus* and fetal distortion in body or mind, as well as every phase of precocity or characteristic of native genius, is incidental to the constant working of a peculiar force in maternity, which, as the natural sequence of the mother's unique relation to her unborn progeny, constitutes her pro-creative power. This power is involuntary and only modified by the mother's will. Therefore it is never more wakeful or efficient at one time than another, and varies in effect only according to the variety of external influences to which she is casually subject. This power to generate and mold the mentality of a nascent soul, I do not fully comprehend; nor shall I undertake its elucidation and that of the maternal relation from which it springs, further than to say that both are analogous to those of a mesmerizer operator.

I suppose there is no question as to the fact of pre-natal unconsciousness; and the reason of it, if the psychical part of a sentient being has any development prior to the birth of the body; and if not, whence the endowment of mentality at the mere instance of breathing; no writer to my knowledge has ever attempted to explain. In discarding the vulgar notion that God makes souls apart from the natural order of human propagation, and to be tenanted in earthly bodies perhaps by midwives from the spirit-world, (which I cannot think the reader is foolish enough to entertain,) I virtually admit that soul and body are generated as well as born together—that the psychical part of human nature is as old, and as much the product of human parentage, as the physical. Besides, this is a reasonable postulate; at least I can think of no rational objection to it; while it is clearly favored by the observation that a child born in the seventh or eighth month of maternity, is as perfectly conscious as the product of a longer gestation. Pre-natal insensibility too, as consisting with healthful vitality, may be accounted for upon the same principle as that of a mesmeric subject, whose mental state is in fact identifiable with that of every unborn infant. To such as are at all conversant with the experimental facts and obtaining theory of Mesmerism, it is evident that the mere physiological conditions of embryonic life are fitted to induce, and therefore do insure, the same magnetic rapport of the mother and fetus that is sought with more or less success by the operator's manipulation of his subject. Thus magnetism becomes the thaumaturgus of maternity; and the mother's procreative power appears to be mainly due to her function as a naturally constituted mesmerist. Call this a sheer hypothesis, if you please; and yet, besides resolving two mysteries into one and the same, it discovers the probable rationale of maternal conception, and proffers an acceptable reason for all varieties both of success and failure in pregnancy. As the subject of experimental Mesmerism is

describable, except around the organism of the operator, it is scarcely receptive of every thought and feeling; the mother, and the fetal child had no previous experience of the being impressed with every phase of the mother's mentality; and this is the only means of a soul's pre-natal development. Again, as the experimental mesmerizer obtains a more effective control of his subject's organism than of his own; (as when, at the mere will of the mesmerizer, a limb of the mesmerized person assumes a muscular rigidity which no operator can effect upon a member of his own body); and as the affected experiences of a successful mesmerizer devolve upon the mind of the mesmerized; with the force of reality; (as when the former fancies a drink of water to be wine, or some other delicious beverage, and the latter enjoys it as such); so all the thoughts and feelings of a pregnant mother, are transmitted to her fetal child with a wonderful amplification of their subjective material. Indeed, the experience of life in embryo appears to be the counterpart of maternal aspiration, and often in fulfillment of a mother's frustrated longing; like the dreams of starvation, which always feast the soul while the famishing body sleeps. In this way I account not only for the two instances of maternal misconception related above, as well as the whole class of anomalous facts to which they belong; but also for the generation of certain characteristics, both worthy and unworthy, which are not personal to either parent. All such seeming accidents of fetal development are really incidental to the natural working of an unknown principle in maternity which, hypothetically, improvement in pedigree; though for lack of maternal information, its normal effect is often lost or even perverted.

Thus at any time in the season of maternity following the climax of fetal conformation, any extraordinary incentive to a special aspiration, such as to some minds will occur on being entertained with a piece of sculpture, a painting, a taking book, a dramatic or musical performance, or what is likelier still, an attempt to execute some work of art, will suffice to qualify the mother of a genius. I doubt not important personalities sometimes originate in these and other casual ways; and I only wish the life of any mother, or that of any mother's child, had been written with the least appreciation of the principle which the statement implies. But for want of this, biographers, have rarely recorded what is available to my present purpose, otherwise than by inference. In the summary life of Byron just enough is said of his mother to give us a clue to the cause of his sensitive and irreverent temper and the scornful bias of his Muse; but not enough to account for the pith of his Ideality. Those were inevitable fruits of maternal vexation consequent upon his father's marital infidelity and fraud; and the author of *Childe Harold* is just as likely to have followed his mother's occasional writing of a sonnet. On this point I am left to conjecture only so far as consists with the postulate that every personal gift of Nature not inherited is born of maternal aspiration; or, in words of broader scope and perhaps more definite, that all traits of character more prominent and remarkable in children than in either of one's parents, are maternally procreated, in effect either of some sudden excitement, intense longing, or habitual endeavor of the mother. The poetic endowments of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson, of which there was no sign of a paternal precedence, were plainly of the latter source; since both in literary facility and proclivity to verification they precociously surpassed their mother, who was accustomed to private attempts at poetry prior to their birth, yet, for her modest pretensions to authorship, published nothing of her own till after the impetus of their scintillant career; and then only what savored more of incited taste than creative ability. The memoirs of Benjamin West contain allusions to his mother which provoke the reasonable assumption that she was largely endowed with the taste of an artist; and could I command the elements of maternal biography in relation to every famous character, I doubt not of their fitness to prove that native genius, or any trait of human wit or worth, which appears to be aboriginal, has been properly designated MOTHER-WIT, and why not also mother-worth? as being an enlarged representation of what a mother was, or at least of what she sometimes worshipped. But since biographers have generally suffered that to go to oblivion which might have constituted the best material support of my theory, I am left to look for this almost exclusively within the area of my personal acquaintance.

[To be continued.]

THE DEMONSTRATIONS OF SPIRITUALISM.

There is one thing for which, we can thank God and take courage—Spiritualism has a positive and scientific basis, not being mainly dependent on the sacred writings of some ancient nation for its existence. True, if its full history was written out, the Spiritualism of all nations would be necessary to place it before the world as a whole. The end of the Churches is, in discarding as spurious, all the angelology outside of the Old and New Testament Scriptures, while the world is, and ever has been, full of it.

The phenomenal Spiritualist has no favors to ask of the Biblical textualist, of the Infidel, or the common school of metaphysicians, because he knows whereof he affirms. There is no fact in science better established than the fact in our own midst; people are daily coming in contact with disembodied spiritual intelligences, invisible though they are to fleshly eyes. The evidence is overwhelming; and we defy both our Infidel and Christian friends to invalidate these evidences. So long as the veracity of consciousness is admitted in any case, we insist it should be in this. It is of no account if now and then a case of imposture is detected; what we mean is, the genuineness of the thing itself is a matter of absolute fact. The pulpit and religious press may denounce Spiritualism as an imposture, and the Boston Investigator may cry out a lack of evidence, yet Spiritualism moves on majestically, conquering and to conquer. Protestantism, since the era of Martin Luther, cannot claim the honor of converting so many clear headed and intellectual unbelievers in a future life, as the phenomena of Spiritualism have converted to that belief within the last twenty years.

Phenomena are what the world has been wanting ever since Protestantism set up for itself. And phenomena to establish the doctrine of a future life are just what Protestantism, all the way along, has confessed, and maintained could not be furnished. And when there have been phenomena of this kind, they have been treated as humbug, or the work of the devil. When Abner Kibland abandoned the Christian profession and became a champion of so-called Infidelity, he took Protestantism at its word, and boldly applied the idea of a "life for the beyond" which he was thereby contemplating. This he would have done, had he been a consistent man, with the like bold phenomena of Spiritualism as he has since advanced. Now and then, the Bible, composed of sixty-six books, is de-

clared to be the entire word of God, containing all he has ever revealed to man touching the future life. Consequently the sects admit no other evidence but what can be gathered from this book, written by many different writers. The result is, among those who accept the Bible as aforesaid, we have those who believe in eternal misery, the believers in universal salvation, and the destructionists, or believers in the annihilation of the wicked. But in one thing they all agree: we are not now having any demonstrative proofs of the inherent immortality of the soul.

By deciding that every chapter and verse of the Bible go to comprise the infallible word of God, those who reason from these premises are led into the grossest errors. Elder Miles Grant quotes from the lecherous King Solomon, "The dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward; for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love and their hatred, and their envy, is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun." "Then," exclaims Mr. Grant, "this settles forever the question of the existence of what is called the spirit of man after death." Allowing that God infallibly inspired King Solomon to pen this extract, then Biblical believers in the immortality of the soul are in as tight a place as were the Romish Cardinals when the rotary motion of the earth was established by the experiments of Galileo.

