

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 1.

The Spirit-World.

ANNUAL MESSAGE FROM THE SPIRIT-World.

HENRY WHITTEMORE.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF HIS SISTER, MRS. L. SMITH.

NOVEMBER, 1865.

I come again and would like to control now. This nineteenth century, which enables man to communicate with his brother man, each occupying different spheres, is a glorious, most beautiful era in civilization. It has not always been so with the facilities of the present generation.

We come at this time bringing fresh words of encouragement, love and hope for the future. Put your shoulder against the wheel and we will clear away the cobwebs of doubt, distrust, discouragement, and press forward once more perseveringly. There is much good to be done by these spiritual communications, and we must not fail to do our part, for we have a glorious work to do.

The spirit-presence in the household of every loved family in the land has a healing influence, soothing, calming, doing away with all disturbances, and leaving behind a benefit rather than an injury, each time, and were our coming more frequent, and more fully recognized, it would be better.

Do not shrink from spirit recognition. Seek to make yourselves more easily approached, for by our presence you may be made happy. The loss of friends is saddening to the deepest degree sometimes, and unnerves and renders miserable, often to a fearful extent, the sufferers, all for the lack of knowledge on their part. This ignorance must be done away with, and the world made happier and better, and the truth proven to their souls that we live—are not dead.

To this end we come; for it has not yet become an established fact to only now and then a mind, as to the real identity of spirit-life. True, the world acknowledges, theoretically, future existence; but there is not that full assurance, positive knowledge which becomes yours by right.

As you receive evidence of child birth in normal spheres, so may you with equal certainty become cognizant of spirit entrance to higher spheres; and of improvement, change, continued progress hereafter.

It is a beautiful study, one which each has to learn, as you obtain knowledge from any book. All knowledge is handed down from heaven, even as you teach your little ones. But knowledge is not always experience, hence the trials and sorrows of the earth-life are designed to mature, to develop from a state of ignorance. You learn the necessity of carefulness when yet a babe—to avoid danger by being burned—and experience thus gained is worth more to you than constant warnings from parents.

Long, toilsome years of repeated mistakes, with some individuals, become necessary before stability of character can be established. Thus it is always well, if possible, for man to continue long upon earth, to learn there what he is fitted for, according to his development, &c.

Little children improve in exactly the same ratio here that they should have done on earth; and upon your coming here, you find them grown men and women in advancement, mentally and structurally; but all of this should have been obtained on earth, for each sphere has its own class of developments. If retarded in its early growth, can there be that full, free expansion of bloom in later life? This is all that we mean when we say that you should remain long upon earth, because that is your legitimate home now, and better fitted for man's more perfect development.

Growth, knowledge, strength of purpose, all the manly virtues should become engrained and thoroughly take root there, then the influences of spirit-life come like refreshing dew to strengthen and beautify the glorious work. Man's future destiny depends much upon this, and as you improve—live out this life—so you enter upon the next. Each man according to his ability receives here, nothing more, nothing less. It is exactly so with earth. If you study human nature, you will find it always to be so.

We have often illustrated that, and need not repeat; but a great moral law is evolved here and must be borne in account in all we say and do. Man is what he is trained to be, and no limits are fixed to his progress, but a continual reaching forward to the end of time. We have reason to know this to be so, from our short experience in both spheres. We have no knowledge other than you can have, by close examination of facts and incidents as they arise before you, and when we write, wish to be so understood. There is a great moral law to be observed everywhere throughout nature or the natural life of man. God has imprinted his purpose in every child born to your sphere, and knowledge on your part is the thing needful to the correct observance of this law. We are all students in the great law-book of life, and as we glean wisdom, readily impart, as far as we may, to all grades beneath us. It is no vain egotism on our part that leads us to you, but a strong, confident hope that we may be humble instruments in the hands of God to do the world good. We speak plainly, honestly, and in good faith when we say that there is a good time coming, of which the world has not yet known; and the simple revealing of these facts that spirits do come back and mingle in the home circle, knowing your most secret thought, helps to reveal all these things, and bring about a new era upon earth. The mere fact of our coming is no new thing in itself, for it is an undoubted certainty—we have always come; but the revealing of truths, only hinted at before, has opened the eyes of multitudes, where only now and then one believed.

Man is beginning to understand his natural relations toward man, in a far greater degree than ever before, and speaks of and thinks of the future life with a degree of certainty never before reached.

We have left our mark upon civilization in an indelible manner, and need only now come and explain away errors necessarily imbibed in the reception of any truth, and make plainer the truth as received by us. We come to do good, and may not fall in our coming, because good seed planted by the roadside springs up and bears an hundred-fold in coming time.

Necessarily, evil, too, must spring up with the good, as tares are always found with the wheat, but both must for a time grow together, for the more easy cultivation of the latter; but the harvest gathered in, it is more easy to sift out the imperfect seed than to trample down the tender growth of the desired grain. So, then, keep down all the weeds you can; plant the pure seed, unadulterated, if possible; but be sure and not destroy the entire crop, because spurious growth will creep in. This is one lesson we wish to teach: The impossibility of perfect growth at once; or growth without imperfection.

All good comes slowly; and by perfect design, according to God's moral law. We make nothing, design nothing, but work out great principles which have had their origin since the world stood.

As man progresses he comes upon certain planes of action, and underlines certain truths and brings them to the light of his fellow mortals. The miner unobserved the precious ore which for centuries has lain there in precisely the same condition as you now find it. This truth always remains the same, but man progresses in his understanding of a thing. Truth underlies all error, and will ultimately root it out. This is the foundation principle of all things; the superstructure upon which we build; the basis of the spiritual faith; the one thing needful to man's future progress. Do not, then, cast aside all truth because it must come mixed with alloy.

When you once remember this, you will no longer desire to leave all spiritual influences because evil occasionally creeps in. You say there is evil in the child's nature; "he is born depraved," many aver, and all declare there is much wrong likely to become evil without suitable training. But what is the child away because of his wrong inclinations; rather let him be carefully studied, slightly understood, properly dealt with at all times, in all seasons, and you mold over his imperfect organization until the truth and beauty in him shine out in resplendent loveliness, to the almost if not entire extinction of that which at first appeared only as evil. The good in man lies not upon the surface, but imbedded within his nature. It needs to be brought out, and the living principles of the spiritual faith are in much the same condition, and present not their chief beauties until after long examination you are able to sift the evil from the good, and embrace only the latter. This is not so difficult as at first it appears to the unlearned student, but every step of his pathway grows clearer and lighter and more easily understood. You become better prepared to know what to believe, how far to accept and what to disavow, etc., and cannot see before yourself certain lines and rules of conduct and say, "Thus far I shall go and no further, but continue to investigate unto the end, and never consider that you have attained all that is to be learned. Be always ready to embrace a truth, no matter how coarse its exterior; the pearl of great price may be its inner, hidden being.

We have come at this time more particularly to enforce stern truths, the realities of life, upon the investigating and thinking mind.

The idle fallacies of a large proportion of God's children are wonderful to behold. They "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," and do this in the face of all revealed religion. We take them upon their own grounds, and wonder why they cannot see the fact as well as ourselves, namely, the Spiritual Religion in all its beauty, truthfulness and spirituality.

When the question is asked skeptics, "Do you believe in spiritual things?" the answer comes, "Most assuredly we do, but not in manifestations of spirits. God is a spirit, man is a spirit, heaven is full of spiritual realities, but confined to a limited space, namely, heaven, and not of earth. There can be no communing of heaven with earth." Thus they shut out the only tangible evidence they can have of the matter.

The will of man is omnipotent, to a great degree, and repels or attracts at pleasure. Study this law, and you will be astonished at its power. Christ said, "Be healed," and the man was healed. Here is a proof of the great power of Christ's will over that of the man trusting in his Saviour. The power of faith, say you. Yes, faith, truly; and this very faith in the nearness of spiritual power permits us to come to you.

This great distrust of all heavenly agencies is the strong lever-power which holds us back from the joy, oh ye unbelieving of earth. If you would gladly receive us with joyful, trusting hearts, we will as readily come to you. The friend who believes in the spiritual gifts of olden times, and discards in toto all modern revelations, because new and strange to him, takes a position contradictory in the extreme.

The apostle Paul tells you that "there are divers gifts, but the same spirit; gifts of healing, working miracles, prophecies, discerning of spirits," etc.; that "your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." What more astounding language than this? And it is plainly refers to this age of the world as to the past. The former you accept; this explanation of the subject you reject. Why? Let us tell you. Simply, because what you for the present enjoy comes, not in a manner to suit your prejudiced tastes.

This swallowing of the camel and struggling at the gnat reminds us of the difficulty in our own heart—for surely we are not once so?—beast on all sides with harsh judgments, eager ever to pick flaws or pull to pieces your favorite theory, so readily accepted by your impressionable mind, sister, and unjust almost in criticism when first reviewing your writings through the same source? Surely of all others, but not find fault with my friends, or with the world, for pursuing the same course; and yet it has been strange, miraculous, strange, that believers in holy writ cannot apply and meet such cases as these. Bible readers, of all others, are the ones to whom these things should be familiar sounds. I agree in trying the spirits, whether they be good or evil, but not in wholesale denunciation of them.

Scripture tells of lying spirits being permitted, ay, sent, for some wise purpose, known best to God (man's interpretation). True. But no more true than now. Look at these things candidly, fairly, theoretically, if you like, but look at them before you decide the case.

Give the devil his due, and if you will not accept us as ministering spirits, then confront the evil and put it down. We like argument, or opposition, better than the deathlike stupor of indifference. Those are the hardest class of minds to reach with any hope of success. As you say to the unconvinced soul, indifference is the crust of unbelief, and must be penetrated before any impression can be made.

But the mass of mankind are waking up, and are slowly reaching on, stumbling often; but some faithful ones there are who go over the whole ground, and remove, as fast as they may, the numerous stumbling-blocks from out of your way, and will, if you but give them time, efface the last vestige of your unbelief.

To such hard workers of the true faith we have much to say. Your life here is often a bitter one. You try to live out the perplexities, annoyances, contingent upon a career like yours, but the way looks dark and unprogressive before you, because you see not clearly beyond the earth-life, and hope for more than you reap in present cultivation. But look forward to coming ages, and there you reap your reward.

John Brown was sold to slavery. Does he not yet live to know for himself that "his soul is still marching on," and hear his praises on every benediction kneeling for the liberation of the slave? While amongst you he fought for a great principle which was struggling in his soul. He reaped not his reward there but here, and now knows full well that although he pulled the ropes hard in accomplishing his purpose, yet he expended not a breath needlessly in so good a cause.

So with the good man everywhere. Look not to the end on earth, but seek rather to work without hope of reward. No man suffers needlessly nor too much to keep up the fulcrum of reorganization. Reconstruct, then, build over—tear down and you are but building up all the time.

We come and stand in your midst and see a man who says: "Perhaps this thing may be true, or it may not be true. I will not trouble my brains about it. Let it work itself clear." Behold such a one; he goes about, takes no interest in anything spiritual, wraps himself up in his stolid indifference, and travels on unmindful of the bright, golden truths so akin to his being. His dearest friend perhaps stands by his side, thrusting the pointed edge of positive truth at him, and convicts and converts such a one, sometimes, but not always. Oftener he goes on, callous and unkindly of all evidence; no matter "though an angel was sent to him he would not believe." But let such a one come here—be ushered into our spheres—and he feels that he has no partner parcel with us. He suffers here, if not there, in his own smitten conscience. He learns how much better he might have done, and what impediments he has deliberately thrown in the way of others. He works as hard as any other man works, because he was naturally a believer, but had let carelessness, that moth of the active life, creep in and destroy his best energies.

But how is it with the recipient of spiritual joys? A cultivated understanding of holy things molds over and gives new light to the pathway of the believer. He now strives for more knowledge, and receives it constantly, and is a light in our path, pointing where he may lead. We love such a one, let him be where he may; and such we often find in the lowliest dwellings in the land, by the fireside of poverty.

We have no need of further comment here, but let the matter pass and take up one of more moment than even this: A positive denial that we come and take an active part in the best welfare of men.

Man takes much upon himself to settle so important a fact. Having never gone beyond his present sphere, what possible means has he of knowing whether we do come or no, save by his own experience; and if he has had no experience in the matter he is not a competent person to pass judgment. Examine the facts about which you are talking before you deny them. What manner of a man is this? Is he not the carpenter, the son of Mary, and are not his sisters here with us? Denial queries. But Jesus answers, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country." The same spirit of crucifixion exists in the nineteenth century that existed a Saviour.

The spirit of opposition is hard at work, and its only redeeming features are the positive assurance that persecution makes the man; brings out all of his hidden energies and leaves him to rely more upon himself; and, in order to do this, he looks more deeply into the subject, to fortify himself against all attacks, and renders himself less likely to become lukewarm.

It is not always best for the good of a cause that it should be looked upon with favor by all classes of men; for exceeding popularity is of a forced nature—hot-house growth—and brings out not that real stamina the abiding interest a good cause demands.

chasten it into the true, shining metal; constant burning brightens up faded energies, gives tone, tempers the steel and keeps ready for active use every faculty of soul.

It matters not, then, so much to the cause; but, as individuals, you are certainly not gainers by Jewish denial. It does not make our cause less correct, but sears over your individuality so that the light of heaven cannot come in except through your encrusted theological ideas of antiquated forms and customs—the only right way, according to the old, accepted creeds of distant ages. Fallacy!

