

the high drum beat of the victorious hero's heart. He looked and saw people filing off ahead of him, and knew, likewise, that people were in his rear. Occasionally he threw up a glance at the stars, as if he was anxious to know under what particular constellation he had been visited with such wonderful

member our Company
at liberty to retire." Then, turning his face

WALKING FOR PLEASURE

[illegible]

claimed in their astonishment. "Whence hath this man this wisdom? Did any doubt her sincerity and imagine she was about to palm off a production of her own for the thoughts of spirits? The solemn earnest feeling prayer with which she commenced at once drew such thoughts from the mind of him that overpowered from the fullness of the heart in the fear of the Lord. May the spirits of truth be poured out upon them all, that they may rejoice in life, and depart feeling that it is good to commune with angels, that thereby we are better prepared to enter upon celestial life."

HINOHAM, Dec. 22, 1867.

Written for the Banner of Light.

PROGRESSION.

BY CAROLINE A. HAYDEN.

The march of Mind is onward, as the world may know, Then therefore cavil at the page at which some choose to go? There must be laggards in the troop, some halt, and lame, and blind.

And some from very willingness prefer being left behind. It matters little to the world just waking from its sleep, How fast its heretics are hurled into oblivion's deep. We grant the letter of the law has been full widely spread, But alas! the spirit of the same has slept among the dead.

We have trusted to Theology to guide our erring feet, And to Nature's kindly influence to make the bitter sweet! We have based our faith on others, seen only through their eyes, Forgetting to beware of wolves dressed in sheep's disguise.

We have bowed to their superior faith in Truth's white vesture clad, Unheeding that it may be true, "much learning makes them mad."

Though eighteen hundred years, and more, wise men have hidden forth, The beauty of religion, is its purity and worth.

Did not Christ bid them? "Heal the sick, the halt, the blind, and lame?"

And have not they insisted we ought to do the same? Have they not blamed the lack of faith sufficient for the task, Of performing every duty, gaining every boon we ask?

Oh, the march of Mind is onward, light is breaking all around, One by one our chains are parting, we stand on hallow'd ground;

Then raise on high the banner of sacred truth and light, Progression be the motto, and God will guard the right.

HARVARD SQUARE.

[Communicated.]

A WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

NO. IV.

DEAR W.—May the blessing and peace of God our Father, descend upon us all, in this our attempt to know more of Him, of each other, and of our relative duties to the moral and spiritual world in which we are placed! May truth come to us with its own native energy, addressing itself to our reason and judgment, unobscured by education or prejudice—that, like children in knowledge, we may receive its clear waters with the thirsting, confiding spirit of true and earnest disciples of Him who spake, as never man spake. When our Saviour was on earth, in his hour of trial and temptation, Moses and Elias came to him with the strength and consolation which he needed. They were strong with the wisdom and experience of ages; they had basked long in the love of God; they knew its power to sustain and cheer. They were the favored of olden time, whose prophecies he had come to fulfill, and so were chosen to minister unto him—and he rose up strong to endure, mighty to execute his Father's will. Though Moses and Elias soon left the entranced vision of the worshippers, the principle they illustrated, the way they established, was henceforth a law of existence. The spiritual and natural worlds vibrated the same chords of affection and sympathy. Man's spirit yearns for help—and its congenial affinity comes with food convenient for it. The same elements, then exhaled with the fire of devotion and sacrifice, ever dwell there, sooner or later to be awakened by the same almighty love, for its own regeneration and the glory of God. The mount of transfiguration must be ascended by every soul, into whom the Great Creator has breathed the divine essence of his spirit. It may slumber long, but is not His judgment and mercy from everlasting to everlasting? Some, by a fortunate combination of circumstances are early brought in this divine harmony—the errors of time and sense attain less hold upon their immortal nature—in and virtue become so strongly marked, that a glance determines their characteristics. Others toll long through the deep entangled web of folly and vice—tears of anguish must wash in repenting sorrow, the aberrations of their guilty souls, before they can know peace—but to whom, said the Saviour, was the most love given? to him to whom most was forgiven. What a lesson here for the study of mind!—I say, not of mortal or spiritual perception—for the mind of each can study with deep wisdom and improvement this question of moral reformation. What a revelation of the love of God!—how different from the contracted view of mortal justice!