There has been any amount of hurrying Scripture texts for and against the doctrine of man's conscious, spiritual existence immediately subsequent to death; and it is now high time to take the disputants into the realm of positive facts in settling this point. It matters but little what disposal textualists make of *nephesh, pneuma, or neshama*; but what is provable from the phenomena occurring in this country and in Europe, bearing upon this subject. A definition of Biblical terms does not, by any means, put this subject beyond further criticism. Even Miles Grant, with all of his materialistic proclivities, is obliged to admit the doctrine of demonology, which is the next door to conceding the point in dispute between him and Spiritualists. A demon, according to lexicon authority, is a spirit. So, if there is, or ever was, an order of beings called demons, then, inferentially, the existence of the human soul or spirit becomes probable. Any further than a mere history of opinions is concerned, it would be no great loss were all the books and treatises on the next life annihilated; because we have means of judging of the nature and character of the next life equal to the best of them. To-day I would prefer the Message Department of the Banner, in forming my opinions of the condition of the departed, to all the Church literature the Christian world can produce. The baseless theories of C. F. Hudson and Miles Grant respecting the utter extinction of the unrepentant, are as utterly exploded as the Ptolemaic theory of astronomy. From the same source the once popular doctrine concerning hell is disposed of. And yet Churchmen plant themselves upon their dignity, utterly ignoring these things, as though they had no bearing upon the case. What avails all of these theories which ignore facts and construct theories upon the veriest hypotheses?

Would our Bibliolators defend the so-called miraculous parts of the Scriptures? How can it be so effectually done as by drawing weapons from the spiritual armory of Spiritualism? The old materialistic skepticism is in no better condition to ward off the telling blows of Spiritualism, than an old-style wooden man-of-war is to encounter an iron-clad monitor. We are just beginning to find out that the most powerful forces and agents in nature are spiritual, and that it is no longer the privilege of the most arrogant skepticism to be the assaulting party, but that its work is more strictly one of self-defence. CANTOR. *Glover, Va., 1865.*

FEMALE PHYSICIANS.

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

It was a custom of the Greeks, on a birth in their families or on a recovery from an illness, to offer a sacrifice to Esculapian. We now have to be thankful for the advent of female physicians, fraught with so much interest to a large number of the community. As women have always stood foremost in the capacity of nurses for the sick, they are certainly best calculated to become physicians for their own sex. By the philanthropic labors of a lady, the first Medical College was organized in New York City. There, women can be taught the science of healing diseases peculiar to women, and thoroughly qualified to practice medicine. That they have met, and will continue to meet with opposition, is true. Every step taken in reform meets with difficulties; but with right on their side, they will live down opposition, scorn and ridicule. In treating diseases of females, they will succeed. Their own experience teaches them not to ask such questions that their patients will not refuse to answer, for the sympathy felt by the physician is a key that will unlock the secret and disclose truthfully the cause and extent of disease that has baffled the skill of the male physician, because he did not understand the case. His delicate patient will not disclose to him truthfully the extent of her sufferings. He can only guess at remedies; and day by day he sees that his interesting patient fades away, for her modesty places a bar upon investigation, and another victim is lost that might have blessed her family for years. To obviate this evil, and lessen the amount of suffering endured by mothers, wives and sisters, women as physicians step forward to their rescue. They alone can sympathize with their own sex, alone can obtain the confidence of a sensitive female patient. Surely the Angel of Mercy has moved the waters of healing, so that the weak and feeble can avail themselves of their magical powers. Homeopathic remedies, combined with the divine properties of mesmerism, have agitated these streams, and all may be healed, and women become as free from disease as God and Nature intended them to be. Vain will be all opposition, for it is destined that the chains of bondage that have crippled the advancement of women are falling away before the light of knowledge now flooding our enlightened country. Women have claimed their rights, and are able to sustain them. Except by a few narrow-minded men, their power is acknowledged, as physicians, lecturers and artists. As they have experienced opposition from some of the medical profession, they should stand alone. Let the world see that they are capable of sustaining and directing their own Medical College, by education and practice. Let the business be performed by women entirely—teach their own students toward the diploma. Surely women educated for the purpose are as well informed as men on these duties. When they act independently, and assert their abilities to perform the labor, required, then only will their claims be respected, and they receive the attention due to fellow practitioners, and their advice and assistance be sought in difficult cases, where only the aid of women can avail, or give relief to the sufferer, what the male physician has failed, not from want of skill, but from the state of his patient. The aid of a lady will these physicians labor seeking only to relieve the sufferer, and to benefit all mankind.

The Spirit-World.

Dark Spirits—Evil Spirits.

I must not withhold from your readers the following remarkable communication, received yesterday from a spirit whom I know as Benjamin Peters, my "Satanic associate," as he styles himself, and who, unhappily for me, has been my constant attendant for the last eighteen months, depriving me of all intercourse with my spirit-friends. It was received through the Dial, one of the simplest and most efficient methods of communing with the spirit-world. Thoughts flow as fast as the pen can record. FRANK. *Accomac, Va., April 22, 1865.*

"DEAR FRIEND—I wish to give you some thoughts on a subject that you do not understand. I mean the condition of undeveloped spirits. You, and all Spiritualists, believe that you can benefit dark spirits by your admonitions and prayers. This is true; but you can have little or no effect upon evil spirits. We are dark spirits who have been your attendants for the last eighteen months, and by us you have been protected from the power of evil spirits.

Dark spirits are those who lived for their own gratification, regardless of what pain might be given to others, or what consequences might result therefrom. A large proportion of all who come from earth are of this character, but infinitely diversified; some being more corrupt than others. There is the drunkard, but otherwise a good man; he has only to lay aside the weakness that enslaved him, when bright angels take him by the hand and lead him into bliss.

There is the miser, whose God was gold; who had no ear for the widow's plaint or the orphan's cry; who turned away when relief was craved, and thought of nothing but adding house to house, bond to bond, and field to field. Time wears off these corruptions of earth; he feels the emptiness of such treasures, and yearns for something more elevating and more satisfying to the soul. He drops these tinsel toys, when he, too, passes into a better condition.

There is the woman of fashion, whose whole mind is absorbed in dress and pomp and parade; in giving routs and attending them; in fine furniture and equipage, and in everything that can make display. She must be the first of the ton. Death comes; bears youth and beauty to the grave; and, bereft of all that gives life enjoyment, she comes here a mere shadow, fit only for a lower sphere. How miserable she lies, grieving over past follies, wasted time and gifted opportunities. Time rolls on, but gives no relief, no change. Remorse does its work at last, and finds her looking up, listening to bright spirits sent for her instruction.

And there are thousands who, live but for today; no thought of to-morrow; engrossed in the cares of life; no cultivation of the affections; no aspiration for a better condition; mere animals. These continue a long time with but little change; but all things change at last, for Progression is the universal law. The gardens wherein they wandered in despair know them no more; they have gone to better homes.

All such we term dark spirits. No malice fills their hearts—no desire to injure; they will have their fun, as we have had ours, in deceiving you; you are now under their control; but not a hair of your head would they injure; you are, indeed, the object of their special care.

Turn we now to a very different class of beings—to those who were familiar with crime; pirates, poisoners, murderers, whose hand shed a brother's blood; who made a sister weep the loss of her innocence; who filled a father's grave, and broke a mother's heart; who robbed the poor, and wrenched the last morsel from the orphan and widow—these form the class of which now I speak. Their appearance is horrible; every vile passion rages within, and they are constantly seeking opportunity to vent their spite. But they seldom find it; for all mortals are attended by spirit-friends who have the power to keep these wretches in subjection. You are indebted to us for protection; they have often attempted to assail, but you are too well guarded.

Progression is far removed from them. I have seen spirits here who have continued in the same condition for centuries, and may for centuries to come. Here is Nero, and Caligula, and Constantine, many of the Popes of Rome, James the First, George the Fourth, many bishops, priests and clergymen; many who stood high before the world, but hypocrites before God. All these are evil spirits, and are such as Judge Edmonds speaks of in his second volume. The account which he gives is as correct as I could have given. I have witnessed often such scenes as he describes; they are true to the life. To torture others is the only pleasure that they know.

Let me now give you an account of our conditions, occupations, cares, pleasures and amusements. In doing this, I must rend the veil which Orthodoxy has woven. Earth-life and spirit-life are much alike. We have laid aside the clothing we no longer require—that is all. We have the same feelings, affections, desires, we ever had. What pertains to earth we no longer know; such as providing for daily wants, suffering from disease and other physical ills. We feel an interest in all that concerns our friends, and most spirits have an intense desire to commune. The war that has raged with you forms an endless topic of conversation, and every battle-field is attended by myriads of spirits, all taking part on one side or the other.