Newness of opinion denotes change, and change is always progression, rightly understood. This we have often explained; but every new comer who reads and has not yet joined the class of reformers, wants to know what we denominate change or progression. It is an onward movement—going forward—that reaching after, which is manifested in all things, both animate and inanimate. We say change means progression.

A child is always changing from the earliest hour of its formation, and knows no point where it literally stands still. Is not that progression? And as you see it in the child so you may in everything created, with just observation. There is no lack of opportunity, for all nature abounds with material for examination, if you but avail yourselves of your thinking and reasoning powers, and do not let your judgment become warped with what you have always supposed to be a more legitimate conclusion. We say you must look to progression to reorganize the world; to do away with all wrong and create anew chaotic matter still encircling the world. Yes, chaos still reigns; and only a small portion of this universe has assumed as yet its legitimate order.

You see a growing element in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms; a nucleus outside and remote, slowly wheeling into order, growing more and more a part of them.

This spiritual growth or emanation, from the upward to the downward, is met and freely attracted on all sides, and forms that perfect whole all nature evolves.

We learn by the transition state, death, that there is more of life, with a deeper hold upon all supermundane causes, than we had been led to believe; and that man cannot live to himself alone, but exists by and lives for all—the mutual good of all.

There is a growing resemblance between man and his brother spirit man, and why? Because man assimilates more and more unto the spiritual element which exists in and about everything created. There is a great difference between present ages, those gone before, whereas man is now educating the intellect and finer perceptions, cultivating the ideal or spiritual, and becoming each generation less gross or animal.

Change is going on in man, not only from youth to old age, but from the foundation up to the present age of the world's history. He has but begun, and as ages upon ages roll on toward developing coming generations, his powers will be found to be manifold, the letter of his experiences having not yet begun. Man is a progressive being, and wonderfully wrought. By the hand of Omnipotent Power he will yet be brought out in the lineaments of perfect beauty, all of his roughness and present exterior having passed away, you will see him no more as you now see him, but he will be an exalted being, approaching more nearly unto Divinity.

All things change. "Old things will have passed away, and all things become new." We herald in that coming time the true millennium in man's nature. And the true, pure, unadulterated, Spiritual religion, is the key which unlocks all these glorious promises.

It is worthy of note here, that previous to the spirits' return the world stood in comparative darkness as to any perfect knowledge of an hereafter. A knowledge founded upon supposition was no truth to the majority of minds, and all classes could not believe from evidence sought in the Bible, because "the eye hath not seen nor the ear heard" the glories of our beautiful revelations.

We speak now to the initiated, those to whom we have made ourselves manifest, who have had the evidence and will not thrust us from them. (Behold on the night of our first revealing ourselves to you, my dear sister; had you contemptuously thrust us from you and not listened to our tale, then what evidence concerning our fate would you have been likely to receive, for as that was our first trial, we, too, might have been discouraged and not have tried so hard again.) It is a noted fact, and one which Spiritualists ought to know, that the early commencement of a thing depends—whether for good or evil—very much upon the medium's mind. We will give an instance; it may do good. Those mediums, for instance, who, in the early commencement of their mediumship, look upon the whole thing as light and trivial, will be very likely to attract only such unto them. For we are, in all things, very much governed by minds around us. This is so on earth, why not in spirit-life? Look at that circle. You discover great dissimilitudes. Have you not a variety of minds all drawing their respective elements about them. Certainly you have; and mixed influences like these are not healthy, nor conducive of much good. In one sense they do good, but not to the extent that could and should be effected. We speak of these things because we know there are a class of minds who feel interested to know our views on these questions, and will gladly listen to them.

Each circle should endeavor to be as nearly united as may be. This is not always possible, and we struggle on amid the best we can; but perfect manifestations can never be had under discordant conditions, more than you can obtain accord, harmonious strains from the broken instrument. The fault is within yourselves more nearly than with us, and cannot be corrected, until time shall have wrought more effectually a change

amongst you. This we give as our own experience. We have often met at your circles such a diversity of minds as may seldom be witnessed elsewhere—and probe the thing to the bottom, it can have no beneficial influence upon you.) Yet we advocate these sittings, do we not? Of course we do; for by no other means can we so well keep up your interest and sooner accomplish what we desire, viz: the needed harmony. Go on, then, do the best you can, we ever stand ready to assist as far as lies in our power.

The mind of man is undergoing a revolution—a mighty change of sentiment. This is conspicuous in all he says and does, and manifests itself in his very thoughts, even. He no longer looks as he once did, but a loftier, manlier character depicts itself upon his countenance. This is not so observable in individuals, perhaps, as in nations, classes of men, &c. We speak comparatively, of course, looking back to past ages for history to inform us upon these subjects.

There is a general improvement throughout the world, and these improvements go hand in hand throughout the material and spiritual worlds. We are all improving, for it needs but a moment's reflection to perceive that mental and moral progress, on your part, just as far advances the condition after death. This we have often commented upon; but as it is a subject so nearly relating to your best needs and our highest interests, we deem it well to keep it before your minds constantly.

We come to earth intent upon doing good, but are often thwarted from a lack of knowledge on your part, and can do no more. We come to enlighten the mind—to place before it in unmistakable terms the true definition of life—love and progress of the human race. Spirits are always coming to all phases of humanity, not only to those ready to receive them, but actually glad to render small favors to those who will not.

But, my dear sister, I would that you all could see us and read us as we are; you would find yourselves at fault very many times, even where you rest assured that you are all right. We cannot make known, even to you, who want to know so much the mysteries of spirit-life; we cannot even approach you and unfetter you from the bars of ignorance, self-will, from the cares of the world, and place you upon the threshold of spiritual love. The soul mounts higher here than you can perceive, for the world bows you down and holds you there; but we will not let you alone, nor cease our coming, for we see noble souls, and earnest longings—the soul asking for spiritual food, and the bread of life will not be withheld from one of God's children, but cheerfully be given to all who will partake.

God grant that the time may come when all shall be more ready to receive what all the spiritual world stand ready to impart, viz: instruction on all points that can benefit the human race. It is only instruction that you all need now must have, to forward the whole human family; and when such liberal advantages are held out to you, does it not seem strange any should hold back and say, "We will have none of you?"

Every year of our progress here we see more and more to make us thankful that we obtained what little knowledge we did preparatory to the final change, for our small perceptions of moral right gave us great advantages here, by pointing out to our senses the true position man should take in any sphere of duties. We took a higher stand among nobler minds than through our development had been more tardy. And you will always find this to be so wherever you go, and in whatever you engage.

The fact is, man lives on unobservant of what is passing daily around him, and knows not the half of what he might acquaint himself with, and thus fails to bring out his reasoning powers here on earth as they are capable of being matured. This is a great loss to the individual and the world. There is not one of you who is not capable of vastly higher development, by the proper course of instruction, than you attain unto. Mind is capable of the greatest expansion; reaching out after infinity, and grasping at all truth with Godlike energy, when healthily formed and properly trained. You know nothing of its powers now, but like a child wandering in the dark, grope your way along in ignorance, unmindful of the beautiful bow of promise stretched above your heads in the spiritual heavens.

Oh, that we could open the eyes of ignorance, and let its shackles all fall to the ground; what a work for the spirit of man to accomplish! We have the desire, the means and opportunity; and now only time is wanted to accomplish our object.

And is this asking, hoping too much? No. You will work out your own redemption; travel on in sin and ignorance, until you have waded through the slough of despond; but all this while we will be holding just above you the lantern which shall guide your feet, so that you slip not in the miry places. This is our mission, to aid and guide, but not to do the work for you.

We come to do good; to save the erring; to build up the hopeful; to strengthen all good resolutions, and thus enhance happiness and do away with the misery of the world. We come because we love all mankind; because it is a part of our nature, and because we must come. Battle not, then, against spiritual truth, for you only prolong your own day of darkened ignorance, and cannot shut out the light of moral truth—the sunlight of freedom.

Yes, my dear sister, we do come when you heed us not; are attracted to you when the world all seems to go wrong, and often lighten your tasks in this wise—give you lightheartedness to perform them. We measure your capabilities, and assist in the performance of duty by giving ambition; sometimes, on the contrary, lessen this very organ, where we see real inability—where it would do injury. Do you not see we can assist even in manual labor? Ah, in a variety of ways that you deem it not possible. What! spirits work, and

without hands? Do the hands do the work of the mechanic? or the brain? We look upon the body as a vessel of tools to work with, but the intellect does the planning, thinking, seeing, and so it is on all subjects.

You have not been led to think of these things properly. Of course, we do not help in all things pertaining to your happiness. We have known men to languish, and would die were it not for the kind advice of friends out of the body, because they could not maintain their families. Is it a worthless object for some loved friend of that hopeless man to come and enlarge his hope, cause him to see and plan successfully for the future? We receive our compensation in the blissful certainty that we have done good. And so the world travels on, each helping the other, even the residents of the two spheres. We all desire advantages, the one from the other. There is an influx of truth wide spread throughout the land, which no other age or nation knew. The world has been preparing for this very thing—the advent of Spiritualism—for ages past. And as you are now prepared, so are individuals for the receiving of glad tidings from spheres previously unknown to you. The world is now fitting itself for greater truths than even these.

Slow progress, but all the more rapid in coming time, when the revolution of ideas shall have settled down into matter-of-fact certainties, and the coming of individual spirits shall have resolved itself into every-day acquaintance, then all mystery will have died out, and the thing become proper food for the digestion of mankind.

We expect to see this generation accepting modern manifestations with greater avidity, if possible, than Christ's followers believed in the miracles practiced by him. And why not? If belief was founded upon miraculous evidence then, surely you have the same test now before you, and your numbers are no longer small, and daily increasing; already you are a mighty host. From how small a beginning have you sprung. The small, feeble rap has been responded to by multitudes of open doors, and we have walked into a legion of homes and hearts.

Go on, then, rejoicing for a mighty work lies before you, and you are expected to work manfully for so good a cause, viz., the world's redemption.

We have come our yearly rounds now, let us see, for seven years, I think. Yes, seven years; and how short has been the time! It is but a span, a hand's breadth. But ah! how much have we seen and enjoyed! A world of light and love has opened upon our vision, and let us behold the glory of God and all his manifold works. We contemplate and wonder! And what is man that thou art mindful of him? Surely, this is a blessed world, and we are blessed by being born into it. Our veneration is quickened, greatly enlarged by an entrance to these spheres; for here we behold, as we could not there, how much we have to be grateful for. We have walked inside the circle of our experiences long enough upon earth, but here we are permitted to witness causes and effects, from centre to circumference, and grasp within our knowledge abundant satisfaction that we have lived and loved on earth, and shall ever continue to live and love on in heaven. Yes, this is a glorious reality, shining out brighter and brighter each year of our life; and as we lived and loved on earth, so we do here. This seems very strange to some readers, but only for a want of understanding.

We hope to engrave some few simple truths in each one of these messages, and if we can do so, that is all that we can ask. We hope to come more frequently in the future, and sometimes write more to the point; but the lenient public will not criticize too harshly, as we have had ample surety in the past. We had hoped to do better this time, but cannot at all times write freely. We are governed very much by circumstances and the medium's condition.

Believe me, ever your most affectionate brother,
HENRY WHITEMORE.

EDUCATION.

BY M. NORTH.

One of the demands of this age is an educational institution on a scientific basis—an Industrial College, where youth of both sexes may obtain physical as well as intellectual development, and the moral and religious nature may be exempted from those influences which darken the soul and obscure its most sacred intuitions.

It has been objected to making any radical change in the present system of education, that youth must be fitted to compete with the world as it is. Parents are ambitious that their children should be fitted to enter into the grand struggle for place and power. Not sufficiently disgusted with the corruption of politics, the thrallism of religious creeds, the tyranny of fashion and the drudgery and dishonesty of mercantile life, they seek no alternative to letting their children become galley slaves to a system from which they themselves are yet hardly emancipated. They have not yet an open vision of the new heavens and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness, and know not that the elements disintegrated from effete organism are soon to be concentered into new organizations which are to supersede the old. Who is to initiate the movement? Where is the magnet which shall draw together the elements of a new world, create a microcosm within the macrocosm?

Leecky, in his History of Rationalism in Europe, remarks as follows on the subject of Education: "If one recognizes the right of private judgment in matters of religious doctrine, it is the duty of the educator to preserve the judgment of youth as unbiased as possible. The majority of the human race accept their opinions from authority; they have neither time nor opportunity to examine, and it is only through long years of mental conflict that they can escape the trammels of education."

The ancient fable of the Cebes is still true. The woman, even now, sits at the portal of life presenting a cup to all who enter in, which diffuses through every vein a poison that will cling to them forever. The judgment may plow the clouds of prejudice; in the moments of her strength she may even rejoice in her liberty; yet the conceptions of childhood will long remain latent in the mind, to reappear in every hour of weakness, when the tension is relaxed, and when the power of old associations is supreme."

Discovery of an Ancient City.—One of Maximilian's prefects has discovered in a forest near Huancabampo, the ruins of a city built and inhabited by the aborigines long before the time of Cortez, and furnishing indubitable evidence of the high attainments of the people in civilization and the arts. This city is of considerable extent, surrounded by a stone wall five yards in thickness and ten feet high, and having its streets paved with polished stone. Many fine specimens of architecture were discovered, among them a magnificent palace, supposed to have been the residence of some Indian king, and also statues and paintings of a superior character, monuments, and remains of a civilized and educated condition of society.

Do not judge of a person from first impressions; it is not liberal; often your warmest friends prove to be those you are prejudiced against.

Children's Department.

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

"We thank you that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that care to be,
Or may be they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LUCIA HUNT.