Shall man ever be like God?—says the devout soul—like Him, unselfish and true? We say, as far as he cultivates the divinity of His spirit, implanted within him, to the subjection of his material demands—so far can we know God. Earthly life in its most favored aspects presents little of this divine harmony and unity—where then is the glorified existence typified by our Saviour's life and example, but in our renewed birth of spiritual being? Earth is but the up-riding of the seeds of futurity; the husk of materiality must fall, ere the flower can be clothed in spirituality and show the divinity of its heavenly origin. Has not Nature a beautiful order in all her changes? Every affection, motive, thought, has its own order of progression. If the little leaflet makes its impress on the face of nature, how much more every emotion is imprinted upon the spiritual atmosphere of our being. The seal of the future will unfold its living record, bearing its testimony of the struggle and victory of every subdued sin. The panorama of the past world is not less distinct or unerring than the natural. The great wheel of destiny is ever revolving, enrolling the essence of purity or vice in its encircling folds. This record is our history, our life—our lesson. We receive it from the recording angel, as our spirit first awakens our perceptions. We read and study.

Is not this a truth of sufficient importance for spirits of love to hold with delight the privilege of communion with the souls bound in spirit? We know the true enduring objects of life—its not the accumulation of hoards of treasure, but the perfection of the soul in love (though the body may be clothed in the robes of glory and glory). We know the true enduring objects of life—its not the accumulation of hoards of treasure, but the perfection of the soul in love (though the body may be clothed in the robes of glory and glory). We know the true enduring objects of life—its not the accumulation of hoards of treasure, but the perfection of the soul in love (though the body may be clothed in the robes of glory and glory).

Man has not yet reached the beauty of his moral being—deep streams of truth and love are

flowing there, choked by the selfish barriers of time, which shall yet burst forth, overflowing its barren waste with the luxuriance of Heaven. He has been dangled by the glare of outward life—its outer phases never, since Christ spake, have been unveiled to his vision. Here is the bliss of Heaven; the endowment, the heritage of God to man; is already entered upon; and the soul knows itself of God.

It was natural that the outward should first attack man's dawning reason and sense—it was, tangible—it met its imperious desires with its own response, and its every form has been tested to give delight; but where is its rest or satisfaction? It satisfies not the whole being—it must pass with the using—giving place to higher and more enduring realities; its purpose is accomplished only when the inner life rises into its higher being.

All is beautiful in the order of God's Providence. Through all is written, "be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." Is not here life, joy, perfection, enjoined on man? Is he not commanded to aspire after it? Earth unfolds its not—spirit life, spirit prayer, unfold it, each in its everlasting structure of love, waiting man's redemption—and then it shall come forth as the morning, and rejoice as the noon day in its sanctification, for has He not said it, and will He not perform?

We can come in the same spirit, by the same power, as Moses and Elias, to assist these divine properties of soul into action. We can trace its hidden wanderings, and throw around it the influence of inspired thought. We know the divine influx of spirit is ever upward and eternal. If we can save one pang to those we love, can turn aside a few brambles from their weary feet, their joy is our blessing. We can be again the consecrated pillar and cloud—but the active principle must be the individual resolve—the soul's own inherent desire after holiness; by its own activity it can alone acquire strength and purity.

Dear W., how much of affection wells up in my spirit as I thus commune. I come, and you receive me. Can I ask more of God's blessing? Can I not unfold all His universe in my affection? Is there one so sinful and degraded, whom I could not take by the hand, saying, "Be of good cheer, thy God liveth?" All Heaven echoes my happiness, and earth is the dear ark of covenant grace, in His own time to be raised out of the waters of sin and placed on the Mount of Deliverance. Do you not feel my peace, my joy? Its throbbing emotions I know echo your own. This is not the selfish joy of gratified pride or ambition—but the love and being of God in its holiness, diffused in our hearts. Let it, like his sun, shine on all—visit the evil and the good—and perchance it may leave a glimmer of light upon some darkened path. Those to whom much is given, must give forth much, for you cannot confine the rays of the sun of righteousness.

Let it then be our crown, our rejoicing to be as He was, who blessed the little child in its helplessness, and to the suffering sinner spoke words of cheering hope.