Our country appears wild and barren. We have no gushing streams, no limpid waters, no trees, no flowers, no singing birds. The eye rests on no grateful object. A general gloom prevails without and within. We see no joyous face, no laughing child at play, no thought that could raise a smile. But there is none of that misery your preachers speak of among dark spirits, although infinite woe and wretchedness among evil ones. We are about as contented as mortals of a similar description are on earth. We employ our time roaming about, looking for friends, and, should we find a medium, you know how we use him. But do not suppose that all are equally careless. We differ here, as you do on earth. Some find amusement in playing off pranks upon the medium, in fabricating stories that may subject him to ridicule, while others are eager to profit by any instruction that may be given. We know that Progression awaits us, and are content to bide our time.

Would that I could speak of brighter realms; but, alas! they are not mine. Those who have left us and return, are lavish in their description of the Summer Land. They speak of its verdant lawns carpeted with flowers, the rippling brooks, the azure sky, the lofty mountains, the beautiful gardens, the groves, rich in foliage; allied with scaptopters of gaudy plumage—everything that can captivate the eye and fill the heart with joy, belongs to the glorified spirits of those bright abodes.

A country editor, praising a successful politician, called him "one of the cleverest fellows that ever lived a hat to a lady, or a boot to a black-guard."

Spiritual Phenomena.

The "Singular Incident."

Facts are constantly occurring corroborative of the truth of Spiritualism, yet the world passes them heedlessly by, and continues to doubt or sneer. Many of these facts are recorded in the public papers, yet these papers are silent on them, and hesitate to recognize the truth, because they fear the anathemas of orthodoxy, which yet wields much influence, though its persecuting fangs have been blunted, and become comparatively harmless. Now, as it ever has been, truth has to struggle to make progress, and is acknowledged only after a long and fierce opposition.

I found in the Boston Journal, of a recent date, the following article, apparently from a correspondent in Maine, which undoubtedly would not have been published had the editor not been satisfied of its authenticity. The writer evidently falls to comprehend the significance of the facts he records, for he says he merely gives them as "singular and interesting." "Singular and interesting" as they are, they are not new, by any means. They have recurred numberless times, like thousands of other kindred facts or phenomena well known to Spiritualists, and constantly appealed to as evidencing and illustrating the truth of spirit-existence and communion. The article is headed "Singular Incident," and is as follows:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." So says Shakespeare, and so we are still constrained to say, as incidents occur that we cannot explain, and which baffle all our efforts to account for them. One of these we are about to narrate: A few miles from the Kennebec river, in Maine, there resides a farmer, three of whose sons have fought in the service of their country, two of whom have given up their lives in the struggle with this wicked rebellion. In January, 1863, a member of this family, a little child of two, and a half years old, was sick with diphtheria. The mother, grandfather and other members of the family were there, ministering to the little sufferer, but the father of the child was absent. He was one of the sons already referred to, and was away in the service of his country. It would scarcely be supposed that a child so young would remember an absent one; but the father had so often been spoken of, that, whether distinctly remembered or not, he was present to the mind of the child as a dearly-loved object of affection. And now, as the little one grows weaker, and is anxiously watched and cared for, he said, in his feeble voice, 'I want to go and see papa,' and died.

We now pass to Falmouth, in Virginia. There, in the regimental hospital, lies a sick soldier. He is far away from home and home privileges; but the surgeons and nurses care for him, and do what they can to help him; and that noble son of Maine, Gen. Howard, ordered to his spiritual as well as his physical wants. A letter was written on which the child died. Gen. H. was in the hospital, when the soldier sat up, and, pointing to the door, said, 'Look there, General.' Seeing nothing, and supposing the man was delirious, he made but little reply; when the soldier again said, with earnestness, 'Do not you see, General?' He replied that he did not. 'Why, how strange that you do not,' said the soldier. 'There is a little boy coming in—it is my boy; and he is an angel.' The soldier knew not that his child was sick. He himself died a few days afterward. A letter was afterward received at the hospital announcing the death of the child; and when the father of the soldier went to Falmouth to obtain the body of his son, the surgeon made inquiries respecting the child, and narrated the soldier's vision; and it was found that the death of the child occurred at the same time as the father spoke of seeing him. Gen. Howard afterward corroborated the statement of the surgeon. The writer learned the facts from the father of the young soldier. He is a reliable Christian man, and Sectarian of his town; and there is no doubt of the truth of his statements. We have no theory to propose as a solution of this mystery. We merely give the facts as singular and interesting."

Recently I have heard of a similar incident, which occurred during the life-time of Bishop Griswold, when rector of the Episcopal Church in Bristol, many years since. His son-in-law, being in ill health, went to Cuba to seek restoration. One night, seated in his study, he saw his son-in-law pass through his study into the sitting-room. Nothing was said, and in a few moments the Bishop went in and inquired for him. Mrs. G. was astonished, and replied that no one had entered the room. The Bishop insisted there had, but his wife said it was an illusion. The Bishop declared he had seen his son-in-law most plainly, and thought it strange he did not speak. The subject was dropped, but the incident and time were noted. Soon after, advices were received from Cuba of the demise of the son-in-law; he had passed away coincident with the vision of the Bishop. The subject created considerable excitement at the time, but it soon subsided, none then apprehending the philosophy involved in the phenomenon, or dreaming that it was in any way to solve the mystery of the spirit's existence, and open the dark portals of the tomb.

Fraternally thine, W. FOSTER, JR. *Providence, R. I., April 14, 1865.*

Historical Account of the Spirit-Manifestations from which Originated the Painting called "The Descent of the Angels."

BY DR. GRISWOLD.

I am constantly importuned, by those who are not familiar with my writings during the years 1858-59 and '60, for an explanation of the prophetic, or spiritual meaning of the "Descent of the Angels." With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will endeavor to give as concise an account of the painting, and of its origin, as I possibly can.

In the years '57 and '58, a young lady, kindred, and member of my family, became developed as a medium for dark spirits, who very perfectly identified through her in various ways, so that my confidence in a few kindred and other friends in spirit-land became quite firm. I sought intelligence concerning our relation to spirit-life—the philosophy of life in the spheres, and what is to be done to redeem this world from the moral degradation in which it is buried. It was seldom that interrogatories were answered pointedly, but when they were, I was often made to feel my littleness to a degree that almost restrained me from further investigations.

About the last of the year 1857—if I am not mistaken—a new content came at a sitting, which she noticed, being partially conscious, describing it as very gentle and pleasant. Soon her hand was moved to write in Roman capitals, near an inch in size, "ELIJAH, THE PROPHET." I observed the G, and, supposing, of course, that the spirit was an interloper—though we had never been thus troubled—I said, "You had better learn to spell 'Elijah' before attempting to be a personage of that great antiquity." Immediately the medium's hand was moved to write in the same bold characters, "My Father Knoweth Me as Elijah—Man, as Elijah." This scrap of writing I have to this day.

It would be impossible for me to go through the details of events and remarkable manifestations which attended this spirit. Not until I learned that the same band of spirits who inaugurated the "Christian Dispensation" were very perfectly identified through her, and that the same band of spirits was now kindred to the early teachers of his doctrine, and that the prophet, by his own assurance, was but the sign of their coming, was I enabled to understand the rationale of this spirit's advent. I felt, at first, that these astounding developments must excite much interest; but I soon learned that the sowers were merely sowing the seed, to lie dormant until the proper time should come. This, I was told, is that early day, would be through the medium of a woman, immutably principles and man-made and prescribed laws.

How well this has been fulfilled thus far; but the end is not yet.

About one year after the advent of the Prophet, a new class of manifestations began to be presented. The medium would begin to lose consciousness of material surroundings, and looking upward, would see the heavens illuminated with a soft orange light, which would finally settle down around her, or that in more probable, her spirit was lifted up into it. This light she defined as the "divine glory," or "divine rays of love." The effect was most exhilarating, inspiring the most exalted sense of happiness and love to all mankind.

A series of visions followed of scenes in spirit-life, and then the Spirit of Jesus was brought to light; first as a bright star, with "Love" across its disk, and twelve lesser stars surrounding him. Finally, in a vision, I saw the Father and the Son, always in the same "divine glory," and attended by his angels, who appeared as yet only as stars. At about this period, Mary, the mother of Jesus, appeared with the Prophet, and gave a short, but very beautiful address to the world, promising that "He who was born of me, and who was the child of an earthly father, as well as mother, would come again to the world, and speak to the world."

The reader will now observe that nearly all of the elements of the picture have been presented. Next comes the vision, which combined them in one group, prophetic of the future moral progress of this world.

The thinking reader will observe a peculiarity in this matter—its perfect harmony with Bible history and prophecy, while at the same time it is equally in harmony with the spiritual developments of this age. Of course, the Christian has his ideal of the attributes of Jesus, and the Spiritualist sees him from his standpoint as only the spirit of an individual man.

