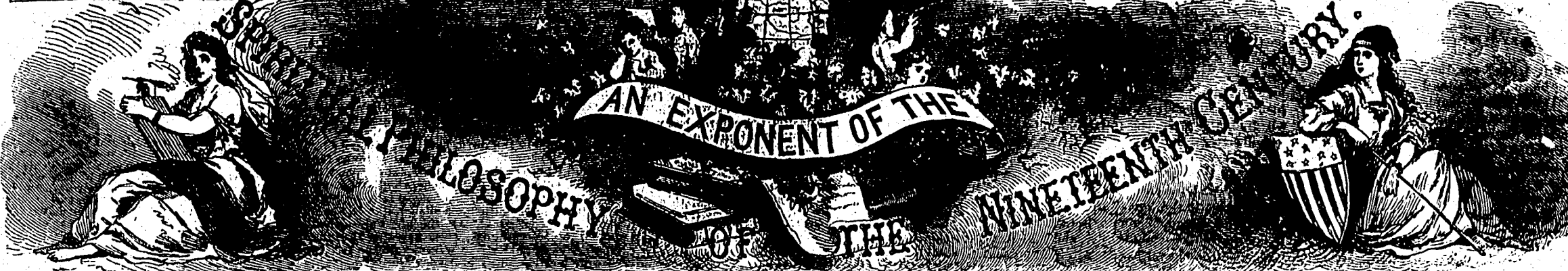


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 6.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MY LILIES.

BY GRACE LELAND.

A spell of agony was torturing every quivering nerve. I could not even stop to ask, "What end doth suffering serve?"

The fever tide ran hot and high, as on my couch of pain One yearning filled my heart alone, one thought my weary brain.

"Oh for one tiny flower, that on my pillow it might lie, And, feeding me from its sweet life, might still this agony!"

The wish was buried in my heart, it found no vent in speech; Cold blew the winds of March, I knew the flowers were out of reach.

Still buried in their winter sleep all fast the spring flowers lay; And those kind friends, whose sunnier windows blossomed like the May,

Knew not that I was home again, they thought me far away; While through the weary hours I tossed till near the close of day.

Each moment fell like lead upon that wordless agony, And still I only wished that I that one wee flower might see!

It seemed at last that it was more than human strength could bear; Again yet again I closed my eyes in dumb despair.

Then suddenly, as soft and sweet as some Eolian lyre, Or pure strains of melody from far angelic choir, I felt, soft pressed against my face, *Pond Lilies* fresh and fair!

Oh, how they bathed my weary soul in their sweet baptism there! Each tortured nerve was stilled at once, and calm and strong I grew.

To bear the burden on me laid, for well—ah! well I knew Those lilies had but just been plucked from out some crystal tide

In that fair land that waits for us just on "the other side!" I knew that loving angel hands had brought those flowers to me,

That they might give me needed strength through their sweet ministry. And ever as I closed my eyes I felt the lilies there, And through their blessed influence I gained the heights of prayer,

And Heaven again was near, nor seemed it ever far away In those long days and weeks of pain in which I waited day.

Think you my lilies, plucked from parent root, and brought to earth, Faded and died? Not so: *thought dies* that is of heavenly birth!

Days passed, and there was one who brought me rarest earthly flowers; So sweet, they seemed akin to those that bloom in heavenly bowers.

The air was fragrant with their breath for many a living day—I could not think such loveliness could ever pass away!

Yet flowers of earth the sweetest, rarest, have their time to die— At last these precious gifts of love lived but in memory!

Yet still my lilies bloomed for me, as sweet, and fresh and fair, As when our angel Alma's hands at first had placed them there!

More real to my inward sense were these fair flowers from Heaven, Than on the rarest earthly flowers that Friendship's hand had given.

Two years have passed since then, and still my lilies bide with me; They seem a tie of purest love linking my soul with thee.

Oh! Alma, friend of earlier years, whose young life was so bright, Till its fair radiance was lost in Heaven's more glorious light!

Still in the sunny hours of life I feel my lilies near, And when the shadows darken round sweet is their spell to cheer!

These gifts the loving angels give from their pure home above— Oh, how they serve to brighten earth in ministries of love!

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR LOVED ONES NEVER DIE.

BY BELLE BUSH.

They live—the loved companions of the heart, Though hidden from our view, And oft the blessings that their smiles impart Our faltering steps pursue.

We feel their presence as a living light About our pathway shed; And oft we hold, in watches of the night, Communion with our dead.

Our dead! we call them so, forgetting Our loved ones never die; But live where love, no buried hopes regretting, Looks on a cloudless sky.

They weave about our hearts a golden chain; They beckon us, with shining hands, to come, Untrifled, across death's dusky plain, And give us promise of a brighter home.

They whisper peace to us, when grief and pain Call the wild tempest of our passions forth; They sing to us a sweetly soothing strain, And teach us lessons of divinest worth.

We're never alone. In sorrow's darkest hour They walk with us and whisper loving words, That drop into our hearts with soothing power, Waking to music its most silvery chords.

There is no winter in their friendship dear; No dreary autumn to our hearts they bring; Though flowers of summer fade and wither here, Their love knows only a perpetual spring.

It buds and blossoms on the tree of life, And heavenly zephyrs bear its breath away To where we wander on the shores of strife, And we look up and greet the perfumed day.

They walk with us—the loved of other days, Unseen, it may be, by our mortal sight; They tread the airy paths where morning strays, And talk with us in dreams by day and night.

Why should we droop, then, 'neath our load of care? Or falter in the path we're called to tread? Have we not strength the heavy cross to bear? With such high fellowship, what need we dread?

Literary Department.

REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES OF A WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

Translated from the French, for the Banner of Light, BY SARAH M. GRIMKE.

CHAPTER X.

A Lesson—An Anchor—Maurice raises Money—A Lawsuit—The Gilly-Flower.

It is hard to come down from a position which we have attained, by industry and courage, and which we have long enjoyed. Black bread is hard to masticate when the teeth are only accustomed to chew white. However, I met my misfortunes with a pleasant exterior, but in the depths of my heart I nourished a feeling of rancor which rendered me very irritable and produced a thorough distaste for life. Although she had also a cheerful countenance, Genevieve was in fact no more resigned than I was. Both of us were truly unhappy. We used to sing, both of us, but it was only to set fate at defiance, not to express our gaiety. For fear of opening our hearts to each other we became silent and reserved; pride induced us to conceal our distress, and we got harder and harder. I felt this painfully, but saw no remedy for it. I was like a man who staggers: the only way to keep his feet is to stand still upright.

One evening I was returning from my work, my sack slung over my shoulders. I whistled as I ascended the hill. I walked along leisurely, for the sight of my home no longer filled my heart with joy and gratitude. I could not accustom my eye to the empty spaces which my furniture formerly occupied, to the naked walls, and above all, to the careworn, hunted countenance now always worn by my dear wife. In our days of prosperity everything bade me welcome; a perpetual sunshine gladdened our home; but since our misfortune we seemed suddenly transplanted from the genial climate of the South to all the desolation of a Northern winter. I was walking with measured steps at a slow pace, regardless of a fine snow which was falling, as through a sieve, and powdered the glazed ice with which the road was covered. I had nearly arrived at the end of the faubourg, when I perceived an old woman, who seemed quite exhausted, feebly pushing one of those little carts which may be called the itinerant shops of the people of Paris. The glazed ice rendered her task doubly laborious. Her coarse woolen shawl was covered with snow, as well as the folds of the Madras handkerchief which enveloped her head; her breathing was labored; she halted every movement, as if unable to go a step further, and then taking courage she renewed her efforts. Involuntarily my heart was filled with compassion; the thought of my mother crossed my mind, and I immediately joined the peddler, who had just stopped.

"Ah! my old woman," said I, smiling, "that is too hard a task for you."

"True, my son," she replied, wiping her forehead, where the perspiration was mingled with the snow; "strength departs as old age advances; whilst our necessities are not lessened we have far less ability to supply them; but the good God does all things well; he does not abandon the poor."

I inquired where she was going; she pointed to the suburb, and was about to resume her walk, I laid my hand on one of the handles.

"Let me have it," said I gently; "I am going your way, and it will cost me nothing to push your cart, and without waiting for her reply, I pushed her cart along. The old woman made no resistance; she simply thanked me and walked along at my side. She told me she had just purchased a fresh supply of nuts which she must sell in order to provide for her daily wants. At all seasons, and in all weathers, she continued to thread the streets of Paris until she had sold them all. For thirty years she had lived by this trade, and had been enabled thereby to bring up and educate her three sons.

"But when they were grown up and able to help me, they were torn from me," said the poor woman; "two of them died in the army, and the other is a prisoner."

"So then," I exclaimed, "you are entirely alone in the world, without any other resource than your own courage."

"And the Protector of those who have no one else to look to," she added. "Surely, the good God wants something to do in his Paradise, and how can he spend his time better than in taking care of such poor creatures as I am. Old age and poverty would crush us, if the idea that the King of Kings loves us, and cares for us, and judges us, did not sustain us. When I am overcome with fatigue, when my limbs can no longer bear me—well! I fall on my knees; I tell the good God what troubles me, and when I rise my heart is always lighter. You are too young to comprehend this now, but the time will come when you will understand why little children are taught to say, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.'"

I made no reply. The light had dawned upon my soul. My companion continued in the same strain, until we reached the end of the faubourg. In all her trials she had sought consolation beyond this world in her Heavenly Father's love. Whilst listening to her my heart beat quicker. I gazed at this old woman, crippled by age, her head trembling with palsy, so bent that she seemed to be stooping down to pick up her winding sheet, and I was astonished to find that she had more fortitude than Genevieve and myself. I then felt that man needed a support which his fellow men could not give him, and that to tread with unflinching steps the scaffolding of life, the

cord which secures it must be fastened to the throne of God.

When I bade farewell to the old woman, she thanked me, but to tell the truth it was I who was indebted to her, for she had awakened thoughts and feelings which lay dormant in the depths of my being. I arrived at home, my mind fully occupied with these reflections. That evening, I knew not why, Genevieve was more sad than usual; her eyes were inflamed as though she had been weeping. Our supper passed in silence; the child was asleep; we were sitting by the fire, which was nearly extinguished. When the clock struck, Genevieve rose; she sighed deeply. It was our usual time for retiring. I rose also; I took the hand of my dear wife and drawing her to my bosom, "We have borne our burdens alone for a long time," said I in a low voice; "let us ask God to bear his portion."

I threw myself on my knees. Genevieve did the same without saying a word. I began to repeat all the prayers I had learned in my childhood, and which had remained, as it were, on deposit in one corner of my heart. As the words revolved in my memory, they seemed to have a sense which I had never before apprehended. I comprehended their meaning for the first time. I know not if similar thoughts passed through Genevieve's mind, but I soon heard her weeping, and when I arose she embraced me, sobbing.

"You have suggested an idea which saves us," she said; "you have turned my thoughts to God, and I can now resume my courage."

In fact, from that day everything went on better at home. Our hearts were opened; we thought aloud as formerly; our evening prayer always brought a calm and tender feeling. Poor old woman! whilst she related to me her life, she little thought of the blessing she was conferring upon me. I never met her again, but more than once Genevieve and I have blessed her.

"You see that the times of the good fairies are not quite gone," said my wife, "since you found one who regarded a trifling service by giving you the talisman of resignation."

Although driven back to the trowel by dire necessity, I did not abandon the hope of being able to make contracts and enlarge my business, and often has my heart been smitten by seeing work pass into other hands, which I knew would have been so profitable to me. One contrivance especially tempted me by the great advantages it offered. Unfortunately to get it required the payment of several hundred francs. I returned to the work-yard feeling very sad that I could not avail myself of such a fortunate chance. Whilst my mind was thus occupied, suddenly two large hands were placed upon my shoulders. I turned round quickly; it was Maurice.

The master-mason, who had been detained several months in Burgundy, had returned on account of some business to Paris, and expected to go back that evening. He insisted on my accompanying him to the restaurant, and in spite of all I could say persuaded me to take a second breakfast. Prosperity had enriched Maurice. He was dressed in a splendid coat of Elbeuf cloth, a fine beaver hat and a cravat of cherry-colored silk. His heart was still the same, but his manner was altered. Maurice no longer doubted of his success, now that he found himself superintendent of fifty workmen. He had always been so reasonable and moderate, that his confidence in himself seemed to arise only from the knowledge of his prosperity.

As soon as he arrived in Paris he had heard of my misfortunes, and was anxious to learn the particulars. When I finished relating the facts, he struck the table with the sealed bottle of Bordeaux which he had called for in spite of my objections.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "why did you not write to me about it? I would have lent you money enough to carry on your business and pay your debts. What are you doing now? Let us see! Where are you? Cannot I put a little lime into your mortar?"

I acquainted him with my present condition, and hinted at the opportunity I now had of making an advantageous bargain.

"And is five hundred francs all you need?" demanded Maurice.

I answered him that that sum would be more than sufficient.