How much my heart goes forth to all the dear ones of earth through you. With you I again bless and caress them, and with each leave immortal flowers of hope; a glorious wreath shall they entwine for our future study. The earth was beautiful to me; many flowers bloomed there that yielded to my immortal fragrance—are they not now around my brow, still gladdening earth and cheering Heaven? I early learned to trace the innumerable footsteps, and they have led to beatitude and bliss here. I was happy when watching afar off the feet of those I fondly loved, for I trusted them with God. Now the portals of the grave are opened and we pass and repay; the ear of love vibrates to its own loved tones again; even the impatient heart of earthly love, must cease its throbbings and be still in the presence of its Maker. What more can it desire than to be worthy such great gifts? more wisdom and judgment to use them for their greatest good. How much the Prophets of old desired these days—their spirit natures were aroused to their capacities and wants; they thirsted after life beyond the grave, but in the childhood of time, only by dim foreshadowing, could they know the pleasures of immortal life. Intellect has advanced, grown strong in its own motive powers, and now the spiritual revelation is pouring in its light, that man may still adore God, and not delude himself. "A little lower than the angels hast Thou created man, and over watchful hast Thou been of him."

Could you trace with me the truth and beauty of this providential care, would your heart exult in its birthright privileges! But trust them in God's holy words—they are sacred in his promise; enjoy them by faith, and they are the earnest of future happiness. With watching vigilance guard the sanctuary of thy soul from evil; be ever true to God and to thyself, and thou shalt know of Heaven.

Dear W., what more shall I say now, to bear to you my blessedness and love. Together let us worship and adore, for His mercy is new every morning and fresh every evening. Benedictions of love to all, whether received in silence or accepted with grateful response. In God's own way, the deaf ears will be opened, and the blind receive their sight. "This only the mortal vision thus obscured. Eternity's rushing wayes are mighty to remove the dust of earth. All peace and love rest, with thee, dearest and best beloved."

DOING THEIR WORK.

About two months since we published, in our messenger department, a communication received through Mrs. Conant, from John Jacob Astor. It was a beautiful production of its kind, and was copied with some remarks in a New Orleans daily paper, under the head of "The Secular Press and Spiritualism."

The following from a correspondent, "E." of the Spiritual Telegraph of New York, shows that the spirit is recognized by his style, even though the medium power be employed at the two sittings was distinct. Thus they do their work.

A COMMUNION.—In an article entitled "The Secular Press and Spiritualism," which we inserted last week, will be found a communication copied from an exchange, and purporting to have been given by the spirit of John Jacob Astor. The personal of that communication distinctly revives in our mind the memory of a similar one that was given by what purported to be the same spirit, at a circle with which we were connected in the autumn of 1861. It was given through the organism of Mr. T. of the Shaker community of Harvard, Mass., who happened to be present on the occasion, and who had never before, during the life of the body, but who gave a general description of his features, which was recognized as correct by those present who had seen him. The communication given, as to his main business, which related to the influence of avatars in this world upon the spirit hereafter, as exemplified

in his own case), was so precisely similar, even as respects its peculiar phraseology, to the one before presented, as to convince us that the two proceeded from the same intelligent source, whether that was really the spirit of Mr. Astor, as purported, or not. From motives of delicacy, we abstained at the time from saying anything publicly of the communication that was given at our circle; but now that the matter has been placed before the public through other channels, and the coincidence appears to us so striking, we deem the fact which we witnessed due to the public. We leave our readers to do their own moralizing on these communications.

The Messenger.

Under this head we shall publish such communications as may be given us through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, whose services are engaged exclusively for the Banner of Light. By the publication of these messages, we hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous notion that they are any thing but fitly beings, liable to err like ourselves. These communications are not published for literary merit. The truth is all we ask for. Our questions are not noted—only the answers given to them. They are published as communications, without alteration by us. The object of this department is, as its head partially implies, the conveyance of messages from departed spirits to their friends and relatives on earth.

Daniel Rhodes, Boston.