But says the reader, "What particular influence does the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth have more than another spirit of equal ability?" This is the ever-recurring question of the Spiritualist. My answer must be short, though much may be said. Commensurate with the authority the Christian Church has conferred upon the name of Jesus Christ in deifying him, will be his influence in overthrowing all the dogmas of priestcraft. The good seed he sowed when on earth, he says, "has been choked, and only tares are left to feed mankind." Again he says, "I come to gather up the tares, I come to take from humanity the bread made from the grain of tares."

Again says another, "How shall we be able to identify the spirit of Jesus?" Enough has been revealed already to enable any one to identify the inspiration of Jesus, when it shall fall in its purity upon a speaker. Moreover, the manifestation of the divine glory, which, I understand, is to accompany his inspiration, will be quite sufficient to satisfy most minds. This is the Holy Ghost sitting in the temples of Jesus were filled at the day of Pentecost.

Here I will put in a word for self-protection. I do not consider this great moral movement of a band of spirits, however large, as all of the spirit-world, nor all of Spiritualism. The spirits who have been my teachers, believe in the moral elevation of mankind by teaching the divine law of love—that in doing good, we get good—in making others happy, we contribute to our own happiness; while as the human soul is made to ascend directly to a downfall, or unhappiness. The only basis for permanent institutions and happiness is found in the divine law, which forbids that an institution, or an individual, shall possess that which is more needed elsewhere. This is the doctrine Jesus taught eighteen centuries ago, and it is the doctrine he will revive and enforce again.

When will these events transpire? This is the natural question. My dear reader, they will transpire just so fast as materiality is crushed out in the world, and the human soul is permitted to spirit things. These things are not to come to all the world at once—all cannot be prepared for them. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in their midst." This promise holds good to-day. The identification of the spirit of the Prophet Elijah, is established by the most indubitable evidence. The pure Hebrew idiom of his writing is in itself strong evidence. But was this in no part of my duty, nor a matter of interest to have people believe what I know, I leave this matter with the angels, who can take care of it without my help. What I write here, I write in full expectation of soon having the opportunity of investigating from the standpoint of the spirit in the land of spirits. I look forward to that time with great interest, and without doubt or fear. *Davonia, N. Y., April, 1865.*

The Davenport Brothers again in London.

CLEVER KNOTTINGS NOT SECURE.

How wonderfully clear-sighted are our public journalists. They prophesied that the Davenport brothers were "on their last legs," and would never, at least, re-appear in London. Liverpool, Hull, Leeds and Cheltenham had all done most dutifully in true English style, and these "impostors" must forever vanish. But, with indomitable *sang froid*, the Davenports are exhibiting again in the most magnificent manner to a large representative audience. How this fact must shame the false prophets of the press. And, after all, where is the secret of the brothers' success? Echo answer. At this hour the mediums stand before the British public unexposed, and free even from the shadow of legitimate suspicion—without it be considered right to suspect everything not understood. During the past fortnight several seances have been given with marked success. On Thursday week a trifling circumstance caused our *knotty* point to be settled. After the committee, one of whom was the Rev. M. D. Conway, had been elected, and had been a little puzzled at the instantaneous appearance of hands, and the ejection of the trumpet, a tall gentleman rose, and desired to be allowed to tie the brothers. Of course Dr. Ferguson refused to allow any interference with the order of the entertainment. This refusal caused a rather strong feeling, the part of a few skeptics, which were not dissipated until the gentleman to tie the usual manifestations were presented, nevertheless. Mr. Conway had tied Ira Davenport so tightly that he complained of being hurt, but the knots were loosened by Mr. Conway, yet they were untied by John King. When requested to examine his knots, after an exhibition of force and intelligence, Mr. Conway, like Sir David Brewster said of the table, stated that they appeared to be undisturbed. At the dark seance a regular line of hands was put on the table, and the gentleman again to tie the table. However, in spite of insult and disturbance, the seance came to a successful close. Then Dr. Ferguson said: "If that gentleman who has so strenuously demanded liberty to tie up the brothers, will do so now, I am desired to inform him that they will go into the cabinet again for the purpose." This met with general approval, Mr. Conway clapping his hands with the rest. But no sooner did Dr. Ferguson permit the gentleman to tie the brothers in the cabinet, where he had first made the request to do so, than some few genteel skeptics demanded, very authoritatively, that the tying should be performed on chairs; but, finding that Dr. Ferguson was about to dismiss the meeting, all parties consented to allow the tying to take place in the cabinet. Accordingly, William and Ira Davenport took their seats; then the tall gentleman took up a piece of rope, put his foot on one end, and pulled in a most manly manner. He then, in a very skillful manner, commenced the operation of tying William Davenport. No sooner had he used one piece of rope than he took another, and repeated the process of stretching and straining; after about a quarter of an hour had elapsed, he declared his satisfaction with the tying, and looked very exhausted from the effects of operating. Now commenced general cries for Ira Davenport to leave the cabinet, which he did. The doors were closed, and every one waited patiently for the next seance, when the doors were opened, and out walked the medium, free from all the complication of knots—the ropes were examined and found without a tangle. The applause on all hands was great. Turning to Mr. Conway, who sat behind us, we said: "Mr. Conway, is it your opinion that any conjuror could get loose from such knots as those?" He answered that he did not believe he could; adding, "I, myself, was tied up by that gentleman before entering the hall, in the same manner; but William Davenport, who has been often supposed to be the weaker medium of the two, was chosen for this demonstration; and heretically submitted to be tied and

to sit alone. We must do justice to the tall gentleman; he did not inflict pain in the process of tying, thus behaving as a gentleman. But having been gratified in being allowed to tie one of the brothers, and having found that even his skillful knots were untied, he did display something akin to cowardice to refuse his name, and even to say no word which would express his desire to be allowed to tie the medium again, with a single rope, which desire, he was told, could be gratified on another occasion. William Davenport, in our estimation, is at least as powerful a medium as either Ira, or Mr. Fay. We are glad we have had occasion to think so, because all along there has been—on account of hands being seen mostly from the side of the cabinet where Ira generally sits—a general feeling that William must be a less powerful medium than his brother. Those who say that the Davenport Brothers are the only medium to be used by the spirit-world in the great work of regeneration—God forbid. We feel that even our enemies are designed to aid that work, and thus the wise of this generation are confounded by the evidence of a power divinely ordained to give the spirit life and freedom.

Let it no longer be urged that the Brothers Davenport did each other to get out of knots. William Davenport had been marvelously made the medium to prove the falsity of that too common error, or that the Davenport Brothers are the only mediums to be used by the spirit-world in the great work of regeneration—God forbid. We feel that even our enemies are designed to aid that work, and thus the wise of this generation are confounded by the evidence of a power divinely ordained to give the spirit life and freedom.

Notes from a Lecturer—Matters in New Jersey.

In looking over the pages of the Banner of April 1st, my eye fell upon a little piece, written from Poughkeepsie, by one who may in deed and in truth be called one of the strong pillars of our faith in that place; and seeing my name, and the name of E. R. Swankhamer, mentioned among the lecturers who have visited that beautiful city, I would furthermore had to what has already been said. Our labors in that public hall and private circle, quite an interest was created, for there are many warm, faithful Spiritualists in that place, but, seemingly, for want of a leader—a head—they hold no regular meetings for mutual improvement.

Opposite Poughkeepsie is a small village, called New Paltz Landing. They have a fine hall, lately erected, for political and other purposes. We delivered ten lectures in that place, and considerable excitement was made, and more than half a dozen Spiritualists in the place when we arrived; but, as it was in the days of Christ, so it is now: "the common people (which means the common-sense people) heard him gladly." Creeds, church, or fear of discipline, would not prevent the people from hearing; and oh how gladly did they drink in the pure gospel of the New Dispensation; and before we left, although there was considerable persecution by the Methodists and Presbyterians, it could truly be said: *Mary had a lamb*, and now the truth uttered through our organs, in the inspired, normal and trance conditions.

The description of spirits, names and sentences, given in the public hall as well as private circle, as seen in the clairvoyant condition, is a phase of mediumship which seems to claim much attention by those who are just beginning to investigate these new ideas.

We lectured at many places on the Central Railroad, held meetings at Hill Spn, N. Y., where, in the good cause, Canistota, Newport, Mohawkville—at all three of the last mentioned places we had the presence of the Universalist and free churches. Since last September we have been laboring in Newark. This city has a population of over 80,000 inhabitants, and seventy churches. As a matter of course, there is a good deal of conservatism and prejudice against anything new. It takes the people of Newark a long time to change, or leave the beaten track, and, as a result, speaking of them in the whole—as a people; but, notwithstanding, there are a good many liberal, progressive thinking men and women. They formerly maintained Spiritual meetings, for there are a great many Spiritualists in the place; but, from a variety of causes, these meetings had run down, and were entirely suspended when we were led to come upon this ground to labor. But the cause has again revived, and during the winter our hall has been well supplied, by a true seeking audience; and we realize that much truth has been unfolded unto the people. Many hearts have been made glad, sorrowing souls comforted, by the unmistakable evidence of the nearness of the loved ones who had dropped this form; and thus we expect to labor on, for the cause of truth and suffering humanity.