He instantly called for the waiter, who soon appeared.

"A pen and ink," said the master-mason. I looked at him with astonishment.

"You do not understand what I am going to do with all this trash, nay, verily?" said he laughing. "I am no more an advocate for black and white than I ever was; but one must bray for asses. When I found that it was impossible to carry on business successfully without the quill and the inkstand, 'By my faith,' said I, 'I'll rear guard to the front,' and now I make use of them just as other people do."

"You have learned to write then!" I exclaimed.

"You shall see," said Maurice, with a wink of his eye.

He had taken from a portfolio a stamped paper, on which he made me write an order for five hundred francs. When I finished, he signed his name in irregular letters imitating print.

"Now," said he, when the difficult task was accomplished, "present that to Périgeux, and you will receive the money on the spot. The signature of Father Maurice is known in that counting-house, and I can lend money at discretion."

The money was paid without any demur, and the next day I engaged the lucrative job which I so much desired. Everything went on admirably at first. The work was prosecuted with energy, and the finishing stroke was put to it before the time agreed upon had expired. I might have returned Maurice his money, after receiving the first installment; but, whilst erecting that building, other proposals were offered which it would be greatly to my advantage to accept, and for which I needed the money. I took advantage of the

title, and I began to feel that I was rising again, when a lawsuit, which was commenced against our principal employer, suddenly arrested all our proceedings. My fortune, and that of ten others, was irrevocably bound to his; we found our hands tied, without the power of going on or of withdrawing. Meanwhile the bonds we had given for the materials which we could not use became due; the payment of them was mercilessly demanded, and we had to face all these attacks, weapon in hand, as they say. We had to resort, every day, to some new means of satisfying our creditors. Perhaps we would get an extension; perhaps we would pay some debts in order to maintain our credit. Whole days were spent in this unremunerative labor. I was receiving nothing, and my resources were nearly exhausted. Whilst I was spending my time in trying to avoid bankruptcy, Genevieve and the child had not the common necessities of life.

I racked my brains without being able to make matters better. The lawsuit was always near its termination, but was always dragging on. One day some document had been forgotten; another day the lawyer was absent; the next the Court had taken holiday; or the other party had demanded a delay. Weeks and months passed away in this manner. Our poor household resembled the crews of those vessels which are becalmed in the midst of the ocean; the rations are shorter every day, while the eye is strained in vain to discover some token of the rising wind. I have had bitter trials in my life, but none at all comparable to this. Generally the misfortunes which assail us leave us some room for action, through which we may seek relief or salvation; but in this case all effort was ineffectual; there was nothing to be done but cross our arms and await the issue.

At length anxiety and helplessness rendered me gloomy and crabbed. Not knowing whom else to accuse, I vented my vexation on my poor Genevieve. I made no account of her efforts to conceal from me our poverty, of her ceaseless toil to lessen it. It seemed as though I was glad of the privations she endured. But, in fact, my irritation sprang from my tenderness for her. I could not bear to see her suffer. I would have given my heart's blood to purchase for her ease of mind and relief from care and labor. But my good will only showed itself in ill humor, because I could not do what I desired for her. I was like a hedge of thorns, constantly piercing her because I was exasperated at being unable to make a shield to protect her.

One day, especially, I entered the house more soured than usual. I had spent three hours at the lawyer's, who was talking and laughing with his friends while my heart was gnawed with anguish. He was listening to their pleasant stories, and when at length he condescended to see me, I found a man who yawned while he was listening to me, who knew nothing of my business, and referred me to his head clerk, then absent. I reached home swelling with rancor and indignation against the people who pretend to administer justice, who destroy our fortune, our happiness and our honor, and who frequently do not even investigate the business confided to them. To exasperate me still more, I had just been refused the payment of my last bill.

As if everything combined to add to my vexation, I found Genevieve in high spirits. She was singing whilst she arranged things in order, and received me with an exclamation of delight. I asked her somewhat sharply what good fortune had happened to us since my departure; whether we had received a legacy from America. She replied pleasantly by throwing her arm around my neck, and leading me to an almanac suspended near the chimney.

"Well!" said I.

"Well! you do not notice the date, sir," said she gaily. "This is the 25th of the month."

"Yes," replied I, disengaging myself rudely, "and soon the 30th will be here—the day when my note falls due. The devil take notes and almanacs!"

Her countenance changed from tenderness and joy to an expression of sorrow and consternation.

"What has happened to you, Pierre Henri?" said she anxiously. "Have you heard any bad news?"

"I have heard nothing more than usual."

"Then," replied she, placing her arm over mine, "let us postpone trouble till to-morrow, and give this day to happiness."

I looked at her with an expression which proved that I could not understand what she meant.

"Come! come! you naughty man," said she, in a tone of friendly reproach. "Do you forget that this is the anniversary of our marriage?"

I had indeed forgotten it. Every preceding year this anniversary, whether heralded by clouds or sunshine, had been to me a day of rejoicing, in which my heart overflowed with love and gratitude. But now it was quite otherwise. Past happiness, as it loomed up before me, rendered my present sufferings more bitter. The comparison of the past and the present excited a feeling of despair, and I fell into a chair, uttering stifled maledictions. Genevieve, who was quite frightened at this unexpected outburst, tenderly inquired what was the matter.

"What is the matter?" I cried. "God forgive me! One would think I had never told you all my troubles! What is the matter? I have debts which I cannot pay, notes which I cannot take up, a lawsuit which will ruin me while I am waiting to have it settled. I have three months to feed every day, without any other dependence than two arms which are incapable of working. Ah! do you ask what ails me? I am sorry I did not break my neck the day that I fell from the third story scaffolding, because then I was a single man; I had no responsibilities, no family. A coffin worth four francs would have settled all my worldly account, and I should have rested quietly in the public burial ground in Paris!"

All this was uttered in a tone of passionate ex-

citement, which made my dear wife tremble. She looked at me with her eyes full of tears.

"In the name of God, do not speak thus, my husband. Oh, do not say that you regret having lived to bless me, lest you make me also wish to die. You have been tormented by business all day, my beloved, and you have come to your home worn out with care and disappointment. Forget your crosses to-day, and think only of those who love you."

Perhaps I might have complied with her request, for her words had moved my heart, but just then some one rapped at the door, and a *sergent de ville* entered.

"Pardon me," said he, politely. "I called because you have transgressed the regulations by placing that flower-pot in the window, and I must inform against you."

I was about to reply that he was mistaken, when Genevieve ran to the window and hastily uncovered a gilly-flower which she had concealed under a sheet of paper. She declared that she had but just purchased it and placed it there, and that it was behind several bars. The *sergent de ville* listened patiently to her explanations, but after having registered what he called the substance of the offence, he took down our names, warning us to appear at court to pay the fine, and then, saluting us, he retired.

This unexpected interruption and the prospect of having to meet this new demand for money, dissipated all my good intentions. When Genevieve spoke to me I rose hastily, in a state of great exasperation, cursing the folly which had thus thoughtlessly added to our misery. I walked the room with rapid strides. I raised my voice—my very words added to my passion. My poor wife, pale and trembling, gazed at me in silence. I had vented my spleen while she was trying to speak, and now her silence augmented my rage. Beside myself, I ran to the window, and seizing the flower-pot, the original cause of my provocation, was about to dash it into the street, when a cry from Genevieve arrested my arm. She was standing near the cradle of our little boy, whom I had just awakened. She took him up, pressed him with one arm to her bosom, and extended the other to me.

"Don't break it, Pierre Henri," she said, in a voice which I shall never forget; "it is consecrated. It is the symbol of our anniversary."

I still held the pot in my hand, uncertain what to do, when I suddenly remembered that at every return of this anniversary Genevieve had celebrated it by the purchase of one of these flowers, which my mother used to cultivate at the Woods Plant. At this thought I shuddered inwardly; all my anger vanished; the fountain of tenderness was opened in my heart. Genevieve perceived the change, and immediately running to me she threw herself and the child into my extended arms.

When all was pardoned and forgotten, we sat down to our evening meal. What had just happened had prevented my good wife from making any preparation. I would not consent to her going out to purchase anything, and we made our supper, with happy hearts, on bread and radishes, the gilly-flower in the middle of the table, embalming our feast with its fragrance.

[To be continued.]

MORAL REFORMS.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—The Chicagoans are a most magnanimous, wise and philanthropic people. They build Washingtonian Homes and Magdalen Asylums, and then turn round and issue about one thousand licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and allow their landlords to rent their property for evil purposes, in order, as one might naturally suppose, to secure subjects to fill them. Could a man keep a hotel without first securing a hotel to keep? Can a woman keep a house of ill fame without the house, or the patronage of men? If the institution is thus licensed by common or silent consent, why then arrest and legally, or illegally, rob the proprietor of her ill-gotten treasures, or cast her among thieves? Would it remedy the evil? Would it not and does it not sink her lower and lower into the very depths of degradation and vice, step by step, and year after year, until poor human nature gives way, and then she is lost forever? Now let us men pause and consider this point well, for we make the laws, and it is worthy of consideration, for to say the least, fifty thousand women are through this means sent to the next world yearly, to stand as living witnesses against us, their legal and natural protectors.

Upon the Western plains the immense herds of buffalo and wild horses, when frightened, move off in one grand phalanx or body with the swiftness of the wind, leaving naught behind from their deadly tramp save a low rumbling sound resembling distant thunder, a cloud of dust, and the maimed and lifeless forms of the weak and unfortunate, who by the strong are trampled under foot, and then left wholly unprotected to the mercy of midnight prowling wolves; while to man, noble and godlike man, said to have been created after the image of his maker, was given a high order of intellect, in order that he might frame and enact laws for the protection of that class of humanity which the brute creation would with impunity trample under foot. Have they done so? Yes; the laws, in many respects, are good enough, but badly administered. For example: "I draw my birth," says one, "from a long line of gallant ancestry, who only feared a lie, yet I dare not even slight a daughter of wealth or position, for I know full well her kindred could avenge; still I dare play and palter with the pure soul of some unprotected, friendless girl, who, being smitten, speaks not a word of complaint, but sinks quietly into her grave and takes her wrongs with her."

E. H. C.

A coat out at the elbow may be buttoned over a generous heart.

Special Correspondence.

NEW VIEWS OF EDUCATION.

BY MARY F. DAVIS.

A decided change is taking place in leading minds with regard to the curriculum that should be adopted in schools and colleges. While some highly educated men adhere strenuously to the established system, as evidenced in such articles as "A Plea for Culture," published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, others earnestly advocate a more directly practical discipline for young minds.

Among these, Herbert Spencer stands prominent. From every point of view he shows that the study of the sciences, not only for the practical uses of life but for mental discipline, should precede and supersede that of the classics. His American friend, Edward L. Youmans, adopts the same view; and he has taken pains to collect in a handsome volume, entitled "Culture demanded by Modern Life," essays by a number of distinguished scientific and professional men of England and America, who unmistakably and ably advocate the superiority of the sciences as means of culture.

Directly in this line was the speech made by J. A. Froude, the historian, on the 19th of March, when installed as Rector of St. Andrew's University. It was full of truth, and should be read entire to gain its whole noble import. He said that the schools and colleges were in the midst of a revolution—that it was admitted by every one that "we cannot any longer confine ourselves to the learned languages, to the grammar and logic and philosophy which satisfied the seventeenth century." Yet, if we try to pile on the top of these the histories and literatures of our and other nations, with modern languages and sciences, we accumulate a load of matter which the most ardent and industrious student cannot be expected to cope with.

To escape the dilemma, he recommended practical education. "A tree must be rooted in the soil before it can bear flowers and fruit. A man must learn to stand upright upon his own feet, to respect himself, to be independent of charity or accident." Each one should be trained in the particular direction of his chosen field, be it that of a worker in the soil, a physician, lawyer, or clergyman. The education of the last named, he seemed to think least practical of all, and the poorest adapted to giving a common sense view of human life and its requirements. "If the clergy knew as much of the history of England and Scotland as they know about Greece and Rome—if they had ever been taught to open their eyes and see what is actually around them, instead of groping among books to find what men did or thought at Alexandria or Constantinople fifteen hundred years ago, they would grapple more effectively with the moral pestilence which is poisoning all the air."

In our own country we are beginning to actualize some of the theories of educational reformers, by the establishment of such schools as the Cornell University, and by the appointment of such men as Dr. Haven and Mr. Elliot to the Presidency of our colleges. In primary departments, the system of Object Teaching is beginning to be strongly recommended, whereby the infant pupil may learn from Nature instead of books; may be unfolded from within, outward, instead of being set down at once to the hieroglyphics which we term the alphabet, and thence onward subjected to the cramming, forcing process of memorizing the endless jargon of the books prepared for youthful digestion. Physical development is found to be the basis of all true education, from which the mental, spiritual and moral will be as natural outgrowths as the branches, flowers and fruits of a tree are of the straight, strong and enduring trunk.