"Friends, I have been requested to come here and commune. I, as yet, scarcely realize my position. I know I've passed from earth, but I cannot tell you what degree of happiness I enjoy in spirit life, nor can I tell you to what I am destined. I was an old man, past the meridian of earth life, and have been away from earth but a short time, only about three weeks. Some few days since I was present, and wished to communicate, but could not. A spirit stood near me whom I did not know, and offered to communicate what I wished in writing. At the commencement he gave a wrong name, which I wish to correct. There were many spirits near who seemed to me to be of a low grade, that day, and the one who seemed to have control had as much as he could do to preserve order, and he told me that as soon as I could come, I must, and rectify that mistake. I have a dear friend in this city who often spoke to me of Spiritualism, but I could not understand him, or bring myself to believe in his theory. But a short time before I died he called on me, came to the bedside, and spoke very kindly to me, but said nothing of Spiritualism, which I thought very strange, for I learned since, he knew I could not live, that he had been informed of that fact some way. Now I know why he did not speak to me of it. His guardian spirit did not think it best, for he knew I could not be made to believe at that late hour, and I might as well wait until I realized my situation. I have many kind words for him, and more especially for a favor he conferred upon me and mine a few days ago. He requested his guardian spirit to bring me here, and teach me how to commune. That request has been complied with, and I am here. I should like to have my wife believe in these things—she is favorably inclined towards them; I should like to give her comfort through this channel. I feel more true affection for her now, than I ever did, or could, on earth, though we spent many happy years together. Don't understand me to say I had not affection for her on earth, oh, no—but that I had it purified and made stronger. Owing to conditions I cannot be so free as I would like. My name was Daniel Rhodes. I lived and died at 16 Carver street. If you wish to prove me, go there. If I cannot refer to my wife I have so lately left, where shall I go? My wife's name is Nancy. God bless her. I wish I could talk to her, but I will be satisfied. I lived a long while on earth, and ought to be able to be satisfied, but man is not, especially when he knows not that he can return to his own."

show how careful the guardian spirit of our circles is that truth shall be stamped upon all that is given forth. The afternoon in question there were but two reliable communications came through. There seemed to be gathered at the circle a number of spirits who were determined to control, but who were unable to do so properly, hence nothing was given that we could publish, notice of which was given us in a message given by Dr. J. D. Fisher, who at that time had been left in charge of the circle by Dr. Kittredge. The name of Charles Rhodes was given instead of Daniel. Fisher's message is below.

J. D. Fisher.

You in mortal form cannot fully realize what may be transpiring so near you, and yet outside the veil. The power here to-day has been mighty. We do not wish you to understand that the evil has been stronger than the good, for we had power to disperse those evil ones at any moment; but we permitted them to come. Now they must come at some time, and if ours is the channel, let us so impress them, that the second time they may come in different manner. Those spirits were not decidedly bad, but the solemnity of this place did not impress them, and they came back in the same way they lived on earth, and were doubtless happy to come in any way.

It is said in the Bible that at one time, when the sons of God were assembled, Satan came also among them. Our medium is a channel through which all influences can come, and thus, she is open to good and bad. She should ever keep the soul above such manifestations, so that when such disembodied ones do come to her, she may minister to them, although unconsciously. Our duty is plain, our power is sufficient, and our God overruleth all things. If we in spirit, and you spirit and mortal, do rely upon Him under all circumstances, you shall never fail. Be not afraid of those who draw high upon you manifesting evil. If you are right, no harm shall come unto you, and they shall see your light and rejoice thereby.

Your mission here once in so many hours is a holy mission, the importance of which you may never realize in your earth life. Could you be permitted to range through the spheres; you would see that this little circle is felt in Heaven, earth, and hell.

Here all spirits find a magnet—as man naturally turns to the place that was once his home, so all spirits, at some time, feel an overruling desire to return to earth, and as mediums are not numerous, and as they are not all fitted for all grades of spirits to control, such an one is a mighty magnet to which they are drawn.

You should not wonder at such manifestations. We who come to you are endowed with power to shake this material habitation to its foundation, but we are not disposed to display our power unless in glory to our great commander, God. We are often called upon to give manifestations which, in the opinion of mortals, are needed; but which superior wisdom tells us are not for His honor.

Keep yourselves pure as possible. Keep the heart within free from all evil thoughts, be ever on the watch—see that the sentinel sleeps not day or night. Remember, the servant who is caught napping seldom gets his reward, but he that watches is sure to receive his due.

Ezekiel Hobbs, to William Hobbs.

Around above, beneath, Thy guiding spirit, Lord, I see, Traced in the midnight star, and written in man's destiny. Aye, whithersoever we roam, there we find God, In the heavens, the earth, and in hell. We, subjects of that God, do return to earth, to find our God in a form best suited to our capacities. We might seek and find Him in heaven, and yet not be able to comprehend Him. We might seek Him in hell, and find Him there, and yet not be able to comprehend Him. And we return to the faces that once knew us, to the forms that were once familiar to us, to find there our God, to recognize Him, and by Him be recognized.