VIRGINIA PERKINS.

[CONCLUDED.]
CHAPTER XVII.

Rewards.

When Virginia had been a few days at home, and had begun again the quiet life that she had left, she could see nothing that she had gained by ever going away. And this made her very sad, for to seem to fall of doing something noble, and to be proud of, is a bitter disappointment.

Virginia sat, in the beautiful autumn days, under the locust trees, and wished she had been born to be a heroine. She thought of the brave women that Hugh had told her of, and wondered why she could not be like them.

And being thus dissatisfied with herself, she grew very pale and weak, and there was no light glowing in her eye, or joy beaming from her face. Milly saw all this, and grieved and prayed. Would not heaven have pity and save this dear child, she said. The world seemed nothing without her darling in it, and so she outstretched for life to come again to the poor little homeless heart.

The gloomy winter, with its misty days and long nights, wore on, and Virginia sat by the fire and dreamed and thought. Over and over again she traveled that journey; and over and over again she thought of the high resolves and noble purposes that had inspired her. Where were now the loving angels that kept so near her? And day by day she grew paler and weaker, and walked with more and more listless steps.

One night she waked and looked out to the beautiful starlight, and listening, heard again Milly's prayer:

"Oh Lord, dere be no't in' left but her in all de world; do n't take her away. She be sunnlight to dis heart; she be fire, she be starlight, an' rain, an' dew, an' every'ting. Den wake her up, oh Lord, an' make her do some'ting beautiful."

Virginia's heart was touched. How selfish she seemed to herself. What if Hugh did not care for her, and Estelle was no longer her friend, was there not something for her to do? She looked out to the still, beautiful stars, and said:

"I can wait. I will be patient."

The next day she rose early, and bustled herself in making the rooms look as Hugh used to like to see them. Then she went to her mother's chest and took out a large number of books. They had never been opened since her fingers closed them. Virginia resolved to study. It seemed to her as if some one had put into her heart a great desire to gain knowledge. She had never felt it before; but now she could hardly wait until breakfast was over to turn over the volumes.

From this time Virginia began to do like herself again. She resolved to live and to be something; and the sparkle came back to her eye, and the light beamed from her face, so that Milly laughed to herself for joy, as she tried to prepare nice dishes for her darling. For Estelle had caused to be provided for them every necessary comfort. The spring wore on like a summer's day, for Virginia was intent on her books, and full of the thoughts they inspired. How glad she was for this chance to learn. Sometimes it seemed to her as if her mother's spirit, bending over her, helped her to understand.

Jo and Ann helped Milly to cultivate the land; and Virginia gave many excellent directions, so that when autumn came they gathered in an abundance of grain and vegetables. The sound of war had gone away from them, and Virginia feared nothing now. She had determined to live as long as she could, and that she would not live an idle, worthless life.

When winter came, she gathered together all the children that could come to her, and taught them out of the very same books that her mother used to teach from. Among the children were those of the little cabin, who, with others, had returned to their homes. With their cheerfulness and love they paid Virginia back an hundredfold for all her kindness.

How busy she was. She helped Milly plan her work, and herself tended to the flock of hens, and fed some pet lambs that had been sent to them. Then she taught her little school until the sun was half way down the horizon. Then she read, and wrote, and studied, until the stars told her it was time for sleep.

Milly thought all this was in direct answer to her prayer, and perhaps it was. There were those some loving one to listen, and then inspire Virginia's heart with a great desire? Were there no other thoughts in Virginia's loving heart? There was always one thought, "I wonder if Hugh would not be glad if he knew what I was doing?" But no word came from him except what Jo heard, that he was quite well and fighting in many battles. Short seasons of grief came to Virginia, for it seemed to her that she should never be able to live those beautiful dreams that she and Hugh had cherished, and that her life would be but a dull, cheerless journey.

When Sammy found that he could no longer serve Virginia, as she had those that would care for her, he resolved to do as he had always done, wait what he called the voice of the Lord. He reasoned thus:

"I ain't for no't in' de Lord call Sambo out ob great 'flections, an' 'liver him seberal times; an' by-an-bye de Lord show de sign in Sambo's heart to tell him whar to go. For de Lord be jes' nobody 'tall if he mean no't in' by all he done for Sambo."

So he waited until he felt a strong inclination within him, that impelled him to go back again to the army. It seemed like going back directly to danger, but he went, nothing doubting. Following continually this strong impulse, he found out Hugh and offered to serve him. Strange to say, Hugh accepted his service, asking many questions about Virginia, and often making him relate incidents of their journey together. Sambo was a faithful servant to Hugh, who delighted in his ready wit and never failing invention.

There was a terrible battle, and Hugh fell, severely wounded. It was found that he had lost both arms above the elbow. Sambo bore him from the battle-field, watched over him, secured ready help for him, and his life was saved. But what days of suffering he had. And to think of living and being such a cripple was terrible. Where was all the glory and honor now? Of what use, to him, were all his ambitions and longings? He wished to die. He mourned that his life had been spared.

As soon as he could, he sent Sambo on a mission to Estelle. He wished her to be told of his misfortune, and to be urged to come to him imme-

diately. Sambo went and faithfully performed his request. But Estelle was like a proud queen who is visited by some one on a degrading mission. She refused to go, and declared that Hugh must be a fool to suppose he would wish to go to him in such a condition. He had something far better to occupy her time, he said.

Sambo returned with her messages, and Hugh felt the whole sting of them as he lay there in his helplessness. What days he had! His pride was like a burning fever, and he felt it raging day and night. He thought and dreamed of Virginia, but he would not mention her name. He tried to think that she would do as Estelle had done.

Virginia, in her quiet life, felt something again calling to her. It was like the mournful voices that she had listened to as a child, that came like breaths of sighs from the plantations about her. She wondered what it meant. She grew restless and uneasy. She walked in the fields, and wandered all over the familiar paths about her home, but nowhere could she be at rest. She studied so hard sometimes that she could hear nothing; but in the quiet of the night it seemed to her as if little cords were drawing her, and that she could not rest.

She thought sometimes that her mother was calling to her from her own beautiful home, and that she was going to die; but when she looked at her face in the glass, she saw it full of life and health. She did not allow herself to think it could be Hugh that wanted her. She fancied that he and Estelle were married, and that he was going proudly forward toward worldly honor.

It was after one of her most restless days that Virginia determined to attempt more than ever that heaven would send her some message that should tell her what to do. She asked again to be led up the mountain, even if she must lose the quiet and comfort of her home. And she was sitting under the locusts, looking out to the western light, and wondering if God ever spoke to his children and showed them his will, so that they knew just what he wished them to do.

As she thought, she saw Sambo advancing. She could not mistake his step, she had watched it so many times as he led the way on their journey. She went to meet him.

"How glad I am to see you!" said she. "I was wishing someone would come. Perhaps you will be the very one I was praying for."

"Dat 'pears very much like as if dis child was comin' back again to de pleasant times dat be gone. Do question be, however, if dere be one 'ticular reason for dis pleasure of yours. 'Case I 'fraid dat de pleasantness be all lived over an' gone."

Virginia tried to comprehend what Sambo meant.

"I have thought a great deal about that journey of ours," she said, "and, like you, I have thought it was one of the pleasantest things to think about I ever found. But I am glad you have come to tell me one thing: You used always to say that the Lord directed us and led us; but I can't believe that he could have spoken by signs, as we thought, for what good came of it all?"

"Der is jes' de mistake great folks make. De good nint for us always to see. First come de word and den de doin'; after dat mus' come de waitin'."

"But, Sammy, I've been waitin'," said Virginia; "and I came back here with nothing more than I left. Even Milly did not go to the long promised land of freedom."

"Now, missus," said Sambo, "pears like you be temptin' de Lord for de say dat. You don't know what you gain yet. (By-an-bye) you have a great long count, an' you put down what he gain an' what he loss, an' 'er you can say which be greatest, but not yet. Dere be one word de Lord jes' say in to Sambo, an' dat is, wait. So I feel jes' as if I was all de time spectin' something, an' if it do n't come, why, I keeps on, an' de glory be always ahead."

Virginia's eye kindled. This faith of Sambo's inspired her more than anything had done for a long time.

Sambo did not hasten to reveal to Virginia the object of his visit. He had come of his own will, for Hugh would not even ask for Virginia, and he determined to satisfy himself first how Virginia felt toward Hugh. Little by little he revealed to her the object of his coming, and the condition of Hugh. A radiance that only great joy can give shone from her face as she at last understood that Hugh needed her, and that a kind power had chosen again for her the beautiful mission of helping him.

She did not hesitate to go to him because he had not sent for her. A voice had spoken to her louder than any uttered words. She insisted on going immediately to him, and again they started on a journey together, but not now on foot and by a doubtful path, but by a speedy conveyance and to a known spot.

What a happy day was that when Virginia met the reward of her efforts, and had Hugh brought, disabled and helpless, to the home that they had so enjoyed as children. His proud spirit could not yet endure his condition. He was restless and unhappy, and now Virginia was able to see the blessing of her days of study. She could read to Hugh, and talk of what she had read, and he was surprised to find how much she had learned. Her mind seemed to him like a beautiful flower suddenly opened to the light and sunshine.

Sometimes he tried to control her as he used to do, but she was so resolute and firm in all her ideas of right, and understood so much better than he the thoughts of the wise and good, that he soon came to her to ask of her instead of wishing to control her. When he was gloomy or fretted at his misfortune she would coax him out to walk a little way, and they would sit down and talk, and Virginia would choose all the cheerful subjects she could think of. She studied botany that she might make him love to be out with her, and natural history that he might enjoy the insect world.

Hugh seemed surprised at everything she did, and at last looked upon her as little less than an angel. One day he said to her:

"Virginia, do tell me what has made you what you are? I used to think I was a great deal smarter than you, but now I feel as if I did n't know anything."

"That is because," said Virginia, "you have been so unfortunate, and you feel because you cannot do as you used to that you can do nothing. But I was thinking, a little while ago, that some time you would be glad for everything that had happened to you."

"Oh no," said Hugh, "never! never! Look at these poor stumps."

"When I came back here," said Virginia, "I was wounded in a great many ways, and I thought I should never get well, but now I see how good everything has been. That is because there is something all about us, that we call heaven, that means to bless us and bring us good out of all our troubles."

"Well," said Hugh, "I know one thing: when I have obeyed the voice that spoke to me to do right I never had any real trouble. And that voice told me to retreat in the battle, and I would not, and so I was shot; and that voice told me not

to send for Estelle, and I would, and I got an instant back; but what she told me to do now—a poor, worthless cripple."

"Oh, Hugh," said Virginia, "you are not crippled in your mind, and that is best of all. You are just as well able to climb up that grand mountain toward a nobler life as I am. We will go together, Hugh; I shall never be tired of being arms and hands to you."

It was thus that Virginia laid out for herself a beautiful life of self-sacrificing love. It seemed to her as if Heaven had indeed given to her a work to do. She could see in every step that she had been led by something, that made her better able to do her work well. She needed faith and patience and hope and love and knowledge, and all these she had gained through her trials.

Sambo did not leave the service of Hugh when he was disabled, but served him faithfully, and often inspired him with his own cheerful spirit. Milly, too, received her reward, for she saw her darling blessed and happy. Virginia's father soon came home, a disappointed and changed man. Ill in body and sick in heart, he claimed Virginia's love and attention. She grew stronger every day as she tried to be life and courage to these two men, one now old and gray from exposure, the other crippled and helpless. But it seemed to her as if heaven sent helpers to her every day, and when she was fretted and tired she only had to remember how God sent strength and succor to her, and she always asked believing she should receive.

And thus ends for our readers the history of Virginia Perkins. It is in many things a truthful history, and its scenes are many of them familiar places. May her life show to a few, if not to many, the beauty and peace that comes from yielding to the influence of the pure, the true and the good.

ITEMS BY THE WAY.

NUMBER TWO.

BY J. MADISON ALLYN.

It is a year or more since, at Salem, Mass., I sketched in outline a portion of my earth experience, both before and after the fires of spirituality had burned into the depths of my soul, and revealed to me the extent and nature of the mission labor marked out for me by angel ambassadors of the Congress of the Spheres. Much of the time, since the previous writing, my lot has been cast among strangers, and my time occupied in the promulgation of those truths which have, from time to time, been given me to utter, together with the further investigation of the general subject of Phonics, and the practical application to various languages (American, European and Asiatic), of that beautiful system of universal sound-representation, of which mention has been made in your columns, and of which a more precise knowledge it is my intention to furnish your readers with ere long.

I have now to chronicle a very pleasant stay of three weeks at Quincy, Mass., the birth-place of a dearly beloved spirit-guide—the "old man eloquent"—whose voice was heard, though feebly, and immortal identity indicated through my ever-willing organism, both in the privacy of the domestic circle, at "Father Brigham's," and in the more public auditorium of Pioneer Chapel.

Happy ever to give comfort to high or low—whether by being "controlled" for personal communications, or general instruction—I was doubly happy at Quincy; first, in bringing to vantage ones public and private evidence of immortality and angel-presence, and, also, being able to satisfy myself, by certain outward proofs, of the genuineness of certain phases of my mediumship. Never having seen Mr. Adams while in the earth-form, and only by communion been made acquainted with him, it was gratifying to myself as well as others to have demonstrated among his "own people" the fact of his presence and guidance. While feeling no especial veneration for names, as such, and believing in the power of truth and true spirituality rather than the false gloss of earthly greatness, I yet feel happy for every manifestation of life from the land beyond, and would not exclude any immortal from participation in the mighty work which is being done for the harmonization, spiritualization, and correct education of the human race, simply because such individual bore worldly honor "while here below." Nay, more, repudiating names because they happen to have been possessed by earth's great ones, seems as truly unwise as to cling to them in superstitious reverence.