The Banner comes to us every week, with much choice reading, and we often select those parts which we deem the most profitable, to read in our afternoon conference, and in that way have gained many more readers, and some subscribers.

We have consecrated ourselves to this glorious work, and wherever the door is opened for us to labor, there we expect to go in, whether for a longer or shorter period. Should any of the friends and readers of the Banner be living in retired places, out of the way of the common thoroughfares, where they have had no lecturers or testimonials, or any one to dispense unto them messages of love from the spirit-spheres, and would like to have their place visited, if they will copy us a line we will see what arrangements we can make to visit them during the coming summer. We desire to use our gifts where they are most needed. The hearts, ears and eyes of the people are open, greedy, ready to receive the good seed; let us, who have these precious gifts in our possession, be up and doing—laboring for all in love, bidding all come and drink from the inexhaustible fountain of knowledge and wisdom, purity and love. Yours for truth, ELIZABETH MARQUAND. *97 Walnut street, Newark, N. J.*

An English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar, replied, "some success by great talent, some by a miracle, but the majority by commencing without a shilling."

Letter from L. Judd Pardee.

Philadelphia, Pa., April 24, 1865.

We are all slowly rising erect again. The Nation is staggering up from the prostration of the Chief, and begins to see as well as feel that all is well.

We all know how we all felt. The mental atmosphere was saturated with sadness and dripped with sorrow. It settled in upon us all. A silent grief of spiritual expression and a sacred rage of soul, which no Gospel of Mercy could for the time assuage, are sensibly lifting.

How the Semitites were affected. Mediumistic men and women were borne down by an overpowering pressure. The mental tides of social life set right through them, and a nameless and anguishful depression, making the atmosphere fat with its life, was breathed in at every pore, and settled and concentrated in their interiors.

But now, fighting up once more, we listen to the wise consultations of the seer. Well, what is the conclusion? Simply this: that the Divine Powers foresaw and permitted, if they did not directly plan, the whole affair. The helms have their inalienable mission; but the work thereof is overmastered by the potent heavens.

The Representative of Mercy has gone transfixed as a Martyr to his heavenly home. It is not too much to declare that Abraham Lincoln stands this day, by that consecration of his latest life, on a higher pinnacle of glory and joy than he would have come to, at once, without it.

much the same vein of thought, (but presenting it somewhat differently) that I have often used, that commences in the State invariably end in the Church; or, if commenced in the Church, go out through the State; rarely peacefully, more often bloodily.

Let no man say to me, We shall slowly and peacefully come into all that. I say to all such superficialists, good-hearted enough, doubtless, but with no long and fine reach of brain-fiber.

To meet that crisis Spiritual Statesmen, of both sexes, must come forth. All I ask is that people may be gifted with sufficient sense not to curse or seek to break down those upon whom, no less so, is put the inescapable mission.

Let the quick succession of most unexpected events teach the Spiritualistic public, at least, what impends as from the overmastering heavens—great Truths, great Loves, great inspirations of Delight and Joy; but, also, all that was that fully fits us in part to receive them.

DO SPIRITS DECEIVE? BY J. S. LOVELAND. The above question has been one which Spiritualists than any other, though, I believe, it has seldom, if ever, been introduced directly into our newspapers; and were it not one of vital moment, I would forbear to call attention to it at the present moment.

The medium through whom the statements were made, which I am about to quote, was a clergyman of the Universalist sect, and so far as I know, of unblemished reputation.

Who, then, are deceiving spirits? We have said they are those who deceive, and we have said those who deceive are those who are controlled by influences not found in the second sphere.

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and passions of the "earthly," or animal part of our present condition, will be left with the body, when the spirit ascends, or is reabsorbed into eternal life.

My hope is that light may shine, and that the old leaven of Demonology, Devilism, or Evil-Spirits, may be purged out, and that we may be able to appreciate the wisdom, power and love which fill the bending heavens over us—that we no longer distort the angel's smile into a demon's leer, or confound heaven's harmony with the babbling of fabled hell.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1865.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

For Terms of Subscription see Eighth Page.

LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life.

The New Nation. In consequence of the surrender of Johnston and what is left of the rebel armies to Alabama, there is not now a rebel force of any size on the hither side of the Mississippi River.

Lee has now surrendered the whole of his army to Grant, and Johnston has surrendered his to Sherman. This clears the entire coast. No more organized opposition to the Government of the Union.

The next arrival will have told a fuller story to the London press. The British Government will then know through what a test this republic of ours can pass and not be thrown from its poise of power and influence.

Mrs. Hatch. Cora L. V. Hatch's lecture on "The Old and the New," at the Melodeon, on Thursday evening, May 4th, which she kindly volunteered to give for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair to be opened at Chicago, on the 23rd of this month, was an able treatise on our national affairs.

A Progressive Movement. Another step has been taken in the right direction toward advancing the intelligence of the laboring classes, by allowing them an opportunity to devote a small portion of their time to self-culture, thus guarding against influences that would otherwise lead them off, inculcate loose habits and a desire to mingle with bad associates.

Services at Saratoga Hall, Baltimore. Our Baltimore correspondent writes: "In compliance with the request of the Acting Secretary of State, there were appropriate services at Saratoga Hall on the occasion of the late President's funeral, on Wednesday, April 14th/1865.

Lycæum Hall Meetings. Cora L. V. Hatch gave two of her characteristic fine discourses in Lycæum Hall, in this city, on Sunday, April 30th, to good audiences. It was rather an unexpected treat.

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diately manifest an interest in the Government and the condition of society around him; Intelligence will reign where ignorance has held sway in such darkness.

The News in Europe. We have been considerably curious to see how the English papers would feel about our late national victories.

The London Times leads off in the work of retrogression. It has been the greatest sinner in the discussion of American affairs, and has knowingly and invariably bolstered up the fortunes of the rebels with the whole of its powerful influence.

But there is one peg upon which the great Thunderer is resolved to hang its entire reputation as a prophet and philosopher. It will insist that, by the subjugation of the knot of rebels who drove and dragged the people of the Southern States into war and ruin, the "noblest elements" of our national character have been wantonly "degraded and destroyed."

How welcome is this change! Where will it not make itself visibly felt? What a sense of silent gratefulness springs up in the heart, that the work of slaughter and destruction, even though it be in the noblest of earthly causes, has come to an end!

A Touching Incident at the White House. Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist who painted the picture of "The Signing of the Emancipation Proclamation," contributes the following touching incident to the Independent, which fully demonstrates the goodness of heart and tender feelings possessed by the late President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln:

The American Anti-Slavery Society. Mr. Garrison, in his last paper, says the time has come for the dissolution of the American Anti-Slavery Society, as a matter of good sense and self-respect.

Mrs. J. S. Fuller. This indefatigable lady, who was commissioned by the officers of the Chicago Sanitary Fair to superintend the Spiritual Department, and to solicit aid from Spiritualists throughout the country, has returned to Chicago, after having visited many prominent cities, coming as far East as Boston.

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Welcome, Peace! The news that Peace has really come back is most welcome to all ears. Four years ago, it seemed as if the sky was overhung with a pall; now it appears as if the very birds of spring were never so full of joy.

We are to have a complete revival of trade and industry. Men will go into the fields to work, who have had the heartache to get back upon the dear old home acres again, and they will make the face of the earth laugh with a bountiful harvest.

How joyful will be the meetings of the long absent ones; and where homes have been robbed of their stay and treasure by the operations of cruel war, profound as the grief will always be, it will be lightened by the welcome thought that those precious lives have not been given up in vain.

Now the occupations of tranquil life will be resumed. There will be no more war nor rumors of war. The streets will be filled with crowds of people pursuing the arts of peace, and not intent upon the work of war, and the too powerful influences of war. The countenances of the people will wear a different expression.

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Wm. Smith, of Indiana... Involutions: Questions and Answers... Monday, April 3... Tuesday, April 4...

our parent, was the chosen of the messenger... As streams that flow golden mines... Passed from death into life...

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Boston.

Written for the Banner of Light.

IN MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY D. ANDROSE DAVIS.

Oh, build a monument to him, And let it tower to heaven; Praise God that for his noble child The Manifest is given.

Ay, build the structure for all time, Nor give it any bound; Let not its summit be the sky, Or base be the ground;

But rear it to the sacred realms, Where angel spirits roam, And let the sparkling gems of worth Illuminate its dome.