The time is coming when the word "culture" will signify not merely an acquaintance with the dead languages and the relics of the past, but also a knowledge of the living forces and forms of Nature. Education will be used in its original sense, as derived from *educare*, to draw out, and training systems will be based on the philosophy which that word implies, namely, that within the human is the germ of all possible unfoldment. Books will be welcomed as friends, and be used as the complement of Nature in the attainment of knowledge, and in growth unto that wisdom which

"Flinds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Note from Henry C. Wright.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—I am on my way to Boston. God save and bless the dear old city and fountain of thought and affection. I intend to reach there May 25th. But owing to a railroad smash-up, in which I lay half an hour bruised and battered and sprained beneath the rubbish of completely crushed sleeping-cars, every moment expecting, with twenty-five other human beings, to be made a bonfire of, my progress will be slow. I lecture by the way. Arrangements are made for lectures up to the 9th of May.

I cannot express the feelings of deep gratitude and satisfaction with which I have met the *Banner* in all my wanderings and lectures in Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Iowa and Illinois, since I left Boston, the 18th of August last. For two reasons I hail its presence with unforgotten joy: (1.) Because of its rational, philosophical, attractive views of that interior life on which Christians look with so much dread. (2.) Because of its faithful exposure of the falsehoods and delusions on which Christendom is based. I might add, also, because of its fidelity in bringing Spiritualism to bear on redeeming men and women from the individual, domestic, social and political evils that now so sadly mar the beauty and tarnish the glory of life in the body. With a hearty God-speed I say to it, "Go on, till every valley shall be enlightened and comforted by thy rays."

"Spiritualism is going down!" Yes, so it is; but it is going down into the hearts of the people, there to revolutionize, lovingly, peacefully and without blood, the interior and exterior life of man; to give light and joy to people that sit in darkness.

Dear *Banner*, show your readers the mighty works given, by the disembodied of our race, to them to do. Daily and hourly am I more and more deeply impressed with the greatness and grandeur of their labors, and with the certainty that the work will be done, and well done. I only wish thy weekly readers were hundreds of thousands, instead of tens of thousands. Rend the veil thrown by theology around the sweet, beautiful life that awaits all of human kind in their career of progress, and show the people all its infinite attractions. HENRY C. WRIGHT.
Winchester, Ia., April 2, 1869.

Dr. Challa tells us that in the interior of Africa, under the equator, the natives always charged him the same price for an egg as for a hen. They argued in this way: an egg, if it is hatched, will produce a hen, and therefore you should pay the price of a hen for an egg.

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KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

The *Banner of Light* is issued and on sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

Banner of Light.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All business connected with the editorial department of the paper is to be sent to the Editor, Mr. Luther Colby, to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

Spiritualism Reviewed.

"J. C. B.," a correspondent of the *Ocego* (N. Y.) *Times*, has read one copy of the *Banner of Light*, "from a lecture by Moses Hull on the first page, to the prospectus on last page." He also "spent a few 'quarters' in years gone by to see 'manifestations,' but the spirits were always out of order, and we considered the money badly invested." He confesses that he knows very little about Spiritualism; this is also evident from his remarks upon the *Banner* and the general subject; hence he proceeds to criticize both. We quote a portion of his remarks, as he is the type of a class who consider themselves competent judges of Spiritualism, whereas they utterly fail to discern its spirit or comprehend its methods. Beneath this writer's surface profession of "sorrowful humility," we discern the spirit of condescending pity and wonder characteristic of the theologian, and yet deeper than that, a kind and hopeful liberality belonging to the man himself. We respect the man, and can tolerate as transitory the atmosphere of pharisaic superiority incident to his present state. He says:

"We do not ask what possesses reasonable men to write, and publish, and solemnly believe such strange combinations of words and ideas. We rather in small humility ask, what on earth have Christians done to make such travesty of religion possible?"

The only writing in this journal which relieves it from puerility, is that which brings into prominent light the weak points of denominational theology. These attacks are in many instances successful, and they give plausibility to a not very dignified, but very popular crusade against Christianity itself. If by any means a man's faith is thoroughly upset, and the simple Gospel of our Lord made of none effect by doctrines of men, it is no wonder that men accept Spiritualism or any other.

Is not Spiritualism a reaction against some incorrect form of Christianity, as Universalism is an honest reaction against the savage theology called by name of Calvin, or Unitarianism a natural reaction against an opposite extreme amounting to polytheism? Almost every form of religious error in Christian communities can be traced to some dogma asserted by Christian men which violates truth and reason, and a so-called reformation usually results in adding a new form of untruth only in the opposite extreme. Theologically, truth is found about halfway between error and reform—a neutral ground on which neither side is apt to come.

The question recurs, then, What is there in present forms of Christian belief and teaching to urge men into Spiritualism? The journal in question is about equally bitter against Christians and commonly received views respecting God, Christ and the Bible.

It would destroy the simple teaching of our Lord: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he will manifest himself to him"—a manifestation surely worth having; yet for it substitutes the interesting manifestations of "mediums," whose chief message is that he died of hydrophobia, and Peter Connelly and Michael Murphy, who ask "Why the devil" and "What the devil," and swear generally like veritable men in the flesh, rather than disembodied spirits.

We have neither laughed at nor felt like abusing either editor, or publisher, or writers, or readers of this strange sheet. We are rather conscious of a kind of sorrowful humility, that in this age of Christian enlightenment, true men are driven to such extremity as to be obliged to accept such food in place of the loving, simple, yet majestic words of the Gospel.

To all this we reply in general terms, that neither Spiritualism, by its philosophy or phenomena, assumes to rival the revelations of truth made by or through Jesus "in the loving, simple, yet majestic words of the Gospel," or by means of any medium or instrumentally whatever. Spiritualism supplements and confirms those perceptions of the methods of divine government, in the realms of mind and matter, commonly known as the laws of Nature, which the concurrent experience of mankind have established as the basis of moral conduct. It does not indeed sanction the eccentric notions of individuals, or sects, either great or small, concerning man's relations to God or Nature, but it does account for the fact that differences of opinion on these momentous questions are not only possible with sincere men, but are absolutely indispensable to the evolution of truth. It illustrates by every message, whether from holy or profane spirits in the, to us, invisible world, that the kingdom of heaven is not a place beyond the stars, or beyond the river of death, to which the good go when they die, but that it is just where Jesus affirmed it to be—"within you." To contrast, as our friend has done, the messages of Michael Murphy and Peter Connelly with the teachings of Jesus, and to contemptuously depreciate them because their authors swear "like veritable men in the flesh, rather than disembodied spirits," is not only inconsistent with the revelations of modern Spiritualism as to the nature of life in the spirit-world, but equally so with the "simple teachings of our Lord" which he professes to revere. Reverence, based upon understanding of what he taught, is natural and spontaneous, but reverence for words because Jesus uttered them is superstitious and degrading. So-called Evangelical theologians appear practically to believe that death is the saviour, the purifier of men. They practically teach—and it is the common sentiment among them—that at death the good go to the kingdom of heaven. "Gone to heaven" is the common phraseology used by Christian professors to indicate the death of a pious person.

Now, this error of denominational theology is most thoroughly exposed and corrected by the facts of modern Spiritualism and the messages from spirits themselves, the record of which makes our paper "puerile" in the estimation of our friend. We do not publish the communications in our Message Department because of their surpassing wisdom or ability to render clearer the problems of science and religion. We publish them as illustrations of what their authors are and can do, under the imperfect conditions that exist in the border land between the spiritual and material worlds. All the phenomena of Spiritualism, in constantly increasing variety and power, witnessed by millions of intelligent persons all over the world, are simply illustrations of human intelligence in the supramundane world, seeking with what power it can command to demonstrate that human characteristics and personalities survive the chemical change called death.

We differ, decidedly, from our friend in his estimate of the value of theological criticism, which alone, as he thinks, saves our paper from "puerility." We publish it because free thought, seeking expression, finds few channels through which it may sweep and bear away the rubbish of irrational and cruel dogmas. But it is our con-

viction that the whole structure of so-called Evangelical Christianity now established in the civilized world, from its foundation in the dogma of the fall of man, through every portion of its vast machinery for saving souls by vicarious atonement, to its consummation in the metamorphosis of man at death, from a natural human being to a miraculous nondescript in the presence of a personal God forever, is destined to decay, from the slow but resistless action of Nature's divine revelations to the mind of man.

Spiritualism is not, as he queries, "a reaction from some incorrect form of Christianity," as Universalism and Unitarianism doubtless are. It is not the mere oscillation of the unformed mind from one extreme of conjecture to another. Its phenomena have given a new direction to thought and investigation, concerning man's origin, nature, relations and destiny. Its tendencies are, scientific instead of superstitious. It reverses the humbler fact as a revelation of God, and the spirit of man as the immediate interpreter of the revelation. It finds heaven in the pure heart; the way of salvation is the path of gradual progress; the angels of God our brothers and sisters of the human family; love of man and truth the saviour of the race.

The Night Side of Darwinism.

Prof. Gunning makes a truly logical reply, profusely illustrated and practically put, to a writer in the *Hartford* (Ct.) *Courant* who shrinks from accepting the Darwinian theory of existence, progression, instinct and faith, because, as the writer expressed it, he fears that his hopes of immortality will be swept away. The writer's point, with argument, is like this: Man possesses an instinct of immortality, and therefore there must be a reality corresponding to it. But the new school of thinkers upsets his belief, because it teaches that man came into the possession of his faculties by slow degrees. And hence the feeling of dread, which is styled the "night side of Darwinism." Prof. Gunning undertakes to show that the new teaching penetrates further than to the mere organic structure, and it is in the domain of instinct, or mind, or spirit, that its investigations are most successful. He proceeds to illustrate his position by demonstrating how certain instincts of animals have been acquired, and afterwards inherited; thus the bird never feared man until it learned to fear him, and then the instinct was transmitted. So birds learned the instinct of migration, by their actual experience with heat and cold, and then the instinct was handed down. It is the same, he holds, with man. The instinct of immortality is universal; but it is shown that it was first acquired by the relations of seers, who made others believe, and so the belief of immortality, spirit presence, and the rest, was transmitted. His illustrations on this head are very apt and pointed. An instinct of immortality thus received, he believes to be far deeper and stronger than any belief that rests on naked analogy. And he fully endorses what Dr. Horace Bushnell has been compelled to admit, that "the veil has been lifted now and then; and is lifted, and God has vouchsafed to his struggling pilgrims of earth foreglimpses of the better world beyond."

Wendell Phillips on Theology.

Mr. Phillips spoke in this city last Sunday week on Religion, saying of it that it was a battle all through life, and not a dream. Which is true enough. But of the theory of religion, or theology, he had something more striking to say, viz.: that there was a great deal too much theorizing and far too little practice. There he is entirely right. We never yet knew the person who, on his conscience, could presume to say that he could live up to his religious faith too closely or carefully; and we have yet to see the person, also, who would not confess, to his own heart certainly, that he talks more about his religion than he exerts himself to harmonize his daily life with it. There is too much of this theorizing. Faith has run into rhetoric. Works are slimmering down into verbiage. Every one would apparently like to be a preacher or a teacher—at any rate, something conspicuous. This spirit is not the reflex and result of an earnest and profound religious faith, but of self-delusion, a dogmatic habit of mind, conceit, and the haste that ever proclaims shallowness. Let us all, then, from this day forth take new resolutions to be as religious as we possibly can, and to say just as little about it to others.

Another Confession.

The Bishop of Western New York, who preached the discourse last week at the "consecration" of Dr. Huntington as a Bishop, felt compelled to make the admission to his very large audience, that "the Church" was summoned in these days to wrestle with some startlingly new issues, and that the event of the conflict was wholly unknown. He admitted that there was positive danger to the stability of the Thirty-nine Articles, and the Church that stood on them, from the changed courses and currents of the awakened modern mind, which—he did not say, however—was not to be put off with the old and childish superstitions about the plenary inspiration of the Bible, or the alleged divinity of Jesus Christ, or the working only once of what are termed "miracles." The preacher further touched on the lamentable condition of the English Church, and seemed to dread a like state of things at home. We should not be surprised if his fears were well founded. Nothing will stand, he will find, but truth, and truth is by no means limited to the discovery of an organized priesthood or a blindfolded bench of men styling themselves scientific. It is mighty, and will prevail at the last.

Music Hall Meetings.

Dr. R. T. Hallock, of New York, gave a grand lecture in the Music Hall course in this city Sunday afternoon, April 11th. He spoke without notes, and held the close attention of his audience for upwards of an hour. Alluding to the disturbed religious element of the time, he maintained that Spiritualism was the fountain at which all must drink to obtain the truths of immortal life for which their unsatisfied and hungry souls were thirsting. In due time we shall print a report of this able discourse.

The Closing Lecture.

Next Sunday afternoon, April 25th, closes the course for the present season. The favor with which Rev. Moses Hull's previous discourses were received, has induced a reengagement for next Sunday. He will lecture on "The Moral Tendency of Spiritualism."