Let us wander among the unlettered tribes that help to fill your sphere, and there we find our God. Let us travel among your halls of justice, and there we find Him. Let us sit to the couch of the sick man; and there we find Him. Let us wander to the birthplace of Jesus; and there we find Him. Let us come again to modern times, and whatever we look upon, wherever we roam, we find God. Ah, how solemn the thought surrounded by Duty, allied with the same, and bound to Duty, beyond time. We do indeed find the God we love here, and He has taught us to seek Him whithersoever we will, and we shall not seek in vain. Full twenty years have I been an inhabitant of spirit life. Fifty-four years, eight months and a few hours I passed in an earthly existence. Many, no doubt, will wonder that I came; my earthly kindred will marvel at the strange manifestation, yet when they shall become as little children, sitting at the feet of Jesus, they shall understand, and the humble shall be clothed in Wisdom. Now they have exalted themselves, and are looking down at this, like the mighty man to his victim. When they shall come down, then shall cooling water fall upon their parched brows, then, and not till then, shall they recognize God in the voice from the spirit land.

In my earthly life, I dwelt in a small town called Kensington. There, in the old grave-yard, all that is earthly of the spirit that now addresses you, resides. I have learned much since I left earth. I have welcomed nearly all my kindred, and even now, at this moment, nearly the last of my race is lying upon a sick bed, waiting for the command of God to come hither. Soon that destroyer of many of your children, consumption, will have obtained victory over earth life; God will have called the spirit home, and the casket will have gone to its mother earth.

I come to-day that I may prepare that child, that I may bring peace to that troubled soul, for he cannot understand spiritual things; he has no hope of an hereafter—the grave is all he views, with its gloom and terrors. Unhappy child! he knows not that many angels are hovering around him, administering to his necessities. Friends, loving friends, a few hours ago spoke to him of spirit communion—"Ah! let one of my own come, then I shall believe," said he, "and that hope will carry me beyond the grave; now I am looking, I know not where." And to-day I come to answer that call, to give that hope. May peace be with the child, may they who have charge over him, so enlighten his coming, that he may sit not long in the valley of death.

The name of your speaker, when on earth, was Ezekiel Hobbs. The name of the one now lying sick is William Hobbs, who is almost ready to go down to the grave. Dec. 15.

William Ridgely, Fitchburg, Mass.

Four years ago I paid the debt of Nature, and since that time I have often returned to my earthly home, but this is the first time I have manifested. I was born in Washington, Vt. Died in Fitchburg, Mass., at the age of 37. My disease was fever, I suppose. I have been told so since coming here. I was a carver by trade—carved in wood. I might be called a pattern maker. My name was Wm. Ridgely. I lived in the former place about fifteen years. I then left and went to Fitchburg—there I stayed awhile, and came from there to Boston, where I stopped till I learned my trade and became matured in earth life. I then returned to Fitchburg and remained there till I left for another and better land.

I have friends on earth, but few near relations. My father and mother died while I was young. My sister died about four years before I did. My brother follows the sea, and is at sea now, or in a foreign country. He is traveling from port to port constantly. His name is George. Now times are changed, things are changed, names are changed, and bodies are changed; all that remains of me being my spirit, and it will probably retain its identity to all eternity. Names are things of earth—given us by our parents to serve in earth life—in spirit life they are of no use. I find all very much different from what I expected. In early life I was a member of the Baptist Church, but at the latter part of the time I was ranked among the Unitarians, which was a source of great annoyance to me before I left. But I at last found that God was just as ready to hear my prayers at the eleventh hour as years before I left the form.

My education was limited; my parents being poor, left me nothing of the world's wealth, therefore I was obliged to labor to take care of my earthly body, from my earliest recollection. All I learned, or most of all, I gained from the Book of Nature, when I was walking or riding. I always found something to study upon. Human faces were a great volume to me, and I learned much from them. Nature at the spring time was a great book for me, and I learned much there, and I found when I came to the place where I now dwell, that Nature had not been a bad teacher. Although I was enslaved by my earthly body, I gained sufficient knowledge to fit me for my spirit home. I find here that all creeds are of no avail; that God, in His wisdom, looks at all His children as His children, and all the various modes of worship are the invention of man, not God; and are therefore left on earth, and do not enter spirit life.