Then hang from heaven's apex down An everlasting scroll, And let the glowing emblem be, The light of a martyr's soul!

Children's Department.

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

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

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE SEARCH FOR SUNSHINE;

OR,

MARIANNA, WILLIE, SUSIE AND JOE.

CHAPTER X.

To feel one is trying to do right, is one of the greatest pleasures. Time flies swiftly; the days are bright, and all things seem good and beautiful when one has that best of all work on hand—the work of trying to be better.

Willie had really become interested in what he had begun to do. He and Joe had fully determined to please Miss Jackson, and make her life happier; and so, as the cold autumn days passed, and the winter ones came on, there seemed more gladness in Mr. Werten's house than he had ever known there before.

"Dear me," said Miss Jackson, just before Christmas, "I wonder what makes me keep thinking about the good days long ago. I do believe, Willie, it is because you make me think of that dear boy I loved so."

"Who was it?" said Willie. "I never thought you loved anybody much." "Neither did I, Willie, a few weeks ago; but if you will call in Joe, I will tell you a bit of a story about myself. Somehow I feel just like it tonight, and maybe I never shall again."

Joe was soon seated beside Willie, in the pleasant, neat kitchen. A warm fire was burning, and bright lights shed their cheerfulness through the room. Minnie, the cat, purred on the rug; the old clock ticked its steady way through the passing hours; Miss Jackson's face had a gleam of content on it, and Joe and Willie were as happy as if they had every wish gratified.

"I won't make my story long," said Miss Jackson. "I never had anything bright or beautiful when I was young, and so I never cared much for anything, or anybody. Nobody cared enough for me to teach me anything, and I grew up just like that great hollyhock in the garden, that stood all alone, stiff and rough, in the corner. When I got to be older, I did not care about any one except myself, and I got cross and ill-natured just because nobody had helped me to be anything else. After a while I went to live with my brother, who had married a dear little lady for a wife. She was young and pretty, and I thought it quite a shame that I was not as pretty and as charming; and I began to be fretful and ill-natured to her, and scolded her because she did not know how to do all sorts of work as well as I. But she was so patient and good that she would not complain; but I believe I wore the very life out of her by my fretting. She died one spring day, leaving in my care a fine boy. Dear little Timmie was my pet and my idol; but I would not show my love for him, but fretted and scolded him, too. You see, I had got a dreadful habit, and it kept hold of me until I was its slave. Dear me, what am I telling you? Well, I must go on; I shall feel better if some one knows what I did. I took care of that dear boy till he was as large as Willie, and I knit his stockings, and mended his clothes, and gave him the best of everything I had; but still I scolded and scolded him. He never came into the house that I did not fret at him."

His father was away, and a sorry time the poor fellow had, for I never said a word about loving him. There came to our house a brother of Timmie's mother, a poor, miserable, drunken fellow, but with pleasant ways. He always had a cheerful word for Timmie; no wonder the dear boy loved him for that. When he was going away, Timmie cried to go with him. I was angry, and told him to go along; that I hated ungrateful boys. But I never thought that he would go, or if he went that he would soon come back. I had said the word that he should go, and I would not take it back. And—and he went—and I have never seen him since."

Here Miss Jackson broke down entirely, and cried bitterly; but after a time she seemed to be ashamed that any one should see her doing so foolish a thing, and she wiped her eyes and began again: "They came here to the city, I expect, for I waited and waited weeks, and all I heard was that they had found a nice home here. We lived in the country then. I felt sure Timmie would not forget me, and would come back. I used to call for him, as if he could hear me; and I never thought that he could think that I did not love him. After a time I followed him, and searched everywhere for him. Once I thought I got a trace of him in a miserable street, but then I lost him again. Oh, I have spent day after day trying to find the dear boy. At last I came here to live, and I thought I would never care for anybody; and so I kept on with my cross ways, and when you came here, Willie, I almost hated you, because something about you reminded me of Timmie, and I kept thinking why he left me; and because I hated myself, I tried to hate everybody else. Dear me, what makes me tell you all this? I guess I've been dreaming. Yes, yes; I forgot myself. Come, boys, go to bed, quick. Don't mind what I've said. It's no sort of consequence. I'm here, and other folks are there; who cares? Look out, Willie, you trip up my mat; don't you know better? There! shut the door, quick."

Joe and Willie ran as quickly as possible from Miss Jackson's stern face. Could she be the same woman that a few moments before was telling them, so pleasantly, of herself?

"And, surely, I think she had been dreaming," said Joe, "or else she would never have told us that much of herself. But, Willie, I've got a great secret to tell you. I do believe that Timmie is my old friend Tim, and that Miss Jackson is the old aunt that he used to tell about."

"Why, Joe, what makes you think so?" "It just popped into my head," said Joe, "like lightning. I didn't think at all; and I believe when things come that way somebody puts them in."

"Who could put them in?" asked Willie. "Why, there's my mother, and then Tim's mother; and if they wanted me to think it was Tim, you see they could do it by just letting me not think at all, and then giving me one of their thoughts. Did you ever see the buds open when the sunlight touches them? Some pop open as if they were so glad they did not know what to do, and others open slowly and softly. Just so when the angels shed their light, it comes and pops open our dull thoughts, and we see things in a minute. That's the way I saw about Timmie, and now I'm going to find out before Christmas, and you and I will make Miss Jackson a Christmas present worth having. But we've got to work, Willie, for we must go and hunt him up. Like enough he's left the place where he went, that I told you about."

Willie thought a long time of what Joe had told him; at last he said:

"But your Tim's name was n't like her Timmie's name, was it?" "No, it was n't; but still, I believe he's the boy. That is having faith, Willie. I believe it, if I do n't exactly see how it can be."

After several consultations, it was decided that it was best for Joe to get Mr. Werten's consent to go into the country the next day. The following letter came to Willie two days after Joe had left:

DEAR WILLIE—I had a pleasant ride in the coach to this place. I inquired of many people for Tim, but nobody could tell me anything. I kept wondering what I should do, and got more and more puzzled. At last I gave up asking people, and just prayed to my mother to tell me what to do. I went far up a road, just as if somebody was leading me, and I got very tired; but I kept thinking what good fun it would be for you and I if I only found Tim, so I trudged on. At last, all at once I went up to a nice house, and knocked on the door, and who should open it but Tim, himself. We laughed so loud that the folks soon came to see what was the matter. I should have come right home, but when I told the folks here what I wanted, they would make me stay till next week; and then they said Tim could go with me. I think he would like to go with me, but he do n't seem to care about his aunt, and he says he hopes Miss Jackson is somebody's else aunt; but he is having a new jacket made, and then we are going to start for the city. You may tell Mr. Werten that I've done my business, but do n't let him know what it is. I keep thinking what a surprise there will be on Christmas eve.

JOE.

P. S.—I hope you will keep Miss Jackson's sun bright. I like the country, and am having a good time.

P. S.—I shall get home Tuesday, if it does n't storm.

Willie was greatly troubled on receipt of this letter to know what to do with it, for with his best efforts he could not read half of it. He was obliged to carry it to Mr. Werten, who was thus let into the secret; but he told Willie that he would be strictly faithful in keeping it from Miss Jackson.

Willie was very busy in many ways. He kept busy thinking about Christmas, and what he could do for every body that he knew. In his wishes he spent his little sum of money over and over again; but finally decided to ask Mr. Werten to spend the two dollars for him.

"I want," said he, "that you should buy with it a great big book for Joe, and a pair of skates for Tim, and a work-basket for Miss Jackson, and a silver thimble for Marianna, and a pen for Mr. Tom, and a splendid dress for my mother, and—and—well, I guess there is not money for anything else."

"Oh yes, say on," said Mr. Werten; "say on, and I will venture it will hold out."

"Well, then, I wish to get a great china cup and saucer, for your coffee, if you please."

"If there should be any left after that, perhaps you could think of something you would like yourself, Willie?"

"I do wish I had a sled," said Willie.

"Well," said Mr. Werten, "I will execute your commissions faithfully. But tell me what are you going to do with Tim when he comes? He will here several days, and if Miss Jackson isn't to know about it, where shall we keep him?"

"Can't we hide him?" said Willie.

"Yes, Willie; but you make an exact calculation, and ascertain how long a boy twelve years old will stay hidden; but I will see to it."

Willie thought it very lucky that he had shown the letter to Mr. Werten, and he was very much pleased thinking of the many fine things that Mr. Werten would buy for him. He did not think that almost any one of the articles would empty his purse, and the good Mr. Werten did not enlighten him, but bought all Willie wished him from his own purse.

No one ever tries to overcome bad habits and disagreeable ways without some trouble. Now that Joe was gone, Willie felt very much like returning to his disagreeable manners, and he several times made Miss Jackson quite cross; but there was in Willie's heart a settled purpose to do right, and so he kept trying more and more.