Spirit-life does not, I conceive, destroy the personality or neutralize necessarily the idiosyncrasies of individual character. These are as necessary as life itself, also identity would be lost, swallowed up in the mighty vortex of a dismal sameness, which would strip heaven of all its loveliness. Horace Mann is doubtless as intensely Manly-to-day as ever, has an equal right to his name, and is doubtless not ashamed of it; and I should hope, for one, that he and other noble souls in spirit-life, who have left their mark for good upon the race on earth, might not always have to refrain from "giving their names," lest those whom they may use should have false motives imparted to them, or because mediums cannot be adapted to their satisfactory use. I believe many a "great" one, from his blast above, longs to mingle socially, freely and simply with us, and be received and acknowledged as himself, as a personality, and not as a mere vague "influence." All such should be received with pleasure, yet, with gratitude, but without a trace of that miserable, senseless awe which is so prevalent everywhere in the world of hero-worshippers. Let them stand with all others, for what they are, and for whom they are.

But my story is not half told, and I must close with the very novel phrase, to be continued.

Lecturer Wanted in Missouri.

I wish you would publish in the Banner the following letter which I just received, for the benefit of the writer and others like him, and lecturers. The letter speaks for itself.

Yours fraternally, A. G. W. CARTER.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 28, 1886.

HON. A. G. W. CARTER, Cincinnati, O.—Dear Sir: I suppose you have quite forgotten me. I lived in Cincinnati during 1852, '3 and '4, and practiced law, and frequently attended your Court. I often talked with you about our old Alma Mater, Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Pa., and was with you often. About eight weeks ago my attention was first attracted to Spiritualism, and I subscribed for the Banner of Light. Your name in connection with matters there published has had much to do toward converting me to belief. Two months ago I had no belief whatever in a hereafter, a future state of being; but now I believe, although I never saw any manifestations in my life.

This country has been overlooked by lecturers and others. There are many fine large growing cities, such as Kansas City, Leavenworth, St. Joseph, Omaha, and Council Bluffs, that will afford a fine field for exertion. If you have any opportunity of directing attention this way, may do so. Yours truly, A. G. W. CARTER.

Oregon, Holt Co., Mo., Feb. 22, 1886.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Another Remarkable Case of Spirit Power.

I send the readers of the Banner of Light a few facts which have occurred in our city recently.

Some two years ago, a lady who resides here, while walking along the street one day, observed a young soldier on crutches leaning against a building. She was compelled by an irresistible power to walk up to him and pull his crutches from under him, at the same time remarking that he could walk as well as he ever did. She then hurried on, without stopping to converse with him. The young man, strange to say, walked off as well as he ever did, and without the aid of the crutches.

The next day, as the lady was walking near the same street, the young man met her and asked for her name and residence. She hesitated, and he said to her, "If you only knew what joy you have given to me, and to several families also, you would not fear to give me your name." He then proceeded to give a full statement of his case. He had contemplated marriage before he became lame, but while he went on crutches he would not marry. But now he was cured, he assured her he should soon be married, and invited her to be present on the occasion.

Some three months ago the same lady's husband left her and five small children without any means of support, and she has not heard from him since. He was a member of the Masonic Lodge, the members of which, and other friends, have assisted her some; but a large family like hers needed daily help, and she being of a sensitive nature, would rather starve than be constantly asking for assistance. While attending to household duties one day, she received a test of spirit aid in the veritable shape of material means by which she could purchase food. It came in such a manner as to leave not the slightest doubt that it was brought through invisible agency.

Often when riding in cars or coach, a voice from an invisible source will speak to her, giving information which it wished her to impart to others, though entire strangers, frequently giving full particulars in relation to relatives who were at home sick, and even prescribing remedies for their disease, and on investigation the statements were generally found to be truthful.

Of late she has been impressed to write, and her productions are considered by good judges to be of a superior order. She no doubt will devote her time hereafter to this work.

A singular incident occurred at her house on Tuesday evening. While she was in her room with only her little son, fourteen years of age, a lady who lived in another part of the house came in to see her, and while there the large-framed Masonic diploma belonging to the former lady's husband, which stood on the mantel-piece, began to move about without any visible cause, and the visitor, on perceiving this, was somewhat alarmed, and called attention to the moving article. In a few moments the diploma arose from the mantel, passing directly over a stove to the centre of the room where the medium sat, and dropped into her lap. This was done without any visible agency. The visitor, being of a nervous temperament, was so frightened at what she witnessed, that she has been confined to her bed ever since. Her physician very sagely remarked to her that such an occurrence was very remarkable, and might not happen again in her lifetime. Perhaps the invisibles will take the hint, and not manifest in the presence of nervous skeptics.

A brother Mason, who, by the way, is also a medium, interprets the meaning of the phenomenon thus: that the invisibles wished the medium to go to the Lodge, which was then in session near by, and make known her destitute condition to some of the brothers, who would readily render assistance to the wife of an erring brother.

This newly developed medium knows scarcely anything of the Spiritual Philosophy, and never has attended any of the meetings. When the spirit influence is upon her she seems to be in her natural state, and often sees spirits, or, as she calls them, people who have died.

I could give you the name of the medium, but deem it wisdom not to do so, as she would be annoyed by curious visitors. This is only a new case of mediumistic development, and in this instance with a good subject.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1886.

The Haunted House.

A house situated about three-and-a-half miles from this place, in the town of Virgil, owned and occupied by one Robert Downey and family, is regarded by the community as being haunted by the spirits of many thousands of people. The facts as gleaned from the investigations of the strange phenomena, shape themselves as follows:

An aged man, named Eli Reynolds, was mysteriously and suddenly taken sick and died; this occurring about six years ago, the old gentleman living with his son, who then resided in the house. Although at the time suspicions that poison had been administered, there was no examination made, and the excitement soon lulled in forgetfulness. About two years after the decease of Mr. R., the house became so uncomfortable from ghostly visitations the son removed to Catawug County, N. Y., and the house was sold. The new owner, a young man, named John Reynolds, who was also a partner, giving entertainments nightly, and with such perseverance, that again the house was sold and a removal to Allegheny County effected, taking with them, as before, the unwelcome intruder and invisible destroyer of their peace. The next family who occupied the house, first disturbed, and in which Mr. R. died, were visited in the same manner, and keeping the matter quiet soon found a customer to purchase, and about eighteen months ago, Mr. D., the present occupant, bought the premises, and no sooner were the family settled comfortably in their new home than they were apprised of invisible apparitions, not mentioned in Compact or Dead. The doors swung open without material cause, loud and gentle footsteps were heard traversing the rooms with no seeming bodies attached, raps, mysterious whisperings, breathings and other curious manifestations, greeted the troubled and excited inmates, giving rise to such fear, that for a long time the house was abandoned at night when company could not be procured to stay with them. Later, and of recent date, frequent lights are seen passing to and from, assuming different forms, flashes of lightning with rolling thunder, invisible drums are beaten with musical effect, &c. &c. When questioned by visitors, there are intelligible answers by raps. The head intelligence, prompting these remarkable entertainments, claims to be the spirit of Mr. Reynolds, whose restless revenge for a premature death will not permit him to remain silent, and further pretends to be making all this ado that his body may be exhumed and his statement "poison caused my death," may be corroborated, and the guilty brought to justice.

These manifestations have been put through a variety of tests, to expose the fraud or false play, if any there be, but as yet all efforts have been made without effecting such a result. Large sums of money are offered, by people living near the haunted premises, to any one who will give a satisfactory solution to these proceedings, other than what is claimed by these invisible agencies.—*Dryden (Ohio) Weekly News.*

As flowers never put on their best clothes for Sundays, but wear their spotless raiment and exude their odor every day, so let your life; free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of goodness.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

DEAR BANNER—In compliance with the wishes of the intelligence whose name is found above and below, I forward to you the following poem for publication. It was written a short time after his passage to spirit-life, and represents him to be in a very unhappy state. If he experiences one-half the anguish I did while in rapport with his spirit, I think no life could be consecrated to a nobler mission than the elevation of such intelligences to more harmonious conditions. I fervently trust, wherever he may make his presence known, that the sympathy, affection, and charity of kind souls will be accorded to him, and that his resurrection to the broader, happier realties of the everlasting existence upon which he has entered will be the pleasing tidings we next shall hear from him.

Too often such spirits, when they make themselves manifest, are greeted with harsh and scornful words, instead of kind and loving ones which their sorrowing natures demand; consequently they are prevented from gaining the light they need to raise themselves to more harmonious relations in spirit-life. Let such ever be welcomed to the warm love and charity of our sympathizing hearts.

Jefferson Davis, who is considered the greatest criminal in the land, demands, too, our charity and sympathy. The bloody cry, "Hang him! hang him!" should never find an echo in the bosom of any who call themselves Spiritualists. Jefferson Davis has more power to do harm beyond than he has in the world. Professed Christians may clamor for his blood, as the ancient Jews did for the blood of Christ, but do not let Spiritualists give a life to their professions and the glorious principles which underlie their sublime philosophy, by echoing the bloody sentiment of ancient and modern sectarians. Let him live till repentance, discipline, and experience fit him to walk side by side with ABRAHAM LINCOLN! Remember, the watchwords on our banners are, Truth, Love, Progress, Charity, Forgiveness!"

Yours for the elevation of all,

JOSEPH D. STILES.

Oh God! what fiery waves of hell
Across my burdened conscience roll!
What agonies, what tortures dwell
Within the chambers of my soul!

These hands, these guilty hands are red
With a beloved brother's gore;
Oh! why on that defenseless head
Did I my seeking vengeance pour?

Why did some good angel stay
My hand ere I his spirit freed?
Why, God of Love! didst thou not slay
Me ere I did the damning deed?

I heard the plaudits mortals breathed,
And saw the tears for him they shed;
The flowers which fond affection wreathed
In garlands round his honored head!

The mourning emblems I beheld,
Saw him, with Jesus, martyr-crowned;
Whist! his loathsome vengeance felled
This giant oak-tree to the ground;

Was cursed by youth and hoary age,
My name denounced from every mouth,
While blackest waves of hate and rage
Ran even through my "sunny South."

Oh! blasting thought! that through all time
My memory will e'er be blent
With that most foul and heinous crime,
The murder of your President!

Macbeth, with Banquo's bloody ghost
His guilty conscience to appal,
Belshazzar, as 'mid Chaldean's host,
He read his doom upon the wall,

Could not have writhed in such a fire
As that which burns within my soul,
Nor felt one-half the horrors dire
Which now my spirit-life control.

Oh God! must I forever here
In this Climmerian darkness grope?
Will not some penitential tear
Unfold within a germ of hope?

Oh! from this deep, this awful tomb,
Will not some angel roll away
The stone, and through the horrid gloom,
Give me one glimmering of the day?

No pleasant, no familiar voice,
Doth fall upon my spirit-ear;
Naught but the dreadful din and noise
Of fiendish mockery I hear!

Before my tortured vision flit
Souls doomed through countless years to toss
In Hades' most infernal pit,
Upon the billows of remorse.

Oh! horror of all horrors dire!
Must I, with these despairing souls,
Writhe in this fearful lake of fire,
As age on age eternal rolls?

Must I, the petted child of fate,
The courtier of the gay and proud,
The flattered of both small and great,
The "star" of an admiring crowd?

Must I, among these spirits dark,
Drag out a life of endless woe?
Oh! must my anguish-driven bark
Be tossed forever to and fro?

Ah! rather may the stars descend,
And bury me from human sight,
And let my miseries thus end,
Than wander longer in this night!

This starless night of keen despair,
With shrieking spirits all around,
Whose jeerings make the very air
Of heaven with dissonance resound.

Eternal One! Forbearing God!
Whose sacred mandates I defied,
Oh! turn from me Thy chastening rod,
Let me within Thy courts reside!

Send down some Jesus from Thy Throne,
To set my prisoned spirit free;
Some Saviour that will not disown
A wretched criminal like me.

If it is true, as mortals say,
When souls their bodies cast aside,
(The only part that knows decay),
And to immortal being glide;

Thy just forgiveness may expect
Of Thee, the Source of Life and Light,
And find, among the so-called elect,
A freedom from their mental night!

Oh! may the fervent prayer I make
Be answered in Thy loving breast;
Thine erring child do Thou forgive;
Give him the calm of heaven's sweet rest;

Wipe from the record of his name
The guiltiest blot that flesh has known;
And wreath around his blackened name
Some little good he may have done.

But ah! what well-remembered face!

What glowing form is that I see,
That gazes from you depths of space,
So kindly, lovingly on me!

Oh! strange decree of fate! 'Tis he
Whose soul these hands released and sent
To be what I can never be,
A Sun in Heaven's bright firmament!

Love on each feature is engrained;
He breathes forgiveness for the past.
Oh God! the happy hour I craved,
Yet dreaded, has arrived at last!

I live to hear "God's murdered Son,"
That martyr to the cause of right,
Pronounce a blessing on the one
Who plunged a world in grief and night.

Through him, perchance, I may retrieve
That one dark crime I now regret,
And God my poor soul may receive
Within His fold of Mercy yet.

Sweet Mercy! Blessed jewel thou!
Thy holy influence I extol!
Before Thy sacred Throne I bow,
And crown Thee Sovereign grace of all!