May-Day Spiritual Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Somerset County, Maine, are invited to a picnic gathering at East Madison, the first Sunday in May, in Mr. Wm. Barker's hall. Mrs. Priscilla Doty, of Kendall's Mills, a good trance speaker, has been engaged to be present, and other speakers are expected. A similar meeting will be held at the same place on the second Sunday in May.

"The Davenport Mystery."

We call attention to the article which we copy, in another part of this week's *Banner*, from the *Round Table*, under the above title. The *Round Table* has, from time to time, shown a decided disposition to deal fairly by the tests of Spiritualism, although, by way of offset and perhaps propitiation to a certain class of its readers, it has seen fit to throw out some sneering remarks on the subject. But we will do it the justice to say this, that it has consistently and persistently dared the savans and men of science to come out of their crypts and laboratories, and investigate phenomena which they otherwise had no right to prejudge—phenomena concerning whose origin and significance it admits that the entire body of the people are impatiently waiting to hear them discuss and explain if they can. The editor of the journal in question has recently attended one of the public sances given by the Davenport Brothers; and of the profound impression produced upon him, the reader of the article in question will be able to judge. He will likewise observe that the editor again summons scientific men from their hiding-places, and from out the clouds and vapors of their mysterious and mumbling definitions, to confront these undeniable facts with the principles of science, and see what can be made out of them for the use and benefit of the world. The challenge, however, is a standing one, and we have no expectation of its being accepted in a hurry. Just as in the past, so it is to be again; science and all its pretensions to wisdom will be confuted and overwhelmed by the very simple facts of Nature, until a new revolution in the methods of investigation will of necessity be wrought. We commend this very clear and interesting description of a Davenport séance to the attention of the reader.

Help Asked for Women.

We have seen a petition which has a long list of signatures appended, from the poor working-women of Boston, who ask the Legislature to give them a tract of land in some neighboring town, suitably divided and built upon, on which they can learn gardening and earn their living. They do not, however, ask for this tract outright, but simply that it be held in trust for them by the State, their annual payments of rent going toward its regular purchase. The petition is truly pathetic. It makes the admission, in all frankness, that they are "poor and ignorant," exposed to temptation by reason of their helplessness, and numbers of them deprived of the supporting hands of husbands by reason of the late war. They declare that they only want help at this critical time, and to the extent indicated. Gardening, especially floriculture and the raising of small fruits, is well adapted to the physical capacities of woman, and we doubt not these petitioners have seized hold of the very idea which, when worked out to success, is likely to revolutionize the tyrannical old prejudices of society on this important subject of female labor, and to enlarge the field for her independent and effective endeavor. We cannot but sincerely hope that the Legislature will respect the petition of these workingwomen, whose appeal should certainly carry as much weight, and create as profound an impression as, to say the least, that of any class of male politicians who are always carrying their axes to the State House to grind. This is a matter that interests the body of society, and promises to lead to invaluable results; the law-makers cannot, therefore, consistently slight it, though they may think it a light thing from the hands and hearts of a few helpless women.

Divination in New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Mr. C. H. Matthews, senior editor of the *Ohio Democrat*, published at the above named place, in company with other gentlemen addressed a letter to J. V. Mansfield, duly sealed and guarded, in which they put many questions to the spirit of a departed friend and neighbor, Hon. D. W. Stambaugh. Those questions were satisfactorily answered by the spirit addressed, and his replies were so minute and circumstantial as to leave a profound impression on the minds of the inquirers. The questions, with their answers, were very frankly published in the *Democrat*, and occasioned much comment as a matter of course. We have ourselves read them over, and admit that they are of a striking character to those who have no acquaintance with the parties. With the rest, the spirit returns his thanks to the editor for his courage and candor in making public what had just passed between them. As if to warn, rather than refute him, however, a half dozen "pious" men of the town have sent him in for publication, under the ostentatious head of "Let there be Light," an extract from what they are pleased to style "Dr. Watson's Biblical and Theological Dictionary"—which Mr. Matthews publishes in his columns with perfect courtesy. It is a definition of "divination," and these men actually believe they have, with this little trick, extinguished Spiritualism completely. Why do they not address themselves to the very simple fact of the questions and answers through Mr. Mansfield, instead of railing at plain truth with a bushel of words from a Biblical Dictionary? And why has not Dr. Watson's definition happened to squelch out the whole truth of Spiritualism before?

A New Physical Medium.

The *Hartford Times* and the *Evening Post* both give an account of sances for physical manifestations by spirit agency, held in that city, at the residence of Mr. R. K. Stoddard, 57 Main street, by his step-son, DeWitt Hough, a young lad, between sixteen and seventeen years of age. The *Times* says he "performed a series of feats which apparently contradicted the laws of physical possibilities. With a pair of handcuffs borrowed from the police, any visitor may tightly manacle the lad, fastening his hands behind him, locked in the handcuffs, take out the key, tie the manacled hands closely to an iron ring in the wall behind him, where he sits in the cabinet, then tie his head back to another ring, tie his feet to the floor, sew over all the knots with needle and thread—and the instant the cabinet door closes, a crash is heard, half a dozen musical instruments, bells, triangle, horn, etc., go bang across the cabinet, (though they were out of his reach,) and instantly opening the door, lo! the lad is as firmly bound as ever. But the tin trumpet is seen standing on his head—a little solid iron ring, that had lain in one corner, is found tightly fitting one wrist, though it is absolutely solid, and not near large enough to go over his hand—&c., &c." The *Post* says: "A number of gentlemen, among them Professor Gunning, were present at a spiritual manifestation, by a young man, named DeWitt C. Hough. His hands were tied with cords, and the knots untied, apparently without human agency. Iron rings and handcuffs, furnished by Chief-of-Police Chamberlin, were fastened around his wrists, and while he was so bound, musical instruments were played, and other feats performed."

Spiritualism in Europe.

Our readers will see by the following items from the London *Spiritual Magazine* and *Human Nature* for April, that the good work is making headway across the waters:

"Spiritualism in this country has hitherto been asserted chiefly by the press; the platform, however, is now beginning to assert a wider influence among us on this subject than it has done—both in London and the provinces. The Manchester mind has lately been powerfully awakened by Mrs. Emma Hardinge. In addition to the four lectures on Spiritualism that had been announced for delivery by her at the Free Trade Hall, a fifth, by request, was delivered in the same place on a Sunday evening, when the hall was crowded. A lecture was also given by her at the neighboring town of Hyde. These lectures have received highly eulogistic notices from the local press, and we understand that a fund has been formed for their publication.

At Norwood, the earnest, indefatigable Mr. John Jones has been carrying on a war against all coarseness in the *Norwood News*. This untiring and delicate advocacy of a course of lectures, the first by Mr. D. D. Home on Spiritualism and its Phenomena, the second by Mrs. Emma Hardinge, on 'The Uses of Spiritualism,' and the third, by Mr. John Jones, on 'The Phenomena of Spiritualism and its Witnesses.' Notwithstanding that a small knot of rowdy respectables came to disturb the lectures and insult the speakers, the lectures were received by the audience with attention and evident interest.

The East London Association of Spiritualists has continued the weekly lectures, at the Stepney Temperance Hall. Mr. J. Burns has lectured on 'Spiritualism: its Facts and Phenomena,' and 'Spiritualism: its Philosophy and Religious Teachings.' Mr. J. M. Spear has presented 'A Bible Reading of Spiritualism.' Mr. Thomas Shorter, 'An Answer to the Question, "What are the Uses of Spiritualism?"' with answers to questions and replies to objections from the audience. Various other lectures and addresses have also been given by members and friends of the Association, and though not large, the audiences have been orderly and attentive.

The London Weekly Conferences at Lawson's Rooms, have been occupied during the past month with considering 'The Psychological and Physical Differences between Clairvoyance and Spiritualism,' opened by Mr. H. D. Jencken; 'The Relations between Mesmerism, Electro-Biology and Spiritualism,' introduced by Mr. Reynolds; and 'What are the Uses of Spiritualism?' brought forward by Mr. Thomas Shorter.

We copy the following from *Human Nature*: "PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.—In the *Revue Spirite*, by Allan Kardec, for July, 1868, we notice that, at a sitting of the French Senate, M. Gontaut referred to the Spiritualists as a very powerful party. The teachings of Spiritualism are taking a much deeper hold on the continent than can be detected from external indications.

Spiritualism has taken a start in Spain. Through the counsel of the spirit of Fenelon, whose medium is Francisco Perez Blanca, a spirit journal is about to be published in that country. The Jesuits there are trying hard for a counter-revolution. It will be most glorious should the Spaniards establish a popular constitutional Government on the principles of republican liberty and free worship.—Extract from a Continental Letter."

OUR NEW YORK BRANCH OFFICE.

Removal.

Having completed arrangements with the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY for the sale of ALL our publications at their establishment, we shall remove our Branch Office from 544 Broadway, to 121 Nassau street, on the first of May next.

This change will no doubt prove satisfactory to our friends and patrons in New York city and vicinity, as well as to us; because, in the first place, all books sent by mail can be forwarded to any address with greater facility from the Central Office in Boston; and second, our New York friends will no longer be obliged to travel up several flights of stairs whenever they desire our books.

In securing the AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY as our Agents, we feel that we can assure our friends everywhere who may communicate with them in regard to our Publications, that all orders will be attended to with the utmost promptness.

Dealers and others will always find the BANNER OF LIGHT at 121 Nassau street. As this sheet is the acknowledged organ of the Spiritualists of the United States, we trust that every friend of the cause will exert himself or herself to extend its circulation. In this connection we will briefly add that we shall soon inaugurate several new and attractive features, which we trust our patrons will appreciate.

New Subscribers.

Our patrons are still continuing their efforts to procure, each of them, one or more new subscribers. In this work they are quite successful, and we feel under great obligations, and sincerely thank our friends for their timely help. We continue to acknowledge the names of those who have thus added to our subscription list. S. Morton sends us four new subscribers; H. A. Warner, one; J. McDonough, three; E. W. Knight, one; Mrs. L. A. Mills, one; Mrs. L. E. Whitaker, one; M. A. Bedford, one; B. Bacon, one; Mrs. S. L. Adams, one; J. K. Jones, one; G. P. Andrews, two; J. F. Beale, one; H. Hunnamaker, one; A. Williams, two; W. B. Kelley, one; Robt. Rowe, one; M. Spencer, two; J. H. Rodgers, one; P. Lillebridge, two; Ira Tuttle, one; Joshua Perham, two; N. Brownell, one; A. Kellogg, one; Mrs. E. V. Fuller, one; D. E. Allen, two; E. W. Loveland, two; Otis Bentley, one.

"Father Hinshaw."

We have received, through the politeness of Dr. Newton, an excellent portrait, painted in oil, of the venerable Seth Hinshaw, the "Quaker Spiritualist," late of Greensboro, Ind. Father Hinshaw was one of the noblest philanthropists of the age. Hundreds have had occasion to bless him, and cherish his memory, in grateful remembrance for the timely aid he rendered them in the days of want. He has been a resident of the spirit-world several years. Those who knew him personally or had heard of him, will be glad to look upon a likeness of the genial and benevolent "counterfeit presentment" of their friend. It was painted by his daughter, and we need not say is an excellent likeness.

Our free circle room contains quite a number of other paintings and drawings which will interest the beholder. Anderson's spirit portrait of little "Lily" is among the number. All are invited to visit the room, free.

To Advertisers.

The BANNER OF LIGHT is the best paper in the United States to advertise in. We circulate in nearly every city and town in the country, the British Provinces, and Europe. Our rates are lower than most weekly papers which have not near so large a circulation as the *Banner* enjoys. Now is the time to advertise. Improve the time.

New Book by Andrew Jackson Davis.

The new work of Mr. Davis, "TALK OF A PHYSICIAN," which was announced in the *Banner* last week as being in press, we expect to have ready for delivery (barring accidents) on Monday, the 26th inst.

New Publications.

We have before us a stout pamphlet, named the "TARANTULA OF CARRIAGES," by M. H. Graven. It purports to be a critical and paradox work on the Bible and our theological idea of Deity, as received from its authors; showing the Mosiac conceptions of a divine being to be incompatible with the philosophy, progress, and liberality of the present age; and blending ancient Judaism, Paganism, and Christianity into a common original. From this it may be clearly perceived that the author, who was an Orthodox preacher, has reviewed and revised the grounds and principles of his former belief; and it gives us additional satisfaction to say that he accepts the philosophy and faith of Spiritualism without a qualification. An entire chapter of his book is devoted to an announcement of his views and opinions on this subject. We sincerely wish his brethren everywhere could read so able and searching an exposition of the old Mosiac theory, and his statement of his subscription to Spiritualism.

Charles Scribner & Co., New York, publish in neat and handy form two volumes for popular reading on scientific subjects, viz., "THUNDER AND LIGHTNING," and "THE WONDERS OF OPTICS." The former is embellished with thirty-two wood engravings, and the latter with seventy. They are translations from the French of M. Foville and M. Marion, by different hands. These are subjects on which the popular mind cannot but be curious, and they are treated in a style of plainness and familiarity that, with the accompanying illustrations, will attract and improve many readers. We should be glad to chronicle the largest possible circulation of popular books on such fundamentally interesting topics. Lee & Shepard have these little volumes for sale.