My dear friends who took so good care of me when sick, are not possessed of this new light. If no one offers it to them they may remain in darkness. They are kind and good, and the Father loves them well. If they receive me kindly it is well, if not I do not blame them, for I do not expect of them more than they can comprehend.

I was told if I came here to-day, whatever I gave should reach my friends. I did not ask how, for they who promised me are sure to perform, and I rely upon their promise.

I find some inconvenience controlling this body, for I do not understand how to. I feel also some of the ill feelings I had on earth. Probably they are so impressed upon the spirit they remain upon it when it comes in contact with physical forms.

If my friends wish for proof that it is myself and no one else, I can only give them my last words, "I hope to see you all at some time." These were my last words, and no doubt they will recognize them and be led to believe something, if not all.

Dec. 14.

Joseph Robinson.

I suppose I have friends on earth as well as others. I have a brother close by here, a flour dealer. If you have no objection, I will manifest to him. I don't like all I see going on in earth life. I did not do right myself, and I suppose that serves as a good part of glasses to see others through. But I am a little ahead of my time, and will go back and tell you how I came here. I have been here something like ten years, and came by accident. My horse threw me out of a carriage, and the result of the fall was death. I had no recollection of anything since the fall, till I found myself in spirit life. I found myself, curiously situated; my belief vanished like a bubble, and I did not know whether I was going to heaven or hell, until my grandfather came to me and told me what to do to better my situation. For a time I refused all help; but growing very weary of my situation, at last I called for help, and got it—that is, I gained advice, and I thought it would be as well for me to heed the advice of those who had been here longer than I had.

I have been trying to come to earth ever since; but now I'm here, I am here to tell the truth. I cannot keep back anything, but must speak plain. I was an old man, something over sixty years of age. How I want to give a word of advice to my friends, and then leave—well, and stop dealing better attend to their souls' welfare, and stop dealing out vengeance to their fellow men. They had better be more charitable. They are dear to me, and that is the reason I come. I tell their faults, and their virtues; though they have many. I want them to understand that they are not placed here to see which of their family can make the most money. They are here to educate their souls; but I have been ten years digging among the rubbish of their materialism to get at their souls. I do not want you to understand that I was any better than

they are when I was on earth—oh, no, for I was on the same errand as they are; but I want to give them advice which will lead them in the right path for happiness hereafter.

I have a good many acquaintances to whom I should like to commune, but cannot. I do not see anything any more beautiful here than I saw around me on earth. They tell me it is in my condition which makes me so—that if I were better, things would look more beautiful.

My name was Joseph Robinson. I wish to send much love to my children. Dec. 15.

Sarah Louisa Mason.

Oh, dear, I'm so unhappy! I wish I had not come here, for I do not know anybody here. I wanted to see mother and to tell her how sorry I am and how I wish I had never done so. She is deceived—she thinks I took it by mistake, but I didn't. I poisoned myself, that's why I am here. I was a wicked, ungrateful child; everybody said so, but mother could not think so, and then when I poisoned myself she did not think I meant to. I want to tell her how sorry I am, and that if she will let me, I can come to her. I told her to go away from me when I was dying, because I did not want to see her. She thought I was crazy. My father died when I was about six years old. He was a Christian—everybody said so. His name was Joseph Mason, mine Sarah Louisa; I belonged in New York. I have got something to tell my mother—very much. I want her to go to Jane Barton and get my chain and watch, for she is poor and she needs it. She can know the watch, for Louisa is scratched on the inside of the case with a pin. I scratched it there myself. And she has some clothes of mine, too, which somebody else might need. It is most two years since I died. Tell mother to take my things; Jane will not want to let them go, but she has them, for she is afraid to let them go to anybody. Mother knows where I was when I died—she came to see me—I shan't tell you where I was. I wish I was dead. I used to school till I was fourteen, then ran away. I used to be a medium and make raps, and she thought the devil came to me, I was so wicked. I used to hear a good deal about Spiritualism. There was a man by the name of Daniel, who heard I was a medium, and he came to see me once; but I was so saucy, he never came again. He prayed for me, and said my father sent him to me, and he wanted me to go to a medium by name of Wilds, or something like that, and I got a communication from my father. He talked to me, and I felt bad for a while; I know it was my father now, though I did not know it then. Dec. 16.