Sic semper tyranni! Oh! why
Did I these words to him apply,
As on the fatal bullet sped,
That shrined him 'mong earth's martyr-dead!

He wielded not the tyrant's rod;
He proved the chosen of his God,
The second Washington to free
His people from captivity.

A world sincerely mourns the loss
Of this true martyr of the cross;
His death but glides with brighter glow
The crown that shines upon his brow.

Yes! he has passed to peace and rest,
A soul beautified and blest;
Through flowery walks and perfumed groves
His never-dying spirit roves.

His fame by all will be enshrined,
His grave, the Mecca of mankind;
His glorious life will ever be
A light to lead to victory.

His virtues nations will rehearse,
While his foul murder'ers will curse,
And link his hated name with those
Who died to God and Freedom, foes.

Oh! mortals, warning from me take,
Ambition's dazzling path forsake;
Let no false meteor betray
Your feet from Virtue's steadfast way!

High on the glittering scroll of Fame
May never shine your humble name;
Yet on Life's Book you may record
The name of one who served the Lord.

Ye wanderers from the paths of right!
Ye gropers in sin's cheerless night!
Ye hoary age yet thoughtless youth,
Avoid the fate of JOHN WILKES BOOTH!

Mr. D. D. Home's Lecture.

Mr. Daniel D. Home, a gentleman who has acquired much notoriety, both in this country and America, from his connection with "Spiritualism," gave a lecture in Willis's Rooms, Saturday evening, Feb. 24th, in explanation of the rise and progress, the uses and abuses of that eccentric system of metaphysics. Mr. Home's appearance accords well with his profession, for he has a spectral aspect. He is a man with the feeblest possible organization—the shell and shadow of a man—with eyes of a strange, not to say unearthly, lustre, sunken, hollow cheeks, and a voice which makes up in power what it wants in melody. His head is chiefly remarkable for its hair, which is curly and abundant. His expression is benign and conciliatory; there is not the slightest taint of acrimony in it, nor, to do him justice, does he convey the idea of one who plays a false part in which he has himself no faith. That he is an honest believer in his own creed is the impression which his manner and proceedings produce upon an unprejudiced spectator. He acts and speaks like what he probably is, a man of intellect, whose head—to use an expressive, familiar phrase—is screwed on the wrong way; a wild, but well-intentioned enthusiast, who has brought himself to believe most potently in the theories he propounds. The favor with which he was received clearly proved that he had the advantage of addressing a sympathetic audience who partook of his delusions and were prepared to resist any attempt to call them in question. There was, no doubt, a leaven of skepticism in the assembly, but the majority were unquestionably believers, and the unbelievers were only an inconsiderable minority.

Mr. Home read his lecture, which, though long and very discursive, was lucidly arranged and furnished occasional evidence of extensive reading and considerable liberal ability. After disclaiming all mercenary motive for his singular career, and declaring that he had never received, and never would receive, money for being a medium, he proceeded to discuss the question of the immortality of the soul, observing that the yearning after a deathless existence was a feeling as characteristic of man as the instinctive was of the instinctive of the lower animals. A spiritual problem of man's immortality could not be carried to abstract argument beyond presumptive evidence. A more sure and solid testimony than any thus to be obtained was required in this unbelieving age, and it was his happiness to know that he had been the means of supplying skeptics with that description of positive evidence which was suited to their mental state.

Spiritualism was no fungus growth of yesterday, as was too commonly supposed. Tables were used for eliciting responses from spirits fifteen centuries ago, and rapping spirits were known in Germany for seven centuries at least. Spiritual communications by means of trances, dreams and visions, were common in remote ages among the Jews; and some of the best and greatest of men in all lands, had believed in Spiritualism. Of this number were John Wesley, Luther, Emanuel Swedenborg, and a number of others, and, in more modern times, Professor Hare, of Philadelphia, and Judge Edmonds, of New York, both of whom were unwilling converts to the system. The latter had investigated it most minutely for nine years; and had arrived at the conviction that it was quite possible for us here on earth to communicate with the spirits of the departed through the medium of persons still alive. This creed was no phantom; it was a glorious reality, calculated to conduce to exalted private and public worth. After endeavoring to trace his favorite doctrine so far back as Tertullian in the Christian Era, and after attempting to identify the visions, dreams, apparitions, and angelic embassies recorded in the Old and New Testaments, with the "Spiritualism" of modern times, the lecturer gave some statistics of the growth of the system. There were, in America, five hundred public mediums, who received visitors; and more than fifty thousand private ones, and the believers were counted by millions. In France, Spain, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland, it had made prodigious progress; and here in England it had taken hold of the literary and educated classes, and many persons of the highest distinction were its open advocates. He then passed on to the narration of some of his own experiences. He did not profess to have the power of bringing forward or sending away spirits, but all his life he had had spirit visions, revelations, dreams, forewarnings, presentiments and mental interpositions, to which he owed that he was now here.

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away into the other world of a little cousin, who at that moment was at Lillingthorpe. At the age of thirteen he was the first great victim. He and another boy, two or three years older than himself, had noticed that the ghost of their father, who of the two should go first, would appear to the other after death. As he was sitting in bed one night, and preparing to draw the sheet over him, a sudden darkness prevailed the room, the moon having been previously shining. Suddenly there came through the darkness a glow of light, and at the foot of the bed, enveloped in a golden cloud of brightness, stood his friend Edwin—his features unchanged, and his hair falling in wavy ringlets over his shoulder. With his right hand he slowly described two circles in the air, and vanished while in the act of describing the third.

His mother died in the year 1850. A few nights after her death he heard three loud blows as of a hammer upon his arm. The blows were again and again repeated, and when he went down to breakfast the next morning there was a regular shower of rays upon the table, to the no small consternation of his aunt, who threw a chair at him and accused him of introducing Satan into the bosom of a respectable family. On another occasion, while gazing in a looking-glass, he distinctly saw a chair in the bedroom moving toward him, and walking between him and the door—a spectacle which caused him no small alarm. He mentioned other cases, also, where the tables and chairs got into spontaneous motion when he appeared, and he told how his aunt, who seems to have been a sensible woman, tried to bring a refractory table to a sense of duty, first by placing a big Bible upon it, and then by leaning upon it with all her weight, but all to no purpose. The irrepressible table only moved the more briskly, and at last the skeptical old lady was lifted in the air herself.

On another notable occasion he saw clearly, in a vision, all the attendant circumstances of the death of one of his brothers who was crushed between blocks of ice in the Polar Seas. He told what he had seen to his friends, and in five months after came the tidings of the fatal calamity which had occurred precisely in the manner he had indicated. But the strangest vision of all was that which he saw two years ago at Dieppe, where, on gazing into a little crystal ball, he plainly discerned an excited crowd and a man who was being assassinated. On the instant he exclaimed, "That is Abraham Lincoln!" and the crowd proved his words not too true. These and many other marvellous occurrences, and the unimpaired of the good old days of Baron Munchausen of marvellous memory, did the Spiritualist detail with a solemn earnestness of manner which—so respectable he sincerely—even in the most visionary of causes—forbade a smile or the slightest manifestations of incredulity among his audience.

He admitted that in the hands of bad, foolish or mischievous men, Spiritualism, like everything else, was liable to abuse, and might be perverted to purposes of evil; and in that event no one would denounce it more strongly than he; but he maintained that, as exercised by pure and virtuous intentions, it was productive of incalculable good, comforting the afflicted and sorrow-stricken, enlightening the ignorant, serving the best interests of religion, and promoting peace and good will amongst men. He argued, however, no more than the audience would permit, and, in such a simple a bridge by means of which communication was established between the seen and the unseen worlds. As for the statement that Spiritualism was conducive to lunacy, it was ludicrously false. He had traveled in numerous countries, and had never known a case where it had had any such effect. The lecturer then read a poem dictated by the spirit of Robert Southey, and, after a few supplementary remarks, concluded amid the cheers of his hearers.

No sooner had he retired from the platform than Professor Anderson made his appearance there, and, having addressed some remarks to the audience, he was soon obliged to take his departure. On his way to the door, however, he shot off some Partisan shafts, such as "humbug," "hoax," "trash," "rubbish," "blasphemy," "nonsense," and other exclamations equally complimentary, to which one of Mr. Home's friends replied by telling the audience that he was an "old-fashioned conjuror," that a "boy could perform tricks as good as his," and that Colonel Stodard, at the Egyptian Hall, could "hok him to bits." The learned professor bore these assaults with Christian magnanimity, and, in reply, "Humbug!" all the more lustily.—London Paper.

"The Age of Virtue."

I notice an article in the Banner bearing the above title, and as some of the views are founded upon an error, as I think, will you allow a stranger a little space to point out the same?

"This distinction, as the reader will recollect, accords with the phrenological comparison of the male and female heads, made above, whereby it is held that the organs of reason are more largely developed in woman's brain than in man's."

This corresponds with the teachings of the Combe and Fowler systems of phrenology; but I can positively say, from careful experiments and observations for more than twenty years, that such is not in accordance with Nature. The organs of the affections are not located in the occipital region of the brain. The human mind is composed of faculties opposite in their nature, and these antagonistic organs are in exact opposite regions of the brain.

Every faculty of the soul ascends in manifestation as it ascends in location in the head. Our social, affectional, moral and spiritual faculties are the highest of any we possess, and are located in the top of the brain. The occipital region is devoted to Hatred, Skepticism, Infidelity, &c., &c. An examination of skulls, busts, and pictures of the living and the dead (so termed), will show that the more the occipital region is thickened and elongated, the more depraved and vile the character. Nero, Mrs. Goddard, Potts, Cannon, Pope, Alexander, and Vitellus will answer as examples of former times; while Mrs. Surratt and the "Andersonville fiend" are specimens of a later date.

If the affections were located in the occipital region of the brain, every one of the above-named individuals should have been noted examples of affectional nature. It is high time that this idea, so derogatory to human nature, so opposed to fact and philosophy, should be exposed. To suppose the affections heavenly in their nature, located among the low and selfish feelings in the base of the head back of the ears, is contrary to all analogy, facts and reason.

But I am writing more words than I intended. I like much of the writings of our Bro. Stearns. Yours for fact and truth, D. HITCHINS.

Winfield, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1886.

INTRICACIES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The construction of the English language, must appear most formidable to a foreigner. One of them, looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said, "See what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and that a flock of sheep was called a flock. And it was added for his guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that "a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a levy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porcupines is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a band, and a band of robbers is called a crew, and a crew of swindlers is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd."

If possible, live peacefully with all men; if not possible, kill them! The small talking in fashionable circles is the fruit of small thinking.

The Correspondence.

Elder Grant Headed Off.

Miss Grant has been holding forth here whenever and wherever he could get a chance, abusing everybody in general, but Spiritualists in particular; the great burden of his vituperations being, "poured out upon them; but a check was put upon him to-day, at Seaton Hall, in this city, where he held forth. I dropped into the hall at eleven A. M., merely out of curiosity, as he had advertised to tell us all about the coming struggle. I found about sixty or seventy persons present; the most of them seemed to have come also out of curiosity. The first thing that attracted my attention, was a piece of white cloth on which was painted all kinds of terrible boasts, the like of which was never seen in heaven, on earth, nor under the earth. These Mr. Grant pretended were to represent the visions which Daniel and John the Revelator saw. In his whole disjointed discourse he tried to prove that there was nothing to be believed outside of prophecy in the Bible. He then had the impudence to tell the audience that the prophecies were all fulfilled, and that we might expect Christ right down upon us at any time. But his fun was soon spoiled, when a lady in the hall arose, and asked:

"Mr. Grant, do I understand you to say that we may expect Christ to destroy things very soon—almost immediately?"

Answer.—"I expect Christ very soon; in a very little time."

Question.—"Sir, do you pretend to say that Christ can come before the Jews, God's ancient covenant people, are restored to their own land and nationality?"

Answer.—"I deny that the Jews will be restored at all, before or after Christ's coming."

The lady then opened batteries from the Bible upon the Millerite, and she seemed well posted—which perfectly demolished him. She clearly showed, from the Scriptures, that Grant's teachings were false; that the Scriptures were not fulfilled; that people need not be afraid that the world would come to an end while the Jews were scattered.

This new aspect of things Grant did not seem to relish very well, as the audience seemed to be carried away with the powerful argument and eloquence of the learned lady. He moved an adjournment, but the audience were not disposed to let him off so easily.

A gentleman next arose and gave Mr. Grant a few hotshots in the shape of quotations from the Bible, which confirmed the lady's position. This new demonstration made him still more uneasy, as the gentleman appeared to be a Biblical scholar, consequently Mr. Grant again moved a breaking up.

At this point another lady took him in hand, and unmaned him pretty well, for a time; at last the conflict became doubtful, when the learned lady again took the floor and finished him up. I must not omit to give you her last point, which made the Elder writhe like a snake.

Question.—"Mr. Grant, who is the Ancient of Days, that Daniel speaks of?"

"God!" he readily answered.

"Are you sure that it is God?" asked the lady.

"Oh, yes," said Grant.

"I will show you that it cannot be God," said the lady; "for my Bible tells me that God has no beginning of days, nor end of years; also that old father Adam was the first man created, consequently Adam must be the First of Days."

The audience saw the point; but Grant pretended that he could not.

Again she said, "Mr. Grant, who is the man child spoken of in Revelations, to which you have alluded?"

"Christ," said the Millerite, most positively.

"That cannot be true," said the lady, "for the angel was showing John things that were to take place in the future; and John had the vision thirty-three years after Christ ascended!"