ROSE AND LILY, the Twin Sisters, is a tiny booklet that tells of the conversion of two young parents by the agency of a surviving twin-child to the truths of Spiritualism. The details of the story are very touching, and will profoundly interest all loving parents. So young a medium as Rose, only two years and ten months old, certainly cannot be accused of deceit even by the most case-hardened of bigots and unbelievers. Published by William White & Co., Boston.

Prof. Huxley's remarkable discourse in Edinburgh on the "PHYSICAL BASIS OF LIFE," has been handsomely republished in pamphlet form by the *College Courant* publishers, in New Haven, and ought to be widely circulated. His theory of life is startling to most minds, but it is well worth the study which it so boldly invites. Prof. Huxley is one of the most remarkable thinkers of the age.

THE "LADIES' OWN MAGAZINE" is a comparatively new candidate for public favor, but deserves it in large measure. It is published in Indianapolis at \$1.50 per year, and edited by Mrs. M. Cora Pland. It is embellished with a fine frontispiece, and the articles are brief, various, crisp, and magisterial. The ladies will relish just such a publication for their "OWN."

Chas. A. Barry publishes another of his sweet ideal sketches—two female heads—entitled "THE FAIRY STORY." The younger one of the sisters shows too plainly in her eyes the delight she takes in her older sister's reading from the fairy book. It is a little gem of art for the people to buy and place on their walls.

Peterson & Brothers have issued, in paper covers, THE TALISMAN and the HIGHLAND WIDOW of Walter Scott, uniform with the rest of this very popular series.

Mr. James M. Stone publishes a pamphlet which he entitles "SIXTY FALSHOONS EXPOSED," being a summary of the testimony before the Committee on Claims of the Massachusetts Legislature, on the alterations and improvements of the State House. Mr. Stone was formerly Speaker of the House, and his acquittal from the charges brought against him was triumphant.

Loring publishes Miss Thackeray's "FROM AN ISLAND," among his Tales of the Day, and the title and authorship will secure for it a wide reading.

THE BROOKLYN MONTHLY for April is out, and presents a striking handsome appearance. It offers a very readable table of contents, and deserves success for its enterprise and real merits.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

A. E. Carpenter will lecture in Hyde Park, Monday, April 19th; in Brighton, Town Hall, Tuesday, 20th; in Attleboro', Thursday, 22d; in Foxboro', Sunday, 25th.

Mrs. Lois Walsbrook has arrived in town from the West, and proposes to lecture before Spiritual Societies in the East until the first of July next. Address *Banner of Light* office.

A. S. Hayward, healer, has returned from the West, and will visit invalids in this city and vicinity for a brief time. He may be addressed at this office.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes will lecture in Fall River, Mass., on Sunday, April 25th. She is engaged in Washington, D. C., during the month of May.

Dr. Henry and Mrs. A. W. Slade are now permanently located at Kalamazoo, Mich., ready to receive patients at home or abroad who can be successfully treated by clairvoyant examinations and magnetic remedies. Mrs. A. Wilhelm Slade, M. D., continues to lecture, as heretofore, on Sundays, at accessible points through the West. Address box 3, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Brother A. B. Child, the author, informs us that he will make arrangements to lecture through the West in December, January and February, and may be addressed previous to that time at Royalton, Vermont. A. B. Child is one of the best thinkers and writers of the present age. We know nothing of his capacity as a popular lecturer, but we can assure our readers that those who listen to him will have a treat of common sense, which will last a lifetime. We hope he may have numerous calls.—*Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

A. B. Whiting, of Albion, Mich., is coming East, He lectures in Portland, Me., during May.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have sent us the following new musical compositions: "If I knew I came from Paris," words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder, music by W. T. Porter; "That's the reason why darling," words by B. Barnard, music by E. Donajewski; "The beautiful days of the past," a ballad by Mrs. Kidder, music by H. P. Danks; "Fairy Feet," a vocal duet, arranged by H. Tucker; "La Grand Doctresse," quadrille, introducing the principal airs "Up in a Balloon," "Rolling Rains," from the famous burlesque Lucretia Borgia, arranged by Wm. A. Field; "Dreaming of Home and Mother," by Dr. J. F. Ordway.

Peters's Music Monthly for April is received. In addition to its literary matter it contains seven songs with music.

Wm. A. Pond & Co., New York, have published a new song dedicated to Parepa Rosa, entitled, "Not Yet," by H. Millard; it is a credit to the author.

Prof. W. D. Gunning has been working to some purpose in Connecticut. The Hartford Times says:

"Prof. Gunning's lectures on geology and the pre-Adamite facts and existences have attracted in this community some attention, and awakened a spirit of interest and inquiry in that field of thought and knowledge among many who had not thought much on such subjects. He has finished his course of lectures in Connecticut, and left the city for Boston. It is probable that he will again next winter take up his residence among us; and he will find the fossil hard-pan and the 'old red sandstone' of Connecticut land and thought no bad field to rake over and stir up. Whatever may be thought of theories, it is true of these questions, as of all others, that the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom."

Mrs. Emma Harding's "HISTORY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM IN AMERICA" will, no doubt, as Mr. Lester states in his letter to the *Banner*, be one of the ablest and most valuable histories of the Spiritual Philosophy ever produced in this country. It will undoubtedly have an immense sale.

A Pleasing Entertainment.

The Lyceum Dramatic Entertainment, which has been some time in preparation, will take place in Mercantile Hall, Summer street, Friday evening, April 23d, at half-past seven o'clock. An excellent programme is offered, consisting of the comedies of "Loan of a Lover" and "Sweethearts and Wives," also, by special request, the pretty little opera, "The Hunter's Daughter," which received such hearty applause at a previous entertainment, will be repeated. Admission, with reserved seats, thirty-five cents. The Lyceum have been particularly unfortunate in having stormy weather at each exhibition offered during the winter. We hope the "clerk of the weather" and the friends of the Lyceum will not forget the above occasion.

Spirit-Drawings, Etc.

We have in our circle room a pencil drawing of a beautiful wreath of flowers, executed by a spirit through the mediumship of Mrs. J. D. Wheeler, of Berlin, Mass., while in an unconscious trance condition, with her eyes closed. Our friends are invited to call and see it.

Mrs. W. is an excellent healing medium. She will visit patients at their residences anywhere in New England.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

This issue of the *Banner* is an excellent number. It contains the choicest reading on a great variety of subjects.

There has been a good deal of talk in Maine of late, and some newspaper slang, owing to the timidity, probably, of Mr. Ellis, the manager, to the purport that the *States* recently held in various parts of that State by the fine physical medium, Miss Laura V. Ellis, are impositions—that she is not a medium, but a trickster, etc., etc. Now we asseverate, for we have thoroughly tested her mediumship, that she is a bona fide medium, as hundreds of others in Boston besides ourselves can attest; and we think our judgment is quite as good as Maine's "rowdy respectables."

By a card in another column it will be seen that B. Randall Drew, healer and magnetic physician, has opened an office at 686 Washington street.

We cordially thank Bro. Fenn for the kind words he has uttered in our behalf, which the reader will find in his excellent letter on our eighth page.

See advertisements in another column for excellent, low-priced sewing machines.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—We desire all borrowers of this paper to reflect upon the subject carefully, clearly, coolly, and then ask themselves candidly if they do not consider it their duty to subscribe. Just put \$3.00 (a small sum) into an envelope and direct it to us for the *Banner* one year. This is just what we need.

The *Advertiser* says a "cultivated" audience attended Miss Field's lecture at Chickering's Hall on Monday afternoon. Digby is anxious to know if those present were exclusively agriculturists?

Miss Ida Lewis, the daughter of a light-house keeper in Newport Harbor, again, single-handed, rescued two persons from imminent peril in a rough sea. She deserves to become as famous as Grace Darling.

The bogus spirit photograph artists of New York have come to grief.

The railroad trains out of Boston, it is well known, have each a smoking car attached where "lovers of the weed" can enjoy their smoke, ad libitum. On a recent occasion a theologian of the bromstone stamp, mistaking the regular passenger car, opened the door of the smoking car—rightly named, for a dense cloud of smoke checked his ingress. He was heard to say, as he withdrew, "I am not going into this car to be made bacon of." To which a weedy wag quickly responded, "We should n't have known you were a hog, hadn't you told us so!"

The pedestal of the statue to be erected to Pierre Antoine Berruyer, at Marseilles, will contain a medallion head of Abraham Lincoln.

Bierstadt's picture of a scene in the Rocky Mountains has just been sold in Paris for one hundred thousand francs.

Mrs. Caroline Proud, of South Nashville, Tenn., saw the ghost of her father on the evening of December 30th. As the old gentleman had been dead exactly six years, and as Mrs. Proud is a lady of strong mind and excellent eyes, the affair has caused no little commotion among her friends and neighbors. She was in a store room looking up old fashioned clothing for a family masquerade at the time, and was so affected by the apparition that she was seized with a severe fever from which she was several days recovering.—*Pittsburg Press-Record*.

Spirits are determined to be seen and recognized, even among Presbyterians! Theologians of every stamp will be forced to acknowledge the truths of Spiritualism ere long.

SINGULAR CASE OF FRANCE.—An English paper relates that about five months ago a girl about twelve years of age, living near Whitehaven, became ill, and in a short time fell into a lethargic state, resembling that of a person in a trance. In this condition she remained for several weeks, but at length returned to a state of consciousness, and, calling upon her mother, related how she had been in heaven and seen numerous angels and her brother; who died some time ago. This power of speech remained only for a short time, and the girl relapsed into her former state, or nearly so. She lies in a lethargic condition, but when a question is put to her she manifests her power of understanding it by a slight moving of the head. The only sustenance she has taken for fully fifteen weeks has been the occasional moistening of her lips with a little brandy and water or tea.

PLANCHETTE.—THE DESPAIR OF SCIENCE.—The above named work is one of the very best books ever published. Every Spiritualist throughout the country should own for it at once. It abounds in facts demonstrating Spiritualism beyond cavil.—*R. P. Journal*.

They believe in woman's rights in Tunis, and have female lawyers there who practice in the Tunisian Supreme Court. Who reads but little at a time retains that little the better.

Alida Topp recently sent \$5,000 of her professional earnings to her mother in Germany. Good girl.

A New York paper says: "Solomon W. Jowett, the well-known Vermont sheep breeder, has been kept some six months in Ludlow-street Jail, in this city, on a petty suit for debt. Such proceedings are a disgrace to civilization." Yes, indeed.

Enough new ground was turned over in Iowa last summer to add 20,000,000 bushels of wheat to the annual wheat crop.

An Englishman is going to start a weekly newspaper at Jerusalem.

The German *Kirchenzeitung* charges Henry Ward Beecher with infidelity.

One Leipzig publisher sold 70,000 copies of a cheap German translation of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Miss Groeben, one of the alleged "spiritual wives" of the Koeningberg sect, to which Herforth Dixon alludes in his book, is still alive, and will shortly go to England for the purpose of bringing an action for defamation against the editor of the *Athenaeum*.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor celebrated the coming of age of her son by providing one hundred orphan boys with homes in the West. Sensible.

The population of France in 1868 was 38,067,004.

Jane Pyre has been republished in a French translation at Constantinople.

Formoso Po, where the Spaniards send all insurrectionary Cubans that they can lay hands on, is an island volcano in the light of Blinfa, Western Africa. To live upon it is worse than death.

How can you bring a rogue to "the scratch"? Put a flea in his ear.

Many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plow.

People who like so much to talk their mind, should sometimes mind their talk.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
544 BROADWAY.

WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.
FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Large Assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books.

Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, all neatly and substantially bound in cloth: Nature's Divine Revelations, 13th edition. Great Harmonies, in five volumes, each complete—*Physician, Her Secret Retainer, and Thinker*. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author, Penetrator, Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, Morning Lectures (24 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Special Providences and Free Thoughts Concerning Religion, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Arabus, or Divine Quest, Stellar Key to the Summer-Land, Harmonical Man, Spirit Mysteries Explained, Inner Life, Truth versus Theology, and Memoranda. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$25; a most valuable present for a library, public or private.

Four books by Warren Chase—*Life Line; Fugitive Wife; American Grief; and List of Spiritualism*—can be had for \$2. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$6; postage 50 cts.

Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed book rates. Send post-office orders when convenient. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

London Spiritual Magazine, a most valuable monthly, mailed on receipt of price, 30 cents. Human Nature, also a London monthly of rare merit; price 25 cents. The Rostrom, a Chicago spiritualist, clairvoyant, and seer, writes and also the latest, the ablest monthly published in our country on religious subjects, and fully up to its name. Call and see our assortment, which now comprises nearly all the books and papers in print on our widespread and fast spreading philosophy of Spiritualism.