Fisher Hewins.

It's a great thing to die, but it's a greater thing to come back again. Now who would have supposed, twenty years ago, that spirits would have been in the habit of coming back to earth to their friends? If I were on earth, I should suppose this to be something like Salem Witchcraft, but as I happen to be in a place where we have plenty of proof, I cannot look at it in any but the true light.

If you will permit me to communicate to my friends, I'll do so, then I'll tell you who I am. I have a good many relations on earth, and as a very natural consequence, I am interested in this. I don't want to see them in darkness, and I do not want to manifest to them in any but the right way. I have manifested to some of my friends who are Spiritualists, but not to my near relations, because conditions have not been suitable. I do not come here to-day to argue of the truth of Spiritualism, for I know it; I have gained my knowledge by hard labor, and I prefer my friends should get theirs the same way, for that knowledge is not of much avail which is not earned.

My friends have called for me, but they called for me in their way, and they have got to call in my own way, or I cannot come. I can go to them, but they have not knowledge enough to know that I cannot manifest there without a medium. I should like to do it, but I cannot. I have learned many new and beautiful truths since I have been in the spirit life, and have become familiar with Spiritualism. I am a true believer in this time, and if they will from a single time, a week, I will endeavor to give them some light, and shall expect to gain some myself, after some of them are developed as mediums. I lived some time on earth—though not to be an old man—and I have been here in the spirit life a little while, but I should not be happy here, if I did not know I could return to earth. God don't permit me to return to earth for nothing; He has a work for me to do, and as I failed to fulfill my mission on earth, I shall labor hard to do so now. I have no wish to return to earth to live, although I was situated happily there, having a great many things around me that I could call my own. My name was Fisher Hewins.

William Fowler.

I am a spirit, but I can't be a saint no way you can fix it. I can't talk sanctified, so if you don't like me, I'll go away.

I was eighteen years of age; my name was William Fowler; I used to live in Boston. People don't know what I did with, so I'll tell them. I got into a little mess one night; I was not killed, but was so comfoundedly whipped that I never went out afterwards. I begged my mother not to tell of it, and she never did. Now she has come here, and there is nobody I care for left, so I'll tell of it. Do you know Bill Allen? Now it was not in his place, but outside of it. It will be two years in the spring since I have been dead. Those fellows know I died on account of that pounding, and they are not happy about it. But they needn't feel so, for I was to blame. We were all drunk, and I challenged some one to fight, and I was so saucy that they all pounded me.

I am on earth, have a good many what you would call upper crust come to me, and tell me what to do, but I was taught that when I left earth there was no doing any better.

There is one thing certain here, you have a home, food, and everything you want, without work—somebody provides them; I suppose it is God, and I thank Him for it. I was taught to believe in a God, for my mother taught me that. I met an old fellow here a while ago, and he said to me, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" "Because I have nothing to do," said I. "Well," said he, "go back to earth and work, and you may be happier." I came here and saw another man, and he told me there was just a chance open, and I am here, and am going now. Good day. Dec. 14.

William Robinson.

I have been requested to come here to-day, not because I expect to receive benefit myself, but because I hope to benefit another. I have been in spirit life near six years, as high as I can reckon time. There is one William Robinson living in the city of Boston, who requested me to come through your medium, and tell him where he can find certain papers, for which he has been looking for some time. This is a strange requirement, and may seem out of place to some people, but if the strange requirement brings with it the light to make a soul happy, it is all I want. I have been promised, if I would come and give that information, they would believe, and I come to plant a belief in their souls.

Now, when I was on earth, I had a bible which had been in the family some years, and which was covered with green baize. Beneath that covering those papers are to be found. I have no more to say. My name is William Robinson. Dec. 17.

Sarah Cushman.

Like sunshine amid shadow, come messages from the spirit life to your sorrowing spirit, say you, my dear, dear child.

Well, I rejoice to know you receive them kindly, and are profiting thereby. Oh, my dear child, you are never alone, and your soul may constantly drink at the fountain of living waters if you will. Your mother, Sarah Cushman. Dec. 7.

Friendship is a silent gentleman that makes no parade; true heart dances no hornpipe on the tongue.

DR. W. B. HAYDEN, PHYSICIAN AND MEDICAL MES-
MERIST, 5 Hayward Place. W. May 14