Grant saw that he was completely used up, and had failed to make the audience believe that he knew when the world would come to an end; so he asked for a collection, and closed the meeting.

The scene was rich and interesting. I tried to ascertain who the lady was, but could not. She is evidently somebody of note, for she was very richly dressed, a very fine and superior speaker, elegant in her language and address. All we know of her is that the gentleman who accompanied her remarked, at the close of the meeting:

"Well! Madam Belle Lithgow, you have killed, to-day, one of the big gnus of Millerism!"

WARREN SKYMOUR.

Washington, D. C., March 4, 1886.

Spiritualist Levee and Ball.

The Spiritualists of Worcester, together with the "Children's Progressive League," celebrated the 22d of February, the anniversary of Washington's birthday, at Mechanic's Hall, with success secondary to none of the many entertainments preceding it during the past festival season. At an early hour the galleries of the elegant and spacious hall were filled to overflowing; still they came, filling the hall to its utmost capacity, with the exception of the space reserved in front for the Lyceum.

At half-past seven o'clock the audience were called to order by our worthy and efficient brother, Benj. Todd, the Shrewsbury Brass Band being in special attendance, played, with fine effect, "Departed Days." After which singing by the Lyceum, from the "Manual" silver-chain recitations; silver-chain singing; declamations. We were particularly pleased in listening to a piece spoken by Anna B. Dewey of Lake Group, entitled "A greeting from the Summer-Land Lyceum." It was spoken in a clear, sweet voice, and was distinctly heard in all parts of the hall; and as the words flowed from her lips, it seemed as though she caught an inspiration from the upper spheres, that gave a pathos truly touching.

We were also amused by the speaking of a "Reverend Song," by Master George Tinsley of Beacon Group. He won much credit, and bids fair to equal, if not excel, others of his age. He was heartily applauded.

An original poem was spoken by Miss Lizzie Lucas of Shore Group, which was typical of fine poetic endowments. We were exceedingly gratified in seeing the Leader of Banner Group come forward, and, with deep earnestness of feeling, rehearse a poem entitled "I still live," given under inspiration, by Miss Lizzie Doten.

We would gladly mention others that spoke, with much commendation, had we learned the title of their pieces. Suffice it to say they all gave promise of a beautiful unfolding. Silver-chain singing; gymnastic movements to music by the band, led by Mrs. M. A. Stearns, Guardian of Groups, which were executed with much grace and style, showing her to be proficient in the art; march by the Lyceum Grand March by the band, also by the Lyceum Group, carrying the beautiful "Banner" inscription, "Our country, our God, our home, and our life." The Lyceum group, which were the "Guards,"

who presented a very imposing appearance, with their glittering armor, which seemed to lend a mystic influence to the scene. The next in order was a fine display of tableaux, given by members comprising the Liberty Group. They were beautiful beyond description.

AN OBSERVER.

Spiritualism and Spiritualists in Louisville, Kentucky.

On last Sunday, by invitation, having gone down the Ohio river on steambot on Saturday, from this city, I delivered two lectures, morning and evening, to the Spiritualists and other citizens of the city of Louisville. My audiences were excellent ones, in point of numbers and intellectuality, and genuine respectability. I was, indeed, surprised at the number of Spiritualists in Louisville, and the interest and enthusiasm which they evinced. The facts and philosophy of Spiritualism have really taken deep root in that beautiful city, and this tree of Life and Knowledge has grown strong and stalwart, and its wide-spreading branches are now sheltering hundreds amidst the dry and arid plains of Orthodoxy, which has heretofore prevailed there.

They have a well organized Society of Spiritualists there, and although it has been in existence only about half a year, it is well up in number of members, and is distinguished for character and position among the citizens. The institution and progress of this Society are owing, in a great measure, to the energies and exertions of Bros. E. V. Wilson and A. B. Whiting, who, indeed, have been the pioneer Spiritual lecturers in that city. Mr. Wilson really "started" the Society, and with the aid of several energetic Spiritualists of Louisville, kept it going on in progress. Mr. Whiting next came, and applying his strength and power, gave a great impetus to the growth and prosperity of the Society, and it is now in a very flourishing and prosperous condition. They talk of building a hall, or buying out some one of the churches of that city; and they talk much of establishing the great practical work of Spiritualism, the Progressive Lyceum—and they will do it soon, too. I know they will do it. They will have a hall of their own, and they will have a Lyceum before many days pass by.

The present condition and position of the Society have been attained, too, by the exertions of such good and genuine Spiritualists as Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, who is, indeed, in no sense than one, a host in herself, and Mr. Henry Turner, who accomplishes a vast deal of work and labor, and Mr. Robbins, Mr. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Roth, Mrs. Vesey and others, all good active and working Spiritualists.

Of course this organization of a Society of Spiritualists has had a great outside effect upon citizens of Louisville, and many there are who have, in consequence, become interested in the facts and truths and manifestations of Spiritualism. Indeed, the interest is daily increasing, and men and women of all sects and descriptions are becoming cognizant of the facts, and therefore must confide in the truths of Spiritualism.

Besides, there are many good mediums for physical and other manifestations, in Louisville, and these are accomplishing a great work, indeed. Mrs. Vesey, a resident clairvoyant and personating medium, is doing much good. While I was there, Mr. and Mrs. Ferris, excellent mediums for physical manifestations, and especially of that curious one of having an iron or wooden ring thrown around the arm while the spectator and medium are holding hands together, were there. Then the great medium, Henry Slade, had been there, and was to be there again soon. But I cannot mention all of these mediums whose works in Louisville have done so much good. My friend, A. W. Pugh, Esq., the Secretary of our Spiritualist Society, accompanied me to Louisville, and he will readily vouch for what is here said. We were most hospitably entertained during our stay at the house of Mr. S. O. Taylor, whose wife, Mrs. E. Taylor, is so well known as a real worker for the cause of truth.

Mediums and Lecturers will find the city of Louisville a promising field to do good in, and they will always be gladly welcomed, and most liberally and generously entertained by the Spiritualists of Louisville. Yours truly,

A. G. W. CARTER.

Cincinnati, Ohio, March 7, 1886.

Spiritualism in Missouri.

May I claim a small space in your paper to say a few words on the progress of Spiritualism in this little town of the Southwest, so isolated in its position, being one hundred and ten miles from any railway, and approachable only by a long stage ride over the roughest of roads?

For some years past a few earnest seekers after truth have accepted, and advocated according to their ability, the sublime and beautiful teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy; but, until very lately, they were not prepared to invite lectures to come so far, nor did it seem possible to secure a hearing beyond the circle of two or three families. Recently, however, other minds have been awakened, and we have now many earnest inquirers in our midst who desire to give the subject a sincere and thorough investigation.

The lectures delivered within the present month by Dr. Mayhew, are the first of the kind we have been favored with here; and, if we judge from their effects on the minds of those who heard them, they will be productive of great results. It is needless for us to expatiate on the powers of one so highly gifted and so long tried as a pioneer and leader of the faith, but we cannot refrain from this public expression of gratitude for the instruction we have received through him, and for the uplifting of our souls to higher views of life, of God and of immortality.

Some of us, who, having thought much and who were, Agrippa-like, "almost persuaded," yet still "halting between two opinions," at once acknowledged the power of truth, and are now bound to the cause by the most sacred ties of conviction. Others are awakened to the importance of the subject, and seeking for more evidence, while the few who before were firm in the faith, have had new strength imparted to them, and see the dawning of a brighter day. All this we owe to the inspiration of our revered friend, who, though absent, "still lives" in our memories and affections.

It is our sincere desire that other communities like this may be brought within the reach of Dr. Mayhew's influence, and that the clear and profound reasoning, the deep, earnest faith in humanity, the pure love of truth which give such force to his arguments, appealing to whatever is divine in our nature, may be the means of leading many who are now groping in darkness into that glorious life and liberty which are

minister the laws. These are the hidden statutes that Jesus knew so well, and he taught them in

In compliance with the Call, the friends of Peace assembled in the Mefonañon, on Wednesday March 14th. Adin Baildu was chosen President, Lysander S. Richards and Alfred H. Lays, Secretaries. There was not a large number in attendance, but a good degree of earnestness was manifested. The Convention lasted two days.

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time, there are three phyletic lineages, about
with seventy thousand exponents, including
thousand choral societies and thirty thousand
soloists.

pose. There is a physical one and a spiritual one. For example, I am as well as men who are not.

kind of one of the race that generally may be said
hold of to enlist the sympathy of those whose
hearts lead them to take pity on the criminal,
the time when his tenderer nature may be touched.

An Admission.
The London correspondent of the Daily Globe, Toronto, Canada, West, in detailing movement in regard to Spiritualism in London, says he is "really afraid this baleful belief in Spiritualism is widely spread." "It won't take him long to have his fears confirmed."

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Message Department.

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

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

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

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

The Circle Room.

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

Mrs. CONANT gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M.

Invocation.

Infinite Jehovah, whose perfectness we may not understand, but whose revelations we may worship, our Father, our God, thou whose face we see in the sunshine, thou whose loveliness we see in all Nature, thou whose power is everywhere revealed unto us, thou who art everywhere, we praise thee. In harmony with Nature's countless voices, we, too, sing songs of praise. What though there are sounds of sorrow in the land? What though there is mourning? We praise thee, for we know that all these human experiences are good and in place. Oh, Life of our lives, do thou so baptize us with thine own spirit of infinite truth that we may utter truth. Oh, do thou so baptize us with thine own spirit that we may have a consciousness of thy presence ever. Father, we ask no blessing upon these thy children, for thou art ever blessing them. We ask only that they may be conscious that thou art blessing them. We ask only that the chambers of their inner lives may be opened, that when the angels come asking for admittance that they may be welcome. Father, hear us, answer us, and to thee be all honor and glory and praise, forever. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If the audience have questions that will be read with interest, they are at liberty to propound them.

Q.—What is the state of the spirit immediately after leaving the form, before it becomes conscious?

A.—That depends very much upon the physical and spiritual organic life of the individual. All these conditions vary; all are suited to the individual to whom they belong. Each experiences the conditions of its own individuality. No two experiences are exactly alike. Sometimes the spirit is in a state of rest, but by no means unconscious. Sometimes it is in a state of unrest, and finds itself unsatisfied even with itself. Sometimes it is filled with joy, joy of which it cannot speak. Its surroundings sometimes far exceed its expectations. With others their expectations are not realized.

Q.—Is there no time when spirit is unconscious, as we are in sleep?

A.—The spirit in its outer life does experience that state that is equivalent to unconsciousness or sleep. But in its inner life the soul is ever active, ever conscious, never in a state of total unconsciousness.

Q.—What do you understand by the terms soul and spirit?

A.—We use the terms for want of better ones. For instance, by the term, the soul, we wish you to understand the inner life. By the term, spirit, we mean the clothing of that inner life, the machine through which it spiritually manifests. It is related to soul as the body is to the spirit.

Q.—Does it embrace the intellect?

A.—There are two distinct phases of intellect. One belongs to your human experiences, the other belongs to your inner lives. The soul is constantly passing through a series of experiences, by which it gains its own intelligence. Your souls are in the spirit-land to-day just as much as they ever will be; while here in earth-life your external experiences, your human intelligence, corresponds with your human life. For instance, you gain a knowledge of the crudities of the sphere in which you live. It belongs to your external life, in part and portion of your external individuality. It makes up the sum total of your external intelligence. With that you will have little to do, except your return, as your speaker does, manifesting through a human body, after you enter the spirit-world, divested of all physical life.

Jan. 9.

Giles Stebbins.

I am to-day in something of a strange condition. It is now but little more than four months since I was myself here, as any one of you are in the body. I do not claim a home here, but I have, I suppose, the privilege of claiming a home still across the water. I am from London.

I had the privilege of visiting the young man called the Davenport Brothers, but I am free to state that I saw nothing there to convince me that they might not do it by some kind of jugglery. But I was not in a state to be a good judge, nor was I near enough to the young men to understand correctly the part they took in the manifestations given in their presence. At any rate, I made up my mind it was not correct, and I so stated to my friends. Very soon I was taken sick, and died, as you have it here. Since that period I have known and believed that these things are true. In all honesty and with earnest intent for good, I will now do what I may be able to toward wiping out whatever impressions I might have made against this Spiritualism, as you call it.

My intentions then were good as now, but I was, at that time, ignorant of natural law, and it is not strange that I was. I had supposed the manifestations or miracles were not now performed as in the days of Jesus. I did not look at the thing in the right light, and because I did not, I said there was no truth in it. I am not absolutely sorry for it, because it was the best I knew. But I am absolutely glad I can come back, giving now my testimony in its favor.

The years of my earthly life numbered seventy-two; quite long enough to have learned much about these things. But it does not depend upon the length of time we are here, as to what we know of spiritual matters. I know very many who come to us—little children—who know more about these spiritual truths than I did, who passed three score years and better on earth.

It is always best for everybody to work out all such problems as seem to me to underlie your world Spiritualism for themselves, each in their own way. No one should attempt to do it for another; for, if they do, they will say it is not half

done. So I want all my friends who feel any interest in these things to seek for themselves; then they will be pretty sure to be satisfied, because they will know that they have sought honestly. And they will feel, because they have, that the thing must come straight and in honesty to them. This is natural, always. If we seek with all our souls in honest purpose to know the truth of a thing, then, if the revelation does come to us at all, it will be very convincing, because it will come bearing testimony sufficient to establish us upon sound ground.