All persons having business with the *Banner of Light*, or William White & Co., and all orders for Spiritual and Liberal Books, should hereafter be addressed, Wm. White & Co., *Banner of Light*, BOSTON, MASS., as this office will be closed on the 1st of May.

"Notification."

Our brother, A. J. Davis, in his remarks at Cooper Institute, at the Anniversary Meeting, said Spiritualism was a notification, a sort of bell-ringing and whistle-blowing, &c., to inform the dozing passengers that the train was about to start. Taking this as a text, we may perhaps indulge in a short explanation of what we consider it to be in this respect. It certainly is a notification to the churches that the car of religion is about to move from the Christian station forward and onward, and all who are ready to go must hurry up and get on board, and those who choose to stay and die with the old fogies can snooze away the rest of life, guessing "there will not be much of a shower," or not caring "whether school keeps or not," wait a little longer. Many have come out of the churches at this notification and taken passage on the car of religious progress, and are fully identified with the passengers. The spirit-world moves the car this time, although most of the passengers have something to do in the movement. It is evident, from the many frustrated schemes of mortal actors, the fragments of which are all about us, that all our premature plans and proposals have to wait the angel aid or fall, and that we all act best and most wisely when we carry out their plans; not the silly schemes of some crude and undeveloped or inharmonious spirit or spirits, but the general and universal charities and religion of the wisest circles that show their wisdom in what they give to us.

Bro. Davis also remarked that we could not organize Spiritualism, and in this we fully agree with him, and should as soon think of organizing the human race, or the wind, which the old scrip says "bloweth where it listeth"; but we can combine the means and efforts of ten or one hundred persons to carry out or carry on certain works, such as meetings, lyceums, conventions, schools, &c., all of which are proper and may be successful, and such both Mr. Davis and ourselves believe should be the object of our local and general organizations, which in no wise interfere with that freedom of conscience and sovereignty of soul that belongs to each individual, and which, we are sure, can never be bound in one soul we are acquainted with.

But to return to our text. The bell rings, the whistle blows, and the car moves. Everywhere we see it. Even our weathercock, the *New York Herald*, gives a snarling howl almost every week at being disturbed in its religious quietude. It came down with a tirade of invectives, raking the vocabulary of hard words to find epithets to abuse us for our recent success in Steinway Hall, Cooper Institute and the Everett Rooms. It evidently thinks as yet that a majority of its readers will stay in the Christian station, and probably they will, as most of them have old accounts to settle with the third and fourth persons in the Christian Godhead.

Forward and onward is the watchword for us, and although we may not say it, the "Old Nick" will take the hindmost. Come into this movement if you can, stay out if you will, and die in your sins and ignorance if you cannot avoid it, and "may the Lord have mercy on your souls." Never since the birth of this new movement has there been such an awakening and shaking "among the dry bones," and never such lively interest in every phase of Spiritualism. Most truly is the harvest ripe, and the sickle of the angel reapers is already in the grain. Every day the future grows brighter and brighter. If we go on, we shall keep pace with the sunlight; if we stop, we shall bury in the Christian darkness and turn to mummies, pillars of salt and piles of stones, to bear record of the life that was, and is not. The ashes of the Jewish graveyards can no longer invigorate the living. "Let the dead bury the dead," and the living move on to new and higher life.

The Report of the Anniversary in New York.

The complete and perfect report of the anniversary exercises at Cooper Institute on the 31st of March, which will be found in another part of this paper, was prepared by Andrew J. Graham, of 563 Broadway, New York. He is the author and teacher of standard photography, and probably the most perfect writer of it now living. We have too long delayed noticing his excellent weekly paper, the *Phonetic Visitor*, as one which often quotes with credit from the *Banner of Light*, and a paper which has ever treated us, and our philosophy and religion, with candor and respect.

The notices of the reporters for the city press were all respectable, and all except the *Herald* gave fair and candid statements, so far as we saw them. Five years ago such notices would have condemned the reporters to retirement, but now the people will bear them, and the papers can carry them out without injury. The *World*, which gave a very fair and candid report, had also an editorial on Spiritualism, which was no doubt apologetic, and designed as a sugar-coating for some of its bigoted readers who would have to swallow the report. It contained some serious blunders, but as we do not believe the editor was really ignorant nor writing for the Spiritualists, but for those who needed such sugar-coating words, we will not crucify his article nor correct his blunders, but let it go down and carry the pill with it that will have its good effect on his squeamish readers.

Signs and Wonders.

There is a terrible shaking among the dry bones of the churches in New York at this time, on account of the progress of Spiritualism, and they have aroused the *Herald* and *Star* and other noisy sheets that pipe for pay, and whistle to keep their courage up, until some of them almost froth at the mouth and talk about stopping the meetings of Spiritualists, and such exhibitions as the Davenport's and others give. They will probably have a good time in finding a stopper to put on either, as neither Catholic sponge nor Protestant cork will answer the purpose. We advise them all to wait till they get God and Christianity into the Constitution, and elect a pious Congress which will "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The *Herald* has been snapping and snarling at us since we were born, but it never bites, and is as harmless as a little dog baying the moon. The *Tribune* and *Horace Greeley* are more owl-wise, and wink and blink and think it time enough for a person to attend to spiritual matters after death. If the Creator had thought so, and been as wise, he would neither have given us religious natures nor required of us their exercise. Let the seed-corn hang in the garner and the fall take care of itself, is Greeley's policy; it is time enough to attend to the harvest in harvest time. Well, we always knew Mr. Greeley was wise, and now we see he is getting wiser than the Christian God.

E. H. Green.

We should have previously noticed that our worthy friend and brother, Mr. E. H. Green, from London, England, has moved to this city, and located at 55 Bleeker street, (near Broadway,) where he is already publishing a weekly paper, and has opened in connection with it a sale and exchange room, and our friends in that vicinity will find the *Banner of Light* there for sale, as well as many rare and valuable articles.

Business Agency.

J. B. Loomis, well and favorably known to many of our readers, has opened an agency in New York, through which he proposes to furnish everybody everywhere with everything except dry goods, groceries, tobacco, dogs and rude boys, in which he will not deal nor send by express. All these and many other signs show life and business among the Spiritualists.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, who is always popular in New York, is again drawing large audiences at the Everett Rooms, and is more highly appreciated than ever. Her inspirational power increases, and all acknowledge she is one of our most popular and promising speakers. She has won a large circle of admirers in New York, as well as in Williamsburg, where she speaks one evening in each week.

April 7th we had a thundering snow-shower in the middle of a pleasant day, and the largest snowballs we ever saw fall from above. It was a great curiosity, as the morning and the evening were both pleasant and the weather not cold. Woden, God of winds and weather, has been playing pranks with us the past year, whether of good or evil portent we cannot say.

Spirit Presence.

The following article from the *Knobville Whig* of March 27th, 1869, which, while it shows a want of knowledge how to deal with it, shows a sufficient advance not to evoke, as of old, a denial of the fact:

"A TENNESSEE GHOST STORY.—The following is from one of our correspondents in Fentress county. It is certainly a mysterious affair. Readers will form their own conclusion. On the evening of the 12th inst., about one and a half miles south of James town, a young lady by the name of Mary, distinguished for her piety, prudence and veracity, had occasion to go to the spring, a short distance from her father's residence, about the time the sun was setting; and, as she staid herself, never thought of being afraid, for she was always characterized for courage beyond her sex. Miss Alberry, residing in the neighborhood, and a very respectable, of no danger whatever, carrying a bucket on each arm and singing a favorite song. When she reached the spring, it being a small stream, she had to wait some time for her bucket to be replenished; so she placed the vessels under the spout, and down on a stone near by, still singing, and on one side to receive her burden and send her way home she saw standing before her the figure of a man, with arms extended upward shining as a flame of fire. The girl says the light which was reflecting from this mysterious vision gleamed and sparkled against the snow on the hill-side before her. While she stood tremblingly gazing upon the radiant image it spoke in a clear and audible tone, 'Do not afraid;' then it began to ascend, and was soon lost in the distance above the trees. The girl made haste to evacuate her position, reaching home in a few minutes, exhausted, pale and trembling, relating the circumstance to her parents and neighbors, who at once believed her account, and they knew her to be incapable of anything so wicked or delusory; therefore we leave it to a thinking community to determine."

Suppose this young lady had been accustomed to seeing and holding communion with spirits, as many Spiritualists of late have, would there have occurred that silly fear that drove her hastily away, and left her and others to say, as the *Whig* does, that "no one has been able to comprehend or even conjecture what the strange visitor was, or what was his mission"? It was ignorance and fright alone that produced uncertainty. A well instructed Spiritualist would at once have opened an intercourse with it, and found out what it was and what was its mission. How long will it be before the masses will be sufficiently enlightened on the subject to deal sensibly with what is of late so common an occurrence? Many such instances have occurred at my home in the last ten or twelve years. J. W. EDMONDS.

Mrs. Julia M. Friend, Clairvoyant Physician.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—You have shown a most laudable interest in making the Spiritual Philosophy practically useful in curing diseases. I learn that Julia M. Friend, of Gloucester, has taken rooms at 120 Harrison Avenue, in Boston, and located there as a clairvoyant physician to examine diseases under spirit direction and prescribe remedies.

I have been an inmate, as a boarder, in her family, in Gloucester, some nine years. Have known of her great success as a clairvoyant physician. I have been acquainted extensively with healing mediums all over the Northern States. They are doing a great and good work everywhere. Hundreds in Gloucester and Salem, in Essex and Manchester, where Mrs. Friend has had an extensive practice, have gratefully attached to her for the help she has given them from suffering. I can bear testimony to her great power in searching out and removing diseases of the most obstinate kind. With her devotedness she has given her life and strength to the service of her suffering fellow beings for the past twelve years, to relieve them from pain and restore them to activity and usefulness.

I have never met one whose examinations and prescriptions are more trustworthy. Her sympathies and her labors are with and among the sick and suffering. While she is surpassed by few as an honest and reliable test-medium, her sympathy with the diseased and suffering, and her great power to discover the hidden causes of disease and to prescribe the appropriate remedies, peculiarly fit her for the work of clairvoyant physician.

To extend the sphere of her usefulness and to increase her facilities successfully to prosecute her mission to the sick and suffering, she has taken convenient rooms at 120 Harrison Avenue, Boston, where she will attend to those who may wish for her services as a physician.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.
Winchester, Ia., April 9th, 1869.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Services are held in this elegant and spacious hall every SUNDAY AFTERNOON, AT 2 O'CLOCK, and will continue until next May, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able moral, traces and inspirational speakers. Season tickets (securing a reserved seat), \$1.00; single admission, ten cents. Tickets obtained at the Music Hall office, day or evening, and at the *Banner of Light* office, 158 Washington street, and Rev. Moses Hall will deliver the closing lecture of the course, April 25th.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published by Wm. White, in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones, Esq. Single copies can be procured at our counters in Boston and New York. Price 8 cents. THE ROSTROM: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hall & Jamison, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cents. THE PARACETIC AGE: Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. Published by the Michigan Spiritual Publication Company. Price 6 cents. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w.A.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST-MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. A33w

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOM, for ladies and gentlemen, No. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. A34w O. D. & L. PASTOR, Proprietors.

THE SEASONS.

Time is ever on the wing,
No or a moment doth it stay;
Summer—Autumn—Winter—Spring,
Oh how soon they pass away.
Every season has its needs,
Things good to eat, and drink, and wear;
And whoso'er the "Paper" reads,
The place to buy will soon learn where.
The Boys who wish for better "Clothes,"
And wish to buy at prices fair,
Can "Sutted" be at GEORGE FENNO'S,
19 and 22 DOCK SQUARE.

Special Notices.

Agents wanted for Mrs. SPENCER'S POSITIVE AND SEATTLE POWERS. Printed terms sent free, postpaid. For address and other particulars, see advertisement in another column. Apr. 2

BE YE HEALED of whatsoever Disease ye have, by the GREAT SPIRITUAL HEALER, MRS. SPENCER'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE SEATTLE POWERS. South Boston, descriptive of your disease, sent free. PAYTON SPENCER, M. D., Box 207, New York City, and those mysterious, wonder-working Powers, which the angels to you, post paid. 1 box \$1. 6 boxes \$5. Apr. 2

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesday.

SIO APEX SEWING MACHINE. \$10

The Embodiment of Practical Utility and Economy. A most wonderful and elegantly constructed novelty. Most successful in operation; sews with double or single thread, makes the Duplex Stitch with extraordinary rapidity. Its simplicity cannot be over-estimated. It is beautiful and firm; a perfect machine. —*New York Tribune*. The Dressmaker (It is invaluable for the Household It occupies a vacant place. —*Gentry's Lady's Book*. It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it. —*A. J. Independent*. Henry Ward Beecher's praise. —*Levin's Gazette of Fashions*. All persons who buy or offer for sale imitations of this genuine machine, will be prosecuted with the utmost severity. The patents, Sewing Machines sent to any part of the country per Express, packed with book of instructions, on receipt of price, \$10, or \$5. D. Agents wanted for every where. Circulars sent free. Liberal liberal terms. Address: SIO APEX SEWING MACHINE CO., 20 Broadway, New York. Apr. 21—8w

WANTED—AGENTS—\$75 to \$200 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the BEST SEWING MACHINE. CHAS. S. CHAMBERLAIN, 24 NASSAU ST

Western Department.