The little light that shone from his loving heart brightened and increased, until it really warmed up all that was near. Mr. Werten smiled kindly on him, and Miss Jackson baked him little cakes of gingerbread to show her good will.

Willie mourned for one thing, and that was that his friends at Oakland could not be with him at Christmas time, and he wondered if his two dollars would not hire some one to go after them. He rather thought it would not, and so he made up his mind to get Joe to write a letter to Marianna, and tell her all about Tim, and about the sunshine that came into the kitchen when he was good and pleasant to Miss Jackson.

And now how had Marianna succeeded in gaining what she so much desired—a sunny, loving heart? There came over the hills and into the valleys of Oakland the beautiful winter light; and did it come bright and pure, also, into the new home that Marianna had found?

As she stood looking from the window, she saw the snow-flakes falling gently, and she remembered how Susie had watched them with her, and called them little stars that fell because they were tired; and then she wondered if Susie knew about the snow, and the Christmas time that was coming. Mr. Tom, at the other window, seemed to be thinking the same thing, for he said:

"How glad Susie must be, now it is so near Christmas."

"I should n't think she would be," said Marianna, "because she can't send us anything, and we can't give her anything."

"But I am not sure of that," said Mr. Tom. "I have been getting my gift ready for her, and I am quite sure she is getting one ready for me."

"But how will you send it?" said Marianna. "Every good and beautiful act, everything that makes others happy, gives so much light and gladness that the loving spirits are blessed by it. Supposing I go down to old Aunt Susie's hotel, and carry her a turkey for Christmas, and give the children some warm clothes and some candy and cakes? Don't you see that I make them so glad that their hearts warm up, and they let their love shed its light, and their watching angels feel glad in it, and come nearer to them. I am sure Susie would be made very happy in their gladness. And if I do many such acts—just as many as I can—shall I not bless Susie very much? And then, supposing you and I keep our hearts so very loving toward every one that we feel them glowing, and let their light and warmth shine forth, don't you understand how Susie could draw very near to us, so that we could feel just what she would like to have us do? And I am very sure that we both should wish to do all that she wishes. Now, the gift I am trying to prepare for Susie is this: a beautiful, bright spot, filled with the sunshine of love, so that she can dwell in it. And I am sure she is wishing very much to bring me many beautiful things; and she can only do it by my making my wishes like prayers, and my acts like sunlight, which calls forth beauty everywhere. Just see it now, Marianna, shining through the clouds, and making every snow-flake like a gleaming star. Is it not beautiful to think that we have as much power as the sun, and more?"

Marianna did not answer, but kept thinking of all that Mr. Tom had said, and again she said to herself: "I will never give up trying to make it so light all about me that dear Susie can come close to me and bring her beautiful gifts."

And thus Marianna planned her Christmas offerings. She thought of every one she loved, and of all that needed anything; and everything that she wished to do, Mr. Tom helped her to accomplish. But she did not selfishly beg from him the offerings that she wished to make, but she sacrificed her own time and her own treasures, and was ready to give many comfortable things to others from her own store. Then came on the glad Christmas time, with its keen frost and chilly air, but with its warm, glowing love. The true sunshine from the heart made a beautiful summer, where the flowers of gladness sprang up and opened their beautiful petals.

[To be continued in our next.]

Transposition.

Night of me the (sly) May reflow You hetrag in the ledy or odow; Cypk a telovi with a reryap; For all that's fitaubeis and opod.

VOLE RAIMA LISLW.

Correspondence in Brief.

A Note from Mrs. Allen.

The reform dress, of which I am a practical advocate, is freely worn by a thousand or more in the United States, and yet there are comparatively few spiritual reformers among them; among those few I am proud to class Miss L. T. Whitler, an active, noble worker in her mission of light and truth to body and soul. I trust she is not denied admittance to spiritual desks because of her dress—as in one of the many amusing incidents of life I found myself—having to decline a partial engagement, on account of its peculiar conditions; said conditions being that I promised to wear a long dress. Not being a promising person, I declined, preferring to choose my own attire, and not daring to practically advocate what I theoretically disapproved, and knowing that the field was large and I could still be at work for the dearly loved cause that is ever near my heart, though not rewarded by dollars and cents. Public or private, I shall ever work for the spread of this glorious gospel, having for my motto the angel song of long ago, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

However, in my travels I find true hearts, and brave, noble souls, ready to combat the forces and speak words of cheer to the weary spirit—as evinced by the kindness met with in a late lecturing tour to Massachusetts—and I wish here to thank the dear ones who so tenderly cared for me and made my labors so pleasant.

In the village of East Bridgewater, where the castle of opposition is built strong and high, and founded on the rocks of Methodism, with the banner of non-progression floating o'er it, was conducted a series of the most interesting sances I ever enjoyed. Earnest assistance was rendered me by A. C. Blackman and lady—the first who engaged my services—Mr. and Mrs. Cooper, Mrs. Keene, Mrs. Bryant, and a few others, although by so doing they encountered random shots from the castle before mentioned.

During my brief stay interest was aroused, slumbering memories awakened, and could I have accepted the urgent invitation to tarry longer, many of those who began to throng our sances, would, I doubt not, have been led to "embrace the pearl of great price"; and did the village possess a few such people as Mr. B. and wife, Spiritualism would soon make its way into the hearts of the people, and we might look for a resurrection of the (spiritually) dead inhabitants. May good angels bless all those precious ones, and send some good medium to aid them in their efforts to obtain light from the life-lamp of the blest.

Thanks are also due to the friends—whose kind words are treasured and appreciated—in Malden and Northwest Bridgewater, to the liberality of J. Ingham and wife, of East Spoughton, and to the North Easton Spiritualists.

With an ever increasing affection for the gospel of spirit-communication, and a determination to work for its promulgation forever, I breathe the loving blessings for each and every one of you.

C. P. ALLEN.

North Bridgewater, Mass., April, 1885.

A Note from Leo Miller.

To the many dear friends East and West, who may have wondered at my long retirement and silence, I would say a word. For several months past Mrs. Miller and myself have been devoting our time and attention to the subject of Physical Education. We have established academies for physical culture in Davenport, Iowa, and in Rock Island, Ill.—two beautiful cities on opposite banks of the Mississippi River—where we are teaching the new system of Parlor Gymnastics.

I have by no means given up the lecture-field of spiritual reform, but am enjoying a mental relaxation and rest, and preparing myself for still greater physical endurance when I shall again enter the vineyard of the Lord. The work, however, that I am doing is much needed. The American people are deteriorating, physically, year by year, and I am satisfied it is owing in great part to a want of physical exercise. The steam-engine, and the steam and one newly-invented labor-saving machines, are taking nearly all kinds of manual labor out of our hands, and increasing our brain labor. Physical exercise is indispensable to health, to body and mind, and should always increase just as mental stimulation increases. The mental stimulation and business excitement of all kinds for adults, and the intellectual taxation for children in schools, is fifty fold greater than it was in a former generation. All this pressure is put on the nerves and brain; and no wonder in the absence of muscular exercise and muscular development to keep up a healthy balance in the system, the whole physical condition of our people is going to decay. All honor to Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston, and to the Powers Brothers, of Chicago, who have opened normal institutes for the instruction of teachers in a new and improved system of light gymnastics, which can be introduced into the school-room and parlor. The great feature of the new Gymnastics consists in the fact that all the exer-

cises are set to music, and so graduated that the child, the invalid, and the stoutest man may participate, and be the better for it. LEO MILLER.

Davenport, Iowa, April 29, 1885.

Medium Wanted in Zanesville, O.

I write to ask if it is not possible for us to have some good demonstrations of the spiritual phenomena in this place. We have about fifteen thousand people here, with a densely populated country all around, and many earnest believers in the spiritual doctrine. No medium has been here for six years or more. There are those here who crave information on spiritual matters, and look with anxiety for your very extraordinary powers. Each one is longing to know what the next number contains. We are neglected here. Please see what you can do for us. Your paper, of course, would have more circulation, and that is the only way to make converts. Facts must be made known. I much admire the ably-written articles in the Banner. In short, it abounds in such wonderful things, that I am more interested in reading it than any of the other works I peruse. Zanesville, O., April 29, 1885. C. T. ASTON.

Vernon Springs, Iowa.

Within the last year the new Philosophy has become firmly rooted here. We now hold our circles twice a week, and much good has come from it. "The Old Orthodox" begins to tremble, for fear "this thing will prove true," and stand the storm of scorn and derision which they are casting upon it. Some of the most respectable members of the Churches attend our circles now regularly, who but a short time since were saying, "What good will it ever amount to?—It's wicked—you are meddling with that you have no business with," etc. But good has resulted from it, and now they are coming in and receiving a share of the blessing. WARREN WHITE.