I have two sons who are equally not well disposed toward this thing. I have nothing to say to them, because they have no inclination for spiritual things. I had not myself. I only throw out this, not as an inducement for them to come into this spiritual temple, but because I feel it to be my duty, in justice to those persons I rather put down in the estimation of my friends. I believe now they were honest; that the manifestations were genuine; that they were in every respect what they purported to be. I can do no more.

Giles Stebbins; that was my name; by which I shall be known now. [Your residence?] This not necessary; my sons will get my letter, and from them I shall expect to hear. Curiosity will prompt that, if nothing else, I'm quite sure.

Jan. 9.

Ann Louisa Jones.

My friends will no doubt be astonished because I come here. They will please pause and reflect that I could go nowhere else as well as here.

My parents moved from New York in 1830, first into Kentucky, and afterwards into Louisiana. My father was born in Kentucky, and was always more or less favorable to the South, and Southern institutions. My mother was born in New York State. I was born in New York City.

After the announcement that Fort Sumter had been possessed by the rebels, my father suddenly became fired with that enthusiasm that was everywhere in this country at least, rife at that time, and it was very natural that it should take its color and its properties from a Southern feeling. And so he abandoned business and joined the army, thinking, as nearly all did at that time, the war would only be of short duration, that very soon the North would allow the South what they believed to be their rights, and that the war would cease. But it was not so.

My father went through many battles unharmed, but at last he fell; and fell, as he says, rejoicing in the fact that he had done his duty. He was conscientious, and believed that he was doing right.

Our friends there have crowned his memory with laurels, while here, those who know him have stigmatized him as rebel, a defender of a flag that had no right to rear its head. But we cannot say positively who is right and who is wrong. I believe as my father did, that North and South were both right and wrong, right in some things and wrong in some.

My mother is now living, not as she once lived. My father's relatives are very kind to her, and urge her to remain and never think of coming North.

After our fortunes were changed, I lost my health and gradually sunk away, I suppose, with consumption.

As I said before, I suppose my friends would wonder at my coming here, will think if I come here I might go nearer home and speak. But here the doors are open, free. Here we can come with almost a sure chance of success. If they will only give me the chance to go nearer home, I will not only try to avail myself of it, but I should be glad to, very glad.

My father says when he has learned the laws of control better, he, too, will come. But until then, he prefers to remain in silence. If he thought he was fit to come, he would like to give advice concerning his affairs that would benefit his friends, but fears he might do them more harm than good, so he will wait.

My mother need not fear to approach this subject, or those who were dear to her. It will not harm her, for the time will come, I think, when she will be very glad to approach it, very glad to receive its aid.

My father sends many thanks to those who have befriended my mother, and hopes when he is able to come—if that time ever comes—that he shall be able to give them light enough from his side of life, to compensate them for all their kindness.

I am Ann Louisa Jones. My father's name, William T. Jones. Perhaps he will be known as Colonel William Jones. My mother's name was Ann.

I find it very difficult speaking here. I am troubled very much as I was before I left here. I was in my eighteenth year. Yes, they say when I come again I shall be without that trouble. I hope so.

Jan. 9.

William Crook.

I have a few words to say here, sir, which may not be in the wrong place.

I think it is absolutely useless for my friends to contest the right of my wife to possess what little I left in the way of worldly property, for it so happens that I left this world in full possession of animal strength, and with it I return, not to deal unjustly, I hope, with any one. I want to deal justly with all, and a man would be worse than a brute if he refused to look out, even after death, for those who were dependent upon him.

There are many things, Mr. Chairman, I would like to say, of a private domestic nature, but I will defer that for another time. I only want them to understand whom they have to deal with; to feel that I'm alive and able, in some respects, to superintend my own business.

I am William Crook, from Medford, Massachusetts. Farewell, sir.

Jan. 9.

Circle closed by Joseph Brant.

Invocation.

Oh Life, we find ourselves surrounded by a mysterious Power that inspires us with awe. No less than with its mysterious beauty it inspires us with praise. Creation's bells are forever sounding in our ears. Suns and systems, worlds and souls are all marching on; all, all obeying the law of some mysterious Presence. We have called it God. Wise ones have told us that thou hast existed in all the past, that thou art filling all the present, that thou wilt continue to exist in all the future, and so have called thee Jehovah. Oh Life, we cannot name thee, but, in all honesty and deep sincerity of purpose, can worship thee. We can bring into the grand vestibule of Time our offerings, and laying them upon its altar, ask thee to accept them. We can ask thee to bless them, ask thee to guide us, and protect us with that Infinite Spirit of Truth that seems to be everywhere. Yet with all our asking we feel that the stern teachings of law are around us and within us. Why, then, should we seek to change it? Why, then, should we ask that some mysterious Presence intervene, in our behalf? Nay, we will not. We will only ask that we may

be enabled to discern thy mysterious creations. We only ask that day by day and hour by hour we may learn somewhat of life. Oh, let us know wherefore we are, and whither we go. Oh, unveil to us that holy of holies, wherein the soul shall find a deep realization of all its hopes. Oh, Angels of Mercy! descend and bless these mortal children, many of whom walk in shadows. Fold them in the arms of thy love. Teach them that the Great Spirit who filleth this age, every other age, and all ages that are to come, is most surely their Friend, their Guide, and everlasting Protector. Oh, teach them they are in the hands of wisdom and in the arms of love; that thy power is sufficient for them. Then they will say, Thy will, oh Life, be done!

Jan. 11.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—By S. D. Cole, of Wis.: In one of the back numbers of the Banner, in the Message Department, among the questions and answers, a question was asked concerning the growth of the soul, and part of the answer given was, that the oyster of to-day may be a glowing thought to-morrow. Now I would like to have an answer to the following question: Does the soul obtain its growth from the material food of which the body partakes?

A.—So far as the soul's manifestations in human life are concerned, the soul is dependent upon human conditions. Therefore it may draw somewhat of its power to manifest even from the food that is given to sustain animal life. The soul, or interior intelligence, by its great powers of perception, fills all things; understand us to say that by the soul's powers of perception it fills all things. This being true, it is more or less dependent upon all things for the mode of its manifestation. If it were not so, the soul might ever remain an inert entity, without form, power or expression. Worlds are given that thought may express itself. The peoples beneath your feet are servants of souls, and thoughts may be called the garments of the soul.

Q.—Will the controlling spirit please tell what is the Bible meaning of predestination, foreknowledge and election?

A.—There are as many meanings ascribed to these passages as there are different individualities, or mentalities, to ponder upon them. One considers it means one thing, and another quite a different thing. The Calvinist believes that from the creation of humanity the Great Creator knew who was to be saved and who was to be damned. Or, in other words, a certain portion of the human family are to be elected to salvation, while all the rest have been elected to damnation. Other branches of theology do not receive this faith, and read it under different inspiration, therefore give it different clothing. Some understand it to mean that God alone knows who is to be elect to salvation, that the human never can feel sure of salvation until they shall enter that mysterious realm where spirit is unclothed of the flesh, where it stands out in all the dignity of its Godhood. It would be absolutely impossible to give any particular meaning to the words referred to. To one soul it means one thing, to another it means another. To me they might foreshadow the election to salvation of all the human family. But the Calvinist would scold at that faith, and why? Because they are differently and spiritually aggregated from me, and live in a sphere lower? No, I shall not say so. Higher? It may be; at any rate it differs from ours. They do not see as we do, do not understand as we do. Every soul goes to heaven through a God of its own creation and a law of its own.

Q.—By Hiram Wadleigh, of Cincinnati, Ohio: I have always entertained strong doubts in regard to the real truth of spirit communication; but a communication received by me on the night of Oct. 20th, places me in a worse condition than ever. I believe, yes, I know; and yet I do not believe, and do not know. On the night above referred to, I attended a small circle held at the house of Mr. Brayton, on Ninth street. The medium's name was Josephine Gray, whom I had never seen before, neither was I in the least acquainted with Mr. Brayton. When under influence, my father came and spoke through her in a wonderfully mysterious manner.

My father resides in Albany, N. Y.—has lived there over forty years—yet he came and told me all about home, describing everything as correctly as I could have done, even giving names of persons, together with their streets and numbers, with whom I am acquainted; and last said he was very sick and quite delirious, but thought he should recover soon.

I could not gainsay the statement, but of his sickness I could not believe. The following day I wrote him a letter, detailing all of the circumstances connected with the communication.

On the 23rd of Oct. I received a letter from my sister, stating that our father had been very sick, but was now better. But I heard nothing from my letter to him until the 12th of December, when I received a letter written by his own hand, stating that on the night of the 20th of Oct. he was very sick, and quite delirious for two or three hours. My father says that he has no recollection of what passed during the time referred to by my sister; neither does he remember of seeing or dreaming about me. He says, to him the two or three hours referred to were a perfect blank, and does not appear to understand how he could converse through another without knowing it. Please explain this strange phenomenon.

A.—It is by no means a strange phenomenon—at all events not so to us. Its strangeness consists in your ignorance of it, and the laws governing it. We have ever sought to impress this truth upon you, that you are living to-day as much in the spirit-world as you ever will be. Also, you are free, as spirits, to roam wherever you will. Your inner lives are by no means imprisoned in the flesh. You can go forth in spirit and hold communion with your friends. But the spirit is not always able to project that consciousness into outer life, is not always able to write it upon the tablet of your physical natures. Therefore it is that you do not remember it. This person, no doubt, went out in his second nature, and found or sought the intelligence of his child, and found ample means to communicate with him, and did so. Now where is the mystery? You have been taught to believe you were imprisoned as mortal spirits. This is a very great mistake. Spirit is free, and could not by any possibility be bound by any laws of physical life. You often wander forth to meet your friends during the hours of sleep. Sometimes the spirit tries to project that consciousness into outer life, and because it is not always able to they are written in strange hieroglyphics called dreams. They are imperfect, because your outer lives and inner lives are distinct from each other. You are living in the spirit-world and the world material, human; ever remember this. And many of you 'doubtless' will be as familiar with the scenes of the spirit-world when you shall enter there 'unclothed' of the body, as though you had always dwelt there. If this were a prison-house of the soul, this could

not be. Thanks be to the Great Infinite Power that gives us freedom, we are free indeed.

Jan. 11.

Hiram Wadleigh.

In coming here to-day I am forcibly carried back to my sufferings and death. No other period of my earthly life seems so distinct as that: It seems to exert a wonderful influence upon me, so much so that did I not know to the contrary, I should say I was just now on the battlefield, praying for water, longing for death. This, I suppose, is one of the crosses that we are to take up, and I am only glad that I'm strong enough to take it up. I, like many others, have been so anxious to come back, letting my people know how it was with me now, that I have said that I would take care of all the trouble I might experience in coming. But we are not always able to do what we say we will. I may not be able to do to-day what I had hoped to: that is, reach my friends.

I hailed from Buffalo, N. Y. My place of exit, I believe they called it the Wilderness, battle of the Wilderness. That name, I believe, has been given it.

I have a brother who is still on the earth, and I should be made doubly happy if I could give him to know that this world lies at the very threshold of this life, that the inhabitants of that world have only to find the means by which to communicate their wishes to those who are left. They can do so.

While I lay upon the battle-field, I am sure I felt the presence of those who had gone to the world of souls years before. So I was blessed. I say blessed, for it was a blessing to know that one is surrounded by those who have gone before him to the world of souls; blessed by an unrolling, a drawing back of the shadows that hang between those two worlds. That made me happier than anything else. And while I could hear the groans of my dying comrades, and the shouts of those who were unhurt, as the cry of "Victory! the ground is ours!" ran through our ranks, above all that I could hear the soft music of the spirit-land. It was no fancy; I did not dream it. I was awake, was not delirious. At one moment I would listen to the things of this world; at the next, to the things of the world of souls.

I think I could distinctly discern earth scenes; so I have double consciousness that I am standing upon sure ground, uttering what I know to be an absolute truth, that spirits can return, do return, ever will return, ever will hold communion with friends, it matters not whether worlds or universes divide them or not.

Do not mourn because I laid down my life upon the battle-field. My friends, you should rather mourn if you have omitted to do your duty toward any of the family of your Father God.

I care little for what may be done with my worldly possessions, what little I had. I see thoughts like this sometimes passing through your minds: "I wish we could know what he would rather have done with this and that." You may hereby know that I care not what you do. Suit and serve yourselves, and you will suit me.

I am happy, and I shall be still happier now that I have taken up the first cross, now that I have passed the first great wave of experience that meets the returning wanderer. If you think it worth while to answer me, and call me home to speak, I shall be glad to come. If not, I shall be satisfied with what suits you.

Jan. 11.

Moses Frazer.

The wheel of life keeps turning, turning, turning forever; sometimes one spoke is up, sometimes another.

I am from Norwich, sir, Connecticut—a wheelwright by trade, so I suppose I have wheels before my vision. I'm glad to come here to-day, because I hope to do some good by coming. My name, Moses Frazer.

I left the shop where spokes, hubs and tires were turned out, to shoulder arms for whatever might be necessary for the good of my country, and, like the comrade who just went out from here, I died in battle. I was not so blest with spiritual sight, but I was blest in another way—that is, I was of the belief it would be well with me hereafter, let the number of my sins be few or many. I was a Universalist clear through and through, and my Universalism carried me safe on to the other side. I believed in the salvation of the whole human family. I didn't think I was going to be any exception to the general rule, and when I came to get on the other side, I found I was not mistaken at all, not at all; and I find myself, at this time, standing upon as good ground as I ever stood upon, the platform is just as firm. Although I never put my name to any Church creed, I believed in it, if my name was not on the roll; that is to say, I did not belong to the Church, you know.