J. M. FERRIS, Editor.

Individuals subscribing for the BANNER OF LIGHT by mail or ordering books, should send their orders containing remittance direct to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Post-office orders, when sent, should be made payable to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., and not to J. M. FERRIS. This course will save much time and trouble. Local matters from the West requiring immediate attention, and long articles intended for publication, should also be sent direct to the Boston office. Letters and papers intended for us should be directed to J. M. FERRIS. Persons writing us in April will direct to Washington, D. C., care Dr. John Mayhew.

Sights at the Capital.

Reader—the day sunny—grant us your company for a leisure tramp, in and about this National Babel—our political Mecca—Washington.

The site of the city—so the record runs—selected by Gen. Washington, under an act of Congress. The legislative power of the district and city still continue vested in Congress. The magnificent structure, the Capitol, is surrounded by grounds laid out in the finest style, and enclosed by groves of American forest trees. The enclosure is too small, however, to permit the full effect of the building. Entering the massive edifice from the west, the first thing that attracts attention is the Rotunda, in diameter ninety-six feet, and height two hundred and twenty feet. During the evening sessions of the houses of Congress the dome is beautifully illuminated—flery clustering jets of gas extend from the base to the summit of the structure, while the "lantern" pours out a flood of light like a tongue of flame, visible for long distances.

THE SCULPTURE AND PAINTINGS.

If books, flowers, paintings, music, children, and sunny souls aglow with love, do not constitute the central charms of the heavenly life above, we shall ask the presiding angel for long "leaves" of absence.

The panels upon the walls of the Rotunda are decorated with fountains, and ornamented with wreaths of olives. Busts, in stone, of Columbus, Sir Walter Raleigh, La Salle and Cabot, stand out conspicuous. One of these pictorial presentations—that of Daniel Boone and two Indians, engaged in deadly combat, chills the fine flow of the soul's better sensibilities. Turning away, our eye rests upon a magnificent specimen of art, commemorative of the first peace treaty with the Indians. Striking contrast. Point meets the Indians with a calm and pleasant countenance, exchanging the friendly hand and smile. The chief feels the gentleness and purity of his heart. The silent river rolling at their feet, the pipe of peace in the Indian's hand, and the cooling birds in the foliage of the trees overhead, all symbolize the idea of peace, as opposed to this popular and murderous system of warfare so prevalent in Christian history and practice. Gen. Grant shows sound practical statesmanship in listening to the Quaker delegation, as a preparatory step to giving them the controlling influence in the management of Indian affairs.

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

This is a mammoth gathering of the lore of the ages. Quantities of Indian, Assyrian, Grecian literature, portions of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," translations of the Neo-Platonists, Higgins's Anacalypsis, and other rare and costly works, may be here found. The librarian is always in attendance while Congress is in session. No book can be taken from the room. Each must make his examinations and pursue his investigations within the precincts of the library apartment—a quiet retreat, quite a distance from the bustle of the halls of legislation.

THE TWO HOUSES.

Congress is on the eve of adjournment. It is instructive, in the line of human nature, to study the characteristics of grave Senators and crooked Congressmen. If progress is a universal law, the wonder increases how Congressional bodies conducted their sessions fifty years ago. The House of Representatives reminded us yesterday afternoon of a partially organized mob or a country debating school. Noise, confusion, standing, leaning, talking, moving from desk to desk, rushing to get the floor for the presentation of bills, &c., constituted the general order in the midst of greater disorder. It is patent that the men adequate for the exigencies of the hour and the age are not in the halls of legislation. Political partisanship is responsible for this. When will our countrymen, rising from party to principle, elect men to these high positions of trust who are upright, broad, just—men of the highest intellectual attainment and the purest morality?

THE SENATE CHAMBER.

This, on the northern end of the Capitol, is reached from the Rotunda on the left, by passing the doors of the Supreme Court Room. The ascent to the chamber is by marble staircases. All this marble work is magnificent; while, in another direction, the splendid fresco, "Westward the Star of Empire takes its way," displays, in true artistic skill, the activities and many-tinted beauties of Rocky Mountain scenery. The paintings throughout the building, we should judge, were principally the work of Italian artists. The ceilings are of cast-iron and glass, and costly, ornamented with fruit, foliage and symbolic devices. Through the kindness of George B. Davis, Esq., and Senator Harris, of Louisiana, we were privileged to visit the President's room. This is richly ornamented with finished marble, costly mirrors, and the choicest carpets manufactured in European looms.

THE DISCOVERER OF AMERICA.

Columbus is represented in the Capitol, holding a globe in his hand, purposing to symbolize the first discovery of America. There was never a greater blunder. Scholars generally understand this. In Book V, chapter II, of Diodorus Siculus is an important passage relating to America. He says: "Over against Africa lies a very great island in the vast ocean, many days' sail from Libya westward. The soil is very fruitful. It is diversified with mountains and pleasant vales, and the towns are adorned with stately buildings." This historian affirms that it was discovered by the Phœnicians. There is a statement similar to the above in a work ascribed to Aristotle (de Mirab. Auscult.), in which the first discovery of America is credited to the Carthaginians. Humboldt quotes a passage of Plutarch, in which he agrees with Orellius, that not only the Antilles, but the American Continent is described as the "Great Continent" lying beyond the ocean. No one doubts that a knowledge of the American Continent existed in China and Japan long before the period of Columbus. In his introduction to the Popol-Vuh, the Abbe de Bombourg, says, "It has been known to scholars nearly a century, that the Chinese were acquainted with the American Continent in the fifth century of our era. Their ships visited it; they called it Fu-Sang, and said it was situated twenty thousand li (seven thousand miles) from Ta-Han." Japanese historians confirm the above statements. Furthermore, Northern sailing from Iceland, discovered America in the tenth century, established colonies on the coast of New England, and continued communications with them over two centuries.

This solves, in part, the problem of those circular stone enclosures on the coast, old ruins, &c., and tenders the key to unlock other mysteries connected with this Continent.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

This has not recovered from the fire of 1864, destroying a considerable portion of it. All lovers of the novel and the antiquarian should visit this building. Here are treasured the outfits of the lamented Kane, the presents of the Japanese, the collections of Wilkes's Exploring Expedition, wood from the mammoth trees of California, two or three large acrotiles, hieroglyphical writings, ancient engravings, and a valuable library containing many rare works. Neither gifted in finance and mechanics, nor admiring the showy paraphernalia connected with warfare, we pass the Navy Yard, Patent Office and Treasury Department.

THE NATIONAL PULSE.

The "whiskey rings" and "Indian rings"—the lobbying, bribing, wire-pulling—the political combinations and corruptions at Washington, are disgraceful to the nation. Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, in a recent speech—the galleries crowded—said:

"I could not keep still and see the ruin which was so surely to bury this country. Things were not half so satisfactory as they were a year ago. Letters were coming to him from all parts of the country soliciting employment. I am supposed to be rich, and am made the objective point for all these applications. How is legislation accomplished here? People who have claims to push through get attorneys to help them, who come here and familiarize the legal minds of this body with them, and they are put through despite the business men, and with no regard to the business interests. This country was now like Spain, under Philip II, when it was just going to ruin."

It is generally conceded that the public virtue in different directions is at a low ebb. Hannah Tyler's letter, published in the New York Independent, produced for a time quite a flutter. If to any considerable extent true, this nation is rapidly stranding upon the slimy, opzy shores of a seemingly irredeemable lethargy. This was the closing paragraph of her letter:

"Congress or the President ought to afford us women clerks some protection, if they allow us to occupy offices. We ought not to be insulted by having the parsons and mistresses of members of Congress frequent upon us and be obliged to tolerate their society day by day. Let Mr. Boutwell clean out the riff-raff and the pollution of his department. Let him appoint competent and moral women; then let us be paid according to our merits. Such is the earnest prayer of every honest woman-clerk."

The conviction constantly deepens upon us of the absolute necessity of women—our mothers, wives, sisters, daughters—exercising the elective franchise. The only discrimination in the matter of suffrage should be educational and moral. Ignorance and crime are mentally and morally incompetent to construct laws suitable for the education and government of cities, States, nations. Women, as a whole, are far more refined and moral than men. Observation and Penitentiary statistics unite in the demonstration of this position.

SPIRITUAL PROGRESS.

Formerly but one, now there are two Spiritualist Societies in Washington. It is legitimate for old lives to furnish new swarms. When there are adjacent non-harmonizing elements, it is better for all parties concerned to have several organizations. Common justice approves of the position. It is just as natural and appropriate for Spiritualists to have two or more organizations in a city, as for the same denomination to have several churches. Bro. T. G. Foster addressed the "National Society of Spiritualists" with his accustomed eloquence till his health failed. Then followed Mrs. Nettie Maynard, an excellent trance speaker. At present they have no regular lecturer employed.

THE FIRST SOCIETY.

This congregation of "Progressive Spiritualists," strong and substantial, meets every Sunday on Pennsylvania Avenue, Dr. John Mayhew presiding. The singing, led by O. H. Whiting, is good, the audiences large, the weekly conferences deeply interesting, and the "Socials," participated in by young and old, are bowditchingly attractive. This Society numbers many true, unselfish workers. The members stand by the President shoulder to shoulder, all contributing liberally. The Society, free from debt, purposes to thus continue. Dr. Mayhew and the others putting their hands deep into their pockets, square up all financial matters promptly each month. This is a noble exemplification of faith and works—of theory and practice. Not grandiloquent talkers, but faithful "doers of the word," because worthy, have the promise of crowns.

THE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, WASHINGTON.

The Children's Lyceum connected with the First Society, harmonious and truly prosperous, meets immediately after the morning service. George B. Davis, the accomplished Conductor, loves his position—understands it and attends to it. We cherish a manly—ay, more—a sort of paternal pride in all of Mr. Davis's successes. In the half-forgotten past he was a Sunday school scholar in the church of which we were five years the Pastor. Mrs. Mary Hosmer is Guardian of the Groups. Pleasant words ever drop from her lips. Earnest and cheerful, she is exceedingly popular with the children. Holy and beautiful is her mission. The necessities of the Lyceum demand a much more capacious hall. It speaks well for officers, parents and children that a goodly number of Lyceum Banners are distributed among the children.

The Anniversary in Washington.

The celebration of the Twenty-first Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, by the First Society of Progressive Spiritualists, on the evening of March 31st, was a pleasant and deeply interesting occasion.

The exercises opened by the singing of a hymn from the Spiritual Harp, followed by Silver-Chain recitations from the writings and sayings of Jesus, Confucius, Plato, Socrates, John, Paul, and the good of the present age. All seemed delighted with these responsive exercises, as well as the religious characteristics of the meeting.

The regular address upon the occasion was delivered by the President, Dr. John Mayhew. After stating the reasons for the commemoration, he traced the progress of the movement, starting in Hydesville, N. Y., March, 1848, up to the present time. The address produced a deep impression upon the audience. The meeting was further addressed by Rev. J. B. Wolf, of Colorado, Rev. Warrick Martin, Dr. Graves, Mr. Atwood, Mrs. Crigge and others. The exercises, interspersed with singing, closed with the beautiful hymn of Jubilee by the ascended Miss Sprague.

Becher says to school girls: "There are two actions which justify you in instantly knocking a man down; the one is the act of pointing a gun at you in sport, and the other is the attempt to tell you a secret which is disgraceful for him to get and for you to hear."

It is stated that there is a decided reaction in feeling against violence and mob law in the West, and that the leading citizens have resolved that every man shall have an impartial trial and be punished only in form of law.

Missouri.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT—Your "Western Department" is always replete with interest, but never more so than when speeded with Western items. How can you give them, unless they are supplied to you? Let me briefly give you a few.

Spiritualism has flourished in St. Louis, under the rare ministrations of Mrs. M. S. Townsend. Her inspiration is pure and simple, yet sublime. For three months she has held our large audiences entranced by her earnest words. We are fortunate in having secured her services for another month, and would gladly retain her until our summer vacation, but in May she returns to the home of her childhood, to regain—under the loving care of parents, sisters, and old time-proven friends—that magnetic life which she has so freely bestowed upon the famishing, soul-hungry ones, who have daily thronged her rooms. Her power of sympathy—refined by suffering—is Christlike, and can only be appreciated by those who in sorrow have become stronger and better in aspiration and purpose by its influence—and these are many.

Amidst the bright fields of grand old Vermont, with loving hearts and sympathetic souls surrounding, may she regain full physical, mental and spiritual vigor, that for many years to come she may bless mankind as she has in the past.

Our Lyceum has made rapid progress since the new year. Its numbers are increasing, and many are drawn hither to witness our method of instruction; becoming imbued with our magnetism, they are gradually outgrowing all prejudice.