Vernon Springs, Howard Co., April 21, 1885.

Meetings at Fond du Lac, Wis.

Will you please publish the following minutes of a meeting held by the Spiritualists of Fond du Lac, Wis.: At the Social held by Bro. Spencer's on the 7th of March, 1885, the question of local organization was duly discussed and approved. The following officers were accordingly chosen to represent the Spiritualists' Association of Fond du Lac, viz.: President, J. H. Spencer; Vice President, James R. Tallmadge; Secretary, Mrs. Addie L. Ballou; Treasurer, Mrs. P. Bonnell. Respectfully, ADDIE L. BALLOU, Sec. Fond du Lac, Wis., March 30, 1885.

Convention at Hammonont, N. J.

The friends of Society Reconstruction on the basis of fraternal love and justice, are hereby invited to meet the Spiritualists of Hammonont, N. J., in Convention, on Saturday, May 20th, at ten o'clock, A. M., to continue in session over Sunday and as much longer as business shall indicate—the object of which is to discuss the Science of Society to its bottom—to consider the most suitable location for the most practical and feasible plan of inaugurating a true Millennial Brotherhood, with a view to immediately commence the great work of giving a practical example of our faith in the righteous injunction: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The Spiritualists of Hammonont, in a public meeting Sunday P. M., unanimously voted to give this call and throw open their doors to the entertainment of all who sympathize and wish to cooperate with the noble objects of the Convention. Come, then, from the East and the West, the North and the South, all ye who seek for a more spiritual—a more congenial and a more harmonious order of society than anywhere exists to-day, and let us commune together and see about giving love and brotherhood one fair, candid, consistent common-sense trial.

It is calculated that strawberries will be fully ripe here by that time, so that, in addition to "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," there will also be a feast of great, luscious strawberries—Hammonont's first fruitful production.

Some of the speakers in the cause of Society Reform, will be present to address and counsel the Convention. Committee of Arrangements—P. N. Parkhurst, J. G. Fish, W. Sampson, Russell Ellis, Wm. Randall, D. H. Hamilton, Mrs. C. A. K. Poor, Mrs. N. M. Sampson, Mrs. Foskett, Mrs. G. W. Pressey, Mrs. S. B. Nichols, Mrs. D. H. Hamilton.

The quickest and cheapest route for all who come from the East and the West, is by the New York and Delaware Bay line, which starts by boat from Brooklyn, close by the landing of Wall street Ferry, every morning at nine o'clock, and connects with the cars for Hammonont at Jackson Junction. Fare from New York only two dollars and thirty-five cents.

All letters of inquiry directed to D. H. Hamilton will be promptly answered.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT. To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur. Should perchance any name appear in this list of a party known not to be a lecturer, we desire to be so informed, as this column is intended for Lecturers only.

MISS EMMA HARDING lectures East up to the Fall, and West up to Christmas. Sundays engaged. Address, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York. Speaks in Lyceum Hall, Boston, during May.

MISS LIZZIE DORR will speak in New York City during May; in Philadelphia during October. Will make no other engagements until further notice. Her name on respondents will note the above announcement. Address as above, or Pavilion, 97 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. LAURA CUPPY will lecture in Malden during May; in Haverhill during August; in Portland, Me., during October. She will answer calls to speak week evenings. Address as above, or care Banner of Light.

MRS. FRANK WHITE will speak in Haverhill, Mass., during May; in Lowell, Mass., during July, 1885, and in Lowell, Me., during August. He will answer calls to lecture week evenings. Address as above.

DR. L. K. COONEY will lecture and heal in Chatsworth, Georgia, Florida, Ill., and vicinity from the first of May to June 10th. Address, care of Mr. W. Woodcock, Passo, Ill. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

DR. H. HOUGHTON will speak in Somers, Conn., May 28; in Norwich, June 4 and 11; in Malden, Mass., June 18 and 25. Address as above.

MOSES HULL will speak in Milwaukee, Wis., May 7 and 14; in Elmira, N. Y., during May 28, 29, and 30; and will speak in Sterling, Ill., during June 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and in Jaconville, July 2. Address accordingly.

MRS. LOVELL will speak in Plymouth, May 21 and 28; in Boston, June 4 and 11. Address, Banner office, Boston, Mass.

A. B. WHITING, of Michigan, will speak in Providence, R. I., during May; in Charlestown, Mass., during June. Will receive calls to lecture week evenings. Address, Albion, Mich., 111 2d St., as above.

MRS. AUGUSTA CURRIER will lecture in Worcester, Mass., during May. Address, box 85, Lowell, Mass.

MRS. MARY L. BROCKWITZ, trance speaker, will lecture in New York City, June 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, and during September. Address at New Haven, care of Geo. Beckwith.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Lowell during May; in Worcester during June.

MRS. M. S. TOWNSEND speaks in Troy, N. Y., during May. Address accordingly.

AUSTIN E. SIMMONS will speak in Woodstock, Vt., on the first Sunday in Bridgewater on the second Sunday, and in East Bridgewater on the fourth Sunday of every month during the year, in Rochester, May 21. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

WARREN CHASE will lecture in Watertown, N. Y., May 14 and 21; in Portland, May 27 and 28. He will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

J. M. ALLEN will speak in Washington, D. C., May 14, 21 and 28. Address accordingly, or Banner of Light, Boston.

MISS SARAH A. NUTT will speak in North Dana, Mass., during May; in Lowell, Mass., during June; in Lowell, N. H., during July, 18 and 25. Address as above.

E. V. WILSON will be at home, Monacaqua, Ontario Co., Wis., during May. Parties wishing his services week evenings character and tests above. He will give magnetic readings of character and tests above. Address, Monacaqua, Ontario Co., Wis., during May. Address, 87 Spring street, New York, N. Y.

J. W. SHAW, of Boston, will lecture in the Sprague School House, near Holy, N. Y., May 11.

MISS EMMA HARDING will speak in Charlestown during May; in Providence, R. I., during June.

MRS. LIZIE ANN PHARASAL will lecture one-half the time of May and Washington, Mich., July further notice.

MRS. MARY J. WILCOX will speak in Rutland, Vt., the first Sunday of each month until November, and in Ferrisburgh, May 14; in Williston, May 21; in Ferrisburgh, May 28.

MRS. A. HITCHCOCK will speak in Cleveland, O., during May; in Madison, Ind., during June; in Cincinnati, during August. Address as above, or Syracuse, N. Y.

J. G. FINE will speak in Philadelphia, May 7 and 14; in New York City, June 4 and 11; in Cincinnati, June 18 and 25; and July 2, 9, 16, 23, 30. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address, Hammonont, N. J.

W. K. RIPLEY will speak in Medina, N. Y., May 14 and 21; in New York City, June 4 and 11; in Cincinnati, June 18 and 25; and July 2, 9, 16, 23, 30. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address, Hammonont, N. J.

LOIS WAINWRIGHT will attend the Quarterly Meeting in Uncle Sam's Hall, Greenboro', Ind., May 11. Address accordingly.

GEORGE A. FRISCH will speak in Maine the coming season upon subjects pertaining to the Science of Spiritualism, so to do, at accessible places, and at reasonable distances, as desired. Will also attend funerals. In all cases a reasonable compensation will be expected. Address, Auburn, Me., box 81.

D. H. HAMILTON will answer calls to lecture on Reconstruction and the True Mode of Communicating. Address, Hammonont, N. J.

MRS. ANNA M. L. FOSTER, M. D., of Philadelphia, will lecture upon anatomy, physiology, hygiene and dress reform through the Western States. Address, 462 State street, Chicago, Ill.

GEORGE V. WATKINS will answer calls to attend public circles, and lecture on Sundays, in Northern Michigan. Address, Grand Rapids, box 62.

MRS. LAURA DE FORCE GORDON, inspirational speaker, New Orleans, La.

MRS. ELIZABETH MARQUAND, inspirational speaker, 97 Wall street, New York, N. Y.

MISS EMMA HOBSON, Manchester, N. H.

H. B. STORER, Foxboro', Mass., or Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. M. FERRELL, Battle Creek, Mich.

L. JUDY PARDEE, Philadelphia, Pa., care of J. L. Paxon, 651 Race street.

MRS. FRANCES T. YOUNG, trance speaking medium, No. 12 Avon street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. E. K. LADD, No. 140 Court street, will answer calls to lecture.

MRS. CORA L. Y. HATCHE, Address, New York City.

LEO MILLER, Davenport, Iowa.

MRS. N. J. WILLIS, trance speaker, Boston, Mass.

DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., will answer calls to speak on Sundays, at accessible places, as usual. Will receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light.

F. L. H. and LOIS M. WILLIS, 192 West 27th street, New York City.