Well, now, I did as a soldier should do, feeling that it was my duty to do whatever I could for the promulgation of truth and freedom of truth. I believed that there was something great and glorious to be brought out, or wrought out of this fearful struggle, in the way of truth and freedom. I can even now see that not only the slave has gained his liberty, but you are every one of you, here at the North, slowly coming into a recognition of the great principles of truth and freedom. How are you doing it? Why, ten thousand times ten thousand souls from the spirit-world are coming back with glorious ideas of truth, and you mortals are gradually laying down your old ideas and taking up the new, just as if it was a part of your destiny that you should do this, and I am doing my part in this great work. Thousands are coming back from the battlefield speaking to you mortals, who went out with full steam and come back upon it; and you've got to succumb to it. And old Theology is going to die, and we are going to bury it, and chant its funeral hymn. That's so; you may not live to see that day, but it will surely come.

I know very well I am shocking the sensibilities, or shall, of some of my good friends. What care I? I should be ashamed to turn coward at this day of my life, for in doing such a thing I should throw a stain upon my individuality and prove myself a coward. No; I'll come back and defend my religion just as I did when here. I believed then that we were all parts of one great whole, one Father, one Mother; that the universe is ours; that we live and move in it by virtue of its laws; that we are all hy-and-by to come into conscious relation with the Great Author of life, and those who sit outside the doings of the sanctuary will be just as fortunate as those within. That's my belief, at any rate, so I have been told by those who, have been in the spirit-world longer than I have.

Now say to the folks: one and all, I am happy. Say to them that my belief was glorious to me in death. That is the very best return I could send in. Good-day.

Jan. 11.

Margaret Shales.

I am Margaret Shales. I have come here to say that I comes to the children at night. It is

me; it is me. I have told any lie about it. I do come. I want my children to know that I don't come for any harm. I come to bless them, to see to them, to watch over them. I won't harm 'em.

It is now most two years since I went away from the children. I took too much liquor most of the time, but I am over it now. Their father has gone to the priest, to ask that he will pray for them, that he will put a stop to the ghosts coming at night. I want the priest to tell him that it's me, as the children said, and I always shall come to them. [Are your children frightened?] No, they're not at all. They're only frightened when their father and others tell them bad stories; that is all. Oh, no, they're not frightened when I come. No; they say it's me, and I want the priest to tell their father so, too. He knows it, and shame be it for him that he do not say so. [Did you live in Boston?] Yes, I did. Is this South Boston? [No; Boston. Did you live in South Boston?] Yes; in what is called Dublin; yes, I did. I thought this was South Boston.

I won't hurt the children. You tell them that I don't come to teach them anything they ought not to know. They don't hear me say anything. I only come to watch over them, to protect them. So they see me. They are what this medium is, [clairvoyants.] Yes, they can see me.

I want the priest to tell them that it is all right, and to let the matter work its own way out, and not be telling them these stories. I am not the devil. I know I was not good when I was here; but I am all right now. Good-day.

Jan. 11.

Lily Merchant.

I'm Lily Merchant. My father's name, Benjamin Merchant, of New York City.

I died of lung fever, only last year. I'm afraid of all these folks. [The people are all friends to you.] I was most eight years old. I want my mother to go where I can come. I don't want to stay here. I'm going. [Give your age.] Most eight. [Your mother's name?] Mary Louisa.

Jan. 11.

Circle closed by Augustus Eaton.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Jan. 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mary Lynde, of Weldon, Tenn., to Thomas and Robert Lynde; Major Wm. Gaines, to Marietta Gaines, probably in New Orleans, La.; Nellie French, Ada Grey, to her parents, in Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Tuesday, Jan. 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Names: spirit; Lizzie Clough, formerly a medium in Boston; Lieut. William Collins, 3d Regt. Conn., to his mother and friends; Katy Adams, of Detroit, to her father, James K. Adams, of New York City.

Wednesday, Jan. 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Richard Powers, of Galveston, Texas, to Henry Stanley; Merritt Parker, of New Haven, Ct., to his parents; Ben. Carlton, who served on Gen. Sherman's staff, to his mother and friends; Mary Teresa Hills, of Pittsburg, Penn., to friends.

Thursday, Jan. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; James Nugent, of the 1st New York Co. K., to his cousin Philip; Dr. Charles Chubb, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Minnie Feltz, daughter of Wm. H. Feltz, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to her mother and father.

Friday, Jan. 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Christopher Knickerbocker, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to the Rectory who visited him; Olive Guzyer, of Richmond, to friends in New York City; Anna Flynn, of 241 New Jersey, to Connecticut; Ada Corey, to her father, Wm. Corey, of Clarksburg, Tenn.

Saturday, Jan. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Kate Connolly, to her mother, in New York City; William Leighton, of the 9th New Hampshire, to friends in Concord, N. H.; Charles E. Watkins, of the 1st Virginia Cavalry, to his mother and father; Willie T. Demarest, to his father, at 11 King street, New York.

Sunday, Jan. 30.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Frances Davis, of Richmond, Va., to Southern friends; James Scanlon, of the 8th Mass. Reg., to his sister Mary, and friends; Ada Richardson, to his mother, in Charleston, S. C.; Lieut. Wm. Ingalls, 1st South Carolina Cavalry, to his wife Lucy; Margaret Conley, of Lowell, Mass., to her parents.

Monday, Feb. 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; R. F. Thompson, of Castleton, Me., to Lemuel Cooper, of the 6th Maine Regiment; Wm. Sumner, of Fredericktown, Pa., to his mother and others; Aggie, to husband and Emma Fattio; Jason Richardson, who died at Cowes, Eng., to friends in Richmond, Va.

Tuesday, Feb. 12.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wm. C. Rogers, of Baltimore, Md., to friends; Geo. Free, of Boston, to his friends; Anna Elizabeth Gillet, of Portsmouth, Eng., to her father, Captain John Gillet, of the bark "Jane," sailing from Liverpool.

Wednesday, Feb. 13.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Edward Watson, scalded on board the transport "Charley," on James River, to his mother, in Charleston, S. C.; Lieut. Wm. Ingalls, 1st South Carolina Cavalry, to his wife Lucy; Margaret Conley, of Lowell, Mass., to her parents.

Thursday, Feb. 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; R. F. Thompson, of Castleton, Me., to Lemuel Cooper, of the 6th Maine Regiment; Wm. Sumner, of Fredericktown, Pa., to his mother and others; Aggie, to husband and Emma Fattio; Jason Richardson, who died at Cowes, Eng., to friends in Richmond, Va.

Friday, Feb. 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wm. C. Rogers, of Baltimore, Md., to friends; Geo. Free, of Boston, to his friends; Anna Elizabeth Gillet, of Portsmouth, Eng., to her father, Captain John Gillet, of the bark "Jane," sailing from Liverpool.

Saturday, Feb. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wm. C. Rogers, of Baltimore, Md., to friends; Geo. Free, of Boston, to his friends; Anna Elizabeth Gillet, of Portsmouth, Eng., to her father, Captain John Gillet, of the bark "Jane," sailing from Liverpool.

Sunday, Feb. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wm. C. Rogers, of Baltimore, Md., to friends; Geo. Free, of Boston, to his friends; Anna Elizabeth Gillet, of Portsmouth, Eng., to her father, Captain John Gillet, of the bark "Jane," sailing from Liverpool.

Monday, Feb. 23.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wm. C. Rogers, of Baltimore, Md., to friends; Geo. Free, of Boston, to his friends; Anna Elizabeth Gillet, of Portsmouth, Eng., to her father, Captain John Gillet, of the bark "Jane," sailing from Liverpool.

Tuesday, Feb. 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wm. C. Rogers, of Baltimore, Md., to friends; Geo. Free, of Boston, to his friends; Anna Elizabeth Gillet, of Portsmouth, Eng., to her father, Captain John Gillet, of the bark "Jane," sailing from Liverpool.

Wednesday, Feb. 25.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wm. C. Rogers, of Baltimore, Md., to friends; Geo. Free, of Boston, to his friends; Anna Elizabeth Gillet, of Portsmouth, Eng., to her father, Captain John Gillet, of the bark "Jane," sailing from Liverpool.

Thursday, Feb. 26.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Wm. C. Rogers, of Baltimore, Md., to friends; Geo. Free, of Boston, to his friends; Anna Elizabeth Gillet, of Portsmouth, Eng., to her father, Captain John Gillet, of the bark "Jane," sailing from Liverpool.

Mediunne in Boston

Mediums in Boston.

DR. MAIN'S HEALTH INSTITUTE,
AT NO. 7 DAVIS STREET, BOSTON.
THOSE requesting examinations by letter will please en-
close \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and
the address, and state sex and age. Jan. 6.

MRS. R. COLLINS
STILL continues to heal the sick, at No. 19 Pine street,
Boston, Mass. March 11.

MADAM GALE, Clairvoyant and Trance Me-
dium, residing at 81 North Street, Boston. Letters enclosing \$1.
with photograph or lock of hair, answered promptly. Full
description of character given. Three questions answered free.
March 11—2 Cent. Adams. Oct. 31.

DR. WILLIAM B. WHITE, Sympathetic, Clair-
voyant, Magnetic healer, clairvoyant physician, cure all diseases
which are curable. Nervous and disagreeable feelings
removed. Advice free; operations, \$1.00. So. 4 Cornhill
Place (leading from South). Beirut street, Boston. Jan. 6.

MRS. BROWN, the celebrated Medium, Medical Clair-
voyant, of Plymouth, Mass., may be consulted at the
Boston Electrotypical Institute, 81 Court St., 2d floor, on all
Diseases and Diseases. Hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and
from 7 to 8 P. M. 1st—March 3.

DR. PRESCOTT will be found at his Rooms,
from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M., for the cure of all diseases that
are curable by the power of God through his agents, the spirits, at
129 Pleasant street, Boston. 14—March 4.

MRS. SPAFFORD, Trance Test Medium, No.
10 New England street, Boston. Hours for sittings from 10
A. M. only. 1st—March 5.

MRS. J. K. KENISON, Test, Business and
Healing Medium, Hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Rooms
No. 15 Atlantic street, Boston, Mass. March 10.

MRS. PHILIPS, Inspirational Writer, at No. 3
Tremont Row, Room 22. Hours: 9 to 1 and 2 to 4. Cir-
cle every Wednesday evening, at 7½ o'clock. 1st—March 10.

MISS NELLIE STARKWEATHER, Writing
Medium, 121 Washington St., Boston. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Circle Thursday evenings.
Jan. 6.

MRS. T. H. PEABODY, Successor to the late
Mrs. J. S. Pike, Clairvoyant Physician, 12 Davis street
Boston, Mass. 1st—March 10.

MRS. A. C. LATHAM, Medical Clairvoyant,
and Healing Medium, residing at 141 Wellington street,
Treatment of Body, Mind and Spirit. Jan. 6.

MRS. C. A. KIRKHAM, Test and Personating
Medium, room of 1092 Washington St., Hours from 9 to
12 M. and 2 to 5. 12th—March 11.

MRS. L. PARMELEE, Medical and Business
Clairvoyant, 1127 Washington St., Boston. 12th—Feb. 17.

MISS FANNIE REMICK, Trance Medium, at
No. 10, LaGrange street, Boston. March 10.

SAMUEL GROVER, HEALING MEDIUM, No.
12 Dix Place, (opposite Harvard street.) Jan. 6.

SOUL READING,
Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.
MRS. A. M. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce that she will, on application, visit them in person, or send their autograph or lock of hair, they will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; marked changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription thereof; and the best course to pursue in order to insure the most successful; the physical and mental adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inflammation married women are liable to, and the best means of curing them. They will give instructions for self-improvement, by telling what faculties should be restrained, and what cultivated. Seven years' experience of the former, and the latter, tell them exactly what they can do, without injury, without loss, as husbands are well-informed of the value of the service, and are willing to pay. Everything of a private character kept strictly as such. For Written Delineation of Character, \$5.00 and red clothing. Hereafter all calls for the same, at the former rate, by either one or the other.

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LAYING ON OF HANDS.
THE UNDERSIGNED, Proprietors of the DYNAMIC INSTITUTE, are now prepared to receive all who may desire a pleasant home, and a sound remedy for all their ills. Our Institute is located in the most beautiful part of the city, on high ground, and is surrounded by the most beautiful scenery, and, daily the suffering find relief on hands.
The Institute is located in MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN, on 153rd Dearborn Street, between Division and Washington, one hundred feet of the street raised. Post Office Drawer 17, Milwaukee, Wis. DR. J. P. BRYANT, GEORGE CO. & CO.
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MEDIUM, will heal the sick at his residence, on-half mile easterly from the Depot, ARNOB, MICH. Will cure the sick at their dwellings, on application, for a fee.
1891—Feb. 10.

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 Jan. 6—2m

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THE
SALE

WILD, UNLTD. Clipped Heads!
 Cuts, Brims, Buns, Bends
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 Hundreds of cuts of hair every
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 is and is curing daily, all kinds of
 OLD SORES that have baffled the
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 All this, all this, for one night!

IT COSTS ONLY IS "CUTS A ROW" Large hair
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SAVAGE COMPANY, No. 56 WASHINGTON BUILDING, Boston,
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DEAFNESS,
 Discharges from the Ear, and Noises in the Head,
 Medically cured by the use of the recently discovered Vegetable
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OPHTH.

Price \$2.00 a bottle. For sale by all Druggists. GEO. C.
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RED HAIR! GRAY HAIR! LIGHT HAIR!
WINDICERS and MUSTARDERS changed to a beautiful
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