The Convent-Day Journal is well sustained; the Lyceum of Troy, New York, has secured a department in its columns. This is well edited, as our April number will show, and will add greatly to the interest of the journal. We trust other Lyceums will follow this example.

Our dear old father in progress, and reform, Henry C. Wright, writes, describing in his quaint style, a railroad accident, in which he was a surprised participant. The sleeping-car in which he rode, was precipitated twenty-five feet down an embankment into a ditch of ice water. Not seriously injured, but badly bruised, wet and cold, he rode over eighty miles to fill an appointment at Lotus, Ind. It will be a wonder if, at his advanced age, he can sustain this shock without seriously affecting his health and public efforts. May it not be so; his vitalizing energies and adage-hammer arguments are yet needed to awaken the world from spiritual lethargy. His late writings on the Bible, Christ and the Atonement, are causing great excitement, and exerting powerful influence. Henry C. Wright can never die; his influence, through his writings, will be as eternal as his spirit.

The Woman Suffrage movement is gaining influence and strength. Meetings are held in different parts of the city to accommodate the workingwomen. Such speakers as Mrs. Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Anna Dickinson and Phoebe Cousins, (the Anna Dickinson of the West), are rapidly elevating the public mind to a more correct knowledge of woman's sphere, and appreciation of her influence.

Just returned from a delightful visit to Fruitland, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Hoadley. I wish to say a few words to your readers concerning this enterprise, established by that truly progressive man, Martin Williams. Fruitland is situated about fifty-five miles above St. Louis, on the highlands lying between the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers; the Mississippi here forms a bend, and, with the Illinois, almost surrounds the place with a broad belt of water, which so tempers the northern and western winds to the fruit as to render the crop nearly as certain as the season.

Mr. Williams, recognizing the peculiar advantages of the place for fruit-growing, the healthfulness of its location, and the grand beauty of its scenery, devised the wise and humane idea of drawing hither a colony, composed of progressive people, whose minds are imbued with pure principles and devoted to true reform and correct living, and, by the aid of his wealth, to assist many in getting homes, who could not do so without such aid. With this beneficent idea in view, he secured large tracts of land, including the finest locations in the vicinity, and, about two years ago, formed the nucleus of such a settlement by moving his family thereto, and building a house—as large as his own heart—for the accommodation of such as desired to examine the country.

His conditions of sale to settlers are such as will ultimate in a neighborhood free from debasing temptations and immoral influences. He has already about twenty families surrounding him. Some parties of note are now proposing to establish there an Industrial Institute, where youth may develop pure natures, free from caste or sectarian tendencies. Certainly no better location could be selected. This will add greatly to the natural attractions of the place.

New Englanders desiring homes in the West will do well to visit Fruitland.

Guest of Mr. Williams and family, I had excellent opportunity to study their sterling characteristics, and can freely testify to their ability and worth as pioneers in such an enterprise.

The Banner of Light will be sustained more and more by Western Spiritualists, as they become better acquainted with it. Every copy is now secured with an earnestness which speaks volumes for its influence. No news depot is complete without it, and much fault is found with dealers for supplying so few copies. But why do not residents subscribe? It costs less by one-half, and contributes more directly toward the support of the paper. Transient people must depend upon news-dealers, annoying as it is, but why residents should do so I cannot conceive.

May the Banner of Light be permanently established in every Western home.

Sincerely yours, EDWARD P. FENN.

St. Louis, Mo., April 4th, 1869.

Workingwomen's Convention.

A Convention of the Workingwomen of Boston, and their friends, to consult upon the general welfare of the workingwomen, to devise means for their relief, and especially to consider the plan of Miss Aurora H. O. Phelps for colonizing poor women upon lands to be provided by the State, or by persons of means who are friendly to the cause of labor, will meet at the Metropolitan Hall, corner of Washington and Fourth streets, at 10 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Lyceum 9 A. M. Charles A. Fenn, President; Mary A. Fairchild, Vice President; Wm. S. Fox, Secretary; Wm. A. Robinson, Treasurer; Thomas Allen, Librarian; Miss Mary J. Farnham, Assistant Librarian; Myron Colony, Conductor of Lyceum; Miss Sarah N. Cook, Guardian of Groups; Mrs. J. A. Colony, Musical Director.

TRUSTEES OF THE SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS.

ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M., in City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 M. Mrs. Martha Hunt, President; Ezra T. Sherwin, Secretary.

ASTORIA, CLATSOP CO., OR.—The Society of Friends of Progress have just completed a new hall, and invite speakers traveling their way to give them a call. They will be kindly received.

APPLETON, WIS.—Children's Lyceum meets at 3 P. M. every Sunday.

ANDOVER, O.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Morley's Hall every Sunday at 11 A. M. J. S. Morley, Conductor; Mrs. J. S. Morley, Musical Director; Wm. A. Robinson, Assistant Guardian; Harriet Dayton, Secretary.

BOSTON, MASS.—Mercantile Hall.—The First Spiritualist Association meet in this hall, 32 Summer street. M. T. Dole, President; Hannah H. Lee, Vice President; Wm. A. Robinson, Treasurer; Mrs. J. S. Morley, Secretary; Mrs. M. A. Robinson, Librarian; Mrs. M. A. Robinson, Musical Director. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 31 Pleasant street.

Musical Service.

Service are held every Sunday afternoon, at 2 30 o'clock, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able normal, trained and experienced speakers. Tickets (securing a reserved seat), \$1.00; single admission, 10 cents. Tickets obtained at the Music Hall, day or evening, and at the Banner of Light, 158 Washington street. Speaker engaged—Rev. Moses Hall, April 25.

Springfield Hall.

The South End Lyceum Association have entertained every Thursday evening during the winter at the hall, 150 Springfield street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. J. W. McGuire, Conductor; Dr. C. C. York, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. J. S. Morley, Musical Director; Mrs. A. St. John, Musical Directress; A. J. Chase, Secretary. Address all communications to A. J. Chase, 151 Washington street.

Temperance.

Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at the Temperance Hall, No. 5 Maverick square, East Boston, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M. Benjamin O'Brien, 11 Lexington street, Cor. Sec. of the Lyceum engaged—Rev. J. S. Morley, April 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sawyer's Hall.

The Spiritualists hold meetings in Sawyer's Hall, corner Fulton Avenue and Jay street, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Lyceum meets at 10 30 o'clock A. M.; lectures at 3 and 7 P. M.

Cumulative Lecture Room.

The First Spiritualist Society hold meetings every Sunday at the Cumulative Lecture Room, 100 N. 10th street. Circle and conference at 10 30 o'clock A. M.; lectures at 3 and 7 P. M.

Baltimore, Md.—Saratoga Hall.

The First Spiritualist Association hold meetings at Saratoga Hall, on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, at 8 o'clock, in the southeast corner of the city, near the city hall. Mrs. F. U. Hyzer speaks till further notice. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M.

St. Louis, Mo.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Baltimore.

Services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hours.

Huffalo, N. Y.—The First Spiritualist Society hold meetings in the Lyceum Hall, corner of Court and Pearl streets, every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Lyceum meets at 12 P. M. H. D. Fitzgerald, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian.

Hartford, Conn.—Meetings are held in Wakelee's Hall every Sunday morning and evening. Lyceum between services. Jeremiah Brown, Secretary.

Charlestown, Mass.—Central Hall.

The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings at Central Hall, 100 N. Main street, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Corresponding Secretary.

Washington Hall.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, hold their sessions every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Washington Hall, No. 16 Main street, near City Square. W. G. Bragdon, Conductor; Lizzie Saul, Guardian; N. G. Warren, Musical Director.

Chicago, Ill.—Fremont Hall.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at Fremont Hall, at 10 A. M. Conductor, John H. Crandon; Asst. Conductor, P. G. Davis; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. E. S. Dodge; Asst. Guardian, Mrs. J. A. Colony; Secretary, Mrs. J. A. Colony.

Free Chapel.

The Bible Church Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in their Free Chapel on Park street, near the corner of Court and Pearl streets. D. J. Ricker, regular speaker. The public are invited. D. J. Ricker, Sup't.

Cambridgeport, Mass.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10 A. M., in Williams Hall, 100 N. Main street, near City Square. Wm. A. Robinson, Conductor; Mrs. H. Newman, Guardian; Mrs. Dolores, Assistant Guardian. Meetings at 3 and 7 P. M.

Canterbury, Mo.—The Friends of Progress hold their regular meetings in the Lyceum Hall, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. W. C. Colby, President; A. W. Colby, Secretary.

Chicago, Ill.—Library Hall.

The First Society of Spiritualists meet in Library Hall, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. J. G. Mangold, Conductor; Mrs. Sarah P. Hill, Guardian. Social Levee for the benefit of the Lyceum every Wednesday evening.

Dover and Foxcroft, Me.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its Sunday session, in Merrick Hall, in Dover, N. H., at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. K. Thompson, Guardian. A conference is held at 12 P. M.

Des Moines, Iowa.—The First Spiritualist Association will meet regularly each Sunday at Good Temple's Hall (West Side), for lectures, conferences and music, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 12 P. M.

Fitchburg, Mass.—The Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening in Fitchburg and Dickinson's Hall. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. H. B. Wright, Conductor; Mrs. M. E. Sawyer, Guardian; Fred W. Davis, Secretary.

Foxboro', Mass.—Meetings are held every Sabbath in Town Hall, at 12 P. M. Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. A. K. Poole, Secretary. Meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the same hall. Lecture at 12 P. M.

Hampton, N. J.—Meetings held every Sunday at 10 A. M., at the Spiritualist Hall on Third street. W. D. Wharton, Pres.; Mrs. A. K. Poole, Secy. Meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. J. O. Ransom, Conductor; Miss Lizzie Randall, Guardian of Groups.

Hingham, Mass.—Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday afternoon, at 2 30 o'clock, in the Lyceum Hall, 100 N. Main street, near City Square. Wm. A. Robinson, Conductor; Mrs. J. A. Colony, Guardian.

Houlton, Me.—Meetings are held in Liberty Hall (owned by the Spiritualist Society) Sunday afternoons and evenings. Lowell, Mass.—The First Spiritualist Society hold a general conference every Sunday at 12 P. M., in Lyceum Hall, corner of Central and Middle streets. Children's Progressive Lyceum holds its sessions at 10 A. M. John Marrott, Jr., Conductor; Mrs. Elsie Hall, Guardian. N. B. Greenleaf, Cor. Sec.

Milford, Mass.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Washington Hall, at 11 A. M. Prescott West, Conductor; Mrs. Maria L. Buxton, Guardian; S. W. Gilbert, Musical Director and Corresponding Secretary.

Morrisania, N. Y.—First Society of Progressive Spiritualists—Assembly Rooms, corner Washington avenue and Fifth street, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. J. G. Mangold, Conductor; Mrs. J. A. Colony, Guardian.

New York City.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists will hold meetings every Sunday in the large hall of the Everett Rooms, corner of Broadway and Thirty-Fourth street. Meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12 P. M. P. E. Farnsworth, Secretary, P. O. box 5675.

Newburyport, Mass.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in Lyceum Hall every Sunday at 2 P. M. D. W. Green, Conductor; Mrs. S. P. Hill, Guardian; Mrs. L. M. Green, Musical Director. Meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Conference or lecture in same hall at 7 30 o'clock.

New Albany, Ind.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 12 P. M. J. K. Kumble, President; Wm. A. Robinson, Vice President; A. B. Smith, Musical Director; A. C. McFadden, Corresponding Secretary; J. W. Hartly, Treasurer.

Portland, Me.—The First Portland Spiritual Association hold meetings every Sunday evening in their Lyceum Hall, Congress street, at 7 30 o'clock P. M. James Furish, President; H. I. Hull, Corresponding Secretary. Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. Wm. E. Smith, Conductor; Mrs. J. A. Colony, Guardian. Meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. E. Smith and Miss M. A. Blanchard, Assistant Guardians.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, meets at Concert Hall, Chestnut, above 11th street, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Mrs. J. A. Colony, Conductor; Mrs. M. A. Robinson, Guardian. Lyceum No. 2, at Thompson street church, at 10 A. M. Mr. Shaw, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Stretch, Guardian. The First Association of Spiritualists has its lectures at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the same hall. Sunday, the Philadelphia Spiritual Union meets at Washington Hall every Sunday, the morning devoted to their Lyceum, and the evening lectures.

Pittsford, Conn.—Meetings are held at Central Hall every Sunday at 12 P. M. Progressive Lyceum at 10 A. M.

Painesville, O.—Progressive Lyceum meets Sundays at 10 A. M. A. G. Smith, Conductor; Mary E. Dewey, Guardian.

REINHOLD, IND.—The Friends of Progress hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the same hall at 12 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets in the same hall at 12 P. M.

New Books.

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Who admit the phenomena but reject the spiritual hypothesis; and the reader will be surprised to find what change is taking place in the opinions of the scientific world in respect to the genuineness of these manifestations.

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